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WHEN HEARINGS were being held on the preliminary steel code just about a year ago, Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor, did not hesitate to challenge the steel companies, to call unequivocally for higher wages, shorter hours, and fairer relations between steel workers and their employers. She pointed out that "by some oversight" the steel companies had neglected to provide for the complete abolition of child labor, that the seven-day week and the twelve-hour day could still be permitted under the provisions of the code for an average work week over a six months' period, and in general she brought up an array of facts and displayed a quality of firmness and courage which seemed to indicate that the new deal for labor under the NIRA was more than windy declarations which had no actual content. That was in August, 1933. Today we find Miss Perkins chosen by President Roosevelt as mediator between the steel unions and the Steel Institute. As Louis Adamic shows in his article in this week's *Nation,* the rank-and-file insurgents in the unions have been persuaded by their leaders and by the Administration to call off their strike and accept a plan of conciliation whose tone is considerably milder than the proposals advanced when talk of a steel strike was first begun. The union proposal, in effect the President's proposal, is the creation of an impartial board to consider violations of the steel code, provision for elections to determine by whom the workers shall be represented, and further provisions that, once workers' representatives have been duly chosen, they shall have power to negotiate with the employers in disputes over working conditions.

NO DIRECT ANSWER to these proposals has as yet come from the steel men. Miss Perkins explains that she prefers to be thought of as a "moderator" rather than a mediator, that she has submitted the union proposals without recommendation and is now waiting for the counterplan of the employers. But if the latter have so far made no formal reply, they have made an informal one by indicating in every way possible their complete intransigence in the whole question of negotiations with the workers. When discussions about the strike call were in progress, they refused to meet with union representatives; they have repeatedly reiterated their uncompromising hostility to the closed shop and to recognition of the union; they have strung barbed wire in front of the steel mills, have supplied the commissaries with emergency cots and food supplies, and have engaged a well-known strike-breaking agency to be on hand to conduct a successful job of scabbing in the event of a strike; and when a *World-Telegram* reporter, Talcott Powell, went to Gary to look around a bit while there was still a prospect that a strike would be called on June 16, he was arrested by company police and was just saved from a police "work-out" by the timely intervention of a friend. In other words, Miss Perkins as "mediator" or "moderator," no matter which, has a tough job ahead of her. She has a tough job because the steel companies are determined to pursue to the last ditch their hostility to the union, because the plans offered by both sides so far are completely irreconcilable, and, much more important, because to date the Administration has given no evidence that it will attempt seriously to enforce the provisions of the NIRA which are embodied in the union plan. The Budd and Weirton cases among others have demonstrated the weakness of the government's position. With all the good-will in the world toward labor—and Secretary Perkins has demonstrated that she has that good-will—she can make the steel companies retreat only by a show of force. So far the force has been sadly lacking. But if the steel settlement, when it comes, suits the steel companies and not the workers, it will be sad proof that the Administration at Washington from Mr. Roosevelt down has been hog-tied by industry and is without the strength—if it has the will—to break loose.

YIELDING to rank-and-file pressure, William Green has grudgingly consented to the formation of a United Automobile Workers National Council—a first step toward forming "one big union" of automotive workers. Among the members of the Council is Thomas Ramsey, the A. F. of L. union leader in the recent strike of the Auto-Lite workers at Toledo. At the Detroit conference a militant group demanded immediate formation of an auto-workers industrial union and passed sharp resolutions attacking General Johnson and Dr. Leo Wolman, of the Automobile Labor Board, and blacklisting the latter from future service as an NRA mediator. Among the charges are that the board has complacently permitted the manufacturers to entrench the company unions in preparation for another crisis, which is bound to come during the next high-production period of the industry. Clearly, the obsolete craft-union organization of labor under the A. F. of L. is cracking up; most of the "federal" unions chartered since the NRA are in effect local industrial unions and the demand for integrating them into international industrial unions has come with equal insistence from workers in the rubber, radio, and other industries. Moreover, Mr. Green is steadily being driven into an anti-government position. As a labor politician, obliged alternately to placate government, the heads of the craft unions, and the growing militancy of the rank and file, his role becomes increasingly difficult.

INDUSTRIAL NEW ENGLAND looks on as union organizers and manufacturers gird themselves for the impending struggle for control of the 25,000 employees in the factories of Waterbury, Connecticut. Thus far the NRA has fiddled, and the employers—the Waterbury Clock Company specifically—have called the tune; as usual, the tune is company unions "elected" by a vote of 10 per cent of the workers, some of whom cast ballots for Mickey Mouse. Under the code proposed by the Clock Manufacturers of America, which was not adopted, wages were set at $14 weekly for men and $12 for women. As evidenced by the company's statement, what the workers have received during the past year averaged slightly more than $7 a week for a forty-hour week. In the course of the wrangle with the NRA authorities, Mrs. E. M. Herrick, acting chairman of the Regional Labor Board, stated that the company, "while seeking protection from unfair trade practices, has neither joined the NRA, nor is it willing in good faith to bargain until forced to do so by signing the industry code." Some of the Waterbury factories are under the NRA; significantly, the chairman and two members of the code authority for the brass and copper-goods industry are presidents of the three outstanding factories in the city. Recently, influenced by the organizing activities of the International Association of Machinists and the undercover attempts of polishers and buffers to build a union, the leading factories announced a 10-per-cent wage increase. Both sides will probably mark time during the summer, but if the employers continue their present intransigence, a first-class battle is in prospect for the fall. Contemplating this prospect, Waterbury may recall the 1920 strike when the workers fought a pitched battle with the police and militia. This time the workers are if anything more determined, the employers have learned nothing, and the NRA has yet to prove that it can either persuade or compel them.

THE NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS, in proposing a change in that section of their code which relates to the licensing of newsboys, have informed a waiting world that selling papers is not child labor at all. Of course not; and permitting children to work in the beet fields from sunrise to sunset isn't child labor either; and for children to pick the sharp shells off shrimps until their hands get sore isn't child labor. If you don't believe it, ask the beet growers and the owners of the shrimp canneries. Not so many years ago mine owners would have assured you that for children to pick coal in the dark ten hours a day wasn't child labor, but a lot of people have rather contradicted that, so the mine owners don't say it any more. The publishers are still saying it about the newsboys: Just honest, helpful work, bustling around getting rid of papers before and after school and as late in the evening as boys are permitted to work; they add to the family income by doing it and grow up to be great big captains of industry, all of whom, as we know, started as newsboys at the bottom rung of the ladder. The only fly in the beautiful salve put out by the publishers on this subject is a statement of Lewis E. Lawes, warden of Sing Sing Prison. Mr. Lawes expressed his regrets at not being able to attend the hearings on the newspaper code and added:

> I consider it very important as bearing on juvenile delinquency. It has often been said that some of our finest citizens have made their start in life through selling newspapers. In my opinion, these same men had sufficient character, even in their boyhood, to withstand the hard knocks, the temptations, and the bad associations that are a definite part of the life of a newsboy, especially in the metropolitan districts. . . . Recently I had a census taken here in Sing Sing to determine the number of inmates who had sold newspapers in their youth. . . . Of the 2,300 men, over 69 per cent had done so. . . . These figures support my contention, based on nearly thirty years experience, that juvenile delinquency and so-called criminal tendencies are largely the result of detrimental influences and associations that can often be corrected. The use of youngsters below the age of fourteen in selling newspapers, particularly in cities, is not at all calculated to correct such conditions.

No, selling papers isn't child labor; it's education—and Sing Sing is the college at which a lot of the students finally arrive.

"BARUCH WOULD BAN 'Big' War Profits," are the headlines in the New York *Times*, over a report of the address of Bernard M. Baruch, chairman of the War Industries Board during the World War, at the graduation exercises of the Army Industrial College. Significantly, Mr. Baruch was talking not pacifism, but preparedness. After first declaring his allegiance to the profit economy in war as in peace, Mr. Baruch demanded "the recapture of all profits in bulk made by industries engaged in war supplies, above a small and reasonable return on the moneys invested." Why? First, because if the war profiteers are unchecked, the civilian morale, which according to Napoleon is two-thirds of the battle, is endangered; second, because the war inflation of the debt and its subsequent payment in deflated dollars is likely to bring about a collapse of the capitalist economy. Mr. Baruch points out that our total war expenditure was $39,000,000,000 in terms of 1917, 1918, 1919, and 1920 dollars, whereas in terms of the purchasing power of 1930 dollars it would have been not more than $15,000,000,000. He doubts that we could stand another such doubling of the burden. Quite evidently what Mr. Baruch is concerned with is the problem of making war safe for capitalism, the latter being in his mind an absolute value transcending such utopian concepts as peace, in which he puts little trust. "National economics," says Mr. Baruch, "are more highly organized than ever before, and all on the basis of offense or reprisal. . . . Airplanes and navies are being increased, and from some far distant places we can faintly hear the tramp of increasingly greater masses of men under arms." The dilemma, then, is that the uncontrolled profit motive drives these competing capitalist states into war; but during war, the profit motive must be controlled so that capitalism may not destroy itself during and after the war which it has made. This sort of thing goes under the name of realpolitik, whereas the attempt to prevent war by the socialization of capitalist countries—this is just millennial day-dreaming!

THANKS TO Mrs. Anna Alson Determan, the University of Minnesota, on whose Board of Regents she sits, has done the truly fine thing of placing military training on an optional basis. Beginning next fall, freshmen and sophomores at the third largest State university, who prefer not to waste valuable time pursuing the art of mass killing, will be free from the compulsion to do so which has existed since the founding of the university eighty-three years ago. One of the newer regents, Mrs. Determan took the common-sense view that the university should require no more than is required by the Morrill Act, particularly since mandatory drill has been the cause of continual controversy and unfavorable publicity. If the rapid rise of sentiment against compulsory R. O. T. C. at land-grant institutions is any criterion, the action of the Minnesota regents will give fresh impetus to the stand for optional training which the University of Wisconsin took twelve years ago. Indeed, only last month the faculty at the University of Missouri, by a 2-to-1 vote, asked its Board of Curators to make the military course a matter of choice. The Missouri curators, however, listened to the professional patriots instead of to the League of Women Voters, the St. Louis Social Justice Commission, and scores of other disinterested organizations, and Missouri will continue with its compulsory R. O. T. C.

BOSTON HAD ANOTHER tea party a few weeks ago to welcome the Nazi propaganda ship Karlsruhe. To be precise, there were two tea parties. At the first one, Governor Ely and Mayor Mansfield received the Hitlerite "good-will" gesture very cordially. The second meeting was sponsored by the Boston Committee to Aid Victims of German Fascism, supported by a number of other anti-fascist organizations, including the Marine Workers' Union and the Irish Workers' Club, and was attended by several hundred Harvard, Radcliffe, and Massachusetts Institute of Technology students. According to the report of an official investigating committee, signed by Professors Arthur N. Holcombe, Ralph Barton Perry, and William Ernest Hocking, the police drove the demonstrators off the lot where they had assembled, and kicked, cuffed, and clubbed with indiscriminate fury. Twenty-one persons were arrested and three of them were slugged after they had reached the station house, one of them, at least, into unconsciousness. At a farcical trial before Judge Sullivan fifteen students and workers were given sentences totaling ninety-three months in jail. The sentences were appealed, and the International Labor Defense charges that the prosecution and the court maneuvered to postpone the hearings until essential student witnesses should have left the State. The hearing is now set for the July session of the Superior Court, and the immediate struggle of the defense is to secure a postponement until fall, when the students will again be available. This brew of Nazi nastiness and police sadism, stirred with the unforgotten leavings of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, is what the descendants of the Puritan Fathers are invited to sip at Beacon Hill tea parties.

CUBA CONTINUES to be a source of perpetual embarrassment to the State Department in its efforts to formulate a liberal policy for the Caribbean. Scarcely had the new treaty abrogating the Platt Amendment been announced when riots broke out in protest against the Department's hand-picked protegé—President Mendieta. Then, as a further token of ingratitude, a Cuban commission recommended the repudiation of the $60,000,000 which the Chase National Bank had advanced to Machado, on the grounds that the debt had been improperly contracted and that "the government should not impoverish its people to pay unjust profits to foreign capital." The fact that United States imports from Cuba have declined from $264,000,000 in 1925 to a scant $58,000,000 in 1933 makes it evident that Cuba could ill-afford to continue full payments on its obligations to this country, except on the basis of a drastic change in our commercial policy. While the recent reduction of half a cent in the duty on sugar is a step in the right direction, it has been virtually nullified by the quota restriction which permits imports only up to three-fifths of the average volume of the 1927-31 period. On the political front, the semi-fascist ABC has withdrawn from the cabinet, and even Mendieta's own Nationalist Party is reported to be wavering in support of the present regime. If the expected happens, and Mendieta is overthrown by the more radical elements in the island, the State Department will do well to practice what it preaches—complete non-interference in Cuban affairs.

THE RESIGNATION OF GRACE ABBOTT as head of the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor terminates thirteen years of peculiarly enlightened service in that capacity. Miss Abbott has been connected with the bureau since 1917, when at President Wilson's request she became director of the Child Labor Division, where she administered the first federal child-labor law, later declared unconstitutional. Before her appointment to head the bureau in 1921, Miss Abbott was adviser on the War Labor Policies Board and secretary of the Children's Commission of the First International Labor Conference. Frances Perkins, long her friend and lately her associate as Secretary of Labor, in a statement calling Miss Abbott "one of the most distinguished women in America," describes in glowing terms the quality of her administration:

> The bureau is increasingly effective largely because Miss Abbott has insisted upon its development in the direction of contacts directly with the people affected by the problems studied. The reports, the advice, the progress emanating from the Children's Bureau under her leadership have raised the standard of life for the children of this Republic immeasurably, and there are thousands of people who will not be able to join in any public expression of gratitude who nevertheless owe enormous benefits in their own lives to the intelligence, character, force, and social-mindedness of this great woman!

With this moving tribute it is impossible not to agree, and to regret at the same time that such a person is leaving the public service. Miss Abbott has been appointed Professor of Public Welfare at the University of Chicago.

General Johnson: Strikebreaker

GENERAL JOHNSON has discharged the president of the NRA Employees Union, John Donovan, attached to the Labor Advisory Board staff. From all accounts Donovan was an efficient, conscientious worker. He had worked for the board on major codes; he had recently been appointed alternate to William Green on the Industrial Relations Board for the lumber code.

The circumstances of the discharge were simple: Donovan headed a committee which waited on the Administrator to protest the earlier dismissal of Mrs. Nancy Luke, a stencil cutter. The committee gained its point; Mrs. Luke was reinstated. But the chairman of the committee, less fortunate, was sacked. Asked to explain, the General retreated into generalities—"inefficient, insubordinate, and absent from duties without leave." The General then passed the matter on to Dr. Gustav Peck, Donovan's immediate superior, who backed up these charges, without bothering to go into details. A day or two later, the General hinted to Mr. Babcock (head of the American Federation of Government Employees, which is now pressing for Donovan's reinstatement) that Donovan was guilty of the dire, secret sin of being "leftist."

The whole affair is a tragic caricature of the story of Section 7-a. Dismissal of the local union president has been the favorite device for smashing unions ever since the American workers were gulled into the belief that the government stood behind their efforts at labor organization. Invariably, the boss charges the union president with "talking too much," with "slacking on the job," with "dropping the monkey wrench." Invariably, too, the foreman swears that what the boss says is true.

Unfortunately for General Johnson, his record with respect to trade unions is all of a piece. On his own admission he was responsible for the inclusion in the automobile code of the "individual-merit" clause, an open attempt to draw whatever teeth were in it out of Section 7-a. By a last minute tactical coup, he sought to exclude John Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers, from the code authority of the bituminous coal industry. The election he devised to settle the Budd strike was incredible: The company union sympathizers merely had to abstain from voting in order to express their preferences, so that the trade-union workers, in self-defense, were forced to boycott the referendum.

Consider the General's performance on the occasion of the threatened automobile strike last March. He told the union leaders they were mistaken in going to the National Labor Board for help; they should have applied to the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce! There is also good reason to suspect that the settlement of March 25—President Roosevelt's feat of "social engineering"—was contrived by the General, working hand-in-hand with the automobile employers.

Together with Mr. Richberg, General Johnson has taken opportunity to negate and oppose the National Labor Board's theory of industrial democracy. Thus, on February 3, Messrs. Johnson and Richberg collaborated in drafting an interpretation of the President's executive order of February 1. This order spoke of the "representatives who are selected by a vote of at least a majority of the employees voting, and who have been thereby designated to represent all the employees eligible to participate—for the purpose of collective bargaining." By some miracle of transcendental logic, Messrs. Johnson and Richberg construed this to mean that minority groups were entitled to negotiate separate collective agreements. Thus they sought to save the day for the company union.

In his handling of the threatened steel strike a few weeks ago, General Johnson surpassed himself. He went into conference with the leaders of the Iron and Steel Institute. He came out of it with the proposal that the workers submit themselves to a board authorized to supervise the operation of company-union plans. This proposal he put before workers on the verge of open revolt because of the refusal of the employers to deal with their trade union! No wonder, then, that even President Roosevelt saw the light at last. He turned over the labor troubles of the steel industry to Secretary of Labor Perkins.

But there is more to the case than General Johnson's obvious prejudices. The Donovan case is a symptom of the organic disease that has afflicted the Labor Advisory Board for more than a year. Here was a board whose principal function should have been to introduce collective bargaining into the making and enforcement of codes. Its chairman, Dr. Leo Wolman, entered upon his duties with the reputation of being a labor economist sympathetic with trade-union ideals. Inside of a year, the economist of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers had won a reputation for being "safe" and "sound" with every anti-union industrialist in America. As for the other members of the Board—Messrs. Green, Hillman, Lewis, and so on—they were A. F. of L. union leaders. Their interest, accordingly, has been in stirring their own pots, in bargaining code concessions for their own unions. With the customary astigmatism of our trade-union leaders, they have shown no concern whatever for the great mass of unorganized workers.

Significantly, John Donovan was a labor adviser on codes for such industries as lumber and paper whose workers are mainly unorganized. From all that can be learned of him, he was anxious to bring the benefits of collective bargaining to these workers, energetic in his efforts to do so, and outspoken in his opinions on the subject. So far, the members of the Labor Advisory Board have shown themselves apathetic to Mr. Donovan's fate, although Mr. Green has stated that he has "no reason to doubt his efficiency." Is this apathy to be explained by the indifference of the board members to any activities which might disturb the snug little bargaining game they have been playing with the NRA?

Thus the Donovan discharge becomes a challenge to the decency and integrity of the Labor Advisory Board. He stands for the cause the board members are supposed to represent: collective bargaining for all wage-earners. If the Labor Advisory Board has any ideals and courage, it will ask for Donovan's reinstatement. If it cannot get that reinstatement, then the board should go to the President and declare: Either General Johnson leaves or we do.

Revolt Within Germany

THE more we study Vice-Chancellor Von Papen's attack upon Hitler and Hitlerism the more astounded we are. The gravity of the crisis it provokes is attested not only by the suppression of Von Papen's speech in the German press, but by General Goering's address of June 18 to the Prussian State Council. To the council he admitted this: "I hear so often that confidence is fading and discontent is growing and, when one examines the state of affairs, one must recognize the fact that many reasons for dissatisfaction doubtless exist. We must take care that we do not lose contact with the people. . . . It is necessary that the people should feel that we are looking after them."

Von Papen went extraordinarily far in his attack, not only upon personalities and the radical wing of the Hitler regime but upon the theory of Hitlerism itself. He declared that it would be "a mortal sin, both from the human and the statesman's point of view, not to say what must be said at this decisive juncture of the German revolution." He denounced the muzzling of the press, and declared that the "rich treasure of confidence which the German people bestowed upon it [the government] is in danger." He added that the government knew all about the "untruth, ungentlemanliness, and arrogance" which in certain quarters are marking the revolution, and then made his frontal attack. "The statesmen and politicians," he said, "can reform the state, but not life itself . . . not all life can be organized because then it would be mechanized. The state is organization; life is growth." This is obviously complete treason to the whole Nazi doctrine.

This speech marks the beginning of a battle between reactionaries, with the Prussian Junkers and the great industrialists on one side and National Socialism on the other. Both the landed gentry and the industrial overlords are fundamentally opposed to the "self-made" Nazis, with their noisy exhibitionism, their fantastic religious ideas, their unorthodox economics. Even Nazi brutality and repression, except when directed with accurate aim at the parties of the left, have been distasteful to the gentlemen of the extreme right. Both reactionary groups contributed to Hitler's campaign funds and hoped that they had taken the Nazis safely into their own camps. Hitler surrendered to big business every vestige of control over the financial and industrial organization of the nation and over the destinies of the German workers. He similarly surrendered to the Junker landlords. His fine schemes for dividing the great estates, putting people back on the land, and thus creating a new class of small, independent farmers were quickly forgotten. Instead the landowners received substantial subsidies, and President Hindenburg's country estate was restored to him, freed from its scandalous burden of unpaid taxes and debt. But the Nazi technique of repression was more difficult to control and direct. It operated against the just and the unjust alike; which is to say that along with Communists, Socialists, and Jews, both censorship and terror were turned upon Protestants and Catholics and all the elements in the various military organizations who refused to be coordinated.

Discontent has increased and become more vocal as Germany's economic situation has grown worse. It has penetrated even into the ranks of the army and it emanates from both the right and the left. A rumor was recently printed in the New York *Times* to the effect that a stormy conference had lately taken place between Chancellor Hitler and Ernst Roehm, in the course of which Roehm warned his chief that the Storm Troopers were "getting restless about what they considered reactionary policies of the government and that unless those policies were changed he could no longer guarantee the conduct of the Storm Troops." Von Papen's speech constitutes the direct, authoritative expression of the disaffection of the right. Hitler is obviously adopting the role of moderator among his quarrelsome supporters. He refused to accept Von Papen's resignation while urging him at the same time to endure the verdict of the censorship.

Probably the most intelligent Nazi analysis of the present crisis was contained in the speech of General Goering cited above. After discussing the existence of discontent and its causes, Goering flatly asserted that the government must choose between a "second revolution" and the ruthless repression of organized disaffection. The "second revolution" he referred to would be the complete establishment of National Socialism, and it is this course, and all manifestations that point toward it, that Von Papen has attacked so ably and so courageously. The fight is between his conception of government—aristocratic, monarchist, and reactionary—and the rowdy, pseudo-radicalism of Hitler.

The battle will not be a brief one nor gently fought, if it really comes to open conflict. The people may actually be called upon to take sides with one or the other of the two great national heroes, Hitler and Hindenburg, although they have so little to gain in the choice of masters thus presented to them. At any rate it will be a genuine test of Hitler's capacity as a statesman and fighter. It is one thing to be a silver-tongued orator and the world's greatest showman, and another to deal with a far-reaching revolt in your own ranks.

Advertising-as-Usual

CONSUMERS, hearing the bang of the speaker's gavel signaling the adjournment of Congress, may well have felt as the automobile workers felt when they heard the Administration's plan to sell them down the river at Detroit. A year ago Professor Tugwell made a gesture in their direction in the form of a new food-and-drug bill; other Administration gestures were embodied in the Consumers' Advisory Board of the NRA, the Lynd recommendation of a Consumers' Standards Board, and the Consumers' Counsel of the AAA. Today consumers are warranted in asking whether at any time these gestures were seriously intended, for when faced by the furious opposition of press, radio, advertising, and patent-medicine and other manufacturing interests the Administration backed down again and again on every crucial issue.

The Tugwell bill, first whittled and then emasculated with the connivance of Senator-doctor-ad-man Copeland, was finally pigeonholed, and received only a four-line post-mortem in the newspaper obituaries of the Congress. The members of the Consumers' Advisory Board alternately fought General Johnson, practiced submissive "statecraft," presented belligerent reports, resigned, threatened to resign, didn't resign. The members of Frederic C. Howe's Consumers' Counsel fought harder if anything, but found themselves progressively robbed of jurisdiction over the more important codes.

As if to celebrate the victory of advertising-as-usual the Advertising Federation of America opened its annual convention in New York the day Congress adjourned. President Kobak, who a few months ago was enlisting the American Legion to fight any form of constructive consumer legislation, read a letter from Mr. Roosevelt praising the conspicuous service of advertising in "presenting sound interpretations of the purposes and objectives of the recovery program." Secretary Wallace, who was present in person, declared that he had no quarrel with advertising as such—it had done a splendid job—and congratulated the ad men on their "exceedingly broad-gauged attitude." "You believed strenuously in truth," said this plenipotentiary of the New Deal, "and your slogan was 'Truth in Advertising.' You believed in that from the very bottom of your heart. . . ."

There followed other heart throbs: a fantastic "trial" of advertising in which a battery of advertising men, sales managers, and so on defended themselves, with a little fake cross-examination, over a national network; a speech by C. M. Chester, president of General Foods Corporation, in which he declared menacingly that "the heads of communism, fascism, and other isms have invaded even our official government circles"; a sales talk by Dr. Henry C. Link, secretary of the Psychological Corporation, in which he described the scientific fervor which professional psychologists were consecrating to the cause of advertising "research." Commenting editorially on the convention, *Printers' Ink* declared that "the correction of advertising's ills must come from within advertising itself," and suggested that perhaps advertising, like baseball and the movies, needs a "czar" or two—one for the publishers and one for the broadcasters.

Out of this deluge of business and political buncombe the consumer can perhaps extract a small drop of negative comfort. The advertising men have learned nothing and forgotten nothing; they are furiously against telling the truth, not merely to consumers, but to each other; they can be trusted to increase by every means in their power the growing public disgust with advertising and with the supine surrender of both the press and the government to the dictation of business.

Will the Tugwell-Copeland bill be resuscitated next fall? One rather hopes not; an altogether fresh start is needed, with Senator Copeland out of the picture. But certainly the consumer movement will grow in strength and clarity. At the convention of the Association of American Advertising Agencies in May, Alice L. Edwards of the American Home Economics Association presented convincing evidence of a consumer ground swell coming up through the women's clubs. Consumers' Research continues to gain subscribers. Cooperative Distributors, which was started on a shoestring a year ago, is now well-established with a turnover which increases geometrically from month to month. Organization of the consumer interest with respect to both policy and program is of course badly needed. One can only hope that the Throttlebottoms are convinced by this time that the Administration won't or can't help except as they organize and bring to bear effective pressure at Washington.

Adolf's Court Jester

We were not among those who thought that Dr. Ernst Hanfstängl should be excluded from the United States for "subversive activities," "moral turpitude," or anything else. It seemed to us then that the revival of these categories was more dangerous to decent government than anything the doctor was likely to do at Harvard, and we have seen no reason for changing our opinion since his arrival. If one may believe the accounts published in the newspapers, Hanfstängl has been pretty silly—sillier even than the average "old grad" at a class reunion is expected to be—but he has not been anything worse. On the whole, therefore, we are glad he came, because it is always good to know that—as the Elizabethans used to say—the Devil is an Ass.

Before his arrival there was a growing tendency to represent Hanfstängl as a "glamorous" figure. He was a very close associate of one of the men of the hour and no one knew just how great his influence was. Since he played the piano it was assumed that he must be some sort of universal genius—perhaps, indeed, the ideal Nazi, combining a taste for blood and iron with a virile understanding of the purest of the arts. If Putzy had only maintained a dignified silence, the legend might well have grown, but from the moment of his arrival it became all too plain that he was a natural clown who could not possibly resist the temptation to make a fool of himself.

Whether maliciously or not, the reporters who follow him about have not rested content with frequent references to his great wit; they have also insisted upon giving examples of it, and the examples have been without exception so very sad that not even a prince of the blood could reasonably hope to raise a laugh with the best of them. Wearing a sweet pea in his buttonhole, he remarked uproariously that, strange as it might seem, the gardener who had cared for the flower was named "Frost," and when he was shown a column against him by Heywood Broun he achieved this magnificent comeback: "Broun would ask me about the book burnings, hey? Well, tell him that his book has not been burned and that he should stop being such an old sour belly." He observed that the "sweet children" of his classmates met him with a "look of admiration and—what shall I say—stupefaction."

Such a man can hardly do much to promote the cause of a romantic religion of violence. You cannot successfully uphold the holy ideal of racial purity or successfully justify the righteous murder of Jews by being a regular fellow with a sentimental attachment for dear old Harvard; neither can you pass off atrocities as merely the result of a boyish prank. Moreover, Hanfstängl is obviously deflating his own legend in a highly satisfactory way. Some thought he was the Richelieu of the Nazi movement, Hitler's trusted friend and adviser. It is obvious now that he cannot be more than Adolf's court jester, and if what he has given here is a fair sample of his quality, a very sorry one. Had the protesters had their way and shut him out, he would be by now a sinister figure with a real hold on the popular imagination. By letting him in, democracy has come off very well indeed. Our own clowns—Jimmy Walker, for example—are better, and Jimmy never had more than a local job.

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Issues and Men

The Shamelessness of Newton D. Baker

WHEN the World War broke out I organized almost at once a "League to Limit Armaments." It started with a bang. About the first acceptance I got was from Newton D. Baker. The membership was distinguished, for the horror felt at the first terrible news had not yet been displaced by angry and bitter and deluded partisanship for one side or the other. People then placed the blame upon the huge armaments of all the European nations.

That scene in a private dining-room of the Railroad Club in New York came back to me the other day when I read in the newspapers that almost my first member of the short-lived league had appeared before the House Military Affairs Committee to demand the immediate increase of the United States Army by 2,063 officers and no less than 47,000 men. But he wasn't satisfied with that. He told the committee that "he could not imagine an army less than five times the present size of ours having the slightest effect on the military policy of any other nation. It is a waste of public money to have an army that is anything less than adequate." He then went on to admit that at the end of the war to end war he had urged Congress to establish at once an army of 500,000 men as the necessary force, but that Congress had been "wiser and luckier than I" in not granting his request of that time. That did not prevent him, however, from assuring Congress on May 28, 1934, that 14,063 officers and 179,063 men were the exact number of men we need in our army now to preserve our country intact. Not 170,000 nor 180,000 but exactly 179,063. All your militarists know exactly how many ships and men will save us.

Then this great statesman and ex-member of the League to Limit Armaments reminisced. He who had made such eloquent speeches as he drafted young Americans to their death in 1917, with the solemn promise to them and their parents that if they would only go out and die this war would end war and make the world safe for democracy, now recalled that at the end of the war "it was reasonable to suppose that another would break out. We had the Thirty Years' War as an example. The most able historians thought that the Armistice marked the end of an episode, and that a fresh grouping of nations would again attempt war." So there you have it. Just when Woodrow Wilson was congratulating the country that we had ended war and were about to make over the world, when we were burying the Unknown Soldier with such pomp and ceremony because he had laid down his life to do away with armaments, Newton Baker, in consultation with "the most able historians," was convinced that all that he and the chief he still reveres had said to the American people about the purposes of the war was just so much bunk and hokum.

But the recent works of Newton Baker do not end with his testimony before the House committee. Two weeks later he delivered the commencement address at West Point, just before handing the commissions to the largest class that ever graduated. Did he devote that speech to a demand for the reform of one of the costliest, worst-run, and most inefficient educational institutions in the world? He did not. He went back to the past again. He said:

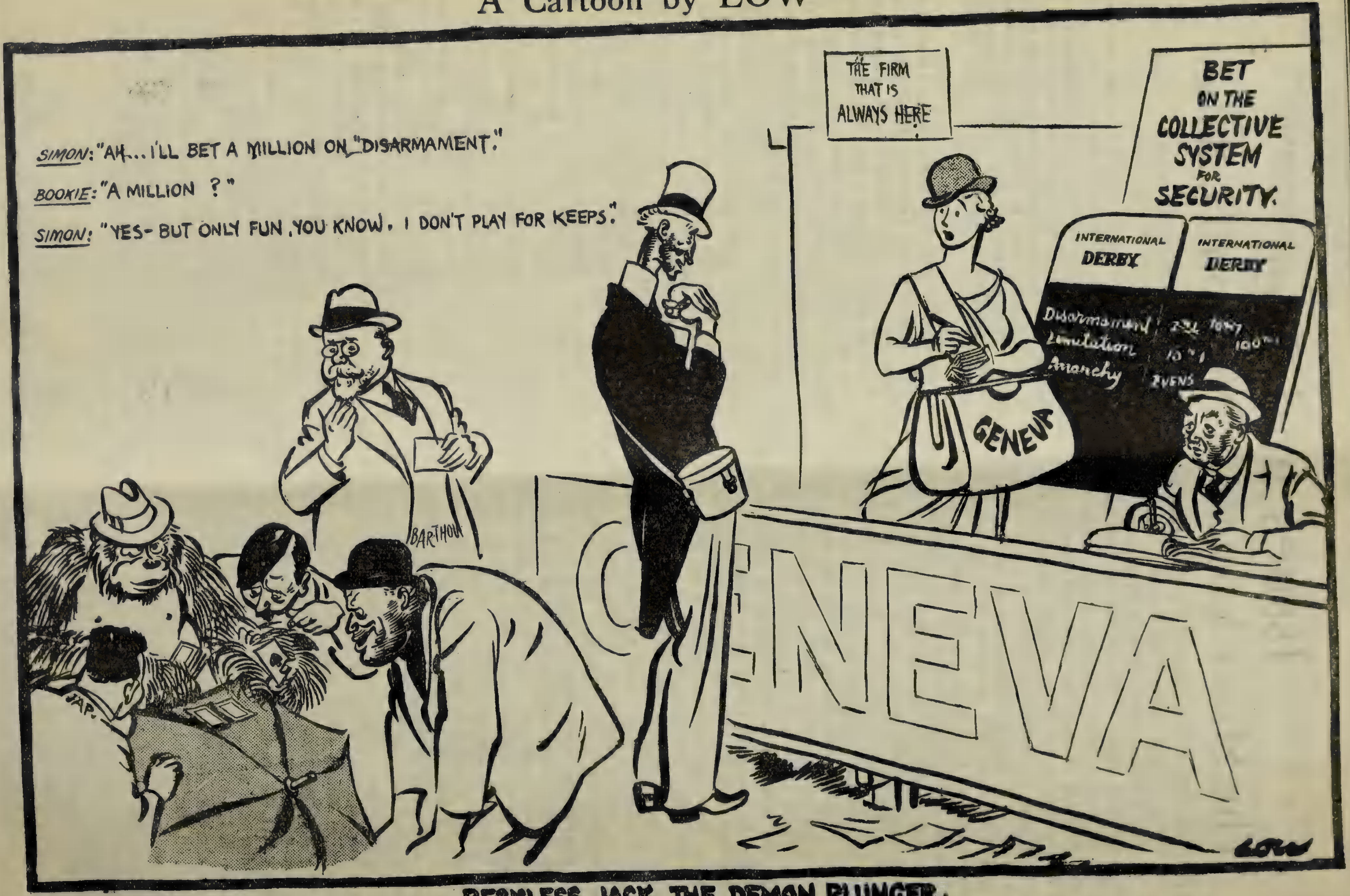
> Democracy is the most perfect form of government ever devised by men, and the most difficult. We can have it only as long as we are worthy of it. One country after another in Europe has bundled up all the authority of government and taken it away from the people and handed it to some despotic form of dictatorship or dictatorial oligarchy. It is not because they undervalue democracy but because democracy is possible only to highly educated people.

So here we have the final and lasting truth. Here we have the exact reason why the Germans, admittedly the most highly educated people in the world, have abandoned democracy. Here we have the exact reason why the Americans, with their shamefully high percentage of illiteracy, have made as much of a success of democracy as they have. When Newton Baker talked drivel of this kind, perhaps he thought that he must talk down to the intellectual level of West Point. If not, he has certainly undergone a sea change in his mental processes. I am aware that many people will ask: "Can't you let a man honestly and sincerely change his mind on a matter as grave as that of armaments?" But the trouble is that Newton Baker has changed his mind all along the line. From having been an ardent disciple of Tom Johnson in his efforts to free the people from corporation domination, he has become the lawyer and chief counselor of the Van Sweringens, one of whom is under indictment for some of his activities in connection with the brothers' financial overlordship of Cleveland. The man who was a reform mayor of Cleveland, ready to starve for his ideals, is now one of the leaders of the party machine and a rich man, as the result of having thrown overboard those youthful ideals.

But nothing seems to be so shameful as his admission that the slogans which he and Woodrow Wilson used to put us into the war were pure bunk intended to deceive. He does not even pretend that they were honestly mistaken or misled. He admits that he knew it wasn't going to be a war to end war when he was giving his allegiance to that doctrine. I heard him make his eloquent speech at the Madison Square Garden convention in which he told how it had wrung his heart to the depths to tear American boys away from their parents and send them to their deaths. He did it so well that men all around me wept. Why did he not tell us then that the war slogans were bunk? If he lives long enough and fascism comes to America, I will bet one hundred to one that he will come out for it and assure us that while democracy "is the most perfect government ever devised by men," we can have it no longer because, in his judgment, we are not worthy of it.

Oswald Garrison Villard

A Cartoon by LOW



SIMON: "AH... I'LL BET A MILLION ON "DISARMAMENT."
BOOKIE: "A MILLION ?"
SIMON: "YES- BUT ONLY FUN, YOU KNOW. I DON'T PLAY FOR KEEPS."
THE FIRM THAT IS ALWAYS HERE
BET ON THE COLLECTIVE SYSTEM FOR SECURITY.
INTERNATIONAL DERBY
INTERNATIONAL DERBY
Disarmament
Limitation
Anarchy
EVENS
GENEVA
BARTHOU
JAP.
GENEVA
LOW

RECKLESS JACK, THE DEMON PLUNGER.

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The Steel Strike Collapses

By LOUIS ADAMIC

Pittsburgh, June 20

FOR two weeks or longer, large sections of the American people of all classes stood on their toes, tense with hope or apprehension or both, watching—through the poorly focused telescope of the daily press reports—the onrush of developments in the threatened strike of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers, with its 230 lodges or unions in the various steel-producing centers of the United States. For days, toward the middle of June, it looked—through the aforesaid telescope—as though a strike in the country's basic industry was inevitable at midnight June 15, or soon thereafter; and numerous persons everywhere believed that it probably would be one of the bitterest, bloodiest, most consequential class-war battles ever fought in America.

The special "strike" convention of the A. A., called for Thursday, June 14, was considered so important that on Wednesday, the thirteenth, some of the country's foremost newspapermen rushed into Pittsburgh to cover the situation, and simultaneously there arrived also a flock of excited mediators, conciliators, observers, spies, and other such factotums sent out by federal offices in Washington and by the governments of the various steel States, notably Pennsylvania. Many of these persons believed that a strike was almost certain within two days, and, once called, was likely to become the spark for a bloody social revolution. With Toledo still fresh in their minds, they expected labor, employed and jobless, all over the United States to rise against capitalism, unemployment, company unionism, the New Deal, and what not.

Yet less than twenty-four hours later the strike idea completely fizzled out, and Mr. Green, it immediately appeared, was not the only, nor even the chief, factor in this fizzling out; while less than a week subsequently, as I write this, it is obvious that the idea of a nation-wide steel strike in mid-June had been doomed to a tragic end from its inception, six weeks before.

And thereby, it seems to me, hangs an immensely interesting and significant tale, worth telling, I think, in some detail because it so clearly mirrors the whole contemporary labor situation in this country, and also because it is likely soon to have a sequel which will be difficult to understand without a knowledge of what really happened in the steel-labor situation during the past few months.

To begin at the beginning, the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers is one of the oldest bodies affiliated with the A. F. of L. It came into existence fifty-seven years ago, when a group of highly skilled metal workers seceded from the old Sons of Vulcan. Until very recently it never was anything more than a collection of fraternal benefit lodges of the "aristocracy of labor" in the steel, iron, and tin (mostly tin) industries, and a convenient stepping-stone for its so-called executive officers who had ambitions (and most of them had) for political and economic self-advancement. One president of the A. A. left his office to become secretary of the American Tin Plate Company, then United States Consul at Birmingham, England, and finally a business man in Pittsburgh; another became inspector of immigration in New York; a third, a Republican Congressman; a fourth, a Republican city councilman in Pittsburgh; a fifth, secretary of the steel manufacturers' association on the Pacific Coast.

During the last forty years no one could possibly have accused the outfit of being a labor movement. Its central office was nearly always on good terms with the managers of most of the mills. It never made any effort to organize the industry. Several of the local lodges, composed exclusively or mainly of highly skilled wrought-iron and sheet-metal men, have been recognized by otherwise anti-union bosses and have wage-and-hour contracts with them. The organization played a semi-strike-breaking role in the great steel strike of 1919.

Its present president is a fattish, drooling, loose-lipped, watery-eyed old codger in his late seventies, M. J. Tighe, familiarly known as "Old Mike" or "Grandmother" Tighe. He has been with the organization from its birth. A typical old-time trade-union bureaucrat, he is profoundly ignorant of the forces now operating in the world or in the country; he is narrow, fussy, old-womanish, but, as he lately demonstrated, deeply experienced in the official trickeries and "practical trade-union politics" long since perfected by leaders in A. F. of L. affiliates. In his official duties Tighe is ably assisted by the secretary-treasurer, Louis (Shorty) Leonard, a round, compact little fellow, somewhat younger than the president but also an old-timer in the outfit, with a loud Fourth of July voice and an inexhaustible supply of labor blah-blah; to me fully as objectionable, both as a person and as a labor-union official, as Tighe. Ed Miller and Tom Gillis, the two vice-presidents, are essentially of the same type. All these men draw a salary ("and expenses") they could not conceivably hope to receive in any other racket except by some fluke, and they naturally think a great deal of their positions and want to keep them.

For fourteen years the A. A. was on the toboggan. By the middle of 1933 its membership had fallen to 4,700, of whom fewer than 3,000 were paying their dues. Then the New Deal came, with its Section 7-a in the NIRA, which gave the nearly 500,000 steel, iron, and tin workers in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia, Indiana, Michigan, Maryland, Alabama, Kentucky, California, and elsewhere a sudden and powerful impulse to unionization. Tens of thousands of workers, full of old Hoover-era jitters and new Roosevelt-inspired hope, were asking, "Which union can I join?" Communist organizers were in the field with their Steel and Metal Workers' Industrial Union. A good many men joined that organization. At the same time the Iron and Steel Institute, under the direction of Arthur Young (now getting $40,000 a year for his work), started its big push for company unions. Sincere, if none too intelligent, would-be leaders of non-Communist but radical independent unionization movements appeared among the steel people. And there were lively stirrings in several lodges of the A. A. The leaders of these locals appealed for advice and help to the central office of the A. A. in Pittsburgh. They wrote letters and went to the office in person. They telephoned "Old Mike" and wired "Shorty" Leonard. But the "executive officers" did nothing for three months, until some of the lodge presidents threatened to start organizing what possibly might turn out to be a new union movement in the steel industry.

Then, in September, 1933, largely to stop the growing Communist and other independent-radical movements, "Grandmother" and "Shorty" decided—possibly, as the Communists maintain, on the urging of Iron and Steel Institute agents—to send out three dozen "organizers," most of whom were unemployed old-time trade unionists, friends of the central office, with no experience as organizers. These men received considerable salaries (and expenses), although in most cases their sole qualification was that they wrote a legible hand; but that was enough, for all that was necessary was to fill out union cards for the thousands of men who eagerly stood in line to be signed up.

The only aggressive organizer for the A. A. was Mrs. Cornelia Bryce Pinchot, the Governor's wife, who had no connection with the union. She is a rich woman with red hair and an overabundance of nervous energy who gets more thrill out of labor agitation and strike picketing than out of bridge and society and has, besides strong political ambitions for her husband and herself, a few vague notions that something is wrong with our social system. She attracted vast crowds of steel workers and their wives and spoke at scores of meetings in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and West Virginia, urging the men to sign up and get behind the NIRA and the President. But the A. A. "executives," apparently, were anything but enthusiastic about the help the lady was trying to give the organization. They sent no one to her mass-meetings to sign up the men. The old fogies in the central office were beside themselves with fear of what was happening to their hitherto nice, quiet old outfit, and soon after starting the organizing "campaign" they began to do everything in their power to restrict its success.

But, despite all this, in less than two months the A. A. had more than 125 new lodges, many of them called by such names as the Blue Eagle Lodge, Recovery Lodge, and Nira (or Arin) Lodge, and its membership was increased from 4,700 to anywhere from 60,000 to 100,000. Nobody knows yet what the new total is. The central office so far has made no real effort to find out. The officials in that office know that, whatever it is, the number is too high for the good of the organization as they want it to continue.

In short, the old, dying A. A. suddenly bulged out into a vast organization, a great, virile new body full of raw, undisciplined, undirected strength and spirit, with but a few sick old cells here and there, and, alas, with the same old head, the same senile "executive" officers, utterly lacking in real brains, in knowledge of what is going on in the country, in honesty and social vision. Suddenly the big, healthy body and the small, hollow head were at violent cross-purposes. But for some time the body didn't realize that. It merely felt very strong and very uncomfortable, and anxious to be doing something.

Toward the end of 1933 the situation began to clarify itself a bit. Several men of the new element and a few older but more or less progressive fellows who had helped to bring in the new ones began to feel that there were two factions in the organizations, sharply opposed one to the other. They started to refer to themselves as the Young Boys, and to the old-timers in power and the old craft lodges, which supported the central office, as the Old Boys. The Young Boys were, for the most part, the presidents of the newly formed industrial lodges and the newly elected district chairmen, who—to the great annoyance of the central office—gradually began to act as spokesmen for the new element in its differences with the Old Boys—differences which rapidly increased both in frequency and bitterness. Unlike the leaders of the Old Boys, they were actual steel workers employed in mills, unless lately discharged for rank-and-file union activities; none of them received any salary from their lodge treasuries, and some of them covered even their expenses on union business out of their own pockets; some of them were still in their early and middle twenties, small-town boys, "little men," with scant education and less natural ability or experience as labor-union leaders and politicians.

For months these new leaders and would-be leaders talked among themselves, and plotted against the Old Boys and against one another, for there was a good deal of suspicion and jealousy among them. They hardly knew one another, and several wanted to be the big leader. But as time passed they became united on one point—action. The entire rank-and-file element, growing conscious of its overwhelming numerical strength in the A. A., wanted action. Thousands of workers on signing up with the A. A. lodges paid no initiation fees or dues, promising to pay when the union started to do something for them. Having been fooled before, they did not trust the A. A. or the rank-and-file leaders.

The matter of union recognition was on everybody's mind. Lodge presidents asked the A. A.'s central office what they could do. "Old Mike" and "Shorty" stalled; they didn't know. So some of the lodge leaders took the matter into their own hands. They visited the Pittsburgh NRA office. No result. They wrote letters to Washington. No answer, or they received printed material on what a wonderful thing the NRA was for labor. A few went to Washington and called on the A. F. of L. and National Labor Board, not once, but four and five times. They talked with Senator Wagner and other New Dealers and demanded elections in the mills. The National Labor Board stalled, promised them action, but for a month, two months, nothing happened. The gentlemen in the A. F. of L. urged patience. The boys tried to see the Secretary of Labor, "Ma" Perkins, as they called her, who some months before had been in the steel region and had seemed interested in the steel people, but most of them got only as far as her assistant, Mr. McGrady. No result anywhere, no satisfaction. Washington was full of fuss and fury which had no relation to the steel workers of America. Bill Spang of Duquesne, one of the lodge leaders who journeyed several times to Washington, finally came to the conclusion that Roosevelt, evidently, had not meant what he signed in the NIRA and in all probability was afraid of the iron-and-steel gang. Bill made a report to that effect to his lodge and the leaders of other rank-and-file lodges. NRA, he said, meant "National Run Around" for the workers, and Washington was "a labor college where a working stiff like me can get an education like he can get nowhere else."

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The rank-and-file boys, like workers in many other industries throughout the land, rapidly developed a strike mood. In this mood, in mid-April, the rank-and-file delegates, still lacking a real leader, assembled with the Old Boys in the annual convention of the A. A. in the Elks' Hall in Pittsburgh. They had a clear two-thirds' majority over the Old Boys, and Tighe and Leonard were at their wits' end. The Young Boys shouted, "Action! Action!" The Old Boys, trying to wear them down, stretched the convention by various parliamentary tricks, with which the new men had no acquaintance, to more than two weeks. To no avail. "Action!" There is a bar in the Elks' Hall and there was some drinking, which made the Young Boys even stronger for action. The end of it all was that they passed a resolution with the so-called seven-point program, which included the call for a national steel strike in the middle of June if the bosses refused to grant the union's demand for recognition and collective bargaining before then. No strike plan was outlined for the eventuality that the bosses did not recognize the union. The Young Boys invented no way to make the Old Boys in the central office prepare the organization for the big walk-out. They merely appointed a committee of ten to get busy about the matter as soon as possible.

Tired from the long sessions both in the hall and at the bar, the committee did not meet till May 20. After much squabbling among themselves, on the twenty-second, they formed a "strike committee of five" and demanded of the executive officers that one of the committee be allowed to take a desk in the central office and work on strike preparations. Tighe, Leonard, and their colleagues, having, in the face of the Young Boys' now patent ineptitude, regained their composure, said, "Nothing doing!" Then the whole committee of ten, duly appointed in the convention, asked the executive officers for a conference on the morning of May 26. When on that day the committee arrived at the A. A.'s central office, only the janitor was there to receive them. This made the Young Boys "pretty sore" and they began to call the old-timers Yellow Dogs, while the latter, in turn, began to refer to the rank and filers as Greenhorn Goats.

On the suggestion of a journalist friend of theirs, a group of Greenhorn Goats then journeyed to Washington to ask for an interview with the President. They meant to tell him that they were about to call a strike to help him fetch the steel trust to book, and ask him to accept their aid—the aid of the workers in the steel industry—and meet the issue squarely. "We will shut down the mills," they wished to say to Mr. Roosevelt, "until the steel magnates sign before you their acceptance of the law and actually begin collective bargaining with our unions." They did not expect to get any results. The real idea was to get publicity for the strike. But though they did not get to the President, they were received by everyone else of any importance in the NRA, scared a lot of people, caused much discomfort in the White House and the A. F. of L. building, engaged in a hot exchange of insults with General Johnson, and before departure signed a sizzling open letter to the President which landed them on the front pages of all important papers in the country. They said, in effect, that they were going back home to call the strike. In all this they were coached by friendly journalists.

The Iron and Steel Institute announced it never would recognize the A. A. or any other outside union, and proposed a plan similar to that in effect in the automobile industry, which the boys scorned. Meanwhile, William Green called Tighe to Washington, and the Old Boy, by now quite sure of his ground again, smiled as broadly as his old face permitted, talked with General Johnson and other big people there, and let the Greenhorn Goats do what they liked. Then—very probably with the full approval of the A. F. of L. panjandrums, who were in touch with the National Labor Board, Miss Perkins, and the White House—he announced that he would reconvene the delegates of the last annual convention and let them decide what the organization would do in the matter of the threatened strike.

And on June 14, when the A. A. convention met again two floors above the luminous Elks' barroom in Pittsburgh, large sections of the American people raised themselves as high on their toes as possible, and glued their eyes closer to the poorly focused telescope of daily press reports. They expected hell to break loose within a couple of days. They didn't know (neither did I) that the whole thing was practically cut and dried, and that, save for an unlikely slip-up, the boys would not call the strike.

When the delegates reconvened, most of the Greenhorn Goats were for calling the walkout, if for no other reason than that they could see no other way out. But many of them, when on the way to the convention, had already begun to develop serious misgivings about such an action. Some of the mills were armed. Because of this the men's wives had begged them not to call the strike. And with times so hard, how many workers would really walk out at their call? It probably was true, as it was generally said, that the bosses would welcome a strike at this time; it would give them an opportunity to beat down the workers' militancy during a slack in production. All these and similar considerations were heavy on the Young Boys' minds. On the other hand, they figured, if they didn't strike, they'd get nothing.

At the opening of the convention the most aggressive of the strike-minded Greenhorns had in their hands copies of two resolutions—one calling the strike and setting up the strike machinery, the other calling upon the A. F. of L. for financial and moral support. But the Yellow Dogs running the convention from the platform gave them no chance to present them. Parliamentary trickery was utilized to the utmost. They killed time on the rules of procedure. Who was to be admitted besides the delegates? Resolutions. Amendments. Amendments to amendments. Which confused the inexperienced boys, made them feel like "a bunch of damn fools." Then serious difficulties with roll call. More resolutions. Amendments. Amendments to amendments.

Finally, at 11:30, they adjourned till 3:30 to "fix up the roll call," but actually, of course, to stretch the convention, to give William Green time to see President Roosevelt between one and two and to come to Pittsburgh. At 3:30 a squabble over credentials. Pointless, time-wasting resolutions. Delegations were asked to report whether or not the bosses had recognized their respective unions. A Slovak priest, one of the few "guests" in the hall, made a long speech urging the boys, with several of whom he had some influence, to postpone the strike. Then it was announced that word had been received from Washington that William Green, the great leader of organized labor in America, blah, blah . . . was coming to Pittsburgh to address the convention tomorrow, and meantime his brotherly appeal to the boys was to keep their shirts on. Convention adjourned.

Confused, their spirit down, uncertain what would be the best or most sensible thing to do, some of the Young Boys proceeded to get drunk, much to the glee of "Grandmother" Tighe, a teetotaler who generally frowns upon hard liquor. I do not mean to say that any considerable number of the delegates got drunk, but several of those who did were leaders, and the fact that they incapacitated themselves for leadership the next day tended further to demoralize those who stayed sober. Only a few newspapermen knew of this, and they were kind enough not to tell about it. I mention it because it is so important. It is a lesson to rank-and-file labor leaders in steel as in other industries.

By the time Mr. Green arrived, the strike idea was practically dead. Then he dug the grave for it; the boys themselves, half-consciously, half-unconsciously, buried it. From the Old Boys' and Bill Green's viewpoint it all worked to perfection, just as they had hoped it would when plotting the whole show, perhaps as long as a week before. Bill Green stepped before the boys as a "fellow-worker," a "miner," and begged them to be calm and not allow their judgment to give way to their feelings. But many had no judgment or feelings, except bewilderment, in the matter. Several of them had katzenjammers; a few were in their cups during Mr. Green's speech and throughout the rest of the day. He proposed a peace plan which he was sure President Roosevelt would accept and support. As a matter of fact, it was essentially the President's own plan, which, as Mr. Green spoke, was on the way to Congress to be made (as it was made) law. When Mr. Green finished, Shorty Leonard and the other Yellow Dogs leaped to their feet and led the applause. The convention promptly accepted Mr. Green's proposition and "postponed" the strike call till the end of June. Telegrams were sent to the lodges telling the workers, tens of thousands of whom were ready to strike at midnight, to stay put.

The farce was carried still farther. The final important question was: Who will present President Green's plan to President Roosevelt? There was a little squabbling over that. Then someone rose and said, "Boys, let's show we have confidence in our executive officers, who all these years, blah, blah. . . . Let's authorize them to take our proposition to Washington." This was quickly seconded, and Old Mike put up the motion for a vote so quickly that the majority, when they lifted their hands, had no idea what they were voting for. The hands were not counted. Passed! Shorty Leonard whispered a joyous remark to Old Mike, who grinned cynically, and a few hours later one of the other Old Boys remarked, "Now we got 'em where we want 'em. Now we'll teach 'em discipline."

Immediately after the conclusion of the convention I spoke to one of the more intelligent of the young militants. He said, "I feel like Carnera must of felt last night." Others, even among the sober ones, told me they didn't know exactly what had happened. "Things were done so fast." I overheard a conversation of two Young Boys. One said, "The strike is only postponed, ain't it?" "Yeah, I guess." "Have we, I mean the Young Boys, any authority left to call the strike in case we don't get what Green said we want?" "Damn' if I know. Don't think we have." "Well, I guess we sold ourselves out." A third young fellow, a little drunk, who stood by listening, said, "Nuts!" and walked off.

Bewilderment, bewilderment. I had a feeling, in that dismal hall, that I was witnessing the whole essential tragedy of American labor. On the platform, surrounded by reporters, Old Mike drooled away: "We're not Communists . . . no, not Communists. We're trade unionists. I'm a highest type of trade unionist. . . . Strike? Haw-haw! There ain't gonna be no strike. All over! We ain't a strike organization. . . . I'm tired, boys, nothin' else to say, nothin' to say, boys. Haven't had a bite all day, now it's midnight. Good-night, boys."

The sense of tragedy deepened in me during the ensuing few days as I motored through the steel towns in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and West Virginia, and talked with "leaders" and ordinary members of A. A. lodges. Bewilderment. None knew what had really happened in Pittsburgh or what would happen in Washington.

One thing is sure, as sure as anything nowadays: there will be no national steel strike this summer. There may be one or two "wildcat" strikes, à la Toledo, but even that is a remote possibility. Whether or not there will ever be a steel strike or a respect-commanding steel-labor organization depends on many things, but mostly, perhaps, on the ability of the rank-and-file leaders to realize what happened to them at the convention, what happened immediately after the convention, and what may, will, or should happen this summer and next fall; and on their ability, too, to regain their lost morale by honestly admitting their shortcomings so far, and trying to improve themselves for future work and to communicate that morale to their membership. They should try to realize as soon as possible the following things:

1. That no matter whom the President may appoint to the board to determine who shall represent steel labor in collective bargaining, the dice will be loaded against any real workers' union; and that should a real union win the election in a given mill, the bosses will not recognize it but will turn the matter over to the courts, where it will be hung up for months and possibly for years.

2. That William Green and the whole A. F. of L. oligarchy, in their actual function, are closer to the interests of the Roosevelt Administration and, *ipso facto,* of the employers than to the interests of labor; and that the plan Mr. Green brought with him to Pittsburgh was not his plan but the President's and General Johnson's.

3. That even if Mr. Green and the A. F. of L. send thirty organizers and a $200,000 organizing fund to the steel region, as Mr. Green promised they would, steel will never really be organized; that fully to organize steel, if they could, would be against their interests, their nature; that if the A. F. of L. makes any attempt to organize steel, it will be largely frustrated in jurisdictional disputes. (Important jurisdictional disputes are already pending in the A. A., which has all but stopped organizing unorganized workers. And why hasn't the A. F. of L. tried to organize steel long before this?)

4. That the future of American labor lies only in clear struggle, not in playing along with social workers like President Roosevelt and Secretary Perkins, who appear to consider the United States one vast settlement house in which everything should be nice and peaceful; that in that struggle, as things stand today, there is no time to lose.

In September of this year the A. A. has general elections. Here will be the rank and filers' first big opportunity. Will they be able to oust the Old Boys? Will they, meantime, continue organizing their local lodges, apart from any A. F. of L. "organizing," and thus prepare themselves, at least in part, for a national strike in October, when production will be at its height? Will they, in the event of such a strike, be able to join hands with other labor movements in the industry, including the Steel and Metal Workers' Industrial Union? And will they, eventually, be able to overhaul the A. A. and make it a straight industrial union, and develop social vision, which any American labor movement, to be worth anything, must, of necessity, have in the future?

[*A second article by Louis Adamic, The A. F. of L. and Company Unions, will appear in an early issue.*]

The Balkans Swing to Fascism

By JOHN GUNTHER

Vienna, June 1

THINGS would be much easier for democrats and liberals in this part of the world if all fascism were equally black. An apologist for the new military regime in Bulgaria might make out a pretty good case for the Georgieff government, in that (a) among its members are some genuine idealists, survivors of the old "Sveno" group, (b) it replaces a parliamentarism shockingly sterile and corrupt, (c) above all, it enters office pledged to wipe out the terrorist Macedonians of Ivan Mihailoff, whose bloody career on the Bulgar-Jugoslav border has been a disgrace to Europe the past ten years. Again, it calls itself a "middle" fascism, with one Agrarian (extreme left) in the Cabinet, and by assuming office it probably forestalled a coup d'etat by Professor Tzankoff, an extreme fascist and Prime Minister during the 1923 white terror.

Be this as it may, the Georgieff government deserves no support from liberals. One should not succumb to the temptation to describe it gently. The terrible lesson of the Dollfuss dictatorship in Austria, which began as a "middle" government, should not be forgotten; no "middle" fascism can withstand the internal forces which constantly press it farther and farther right; a "middle" fascism is a contradiction in terms; it begs support from democracy, then crushes it, just as a "right" fascism does. The Georgieff government has humiliated the king, split the army, and aroused dangerous false hopes in the people. The Agrarian Cabinet Minister, Zacharieff, is a demagogue and turncoat. And it is extremely unlikely that, no matter what its intentions may be, the government can do anything to Mihailoff except temporarily annoy him.

The Macedonian problem is one of those insoluble tragedies that make permanent mincemeat of the Balkans. "Macedonia" was split by the Balkan wars and the 1919 peace treaties between Bulgaria, Jugoslavia, and Greece. Ever since, a secret terrorist organization, the I. M. R. O., has kept the triple frontier bleeding, hoping thus to agitate the return of Jugoslav Macedonia to Bulgaria. Mihailoff set up a secret government which collects taxes, enforces "order," maintains its own "law" courts. He has never been arrested for the simple reason that no Bulgarian patriot wants him arrested. Every Bulgar is a Macedonian under the skin.

The Macedonian problem is Bulgaria's only trump card vis-a-vis Jugoslavia; only by the promise to call off Macedonian terrorism has Bulgaria any quid pro quo to offer the Jugoslavs. The Georgieff government, it is true, has strong personal hatred of Mihailoff, because several of its moving spirits are Protgueroffists, members of the rival Macedonian faction. Even so, vigorous action against the Mihailoffists is almost out of the question.

Jugoslavia greeted the first news of the Bulgarian putsch jubilantly. It was known in inside circles that King Alexander had persuaded King Boris to try his hand at a palace coup, so that the two kings could work together for a Bulgar-Jugoslav rapprochement; when later information reached Belgrade that the events of May 19 were not engineered by King Boris but were inflicted on him by the army, Jugoslav enthusiasm cooled considerably. Jugoslavia badly wants better relations with Bulgaria. It has a high opinion of the Bulgarian army, and in case of war with Italy, Bulgarian neutrality, if not Bulgarian aid, would be essential to Jugoslav strategy. The Bulgar-Jugoslav frontier is 700 kilometers long and difficult to defend. Fighting Italy or Hungary, the Jugoslavs don't want the Bulgars to come in by this back door. Jugoslavs and Bulgars are, moreover, first cousins, and Jugoslavia has always dreamed of a great united South Slav state, stretching from the Adriatic to the Black Sea and the Aegean. Finally, Jugoslavia has certain ambitions in regard to Greek Salonika, and Jugoslavia and Bulgaria, if allies, would normally tend to work together against Greece.

The Bulgars want rapprochement, too. Bulgaria's present isolation is complete. She is hemmed in by states which gained territory at her expense and which are not always inclined to be too friendly. The recent Graeco-Turk pact, which was directed against Bulgaria, served to make friendship with Jugoslavia doubly attractive. Most important of all, Bulgaria thinks that a rapprochement with Jugoslavia would improve the miserable state of the suppressed Bulgarian minorities in Macedonia.

Prospects of rapprochement were blasted, however, by the Balkan Pact, signed in January between Jugoslavia, Turkey, Rumania, and Greece, the four states by which Bulgaria is encircled. The Jugoslavs did not have much enthusiasm for this pact. Rather, they wanted it, and wanted direct bilateral rapprochement with Bulgaria, too—but you can't marry two pretty girls at the same time. Now, luckily, the pact is a dead letter, because Greece (after dragooning the others into it) refused to ratify except with reservations destroying its validity. Now the way is open for Bulgar-Jugoslav rapprochement once more. The chief obstacle is Macedonia, and always will be, so long as the Mihailoff gangsters are alive.

The Bulgarian coup d'etat brings, indirectly at least, the question of Nazism in the Balkans to the fore. In every Central European and Balkan country imitation Hitlerites are blooming. In Hungary the arrow-cross, symbol of the blue shirts of Deputy Soltan Mesko, has, so Mesko claims, 400,000 adherents. People in Budapest say that Mesko is crazy; but so did people in Munich say that Hitler was crazy, ten years ago. In Jugoslavia the Jugoslavenska Aktia has about 80,000 members who wear the "Kossova cross." In Rumania there are at least three distinct fascist organizations, one of which, the Iron Guard, is coming to be the dominant political force in the country; it is overtly Hitlerite, with its members wearing a modified swastika and green shirts; its terrorist leader, Codreanu, is a violent anti-Semite fanatic. In Czecho-Slovakia there are, of course, some 3,500,000 Germans, half of whom have probably felt the swastika itch. In Bulgaria there is the Svogor of Professor Tzankoff, with at least 50,000 organized men. Albania, Greece, even Turkey, have their overt or secret Nazi groups. Hungary, Rumania, and Jugoslavia, moreover, contain upwards of 500,000 minority Germans apiece—Nazis by original sin, so to speak.

Czecho-Slovakia is the country in the Little Entente least likely to go Nazi, even though it contains more Germans than the others. The reason is that Hitlerism threatens the very foundations of Czecho-Slovak existence. Czecho-Slovakia is indissolubly bound to a pro-French, anti-German course. Neither in Rumania nor in Jugoslavia is the issue quite so clear. It would be a grievous overstatement to say that these countries have "deserted" France and are already in German hands, spiritually; nevertheless, powerful temptations to an eventual pro-German trend are manifest, especially if the international situation develops in Germany's favor.

Take Rumania. Its chief crop is grain, and Germany is potentially its inevitable market. France and Rumania's partners in the Little Entente are able to buy very little Rumanian grain. Germany can buy it all. Again, Rumania's chief worry in foreign policy is the Bessarabian problem. Rumania seized Bessarabia, the rich province adjoining the Ukraine, after the war, and ever since has mortally feared an attempt by Soviet Russia some day to get it back. Rumania's chief supporter in foreign policy has been France. But now France is an ally of Soviet Russia. Therefore Rumania feels that France is no longer as dependable a friend as heretofore in support of her Bessarabian claims. Again—a point that should not be forgotten—King Carol is a Hohenzollern, and has always had pro-German tastes.

The Iron Guard, the chief fascist organization in Rumania, has thoroughly terrorized the country, from the King down. It murdered Duca, the Liberal Prime Minister, in December; its leaders, including even Codreanu, got off scot-free. The Iron Guard has corrupted and infiltered the army; it has strong influence within the National-Peasant Party; its finger beckons toward the royal palace. Its members are "idealists" (Balkan for "terrorists"); they aim at the "spiritual regeneration" of Rumania (apparently by killing the Jews); they are violent nationalists, which means that most of the leaders are Greek, Hungarian, Ukrainian, or Gipsy in origin. They have, above all, a beautiful red flag to get perpetually mad on—the comely person of Magda Lupescu, the King's mistress, who is Jewish. If a revolution comes in Rumania, it will be largely Madame Lupescu's innocent fault.

Jugoslavia too has been much perturbed by the phenomenon of Hitler. Like Hungary and Rumania, it is overwhelmingly an agrarian country, and Germany, with 65,000,000 customers, is, or should be, its best market. Like the Rumanians, the Jugoslavs are, after all, in the business of nationhood for what it brings them; and once they are convinced that Germany, not France, is the strongest Power on the continent their economic sympathies with Germany are bound to find political expression. Germany is not yet as strong as France. Let Germany prove her prowess by, say, taking Austria—which is one of the supreme reasons that Hitler wants a victory in Austria so badly—and both Rumania and Jugoslavia will rock in dismay, admiration, apprehension, and perhaps—eventually—will accept German "protection" and "support."

Jugoslavia has an enemy—Italy. Everything that tends to weaken that enemy is good for Jugoslavia. Politics in the Balkans are not, alas, built on the principles of neighborly love; rather they are a calculated series of cancelations of mutual hates. It would be too much to say that Jugoslavia actively would like to see Anschluss between Austria and Germany even though Anschluss would gravely weaken and embarrass Italy by bringing strong Prussians instead of weak Austrians to the Brenner Pass. Anschluss would be a mortal blow to Czecho-Slovakia, Jugoslavia's ally, and it would bring directly to Jugoslavia's frontier, as to Italy's, a block of 75,000,000 Germans. But Jugoslavia is nearer sympathy to Anschluss than any other European country. "We would not fight to keep Hitler out of Austria," a high official told me in Belgrade the other day. "If, on the other hand, Italy invaded the Tyrol, we would have to enter Carinthia." This, be it noted, would mean fighting against Italy—on Germany's side.

The Jugoslavs are inclined to be bored at times with the Little Entente. They feel that it exists largely for the benefit of Czecho-Slovakia, and that Rumania, to say the least, is unreliable. The Jugoslavs are the chief military pillar of the Little Entente and would have to bear the brunt of any struggle in which it was engaged. Jugoslavia was tempted into the Balkan Pact largely to have another alignment in its pocket if the Little Entente broke up.

Hungary, it seems, is on the fence. Hungarians respect the latent power of Germany. But they have no great desire to have Germans as their immediate neighbors. Anything that weakens Czecho-Slovakia is beneficial for Hungary; therefore Hungary might be expected to welcome Anschluss. But General Gömbös, to date at least, has thoroughly committed himself to a pro-Austrian, pro-Italian policy.

Meanwhile in Austria, the real focus of the whole struggle, the Dollfuss dictatorship miserably attempts to put its half-baked fascism into force. The corporative constitution, superimposed on the people by a masterpiece of hypocritical and sophistic "legality," is one of the most reactionary documents in the world. The Socialist tenements, models of benevolent paternalism, are to be mortgaged. Vienna, containing one-third of the population, is to be "represented" in the new federal diet by two members out of fifty-nine. Absolutism, parochialism, clericalism rule the country. Austria "saves" Europe from Hitler, but Austria is seething; and around Austria—and beyond—Hitlerism purrs and bubbles.

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The Drought and the AAA Program

By BENJAMIN HORACE HIBBARD

Madison, Wisconsin, June 20

A SUPPORTER of the cheaper-dollar issue in 1900, on finding the second Bryan campaign less thrilling than the first, asked the Great Commoner whether or not he himself still believed in Free Silver with the same fervor as in 1896, and received the answer, "If I had known the Lord was going to solve the money question, I wouldn't have tried it myself." The cyanide process of recovering gold from low-grade ore had taken much of the punch out of arguments to the effect that gold was desperately and permanently scarce.

The New Deal based substantially all of its program and procedure during the first year, as it had its 1932 promises, on the assumption that the primary and abiding trouble with agriculture was overproduction. Little or nothing was said concerning the significant fact that production per capita had not, in recent years, shown any tendency to increase. There has, in fact, been a per capita decrease over the past six or eight years. This does not mean, however, that there has not been a surplus. A surplus is strictly a relative matter. When there is too much, one may as well call it a surplus as resort to more involved or elusive terms. From the standpoint of any producer, a surplus exists when his stock on hand will not sell for a price sufficient to keep him in business, enable him to meet his obligations, and permit him to maintain his standard of life. It is not necessary that buyers refuse to take his produce off his hands. For example, the dairy output has been about normal for some years. All that has been produced has been consumed. Hence the contention that there has been no surplus is, on the basis of quantity alone, quite defensible. Demand usually equals supply. The difficulty comes in a wrong interpretation of demand, and at the same time a failure to understand the nature of supply. Demand consists primarily in buying power. It is measured in dollars rather than in appetites. On the other hand, supply consists more directly and significantly in the quantities offered than in the actual quantity in existence. In the case of most agricultural commodities, the sales from the farm are comparatively prompt, taking place within the season or the year, with many products which must be sold from day to day. Few farm products other than cotton, wheat, and tobacco are piled up in storage to any great extent.

An oversupply then, does not so much mean an unused surplus as it means too low a price. The low price means either the buyers' response to superabundant offerings, as seen in the potato market when there are more potatoes grown than can be used, no matter how low the price, or in the world's sugar market, with offerings in 1930 almost double those of twenty years earlier. But in most products there has been no such spectacular increase in output. The supplies have been within bounds so far as most agricultural output is concerned. The bidding for this product has been weak, not because of unusual supplies, but because of the breakdown of demand. In the first place, Europe would not, and could not, take our normal exports because of the limited means by which we permitted payments to be made for them. We wanted the cash, and got it. Then we lent, in one form or another, the value of our exports to the foreign buyer, until the debts, public and private, owing from foreign countries and citizens to us ran into the tens of billions of dollars.

With our heads buried in our own surpluses, we became surplus-minded, and set the whole force of the government, through the AAA, at work to reduce the excess of production to the vanishing-point. The farmer was told in statistical figures from the federal bureaus, and in figures of speech from higher up, that his salvation lay in reduction, not in production. The foreign market outlet was not forgotten. It was remembered, but with despair only.

And now, if the Democrats had known that the Deity was going to take care of the surplus, they wouldn't have spent such quantities of effort and money in trying it themselves. What is more, if they had had a bit of faith and courage in trading with our former customers across international boundary lines, they would not have put a thousand times as much effort into reduction of output at home as they put into the effort to restore foreign trade during their first year in control. The reduction of the surplus, however, was their main objective. Outside the cotton belt the fight to reduce the surplus has now, all at once, taken on the aspect of an army, girded for battle, and finding only Quaker guns confronting it. The drought reaches from New York to the Basin States, and includes everything north of the Ohio River. Within this area is found the great bread-basket of the nation. Wheat will be little over half a crop. The feed grains, with the possible exception of corn, will hardly make over half a crop, while hay and pasture are rated still lower. A prospect such as this would, five years ago, have sent prices upward with a bound, while now it has created but a mild stir among buyers. Of course, the bins are not empty, nor will all of them be so at the end of the present crop season. We shall have wheat beyond the normal carry-over of ten years ago still on hand a year from now. The people are not going to starve, nor yet, so far as can be seen at present, will they be called upon to pay pre-war parity prices for very many farm products. An influence which would have sent prices to a much higher level than mere price parity with a five-year pre-war base is held firmly in leash by the straitened circumstances of the buyers. The reduced output will, of course, have the effect of increasing prices. Some examples are already evident. But without waiting to see whether or not the prices are going up much or little, the government must return to its time-honored job of advising farmers with respect to the best "catch" crop to plant, the latest date for planting soy beans or millet with the hope of a crop, and whether or not any crop whatever, without restriction, may be planted on the rented acres.

The men at Washington guiding the fortunes of the AAA are clever enough, as they put the great machine into reverse gear, to state that planning does not, of course, mean going always in one direction. In April it looked as though we needed reduction of output ranging from 10 to 50 per cent of the leading crops and products. In May they were hesitant in making concessions to the drought-stricken districts in the way of easements respecting contracts signed. In June it appeared that outside the cotton belt, where the privilege of using the rented acres was most liberal from the start, restrictions were no longer to apply, as first prescribed.

From the standpoint of a lesson in social control, the drought comes at an unfortunate time. We had made a nation-wide appeal to the farmers asking that they conform to the plans and views of the group. It was, and is, a gigantic plan. There was much difference of opinion as to the degree of conformity to rules which was to be expected of three million farmers scattered over three million square miles. The plan followed was, ostensibly, voluntary, but almost before it was given a trial, the voluntary features were eliminated from the biggest single venture, that of the control of cotton. However, this was a case of voluntary compulsion. Those who had volunteered to come in voted almost unanimously that those who had not volunteered should be brought into camp. A similar modification of the wheat program was under way, but was headed off by the drought. Coercion, as thus far developed, not only applies to those who failed to sign contracts, but likewise applies to the quantity of goods which may be marketed by those who had agreed to acreage control. The test of the voluntary phase of control, such as was in progress in the corn-hog program, bid fair to be extremely important. It was a major effort at social control, without force—probably the greatest undertaking of its kind ever known in the world. At present it is largely in abeyance.

Planning for agriculture did not begin with the New Deal. It had, for example, been prominent in our land policies almost from the first. We planned to settle the wilderness, and sold wild land at "ten shillings" per acre. We hastened the settlement by giving quarter sections away as homesteads. We modified the homestead law to facilitate the settlement of the semi-arid plains. We drove out the cattlemen and tore up the grass in the interest of a higher civilization. We irrigated with government money when private capital was no longer available because of the judgment against the ventures. In all of this we did, however, leave the individual to his own devices except on a few occasions, as, for example, when the government granted seed loans during the seven lean years, thus enabling the settler to survive on his own through the seven (never consecutive) fat years.

In this connection appears the most hopeful phase of the newly planned agriculture, which is the proposal to take millions of acres of submarginal land out of cultivation and turn them back to a use for which they are fitted. Toward the fulfilment of this program the drought has made a valuable contribution. The present tragedy of the short-grass country with its wheat farmers has impressed itself on the nation as never before. With twelve million pounds of soil dropped into New York City alone by a three-day wind, little further argument should be needed. Our statesmen will agree with the cowboys and the Indians that the dry land should not have been broken up. The story is told of a party of public men working on the wheat front during the war. They were on an Indian reservation in Montana, conferring with an Indian chief regarding the extension of the wheat acreage. As they sat in the sagebrush eating lunch, a small whirlwind crossed a tract of land already plowed, carrying a black column of dust hundreds of feet into the air. The educated Indian turned to the white men and said, "You call that merely a whirlwind, but my religion is different from yours. To me it is a message from the Great Spirit saying, 'You ought not to have plowed up this ground.' " And a member of the party retorted, "The Great Spirit was right."

We are never thankful for the plagues visited upon us by nature, and as individuals we are reluctant to accept the clear-cut verdict to the effect that we should cease fighting against heavy odds, playing, as it were, against loaded dice. The repossession by the government of some of the land which should never have been in private hands, at least not without restrictions as to use, may be greatly hastened by the drought. What to do with the unfortunate persons who must move out of these areas has not been determined, and is not easy of determination. But since nothing can be much worse than their present plight, the chances of improvement are excellent.

Another good lesson we should get from the drought is that, since such widespread distress is to be expected now and then, we should have an organization able to cope with it adequately and promptly. The AAA product-curtailment forces were turned almost instantly into a drought-relief army greatly to the advantage of the people in need of help. The drought, with its 20 to 50 per cent reductions in output, will make our proposed reductions, half as great, look small. We will learn something as to the influence of supply on price, and conversely will have clearer ideas concerning surpluses. It may be that something in the nature of widespread crop insurance will be found feasible, and henceforth be used to soften the blows of calamities such as the present drought is proving to be for many farmers. The crop-benefit or land-rental payments now being made assume the aspect of insurance, although not designed as such. Insurance covering crop yields has, through other channels, made little progress.

We shall be forced to appreciate to some extent at least the results of reduction of output on employment. More farmers will be looking for work. The railroads will have less to do. The mills will grind smaller grists; the merchants will have smaller stocks. In general, there will be less work to do. We may be driven a little faster than we anticipated toward a self-sufficient nationalistic basis, but in advancing inadvertently toward the goal we hoped to reach by orderly and rational steps, we are likely to find difficulty in holding the ground gained. Already there is a widespread feeling that the drought has given the AAA a knockout blow. It is indeed more than doubtful that the reductions in farm output planned by the New Deal, outside the cotton control, had they been carried through to the letter, would have resulted in an added farm income of importance. A more drastic reduction under rigid control could, presumably, force higher prices, as the drought results may prove. But next year we shall have to argue the case over again from the beginning. Output can be controlled, over any period of years, such as a decade or less, through control of acreage, and prices can be influenced by quantity of produce. On the other hand, the providential reduction of this year's farm output will emphasize the truth that prosperity and plenty are more fundamentally and happily related than are scarcity and price.

The Crawford Case

An Experiment in Social Statesmanship

By CHARLES H. HOUSTON and LEON A. RANSOM

THE National Association for the Advancement of Colored People always insists that cases tentatively proposed to it satisfy two tests before it will handle them: (1) Is an injustice about to be perpetrated upon the individual because he is a Negro; (2) Does the case involve principles or policies affecting Negroes generally. It entered the George Crawford case on this basis.

Prior to Crawford's arrest in Boston on January 12, 1933, certain rumors had gained currency in Virginia that Crawford was not the real murderer of Mrs. Agnes Boeing Ilsley and Mrs. Mina Buckner in Middleburg on January 13, 1932, but that he was to be sacrificed to cover up the guilt of a white man. When the press reported that Crawford had been arrested in Boston and was held for return to Virginia, the national office of the N. A. A. C. P. requested Butler R. Wilson of the Boston bar, president of the Boston branch of the association, to investigate.

The report from Boston on January 20 was that Crawford denied all guilt, that he had a complete alibi; that he had come to Boston from Virginia about September 5, 1931, and had not been out of the city until long after January 13, 1932, the date of the murders; that the Virginia authorities were on their way to take Crawford back and that Mr. Wilson was going to resist. Rendition hearings were begun before S. D. Bacigalupo, Assistant Attorney-General of Massachusetts, on January 25, Crawford being represented by Mr. Wilson and J. Weston Allen, former Attorney-General of Massachusetts.

The national office sent Helen Boardman, who had made several noteworthy investigations for the association, to Virginia. Her primary assignment was to get the temper of Loudoun County, in which Middleburg was located, and determine the risk of a lynching if Crawford was returned. Miss Boardman incidentally picked up certain information casting doubt on Crawford's guilt, and about February 3 reported this back to the national office.

Basing its action on the Boston alibi, which was supported by witnesses, Miss Boardman's report, and the further story from Boston that Crawford had already been a martyr to Virginia injustice—having been sentenced in Richmond about 1925, so the story went, to nine years in the penitentiary for receiving some cartons of stolen cigarettes—the national office in good faith released its publicity proclaiming Crawford's innocence of the Middleburg murders and calling on its friends to support its fight to prevent Crawford's return to Virginia.

The decision of the Governor of Massachusetts to return Crawford to Virginia, the writ of habeas corpus issued by Judge Lowell, and the subsequent proceedings in the federal courts are well known and need not be repeated. Until October, 1933, when the United States Supreme Court refused to hear the case, all the energies of the association and counsel were directed toward keeping Crawford in Massachusetts. It was October before further investigations could be started in Virginia, and before counsel had free access to Crawford to check with him the various facts discovered. By that time the case had achieved an international notoriety, and the association had become committed to it beyond any possibility of withdrawal.

When counsel began to investigate the case in Virginia and check their investigations against Crawford's story and the Boston reports, an entirely different picture began to appear. No criticism whatever is made or intended of the conduct of the case in Boston. Messrs. Wilson and Allen made a devoted, able fight for Crawford with the information and material which were available. They simply did not have the information which the authors of this article later obtained in Virginia. Likewise no criticism is made or intended of the report turned in by Miss Boardman; but it happens that in the time available to her Miss Boardman was unable to talk to the persons who possessed direct information about Crawford's presence in Virginia. She did not talk with any of the Virginia Negroes, or with the Washington police who were called in by the Loudoun County authorities to investigate the case.

Whereas the Boston story had featured Crawford as taking a nine-year sentence for receiving stolen cigarettes in order to save a sister from prosecution, the court records in Richmond disclosed that Crawford was a second offender. He had been given three years in 1921 for receiving stolen goods. He had escaped in May, 1922, and the November following had been caught and sentenced in Richmond to five years for larceny of diamond rings from his employer. Three years had been added for the previous escape, and two more years for his being a second offender. He had been discharged in 1930 under a commutation of sentence for saving the life of a prison guard named B. A. Coleman, of Lynchburg, Virginia.

The Boston alibi had placed Crawford in Boston continuously from about September 5, 1931, straight through January 13, 1932. But it began to develop from friendly colored people that Crawford had returned to Virginia before Christmas, 1931, and had been in and around Virginia from that time up until the time of the murders. It has been suggested that these witnesses were under duress; but they certainly did not appear to be under any duress, and in at least one instance the colored boy who talked with counsel had previously refused to divulge his information to the prosecution.

Counsel have been criticized because they spent most of their time trying to discover what evidence the prosecution had against Crawford and because they left the investigation of the Boston alibi to the last. But the Boston alibi had already been investigated and presented at the rendition hearing in January and February, 1932. Any change in the terms of the alibi would have been ground for suspicion. Crawford brought the Boston alibi back to Virginia with him just the same as if he had wrapped it in a package and carried it in his hand. On the other hand, counsel had to investigate the evidence of the prosecution in order to develop their theory of the defense.

As a matter of fact, at the end of November, 1933, two weeks before the trial, Mr. Ransom and James G. Tyson of the Washington bar, who with Edward P. Lovett, also of the Washington bar, assisted in the defense, went to Boston to check up on the alibi and on Crawford's alleged confession, and to make a general investigation. Through a misunderstanding which can hardly be laid at their door, they failed to see two alibi witnesses who had given important testimony at the rendition hearings, and who still persist in their original testimony that Crawford was in Boston on January 13, 1932. But against the accuracy of their memories there are three objective facts which tend to show that Crawford was in Virginia:

1. On Christmas eve, 1931, the Ilsley cottage in Middleburg was entered and a gold watch stolen. In January, 1932, shortly before the murders, Crawford turned up in Lynchburg at Coleman's home and pawned *this same watch* to Coleman for the price of a bus ticket to Richmond. Coleman produced the watch at the trial, but upon the defense objection that the watch referred to a separate, unrelated crime the court ruled the watch out of evidence and did not permit the prosecution to identify it.

2. About 4 a.m. on the night of the murders two Negroes abandoned a Ford car on the Virginia side of the Potomac River just outside of Washington, D. C. This was Mrs. Ilsley's car. It was taken to the Washington police headquarters, and when it was searched, a note indisputably written by George Crawford was found on the floor. Further evidence tended to establish that Crawford had written the note two days before the murders. Criticism has been made that the Washington police did not find the note on the first search of the car, and that counsel did not bring this out on cross-examination. But what difference did that make if it was actually Crawford's note, written under the circumstances which counsel knew it had been written under? Counsel saved the force of their cross-examination for the crucial things which could really affect the decision of the case either in the trial court or on appeal: the unconstitutional exclusion of Negroes from the grand and petit juries; the testimony of the pathologist who claimed he had found Negro skin under Mrs. Ilsley's nails; the confession which was the missing link connecting Crawford with the crime itself.

3. Crawford's clothes were discovered in Washington, D. C., where he had abandoned them when he fled from Washington after the murders. Counsel went to the place where Crawford said he had stayed, obtained the clothes, and still have them in their possession.

The prosecution produced nineteen witnesses who testified to seeing Crawford in Virginia between December 24, 1931, and January 13, 1932. The majority of these had had intimate contact with him, such as riding in the same automobile or sleeping in the same house. Counsel had interviewed six of the most important of these witnesses in advance of the trial; and either from these six or from conversations with Crawford were able to anticipate what the others would testify to. There were only two witnesses in the entire case whose testimony was a surprise to counsel, and these two were successfully impeached.

Upon the facts as developed from their own investigations and conferences with Crawford, counsel decided not to offer the Boston alibi, but to rest their strategy on forcing the prosecution to prove its case beyond a reasonable doubt and on taking advantage of every reversible error made by the court. In counsel's opinion the court made four errors, any one of which would have served to justify an appeal: (1) The court erred in ruling that qualified Negroes had not been unconstitutionally excluded from the grand jury; (2) from the petit jury; (3) in admitting Crawford's "confession"; and (4) in not striking out all the evidence of the prosecution on the ground of variance from the charges in the indictment. But the jury returned a verdict of guilty with imprisonment for life; the court entered sentence; and counsel failed to appeal. Why?

In the first place Crawford did not want to appeal. It was his case and his life. He did not get into the mess in order to raise the constitutional issues; and if he was unwilling to gamble with his life to challenge further the issue of jury discrimination in Virginia, quite frankly that was his business. When the question was asked whether he wanted to take the chance on the outcome of another trial if the first sentence was reversed on appeal, he stated that counsel could use their own judgment so long as he did not have to take a chance on the electric chair. As Crawford's counsel, the authors of this article took their orders from him.

It was counsel's best judgment that on a second trial Crawford would probably get a death sentence. The trial had been a great nervous strain on the county and State, and had been expensive to them in more ways than one. Most persons in the county felt that Crawford had been extremely lucky in escaping the chair on the first trial. For Crawford to have demanded a second trial in order to challenge the jury issue would have put him in the position of not letting well enough alone. It would have taken him off the defensive and placed him on the offensive against the county. This would have had its inevitable, silent, psychological effect. If Crawford had wished to appeal or if he had received the death sentence, counsel would have appealed and fought the case to the end, because then Crawford would have had everything to gain and nothing to lose; but with a life sentence it was different. Crawford's private, personal interests dictated winding up the case as quickly as possible.

The question remains whether the N. A. A. C. P. was justified in being a party to the compromise. In deciding this question it should be remembered that the decision whether to appeal involved not only questions of law but also question and good-will of the dominant majority. The law itself the very existence of the N. A. A. C. P. is that the Negro can attain full citizenship and equal rights only with the cooperation and good-wil of the dominant majority. The law itself is a powerful weapon, but it has certain definite limitations when it comes to changing the *mores* of a community. A decision that Negroes had been unconstitutionally excluded from the grand jury which had indicted Crawford would not have cured the situation for the future if the dominant group in Virginia had made up its mind that it would use every subterfuge and force to nullify the decision. As early as 1879 in "Ex parte Virginia," the United States Supreme Court had authoritatively proscribed the action of Virginia authorities in excluding Negroes from State juries; but Virginia had ignored the decision and the practice persisted. Consequently the problem before the N. A. A. C. P. was not simply to force the issue, but to force it in such a way as to provoke the minimum amount of resistance.

There were indications at the time of the Crawford sentence that the practice of excluding Negroes from juries in Virginia was breaking down. Since Judge Lowell's decision they had begun to appear in divers counties throughout the State. In Fredericksburg in the preceding summer, Judge Coleman had fined a white farmer for contempt in refusing to serve on a grand jury with a Negro. In the Crawford case it is true that Crawford had been indicted, tried, and convicted by white juries from which counsel is convinced Negroes had been unconstitutionally excluded, but these juries had been fair and Crawford had received justice in fact, if not in law. Anyone who insinuates that Crawford was framed in Virginia does not know the facts.

Furthermore, Judge McLemore, who had tried the Crawford case, although he refused to set the white juries aside, had actually made a finding that there were Negroes in Loudoun County qualified for jury service, and had expressed the hope that in the future the matter would be settled to the satisfaction of all concerned. It was a real question whether from the standpoint of the ultimate objective of getting Negroes on juries in all the counties of Virginia it was better to force the issue in the Crawford case or to leave the Crawford case where it was as a token to the State that the N. A. A. C. P. raised the jury issue only in the interests of substantial injustice, and did not raise it as a shield to protect guilty Negroes from the penalties of the law.

Within sixty days after the Crawford case, in Judge McLemore's home county, 15 Negroes had been included on a panel of 175 jurors, the first Negroes to be included since 1902; and the practice has been spreading in other counties. Most significant, there has been no public resentment. The leaders of public opinion in the State say this is due in no small measure to the trial and outcome of the Crawford case.

Again, the N. A. A. C. P. had to consider the question of local community relationships. As an outside organization the N. A. A. C. P. had to calculate carefully how far it was justified in turning the county upside down and then walking out on the local Negroes, leaving them in their weakness to catch the full force of community resentment. Sometimes in major social movements it may be necessary to sacrifice the peace of a community in the greater interests of the whole, but the decision should be made after great deliberation. When the Crawford case opened, the community was tense and hostile. The Negro population was so apprehensive that adequate living accommodations for counsel could not be obtained. Counsel had to commute back and forth from Washington to Leesburg every day of the trial. Yet when the case closed, the atmosphere had completely changed, and both white and colored now report race relations in the county better than ever before. These facts cannot be ignored, especially when it is known that over almost unanimous protest counsel had refused to ask a change of venue and had insisted that the trial be held in Loudoun County where the murders had been committed, under the principle that the real test whether Virginia could give Crawford a fair trial was its ability to give him such a trial in the county where the crime had been committed and where feeling was most inflamed.

It has been stated that Virginia rushed Crawford to a plea of guilty to the Buckner case after a feature article had appeared in the Norfolk *Journal and Guide* in which Crawford had denied his guilt and claimed a frame-up. The truth is that the arrangements for the plea had been made before the article appeared. When Crawford was confronted with the article, he denied having authorized it; but even then counsel would not take the responsibility of pleading him guilty. He was advised that he did not have to plead guilty and could have a trial if he wanted it; but of his own free will he declined a trial and entered his plea.

In appraising the conduct of the Crawford case it is necessary to consider both the immediate and the long-range objectives. It is impossible to reach a conclusion *in vacuo*. The thoughtful reader should project himself right into the community and courthouse in Leesburg, with the responsibility of making a decision which will mean peace or discord to the human beings who will have to live there after he has gone, and should try to anticipate the repercussion of his decision throughout the State five, ten, fifteen years hence.

In their disposition of the Crawford case counsel were not trying to establish any universals. They were dealing with a concrete case in a concrete way. The Scottsboro cases present quite different factors in a different setting; the same for the Elaine, Arkansas, riot cases (*Moore* v. *Dempsey*, 261 U. S. 86—1923), although there counsel pleaded the six defendants guilty to a less serious charge by way of disposing of the cases after the United States Supreme Court had ruled that the previous conviction under mob domination violated due process of law.

Virginia knows that the N. A. A. C. P. has not dropped the jury issue. It knows that the N. A. A. C. P. is in the fight to stay until every Virginia Negro enjoys all the rights, powers, and privileges of every other citizen of the Commonwealth; but it also knows that the N. A. A. C. P. program is to foster rather than to destroy interracial cooperation, mutual confidence, and good-will.

[*In last week's issue Helen Boardman and Martha Gruening criticized counsel's defense of George Crawford and the attitude of the N. A. A. C. P. toward the case. This article is Mr. Houston's and Mr. Ransom's reply.*]

In the Driftway

SEEKING communion with his fellow-man, in the large and in the raw, the Drifter recently elected to travel by bus from Washington to Pittsburgh. The bus, so the Drifter had been informed, is a highly democratic conveyance for several reasons. First, it is relatively uncomfortable; second, it has a warm human smell, blended of gasolene, Fleur de Lys, and what Listerine is supposed to be good for; third, the narrow aisles and the common endurance of physical distress induce a breakdown of that quasi-hostile suspicion with which your typical American confronts his world. In short, so the Drifter had been informed, a train load of people is just a crowd, whereas a bus load is a party. The Drifter is still mulling over that party in his mind. Everything was exactly as described, only more so: the jolts, the smells, the furtive, tentative efforts at human converse and intimacy. Yet on the whole, the Drifter cannot remember a comparable experience of moral and spiritual isolation and defeat.

PERHAPS it was the hundred-and-twenty-horse-power steel-and-rubber personality of the bus itself that subdued and saddened us all. Theoretically, we had employed the bus and its driver to take us somewhere, and we all had sundry frail and dubious reasons for going wherever we were going. Actually, the categorical imperative of the bus overawed us. Beneath the steady rebuke of its roaring, sixty-mile-an-hour manifest destiny, the outcries of a drunken woman in the rear grew gradually fainter. The Drifter's seat companion, a middle-aged and loquacious woman, cut short her triumphant exposition of her indubitable respectability, glared at him, and edged over to the window. The Drifter, too, was silent. When he mounted this Juggernaut he had some idea of rising, clearing his throat, and making a little speech. "Brothers and sisters," he would have said, "we are all Americans. And we are all in the same bus. Let us, then, be aware of each other, look kindly at each other, and take counsel. . . ."

* * * * *

THE Drifter didn't say that, or anything. Instead, he listened to the intestinal rumblings of the monster that was bearing him over the May-green ridges of the Alleghenies, with a honk at the darkened fields of Gettysburg, a splatter of exhaust gas fouling the fragrance of the spring night, blurring history, humanity, and nature in a whirl of irrational, mechanical necessity. The Drifter even derived a certain masochistic pleasure out of his surrender to the categorical imperative of the bus. But in the morning, after a night's sleep, he felt differently. Next time he will try a smaller, slower bus, perhaps, but he will yet make that speech.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Klan Revives

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

It has been a matter of common knowledge that the Ku Klux Klan and kindred organizations have shown a vital interest in fighting against the International Labor Defense, and an active, violent opposition to the defense this organization has afforded the Scottsboro boys, Angelo Herndon, the sharecroppers of Alabama, as well as other working-class defendants not only in the South but in every part of the country. On numerous occasions I. L. D. offices in Atlanta, Birmingham, and other places have been raided and wrecked by these organizations. Such raids have never resulted even in "investigations" by police, and in many cases there has been good reason to believe that the police uniform was hidden under the nightshirts.

Heretofore, the connection between police and state authorities and these fascist organizations has been apparent enough, but in most cases an official organizational link has not existed openly. The latest move of the White Legion in Birmingham, however, indicates that this link, which in an earlier period put open Ku Klux candidates in the highest public offices, is being revived. A realignment of forces, a reorganization of them, and an attempt to consolidate them are being made.

Not only is the White Legion the main support of Bibbs Graves in his candidacy for Governor of Alabama, not only are its main planks anti-red and for the execution of the Scottsboro boys, but the organization has opened a campaign admittedly aimed at barring I. L. D. lawyers from the defense of the Scottsboro boys and other prisoners. The campaign, a direct attack on the constitutional right of defendants to an attorney of their choice, is for the passage of laws described as intended to prevent out-of-State attorneys from "embarrassing our courts" (the quotation is verbatum). This campaign is linked with the gubernatorial campaign of Graves, one of the two leading candidates. The Associated Press states in a dispatch that "the drive . . . apparently was aimed at the International Labor Defense sending attorneys into the State to defend the Scottsboro Negroes . . . and to appear in another case that led to the lynching."

The "lynching" referred to is undoubtedly that of Dan Pippen, Jr., and A. T. Harden, at Tuscaloosa, last August. Only the I. L. D. and its attorneys showed, through intensive investigation, how clearly this case was a frame-up. It was this exposure that impelled the authorities—who, we have charged, were directly involved—to hasten the lynch process by the murder of the two defendants, after driving the I. L. D. attorneys out of town. Even further proof of the frame-up was given when the accidental survivor of the lynching, Elmore Clarke, the third defendant, was released last week following a *nolle pros.*

A companion law would, as described by the Associated Press, prevent employment of any teacher in State-supported schools and colleges "who is directly or indirectly connected with, or in sympathy with, atheism or communism." As the desperate struggle to secure the freedom of the Scottsboro boys continues, the issues involved become constantly broader and clearer, and its political aspects in the fight for democratic rights for Negroes and for white workers as well are increasingly apparent.

This latest move of the main organization behind a Democratic gubernatorial candidate is one which should arouse the opposition of thousands of individuals—lawyers, intellectuals, and others—previously unenlightened regarding the breadth of the issues involved in Scottsboro. Of those among your readers who are stirred by this new call to action against fascism in America, against lynching and against the roots of lynching—discrimination—we ask that they give voice to their opposition to these proposed laws wherever they are, by word of mouth, by letters to editors of newspapers, by the writing of articles (our records in the Scottsboro case are available to those who need background material), by individual protests and stimulation of protests from organizations of every shade, directed to Mr. Graves at his Birmingham campaign headquarters and to the State legislature of Alabama.

New York, May 30 LOUIS COLMAN

A Liberal Protests

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

"The good old cause," as Whitman used to say, impels me to write you this letter. In your current issue Louis Fischer asserts that in Russia "life grows easier." That may be so. But the obvious implication of his caption, namely, that life is tolerable in Russia, is clearly disingenuous. Glibly he glides about amid certain figures in order that no one shall examine them critically. Have you done so? Do you see to it editorially that your readers do? He tells us (1) that a worker's average income is approximately 140 rubles a month; (2) that in the ordinary cooperatives where citizens make purchases on their ration cards, these cooperatives selling only bread, meal, potatoes, herrings, sugar, a man would have to spend roughly one ruble a day or thirty rubles a month for bread enough to keep alive on. At the commercial stores where butter costs thirty-five rubles a kilogramm this average Russian evidently cannot buy anything. If he is lucky enough to belong to the small ruling class of this "classless" society, he may, however, purchase supplies more reasonably. How reasonably? Mr. Fischer, who must have an idea, slurs the question by saying "one must first ascertain" what reduction this aristocrat receives in the "closed factory cooperatives." Let us suppose that he receives a reduction of 50 per cent. Then he will pay (if he can) 12 per cent of his monthly income for about two pounds and two ounces of butter and 15 per cent for a little over a pound of tea and so on. In other words, the most favored class in Russia barely subsists; the vast majority of the 160 millions live on the bleak and naked edge of hunger.

On the back cover of the number of *The Nation* which contains Mr. Fischer's article on how much "easier" life is in Russia, there is a full-page advertisement of the Soviet American Securities Company. I do *not* draw the inferences that you would draw concerning similar phenomena in the "reactionary" press. But it wouldn't surprise me at all if certain "reactionaries"—a pejorative term nowadays applied to anyone whose critical intelligence is not to be taken in by so-called Marxian babble—will make the observation and draw the inference.

You used to stand four-square for the good old cause of liberty, which is eternal and unchanging, of humanity, which knows no compromise. You resist fascism and subtly sabotage that resistance by exercising no criticism upon the barbarism in which the ration-card of non-proletarians (I quote Mr. Fischer) permits them to have only one-half of the miserable quantity of the miserable food of which the "worker" gets the insufficient whole; a barbarism in which, in other words, you and I and that innumerable company of men and women of all lands have created all the values of civilization, would be brutally starved into seeming to accept that Marxian materialism which is one of the most puerile of the many superstitions that have disgraced mankind.

The fascists offer us their Koran or the sword; the Marxians offer us *their* Koran or the sword. Are there no free minds left who will choose the sword in either case? Well, I do. And you, unless you are faithless to all for which you have stood —you *should.*

Burlington, Vt., June 12 LUDWIG LEWISOHN

The International Juridical Association

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In your issue of June 13 you referred to a brief drawn up under the auspices of the American Civil Liberties Union, charging former Governor Rolph with murder for refusing to prevent the San José lynchings. May we call your attention to the fact that the brief was prepared by the research staff of the International Juridical Association, at the request of the Union.

Our research, in the form of briefs, memoranda, consultation, and advice, has been used by many of the organizations and individuals concerned with rights of aliens, Negroes, political minorities, and labor. They include the International Labor Defense, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, farmers, teachers, labor unions, and attorneys scattered throughout the country.

We have just completed two years of publication of a monthly bulletin reporting the developments in our field and analyzing them from the point of view and with the technical advantage of highly trained socially-minded lawyers. All editorial and research work is done without compensation.

New York, June 8 ISIDOR POLIER,
Executive Director

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☐ ANTI-FASCIST BULLETIN ☐

WHAT IS ACTUALLY GOING ON IN GERMANY TODAY?
That there is unrest brewing in Germany today is becoming more generally known.
How deep is the discontent?
What is the basis for the conflict and what is the outlook for a break in the Nazi leadership?
To what extent have the anti-fascist activities in Germany developed?
Has there been a let-up in anti-Semitic repression?
What is the role of children under Hitlerism—both the Hitler Youth and the children of anti-fascists?
How are anti-fascist women treated?

These questions and others are answered in the current issue of the MONTHLY BULLETIN (Vol. I, No. 12) by FACTUAL ACCOUNTS sent by our own correspondents.

MOST OF THE INFORMATION CONTAINED IN OUR BULLETINS DOES NOT APPEAR IN ANY OTHER PUBLICATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

Originally, the bulletins were issued to the members of the American Committee of the International Relief Association, but demands for material contained therein have been so extensive that we have decided to put the MONTHLY BULLETIN on a subscription basis at $1.50 a year. ALL SURPLUS ABOVE THE ACTUAL COST OF ISSUE IS ADDED TO THE RELIEF FUND FOR THE VICTIMS OF FASCISM.

American Committee
INTERNATIONAL RELIEF ASSOCIATION
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Oswald Garrison Villard, *Chairman* Freda Kirchwey, *Treasurer*
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Enclosed is $________for a________year(s) subscription to the MONTHLY BULLETIN issued by the American Committee of the International Relief Association. I enclose an additional contribution of $________toward the fund for the relief of victims of fascism, without regard to race, creed, or politics.
NAME________________
ADDRESS________________

Books

Being

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

He kept a house beneath a hill,
Lonelier than a whippoorwill;
His panes were bare of any shade;
Clamming was his only trade.
The spruces came up to his house,
He was quiet as a mouse;
He had no garden and no friend,
He did not borrow things or lend,
Never in all his silent life
Had he found room for any wife
Of his own or other men's;
He'd never kept as much as hens.

He could dig clams with the best;
He always wore a blue serge vest
When he was turning up the flats.
Naturally, he had some cats,
Two big old tommies, sleek and sunny,
The color of white-clover honey.
They were a family of three,
Contented as a squash-vine bee.
Snug and still between the tides,
They followed the sun around the sides
Of the fish-house, lost, unseeing,
Busy with the work of being.

Socialism Faces a Changing World

Property or Peace. By H. N. Brailsford. Covici-Friede. $3.

FOR Socialists, as well as for liberals who pride themselves on their realism, the events of the past few years have furnished cause for a serious searching of hearts. The crushing defeat administered to British Labor in 1931, followed by the triumph of reaction in Germany, Spain, and Austria, has rendered belief in an evolutionary trend toward collectivism extremely difficult. Indeed, many observers see fascism rather than socialism as the next step in social development. Under these trying circumstances, a book from the gifted pen of H. N. Brailsford, the noted publicist of the British Labor Party, is especially to be welcomed. Its timeliness is enhanced by the fact that in content, if not by intention, it is a direct reply to the challenge to direct action laid down by Strachey in "The Coming Struggle for Power." And like the latter, it is a book which no one who presumes to have an intelligent view of contemporary affairs can afford to ignore.

At the outset Mr. Brailsford surveys the peril in which democracy finds itself today, analyzing in some detail the reasons for its collapse in Russia, Italy, and Germany. This he finds to be due primarily to its inherent limitations in the face of difficulties, internal or external, which call for swift and drastic action. It is not a matter of chance that parliamentary procedure has failed to adapt itself readily to the needs of the modern world. The framework of existing democracies, with their systems of checks and balances, was specifically designed to harmonize with the economic structure of laissez faire. As that economic doctrine has decayed, artificial devices have become necessary in order to keep the political superstructure intact, and in times of stress even the most staunch democracies have dispensed with their constitutional safeguards. In the sense of popular self-rule, however, it is doubtful whether genuine democracy ever existed. Throughout the past century property has contrived by devious means to retain its seat at the controls, irrespective of drastic changes in the political mechanism. From a realistic standpoint, it must be admitted that the parliamentary system has served as an effective instrument for perpetuating middle-class domination, though it is possible that it may yet be remodeled to meet the requirements of a new social order.

The demise of laissez faire is not the outcome of any catastrophic change in the process of production. Passive wealth, in the form of fixed-interest-bearing securities, coupled with the growth of trusts and cartels, has caused a gradual crystalization of the economic structure so as to prevent an easy adjustment to altered conditions. But the real reason that our society cannot enjoy the vast potential wealth within its reach lies in the disequilibrium between consumers' income and the volume of production, the result of unspent profits in the hands of the owning class. Liberals would remedy this dislocation by providing for state interference in the economic process for the purpose of limiting profits. This Mr. Brailsford holds to be basically unsound. As illustrated by the vicissitudes of the New Deal, the lure of profits is necessary if the capitalist mechanism is to be made to function. Thus the goal of each unit of business would appear to be in fundamental conflict with the interest of society, a contradiction which cannot be reconciled until business is subordinated to the requirements of social well-being.

An even more telling criticism of the liberal position is to be found in Brailsford's analysis of the collapse of all organized efforts to eliminate war. Because of the jealousy with which national sovereignty is safeguarded, no machinery has been created for dealing with the underlying causes of international friction: the League is powerless, for example, to adjust world price levels, to organize the market for primary products, to coordinate the international flow of goods and capital, to regulate the movements of populations, or to formulate adequate labor legislation. At the core of the problem of sovereignty, moreover, lies each nation's claim to exclusive control of its military power. The French plan for a reorganization of armies around an authoritative League is merely a device to stereotype the ascendancy of France on the basis of the Versailles pact, while the MacDonald draft convention calls for substantial concessions on the part of all except the British Empire. Nothing short of a world federation vested with a monopoly of power, Mr. Brailsford assures us, will suffice to guarantee the preservation of peace.

Mr. Brailsford does not suggest that nations strip themselves of the means of resisting predatory force: merely that they organize a system of cooperative defense which most of them profess in theory. But an industrial society which starves its domestic market must go pioneering for an outlet for its surplus; and while it is doubtful whether property ever consciously desires to see the nation with which it is affiliated involved in a destructive war, little objection is offered to minor conflicts with so-called backward countries if they promise new opportunities for trade and investment. The faster the empires of today move toward economic self-containment, the stronger will be the pressure to embark on adventures of this type. Perhaps the most stubborn obstacle to effective disarmament is the necessity of holding the market for vested interests once it has been won by the sword. Imperialism, wherever it is found, is based on the relationship of creditor to debtor, supported by all the resources of military power. Even where property is ready to consent to a scaling down of armaments, it cannot permit a weakening of the relative power of the great empires.

While there is little in Mr. Brailsford's penetrating analysis of present-day society to which the realistic observer could take serious exception, non-Socialists will be baffled at times by the solicitude shown for the institutions of democracy. After having portrayed the ruthlessness with which property dominates every aspect of modern life and the ease with which it adapts itself to direct fascist action when threatened in any manner, the author declares that "if Socialists cannot . . . win the assent of a majority of the electorate to a change in system, they could not hope to carry it out successfully during the trials of a period of transition." Despite the obvious economic dangers involved in shifting back and forth between capitalism and socialism, he would "allow Tories, Liberals, and MacDonaldites to organize and agitate" while attempting the transfer of power that leads to socialism. Out of fairness, one should recall that these lines were probably written before the tragic events at Vienna last February. But even on the basis of developments in Italy and Germany, it is difficult to understand how he could assume, even as a working hypothesis, that there will be time to educate the majority of the population to the advantages of socialism before the final sacrifice on the altar of Mammon is consummated. MAXWELL S. STEWART

The Religious Note

Duel. By Ronald Fangen. Translated from the Norwegian by Paula Wiking. The Viking Press. $2.50.

IF loftiness of pretension or urgency of theme alone were sufficient to compose a novel, then Ronald Fangen's "Duel" would merit not only the applause of Sigrid Undset but our own as well. To be told that our days are insignificantly spent, that the life of this world at its best may greet its end with no more than a gesture and at its worst exalt death above life, is to be told important truths of which, perhaps, we cannot be too much reminded. The medium of this message, however, should be worthy of its subject and in "Duel" it is not.

Dr. Klaus Hallem is a middle-aged Norwegian country surgeon, much touched with frustration and envy. Subject to violent fits of depression since youth, he is possessed with death. Fate in the person of his wife, however, and of George Roiter, has hitherto intervened to prevent so vain a release. George Roiter, professor of jurisprudence at the University of Oslo and internationally famous, is in part the cause, though the unwitting cause, of Hallem's defect. He is the opposite of the latter. Not only is he brilliant and successful, he appears to be the repository of all virtue as well. Hallem cannot but compare himself to the latter, and in the comparison endeavor, unsuccessfully, to exalt himself. The shadow of Hallem lies across the life of Roiter, too, but to Roiter his friend is—or so he thinks—an object of pity to be saved. In the end we learn that Roiter's pity has been in reality pride. It is a vice, not a virtue, which is discovered at once to us and to Roiter, who in virtue of this recognition is saved. For he dies in the realization of his fault and with the name of Christ on his lips.

The revelation is unconvincing. We cannot believe that one so kind, so sensitive, so thoughtful has been touched with what, after all, is the first of the deadly sins. We cannot, at least, believe this in virtue of the book itself; Fangen has given us no sign by which the fault might be indicated. For the rest, "Duel" is symbolic in the large Scandinavian manner. There is woman, the eternal mother, and there is the eternal conflict in our nature; but these truths are conveyed to us through no convincing situation. There is no sensibility through which the reality of the symbolism might be established, unless we except the dreary, turgid conversations, or rather monologues, with which Fangen would favor us. Obviously it is the author in his proper person who speaks, since all the characters talk alike.

It is distracting and tedious to observe the progress of implausible characters through implausible situations. The tedium is greater if we cannot observe at all. The situations are nothing actual, they have no verisimilitude. The characters do not speak in part, and no situation suggests or is suggested by any other. Fangen imposes upon our faith; he would give us, not the evidence of things seen, which we desire in a work of the imagination, but of things unseen. By his *ipse dixit* Fangen convinces us of nothing, though this would appear to be the object of his endeavor, it may be unconsciously. What his characters think, what they say, comes not from them, but from him. In the end we know them for nothing but an encumbrance to his theme, the vanity of self. It would have been simpler for Fangen and for us if his sermon had been delivered directly.

LINCOLN REIS

Perpetual Adolescence

Exile's Return. By Malcolm Cowley. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.

ARRESTED emotional development creates a perpetual dissatisfaction with reality in any of its phases. Not that reality is rigid or static. But it has for such a being as man in such a world as the present so-and-so many modes, so-and-so many possibilities that are dictated by the psycho-biological character of the race. Now if you cannot reconcile yourself to any of these modes and possibilities; if you are always looking for an "outside" and a "beyond" and an "otherwhere" and place hope and the chance of contentment in that inaccessible region, you and your generation are bound to be, as Mr. Cowley declares his to have been, a "lost generation."

There is not a detail in Mr. Cowley's book that does not echo and reecho this powerlessness to do anything with reality. Take a simple example which, however, goes far to explain some of the literary antics of certain members of his generation. He complains that at school and college he was taught a "standardized Amerenglish as colorless as Esperanto." Now the great literary languages, while not ceasing to change from age to age, have all tended to be standardized within a given age, and men of real talent have never had any difficulty in expressing their originality within the intelligible idiom of their age. The dialect writers, the users of Mr. Cowley's "local idiom," have been few and these "local idioms" have themselves—Burns's Scotch, Mistral's Provençal, Reuter's Plattdeutsch—been highly standardized. To come to the immediate present. Standardized French has not prevented Paul Valéry from being an original and powerful stylist; standardized German did not prevent the dead Rainer Maria Rilke or the living Thomas Mann from creating a lyrical and a narrative style as precise as a treatise on syntax and as fresh as an African dawn. Standardized "Amerenglish" has, to come home at last, in quite recent years been no bar to the creation of two lyrical styles as sound, as beautiful, as individual, as those of Elinor Wylie and Robert Frost. But one must have talent.

One must also know creatively, if not analytically, the "position of the artist in society," namely, that of one who must speak, who must be heard, whose burning secrets must be communicated to his fellow-men, to mankind, quite irrespective of the sociological or economic structure within which he lives, so that the son of a manumitted slave under a military despotism

(Horace) and a stable-keeper's son in Georgian England (Keats) and a small capitalist's son in an eighteenth-century provincial German city (Goethe) all knew what the artist's necessity and function were and didn't substitute social analysis for their work. They, by the way, as well as all the other important writers in the whole history of literature, belonged to or rose into the middle class of society—the class between the undifferentiated mass and the lusters after power, whether military, political, or industrial—so that the observation of Mr. Cowley that "the middle class was beginning to dominate the world of letters" contains as many errors as it does words.

But no such considerations occurred to Mr. Cowley or his contemporaries. If they were "lost," they were above all lost to the past, to the historic experience of mankind. Neither the work nor the example of any great, of any inclusively human writer is quoted in this book. Literature began, according to it, with the French symbolist poets, very charming writers in their little second-rate way, and blossomed in two eccentrics of genius, Joyce and Proust, and in two very talented men, T. S. Eliot and Paul Valéry, who quite obviously invented their theory of literature as an extremely superior Chinese puzzle to cover their own creative sterility.

Next came, according to Mr. Cowley, in the experience of himself and his fellows, Dada and sur-réalisme, that is, the total disdain of and flight from both life and literature as both in their everlasting and fundamental character exist. "Man and nature and human life" were not good enough for this generation and so, like the late Harry Crosby, to whose dismal and sordid career Mr. Cowley devotes his warmest and most eloquent pages, they lost them all.

The epilogue can be predicted by any student of the contemporary scene. Rightly repudiating the fascist plunge back into tribalism Mr. Cowley, with more moderation and good sense than many of his fellows, makes his Utopia of escape the Communist plunge back. He cannot (I use him here as symbol of his generation) stand on his own feet and utter his message. He seeks the mother womb, the dark, undifferentiated sea at the beginning of things. He wants to drown in the mass. He has never learned to accept "man and nature and human life." He must away; he must escape; he must disappear. It is, in sober fact, the dregs of old-fashioned romanticism. *"Da wo du nicht bist, da ist das Glück."* To which Goethe had already made the sovereign answer: "Here or nowhere is America." "Their real exile was from society itself," Mr. Cowley writes of his friends and himself. No, their exile was from maturity and humanity. Of this exile, their expatriation and their stylistic antics and their general querulousness (to be forever differentiated from creative indignation) are the unconscious symbols.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Politics and the Liberal

Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson. By E. M. Forster. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

IN the epilogue to his life of his friend, Mr. Forster allows Mephistopheles to question whether Dickinson merits the dignity of a biography. And when Mr. Forster has conceded that perhaps Dickinson was neither a preeminent writer nor a practically effective man, he proposes to justify his book by demonstrating the admirable quality of Dickinson's personality. The refinement and charm of that personality no one will deny; but the justification of Mr. Forster's book rests on something firmer and broader—on Dickinson's being representative of a temper of the human mind and the impasse which that temper has reached.

What that temper and its impasse are may best be stated by quoting from a letter which Dickinson wrote about his "A Modern Symposium." Today that polite series of speeches by upper-class political leaders and theorists of all beliefs from Tory to Anarchist is, with its disregard of classes and interests, a scene from another world. But even in 1905 it seemed remote from reality and Dickinson felt called upon to explain his purpose.

> . . . practical politics involves fighting, and the object of such a book as mine, as it was Plato's long ago, is to raise the mind above the fighting attitude. There lies here obscurely the great problem of the relation of ideals to passion and interests which I do not seem able clearly to formulate.

This confusion never, apparently, left Dickinson. In terms of his personal life it is easy enough to see how it arose. At Cambridge he was attracted to mysticism and studied Plotinus. The high-minded, Ruskinian "social view" of the 1880's penetrated the mysticism; he turned to Plato, who, with Shelley and Goethe, formed his youthful views and influenced him throughout life. The three poets fostered in him a finely humanistic political attitude, but one whose overtones of mysticism provided him with his belief in "ideals"—as divorced from "passion and interests." Throughout his life he seems to have maintained a half-belief that truth was absolute and could be apprehended whole.

The essentially religious culture of unorthodox mysticism which was so strong in England, and America, in the nineteenth century, and of which Plato, Shelley, and Goethe were so integral a part, the culture which Matthew Arnold well exemplifies with his "disinterestedness," his "best self," his turning from economic reality, was eventually Dickinson's intellectual undoing. Not his alone, however, for he represented the fate of a large section of the intellectual class. The whole basis of the liberal-humanitarianism of the intellectuals of his generation was the divorce it made between "ideals" and "passion and interests." But since no such divorce exists in politics, "to raise the mind above the fighting attitude" was not to give the minds of this generation a higher function but to betray these minds into becoming the tools of the interests they truly hated.

Politically, Dickinson began as a Carlylean Tory, but he moved left through the years to become a Socialist, apparently of the "Modern Symposium" variety. However, his only strong political feeling was for the League of Nations. Never a pacifist—he was almost jingo during the Boer War, and but for his age he would have enlisted in 1914—he was nevertheless moved by the spectacle of the World War to a consuming hatred of all war. Before he retired to the melancholy silence of a peaceful old age he completed his study of pre-war diplomacy, "International Anarchy." "Anarchy"—so vague a concept—was to him the cause of the great slaughter, and the only hope was "organization." The economic causes of the diplomatic anarchy he did not see or did not stress; the League of Nations—which he had been urging and whose name he is said to have coined—he conceived to be the only bulwark of the world against a recurrence of war.

The League was an "ideal" set against passions and interests. But history moved his "ideal" aside—disclosing the ugly passions and interests which it hid. The inevitable failure of the League ideal was the defeat of Dickinson and of the whole attitude that was merely liberal-humanitarian. Dickinson and the other men who held it were men of good-will whose remoteness from reality, interests, and forces allowed them to serve unwittingly the predatory and the evil-willed.

Mr. Forster has so understandingly portrayed this attitude and the temper of the middle-class mind that embraces it because they are largely his own. As a novelist, however, he has had the advantage of his political colleagues. Although the future does not belong to his kind of novel, ethically based on individual "understanding" and "tolerance," in personal life these virtues are still real. In political life, however, history has proved them to be catchwords that becloud reality in the service of the worst "passion and interests."

LIONEL TRILLING

Intuitive Form

Art Now. By Herbert Read. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

MR. READ is concerned not so much with "art now"—in the sense of present conditions of painting, patronage, tendencies, conflicts, and values—as with the defense of an abstract art and an art of pure fantasy, which are unintelligible to most English and American readers. He values modern art as a pure art, produced by a pure sensibility, and wishes to detach his subject from everything but its own special principles. Despite his conception of modern art as "independent of any sentiments external to its nature," Mr. Read says very little about the paintings themselves. The book is richly—and somewhat incoherently—illustrated, but contains no detailed analyses of the aesthetic structure and qualities of individual works. On the contrary, the greater part is given over to explaining how pure art arose and to the philosophy and psychology behind these products of unconditioned sensibility.

Where Mr. Read attempts to characterize the various kinds of modern painting, he resorts to formulas borrowed from German descriptions of older arts and to polar oppositions like sensational and intuitive, organic and mechanical, Nordic and Latin, form and expression, and the like, which are applied with a bewildering unclarity. In identifying "intuitive form" with "subconscious symbolism" ("the artist projects subconscious symbols which everyone's [!] subconscious immediately accepts") he defines intuitive form, in paraphrase of Mr. Fry, as a "concretion of some kind representing a vague and even a vast field of subjectivity—which was," adds Mr. Read, "precisely our definition of symbolism." Everyone's subconscious, to which this sentence is evidently addressed, will not accept these definitions or precise identifications. Nor will artists trust Mr. Read's sense of pictures when he describes the work of Matisse as symmetrical and architectonic; or when he tells us that the German work of Grosz "can only be accepted in a mood of spiritual asceticism"; or that the Byzantine is a "geometric type of art," and that the "essence of the latter is that it is in no way organized."

The historical chapters show no grasp of the conditioning circumstances under which modern art emerged and no will even to confront them. Mr. Read falsely infers that because art has been the work of individuals for the last 250 years, the development of art must have been independent of social contexts or purposes, as if individuals lived outside society and worked for themselves alone. But even in the latter case they would constitute a peculiar society which must affect the nature of their art. He does not inquire into the content of this individual art, since "the content of art has nothing to do with the nature of the aesthetic process itself." The abstraction of an aesthetic process here, which becomes more important than the work itself, is of a piece with Mr. Read's abstraction of an unconditioned sensibility, or of genius as the essentially aesthetic force, and, later, of a kind of pure nuclear personality, independent of experience, as the rock-bottom reality in art. He believes that in abstract art the real kernel of personality is expressed, whereas in art which exhibits a content the personality of the artist is masked by the personality of the content. While it is true that any scratch drawn by a human hand shows personal characteristics, it is absurd to suppose that a work from which all reference to common experience has been excluded is necessarily more personal than a work dealing with experience. It may be more private, but it is not therefore more personal. The degree to which a work is personal depends not on the subject matter as such but on the nature of the artist's participation in it. Besides, the personal has no value in itself; and, to turn Mr. Read's argument against him, the personal is valued according to its content.

Like other conservative aesthetes Mr. Read identifies social purpose or values in art exclusively with the service of religion. Hence his incapacity to understand that rococo, neo-classic, romantic, realistic, and impressionistic painting, like the preceding religious arts, were valuable to certain social classes in their own day, and that each had a specific content arising from the interests and mode of life of these classes, and that these contents exercised an active influence on the formal character of the styles. The private fantasy of modern painters is itself a content conditioned by the artist's experience. And Mr. Read himself wistfully acknowledges the limitations of this content when he says that if it became necessary, the great abstract modern artists could make cathedrals. They will have been prepared for this task, if not by their present practice, at least by Mr. Read's efforts to identify them with the mystics. But despite the intellectualized spirituality of modern art, Mr. Read in an unguarded moment states that "form and rhythm after all resolve into questions of visual comfort," and elsewhere, that the history of art is simply "the history of seeing."

The modern way of seeing is the result of a revolutionary break with the past. Such revolutions are somehow latent in art; they occur every hundred years or so, or with every generation, and are caused by the inherent diversity of the human spirit. The revolution is also due to the discovery of the genetic method in the study of historical and primitive arts, and to changes in the theory and philosophy of art. The painters appear to be, in the one case, sensibilities with unpredictable mutations, in the other, progressive historians and philosophers. But in another context he quotes approvingly the theories of Semper (1860), who reduced art forms to the interplay of material, technique, and function, and tells us that the method of Semper (which was long ago found inadequate to explain historical development) "must lead to a much better comprehension . . . of the conditions which determine forms throughout history . . . the conditions, we might add, which are determining forms today." None the less, not a word from Mr. Read on technical, material, or functional changes in modern art.

We learn finally in still another part of the book that art changed because life as a whole changed. "The inner world of the imagination becomes more and more significant, as if to compensate for the brutality and flatness of everyday life." In order to give the modern escape the appearance of a universal historical phenomenon, Mr. Read identifies the modern "geometrical" style with the geometrical styles of the past and asserts that all of them arose as reactions from an unpleasant, uncontrollable nature or civilization, as efforts to overcome flux and uncertainty. He accepts Worringer's fantastic picture of primitive man as a spirit fleeing with anxiety the bewildering mobility of phenomena, but the abstract forms arising in modern art as a work of personal fancy, and embodying peculiar attitudes generated in modern social relations, cannot be like the abstract forms created in primitive industry as ornament or in ancient religious life as permanent, impersonal symbols. In the older forms—synthetic schemes, an effort to obtain clarity, a simple order and completeness; in the modern—a deliberate striving for analytic decomposition, for a unique informality, for cryptic involvement, endless subdivision, and irregular parts.

Mr. Read offers his book as a contribution to "the science of art." Judged as such, it is shallow and inaccurate, a pretentious pastiche of German writing.

MEYER SCHAPIRO

The Factory as Hero

Driving Axle. By V. Ilyenkov. International Publishers. $2.

THE author of "Driving Axle" calls it "A Novel of Socialist Construction." It is a just description. This account of a critical period in the development of a large locomotive plant differs in precisely the measure of that subtitle from the many novels of factory life that have appeared during the last year or so on both sides of the Atlantic. Strikes, battles, poverty, unemployment, the heat, the tension, the monotony, the merciless noise of the workshops were the themes of those tales. And still they come. Some are better than others, a few are very good indeed, but not one of them is cheerful reading. Struggle against all but overwhelming odds is the note of all.

"Driving Axle" is not by any means unremittingly cheery either. It too is the history of ceaseless struggle—against the stupidity of some, the laziness and indifference of others, the deliberate sabotage of a wicked few. But the fruits of the struggle are clear. Men are broken, die, come to promotion, quarrel, are reconciled, but the life of the plant goes on, and through all these happenings, tragic and otherwise, the knitting together of men of diverse character and education into one cooperative unit turning out first-class work for the Soviet proceeds steadily.

Ilyenkov's treatment of his theme reminds one of a story of Kipling's that deserves not to be forgotten, "The Ship That Found Herself." In this story a ship goes on her first long voyage, and the various parts of her, creaking, groaning, protesting against the unimagined strains that fall upon them as the huge vessel gets under way, begin after a time to function properly in their relation to each other. So in "Driving Axle" Platov, who has been away to study as an engineer and comes back to superintend the work of the men he formerly worked side by side with, finds his position difficult. Some are suspicious, some are resentful, while the engineers who have been there much longer are also inclined to give him a chilly welcome. And in the shadows the sinister group of saboteurs watch to see how dangerous he will be to their plans.

These villains of the piece are the blot on the novel, artistically speaking. They are so stagy that they creak as they move, in marked contrast to the reality of the other characters. "Driving Axle" is not a great novel. It is frank propaganda, mainly for home consumption, a sort of twentieth-century Communist version of the cautionary tale dear to our great-grandfathers. But it is tingling with life, and with hopeful and forward-looking life. For all its propaganda it does not in a single instance sentimentalize the workers it describes, but paints them with an admirable clear precision not devoid of humor. There is legitimate and unforced pathos, too, in such episodes as that of the dumb misery of the simple worker, Zaytsev, who, having with infinite pains worked out plans for an idea that has come into his head to save the wear and tear on a certain part of the machinery, finds that one of the engineers, who has pooh-poohed his notion, has adapted it and announced it as his own.

It is not difficult to understand with what interest workers in engineering shops all over the Soviet Union would read "Driving Axle." They would find their own problems, their own crises, their own types mirrored there. Readers outside the U. S. S. R., however, will also find the book extremely informative. Apart from its gallery of portraits, it conveys with real power, the more impressive because it is rather a cumulative effect than a definite exposition by the author, that self-forgetting devotion to an impersonal idea which is the basis of Communist life. The formidable drive of that devotion, which is swiftly becoming one of the main factors in contemporary history, will be better understood by those who have read Ilyenkov's novel and pondered its significance.

R. S. ALEXANDER

Shorter Notices

The House in the Hills. By Simonne Ratel. Translated from the French by Eric Sutton. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Two stories run through this novel: the one, of Isabelle Durras, forced by her husband's absurd vanity and childish jealousy of their son to harden into a symbol of defiant motherhood; the other, the plaintive, delicate tale of the Constant-Nymph child, Isabelle's niece, the Little Crow. Mademoiselle Ratel writes with a quiet competency that fails her only in the introduction of two *dei ex machina,* the revengeful servant, and the hysterical would-be lover. After a hundred pages of a neat blend of fantasy and realism, melodrama rears its unnecessary head and the story of Isabelle suffers an eclipse. The figure of the Little Crow emerges as the chief personality, a tender, moving sketch of a too wise, too sad little girl. The translation is good, conveying both the author's easy, pleasant gifts for characterization and sentiment without whimsy, and the impression that, while crowned with one of France's many annual literary awards, the book is more a promise than an achievement.

Superstition Corner. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

This book, written in Sheila Kaye-Smith's accomplished style, seems thin beside the novels for which this author is best known. This is Kate Alard's story and Kate is Catholic in the times when the Catholics were persecuted by Elizabeth in England. But the reconstruction of Elizabethan characters, of Elizabethan England is sketchy. And Kate herself hardly warrants the reader's sympathy. There are vivid scenes and bits of dramatic action, but the book as a whole is not one of the author's best.

The Method and Theory of Ethnology. By Paul Radin. McGraw-Hill Publishing Company. $2.50.

The Racial Myth. By Paul Radin. Whittlesey House. $1.50.

These two books are both criticisms—the first, of the theories and procedures of Dr. Radin's fellow-anthropologists, the second, of theories of racial endowment which are anything but scientific, but which have persisted in our thinking for untold centuries. The first is a book written essentially for students of social theory; the second is again to be contrasted with it in that it is a work that should have the widest circulation. The principal portion of Dr. Radin's critique of ethnological theory analyzes the method and underlying concepts behind the work of Professor Franz Boas and certain of his students, particularly Kroeber, Lowie, Goldenweiser, and Sapir. Though analytical evaluations of the work of one's colleagues is the mark of a healthy, growing science, it must be confessed that the author's strictures on Professor Boas's work do not quite come off, for since his criticisms are directed mainly at the work of the students of Professor Boas, it is these, rather than he, who are actually most severely attacked. The book suffers from two serious defects: the particular works of these men held up for criticism are, in the main, early and in many instances outmoded products of the scholars he discusses; and the section of the book devoted to considering the theories of European anthropologists leaves much to be desired from the point of view of thoroughness of presentation. In the book on race, after showing how, through the ages, a sense of superiority has marked the thought of people after people, Dr. Radin comes to a consideration of the "Nordic myth," which, he concludes, is but a socialized compensatory mechanism of "the confused late comers" on the historic stage. Showing how, from the days of the Stone Age, contributions have been made to our civilization by

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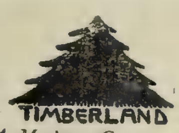

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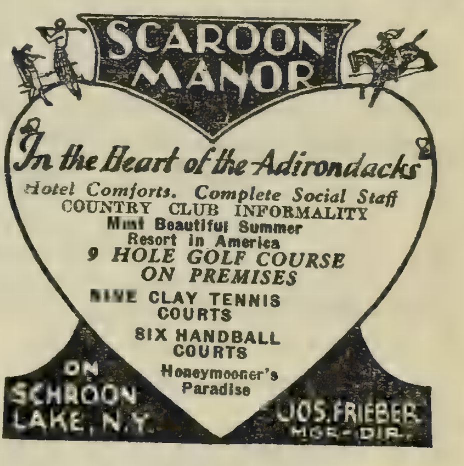
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folk belonging to all racial groups, he then assesses the nationalistic development in Europe which began with the sixteenth century, the "pan-European achievement" of the nineteenth century—with again the proper stress on the manner in which all European types contributed to this achievement—and ends with prognostications concerning the future. His final conclusion is that, in terms of the lines of historical development that can be envisaged at the present time, a world confederation "that is cosmopolitan in the broadest sense of the term" must ensue.

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TWENTY YEARS AGO as we write the heir to the Austrian throne and his duchess were already dead in Sarajevo, murdered by the assassin's bullet by which an era also died. *The Nation,* commenting editorially, in its issue of July 2, 1914, on the assassination, felt that it marked the disorganization of the Austro-Hungarian empire but added "that there is no good reason for believing that Austria will be deflected from the general line of policy and of imperial development which she has been pursuing." In addition to the Sarajevo murder, *The Nation* made editorial mention of Mexican intrigues, interest on capital, Jack London's letters in *Collier's,* the theater season of 1913-14 which had been a season of farce and light sentiment, in contrast to the corresponding season in American life, "one of business depression, I. W. W. demonstrations, child-labor agitation, minimum-wage agitation, and tenement-house improvement agitation." The following week's issue contained only a mention of the time and place of the arch-duke's funeral. The lighted fuse had not yet traveled the whole way toward the bomb which was to explode all over Europe and was to hit the United States and Asia as well. On the whole, people were occupied with other matters than with the assassination of even a grand-duke. But for some years afterward the consequences of that assassination were to occupy them fairly completely, and while we might at one time have presumed to think that the final bill for Sarajevo had been settled, today it appears that the account is still open. On June 28, 1934, the anniversary of the murder, bombs were bursting throughout Austria, some of them probably aimed at the Premier of France; in France on the same day a British military party visited Soissons, purely for "social" reasons, it was insisted, although the visit followed a similar jaunt to England the week before, by the French chief of staff; it was announced that France as well as Germany is preparing to fight with gas as well as disease germs; the British have declared themselves on the necessity of a large naval increase; and the American navy, for the first time in sixteen years, has lately been assembled in impressive formation in the Hudson River. In other words, Sarajevos may be happening all around us; we did not recognize them in 1914, we may not recognize them now. But we have done nothing, in the intervening two decades, to prevent a recurrence of what almost destroyed us.

IT WOULD BE NICE, said Harry L. Hopkins, federal Relief Administrator, the other day, if a lot of the people who now cannot find work in cities should move to the country. They could have a little cottage "bought at a fair price so that the purchaser will not be loaded so deeply in debt that he can't get out"; they would spend part of their day tending their own gardens on their own land; the rest of the time they would spend working in some small nearby factory which by a government miracle had arisen to take care of just such an industrial emergency. And Mr. Hopkins is right; it *would* be nice. His scheme for the deurbanization of our population to take care of what seems to him now a permanent relief problem would certainly provide a happy life for the community dwellers who managed to live in their little debt-free houses and work in their little factories. What it would do to the farmers whose produce these self-sufficient ex-urbanites would no longer buy, or the factory workers whose product they would now make themselves is, of course, another question and one which seems not to have occurred to Mr. Hopkins. His accompanying suggestion of unemployment insurance is a far sounder one. A genuine system of unemployment insurance would do much to carry the unemployed worker through the worst horrors of an industrial slack, and it would be relief that he had earned a right to by his own industry. It is a pretty irony that the "dole" which threw Mr. Hoover into hysterical protests of its un-Americanism, and which might, if it had been in operation under his Administration have saved the government many hundreds of millions of dollars, is now thoroughly respectable and is mentioned with approval not only by the federal administrator of relief but by the President of the United States himself.

THE SANCTITY of the American home is the traditional premise of American life, the theme-song of politicians, the grail for which moral and economic reformers struggle and bleed. American business yields to none in defending this sanctuary which, indeed, business is organized to serve, improve, and adorn—at a profit. Most of the 2,500 delegates who attended the recent convention of the American Home Economics Association in New York probably accepted these premises and attempted gallantly to reconcile them with certain obstinate facts. At least half the homes of America are precariously maintained at or below the minimum subsistence level largely by a growing though quite inadequate public expenditure for direct and indirect relief. These "extra-economic families," as Professor Walter Pitkin recently called them, escape the solicitude of the higher salesmanship, because business cannot make a profit out of them. Second, the solicitude of government, as Professor Paul Douglas pointed out to the delegates, has made the consumer-housewife the chief victim of the price-raising policies of the NRA; when government has attempted to serve the consumer directly, through the passage of a better food and drugs law, the setting up of a Consumer Standards Board, the insertion of grading and standards provisions in the codes, and so forth, government has been rebuked and defeated by the superior solicitude of business. This triumphant solicitude was evidenced by an abundance of advertising displays and literature which gave the convention a little of the atmosphere of a county fair.

BY BOMBING the first train to pass from Mukden to Peiping since 1931, Chinese partisans have sought to call attention to Nanking's shameful capitulation to Japan on the long-standing railway controversy. Stung by the failure of the Power to recognize "Manchukuo," the Japanese have been centering their efforts for the past year on the attempt to force China into what might be construed as *de facto* recognition. This they hoped to achieve by a series of steps, of which the opening of through train service and the restoration of normal postal relations were to be among the first. But although Chiang Kai-shek himself has been openly pro-Japanese, public opinion in general has been bitterly opposed to rapprochement with Japan. Consequently the issue has been allowed to drag along for months, with the Chinese inimitable in their capacity for evasion and procrastination. Meanwhile, however, the North China government has been increasingly staffed by members of the notorious, pro-Japanese Anfu clique, which the students had driven from power in 1919 on the charge of selling out to the enemy. Through the influence of this group an agreement has been reached to reopen the Sino-Japanese Exchange Bank at Tientsin, and for refunding one of the unrecognized "Nishihara loans." This northern government also appears to have played a decisive role in settling the railway question. While these concessions have aroused vigorous resentment in South China, the reaction has been somewhat tempered by Japan's warning that it will "be forced to take necessary steps" unless disturbances in Southern Fukien are immediately curbed.

AFTER ELEVEN MONTHS of unsuccessful effort to bring the gospel of industrial democracy to anti-union employers, the National Labor Board has at last been abolished. It will be replaced by the newly created National Labor Relations Board, an adjunct of the Department of Labor. With this change, the government apparently abandons all intention of enforcing Section 7-a with firmness, vigor, and dispatch. The new board will not even be empowered to mediate or conciliate in labor disputes; that will be reserved to the Conciliation Service of the Department of Labor. It will have no authority to force reluctant employers to "recognize" trade unions or to negotiate agreements with a union that truly represents the employees. According to the text of the executive order, the board's decisions will be void of sanctions and of any punitive power. On the positive side, the board will be authorized to "investigate" labor disputes; to order and conduct elections of employee representatives for collective bargaining; to hold hearings and issue findings of fact on charges of 7-a violations; finally, to act as a coordinator and court of last review for labor boards established in individual industries and regions. Significantly, the other executive agencies of the government are asked to "keep hands off" any dispute over which the Labor Relations Board assumes jurisdiction, and must accept the board's findings of fact as conclusive. This means the definite removal of the NRA from further intervention in labor disputes, and the future exclusion of General Johnson's strike-breaking tactics. But the new board, it is to be feared, will have limited scope, and will function, in essence, as an "omnium gatherum" for petty disputes. Such major disputes as occur will be handled by the special boards already established in the big industries: automobile, iron and steel, bituminous coal, cotton textiles, wool and silk textiles, construction, graphic arts, newspaper publishing, and others.

JOHN DONOVAN, whose discharge by General Johnson was reported in *The Nation* last week, has not yet been reinstated. Instead the axe has fallen on still another head: that of Dr. A. G. Silverman, chief statistician to the Labor Advisory Board. In part, Silverman's recent "indefinite suspension without pay" arose out of the identical context of circumstances as the Donovan discharge. Silverman, who belonged to the same bloc as Donovan, believed fervently that the Labor Advisory Board should devote all its energies to promoting collective bargaining. Moreover, he did not hesitate to speak his mind about higher-ups in the Board who, he thought, took Section 7-a lightly. In part, however, Silverman's suspension was the outgrowth of a personal feud between himself and Dr. Gustav Peck. Silverman had been assigned to prepare a statistical report which Sidney Hillman, board member, was to present at a hearing on proposed amendments to the cotton garment code. Silverman was instructed, so he contends, to prove a thesis: that it was desirable, in the interests of reemployment, to shorten the code hours. His study, unfortunately, pointed toward different conclusions: that there had been substantial non-compliance with such hours and wages as the code already specified. Despite pressure to do so, Silverman refused to doctor the data. This led Peck to issue a statement in which he threatened with discharge a certain unnamed member of the staff who had prepared a "lousy" report which had to be revised "in toto." Silverman issued a counter-statement in which he charged that Hillman and Peck were perverting the professional integrity of the Board's experts in order to serve personal ends. The suspension followed immediately thereafter. Peck, in announcing the suspension, ignored the issue of professional integrity. He thought it "outrageous" for the newspapers to give publicity to the "unsubstantiated charges of a mere clerk." (Silverman was formerly on the faculty at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and served as a statistician for the National Bureau of Economic Research.) The formal ground for the action was insubordination, in that the statistician had given out a statement without first submitting it to his superiors.

MAYOR FRANK O. HAGUE, of Jersey City, was once a policeman, and he still has the policeman's viewpoint on such heinous crimes as labor picketing. His edict forbidding picketing and his treatment of the strike sympathizers who have been patrolling the Miller furniture factory—19 have been arrested, including Alfred M. Bingham and Corliss Lamont—is certainly not conducive to the exercise of legal labor privileges, and the American Civil Liberties Union is well-advised to test this case, as it is doing. In his many years as mayor (and, incidentally, Democratic boss of New Jersey) Hague has boasted that his city is free of all crime and racketeering and that labor racketeers in particular have been driven out. This is amusing when one remembers Mayor Hague's friendship for and patronage of Theodore M. Brandle, the ousted building trades czar, who was a labor racketeer if there ever was one. Mayor Hague, in fact, is recognized by bona-fide union leaders as a union-buster, while his city is known all through the East as "Scab City, N. J."

THE SHUTDOWN of the Harriman Hosiery Mill in Tennessee in protest against its loss of the Blue Eagle on April 20, is a patent instance of blackmail. If the NRA gives in to the mill's contention that punishment should not be administered because punishment hurts, then Section 7-a might as well be struck out of the Recovery Act for all the meaning it will have south of the Mason-Dixon line. The Blue Eagle was removed on the basis of the recommendation of the now-defunct National Labor Board. By unanimous decision, the Board found the management guilty of violating Section 7-a "by entering negotiations in bad faith with the definite intention not to make any agreement with the representatives of its employees." Behind this recommendation lay a distressing story of trickery and evasion. In July 1933, the hosiery workers' union sought to organize the mill; some thirty wage-earners, all of them active union members, were forthwith discharged. After the strike began on October 26, 1933, the management immediately imported strikebreakers from the surrounding countryside. Following their return from a hearing before the National Labor Board on January 4, 1934 a number of strike-leaders were jailed by virtue of an injunction granted by a pliant State court. The mill consistently refused to bargain through to a bilateral agreement with the union officers. It took the position that it sufficed to post such wage schedules as the management intended to observe. Just before the recent shutdown, which threw 653 wage-earners out of work, some 300 strikers were still locked out. When the Blue Eagle was removed, the management of the mill instigated certain merchants of Harriman to threaten the return of their NRA emblems in a mass protest. No sooner had the mill shut down than Fred Held, officer of the international union, was kidnapped and hustled out of town. Unfortunately, the NRA seems ready to compromise the issue. It is now engaged in negotiations which will lead to the return of the Blue Eagle in the event that the mill agrees to reemploy some 50 of the 300 workers locked out.

THE DISTRESSING PROBLEMS of the dairy farmer, many people used to believe, would long ago have been solved if the farmer himself had anything to say or do in the matter. But the results of the election of directors of the Inter-State Milk Producers' Association, made public in Philadelphia last week, proved that in that instance the farmer failed utterly to seize his opportunity of capturing control of the organization, a marketing cooperative accused of being the tool of the large distributors. Thirteen new directors were to be elected, for an area including parts of six Eastern States (Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and West Virginia) and the thirteen standpat candidates won completely over the thirteen put up by the insurgent Allied Dairy Farmers' Association. Since the election, recriminations and opprobrium have been hurled upon the farmers for their inertia. But the true story goes a bit deeper. The farmers were frankly afraid of losing their markets if they voted against the hand-picked directorate. This cooperative, like nearly all others, is absolute master of the farmer's destiny and if it chooses to exploit him in favor of the distributor, there is really nothing he can do about it. It is obvious that the dairy farmer cannot help himself; he must be helped by the federal government. But marketing agreements, production control, and price-fixing attempts at stabilization have failed. The Administration must go further and place the whole dairy industry on a public utility basis. It is to be hoped that the Federal Trade Commission will so recommend, as the result of the investigation it has been assigned to make.

THE RIGHT WING of the Socialist Party had its way at the New York State convention and even the editors of the *Daily Worker* will find it difficult to exaggerate the absurdity of its performance from the Marxist point of view. Led by Louis Waldman, they repudiated the "left" pronouncements of the Detroit national convention and elected a solid right slate of fifteen members of the State Committee. James Oneal, who could have had the nomination for United States Senator, withdrew in the interest of Norman Thomas and "harmony," while Charles Solomon was nominated for Governor. On the balloting each of these running-mates voted firmly against the other. In key-noting the program of his triumphant machine Mr. Waldman declared "We must repudiate the proposal to give loyal support to any person who comes in conflict with the law on account of anti-war activities." When a few scattered cheers greeted the announcement that there had been a "revolution" in Germany, Mr. Waldman reminded the convention that "this is a Socialist convention, and cheers for a revolution are not in order." The convention adjourned after passing a resolution emasculating the "left" phraseology of the Detroit declaration of principles. It seems probable that New Jersey, Pennsylvania, California, and Massachusetts will take similar action. Paraphrasing Lenin, what the Socialist Party seems to be suffering from is "infantile rightism," the focus of the infection being New York and the *Jewish Daily Forward*.

The Nazi Blood Bath

THE amazing and bloody news from Germany means the beginning of the end of the Nazi rule—at least in its original form. Doubtless Hitler and Goering by their wholesale murders have fortified themselves for the moment and may hold on to their power by terroristic methods for some time to come. But their prestige is tremendously shaken; they can no longer pose as supermen with a united Germany behind them. At their doors lie the deaths of men killed "while resisting arrest" or "attempting to escape," and others "who killed themselves." Not pacifists or Communists or Social-Democrats or Jews this time, but men of their own crowd, comrades in uniform murdered in a St. Bartholomew's night as unexpected as it is horrifying, and some of them portrayed to their countrymen by Hitler himself as being caught in unprintable orgies of sex perversion.

All of this will come as a terrific shock to the deluded German people. For a year and a half every loud speaker has blared forth the assertion that the country was overwhelmingly behind the Leader; that peace and concord were reestablished; that all disorderly elements had been imprisoned or expelled; that everyone was united upon a great constructive platform conceived by an archangel to restore the country to its rightful position among the nations of the earth. Now they read of a massacre for which one must go to Italy in the Middle Ages or to the annals of some South American Republic for a parallel. They are learning not that the rebel elements were Communists or elements long opposed ot the Hitler regime, but, so far as they were members of the Brown Shirt army, close followers of Hitler who have been his confidants and aides. They are certainly shocked to read of the killing of an ex-Chancellor, General von Schleicher, and his wife, and to read from Hitler's own pen that many of his followers have been paying for celebrations and dinners and dissipation out of public or Nazi funds—they who charged the Social-Democrats, whom they ousted from office, with wholesale peculation and corruption! Plainly it is impossible to overestimate the tremendous psychological effect of these happenings which no censorship could conceal. The great bulk of the Germans are still peace-loving and law-abiding. What will they not say to the shooting down of a score of Nazi leaders without trial? It can not be written down this time as Jewish propaganda or the invention of foreign atrocity-mongers. Certainly the worst charges ever made against the Communists did not include such cold-blooded dispatching of men in opposition.

That all this will rouse a deep feeling of doubt and fear among millions of heretofore credulous Germans is obvious. It will further unsettle business conditions, injure the tourist traffic, render worse the currency situation, and generally make more difficult the efforts of those who are trying to head off iminent economic collapse. It will enormously encourage the Catholic opposition. But the greatest damage is to Hitler himself. At one blow it shows him to be a knight of the revolver and not divinely inspired to lead by the nobility of his example and his teachings. Moreover, it deprives him of his influence in foreign affairs—at least the world will wait now to see whether this "little corporal" lasts or not; and whether he will not soon yield his office to a military dictator or to a royal prince. Germany will be lucky, indeed, if it escapes a bloody civil war. With bitter disillusionment the German public will reject the lie that, as Dr. Goebbels said only a few weeks ago, the "new spirit" of the revolution had filled "the entire German people."

Obviously the clash between the left-wing elements and those of the right-wing was inevitable. Hitler had furnished plenty of circuses and some bread—but not enough. Beyond driving out the Jews, crushing all his political opponents, and wiping out the States, he had carried out none of the reforms which he had promised his supporters. Many of them really believed that he meant to give them a national socialism stopping only short of communism itself. When he admitted ex-Communists to the Nazi ranks, he insured the continuance of the demand for the radical measures, such as nationalization of the banks and all the trusts and the breaking up of the great estates, to which he was pledged. Now he has written in blood his choice; he has gone to the right. But here his troubles have not ended. Into which camp of the right will he move?

We only know that he has won a moment's breathing space. But it can only be a moment, for behind him stands the unescapable economic situation which no amount of official falsification can conceal; the moratorium on all debt payments; the unbalanced budget; the paralyzing drop in exports; the international boycott; the exhaustion of the gold reserve; the disappearance of the foreign currencies necessary for the purchase of indispensable raw materials; the steadily sinking standard of living in the face of rising agricultural prices certain to be enhanced by the alarming drought; and finally the marked decrease in the national income. Nothing in Hitler's career ever gave promise that he could master a situation like this. It gives his big business masters and the Junkers the weapons they need to turn upon him.

From his sick-bed at Neudeck the aged Hindenburg has telegraphed Hitler and General Goering his "profound thanks" for their energetic action in suppressing the plotters. Von Papen, who appears to have had cognizance of both the "right" and "left" conspirators, but not to have committed himself fatally to either, was at first held prisoner in his home, under the protection of a special Reichswehr guard. As we go to press it is reported that he will be replaced as Vice Chancellor by General Goering, and that the ineffable Goebbels, who barely escaped involvement in the conspiracy, will become ambassador to Poland.

Von Blomberg, head of the Reichswehr, has pledged the loyalty of the army, which indeed got everything that it wanted when Hitler furloughed the Storm Troopers and rejected their demand to be amalgamated with the armed forces of the German state. The French press feels that Hitler is in a stronger position than ever; the English press is skeptical. The prospect is for further bloody "cleansings" of the storm troops, and perhaps for sporadic revolts of the disorganized, leaderless, and unarmed German workers; this to be followed by a military dictatorship, with Hitler's position as tool and figurehead becoming more precarious.

Farewell, Mr. Roosevelt

THOSE millions of us who listened to your goodbye address to the country on June 28, listened in silence and with mixed feelings. You asked us to compare our present state—of security, of employment, of income—with our state fifteen months before, and to judge, on the basis of this comparison, the relative merits of the New Deal. About three and a half million of us, if we had had a chance to answer, could have told you that we had found a job during the year, either on public work or in private industry. Some of us who rank as businessmen (our numbers are not easy to discover) could have told you that we are finding things better—enough better to account for a leveling up of of the general business index figure for the whole country from 58.5 to about 80.4. The rest of us would have had to confess that materially life is not much more satisfactory than it was in March 1933. The 10,000,000-odd who are still unemployed are just as unemployed as ever; in fact our hoarded resources, if we ever had any, are still further diminished, so that we need more help than we did a year ago. The result of this is that almost a million more of us are on some sort of dole this spring than last, despite the drop in unemployment. Those of us who are working are not receiving better real wages than when you first instituted your program of increasing our purchasing power. Between March 1933 and March 1934 our wage level was raised by 9.7 per cent but meanwhile the cost of the things we must buy went up 9.3 per cent, not as much as you hoped it would but enough to wipe out almost the whole value of our small apparent gains.

We wage-earners have another bone to pick with you, too. What about collective bargaining? It is in the law, but where is it in practice? You either cannot or dare not enforce your own law against bosses as strong as the steel and automobile men. Section 7-a of the NIRA is a taunt to you and to us; it might better never have been written into the law. In any case, since you asked us, we who are organized workers do not feel that we are better off than we were a year ago; and those of us who are unorganized see little hope of becoming organized. You said that the Administration stood behind us, but when we turn around we find instead gas bombs and injunctions and notices to quit.

Those of us who are farmers are even worse off. While prices of farm products have gone up, the cash income of farmers this May was exactly the same as it was a year ago. We can buy much less, however, because the price of the commodities farmers must buy has gone up 18.6 per cent. It is true that you have distributed some 815 millions to us through various agencies, including many millions as rewards for cutting down our production. These loans and doles were absorbed like water falling on parched ground; and our gratitude sprang up like corn. But now where are we? Many of us have lost half of the remainder of our product through drought and we face the future with only the assurance that we shall have to be supported by more and bigger doles. The drought was not your fault, or Secretary Wallace's. We mention it only to emphasize our plight as compared even with a year ago and to point up the difficulties inherent in any attempt to solve the economic problem by throttling production rather than organizing distribution. The drought was, we suspect, God's answer to the theory of creating an artificial scarcity in order to increase prices.

Well, Mr. President, we hope that you will have a good vacation. You deserve and need it. You have worked hard and faced terrific obstacles. Some you have successfully eluded, but you must often have felt balked and irritated by the difficulties thrown up in the way of your plans. For we believe that you honestly want to change the economic system of our country into one which, miraculously preserving the benefits of competition, will also provide security and decent living and working conditions for everybody. Some of your aims you have partly achieved, but more of them—the most fundamental and controversial—have foundered and sunk under a sea of apathy and resistance and outright sabotage.

Your farewell speech the other night, Mr. Roosevelt, was perhaps the least effective you have made to us. You were on the defensive and you sounded so. But your voyage should help to crystallize the picture of American life. You can throw off the unreal optimism that pained us the other night and accept and acknowledge the mistakes of your Administration. You can estimate the strength of the forces that are ranged against your success, discover on your way back across the country the true state of our needs, and then tackle the confusion of government with new clarity and determination. A sea change is what you and we both need.

The Paradox of Birth Control

DID you know that the Senate had passed the birth-control bill? It did—for five minutes, while Pat McCarran, the Catholic Senator from Nevada, was taking a nap. When he woke up he demanded a reconsideration of the vote, which meant that the Senators would have had to go on record, for and against. This they were unwilling to do, so Mrs. Sanger's bill, which had been favorably reported by the Senate Judiciary Committee, was once more put to sleep.

But did you know that the Catholic Church had come out for birth control? It has. Why, then, did Senator McCarran oppose the bill? Because the Catholic version of birth control is not Mrs. Sanger's version. The Catholic version, while letting down the moral bars to the practice of birth control, still prohibits the use of contraceptives.

Quite recently, there appeared two little Catholic books, "The Rhythm" and "The Sterile Period in Family Life," in which women are told how they may have sexual intercourse without having a baby. One of these books is published with "ecclesiastical approbation" and the other with the "Imprimatur" of Patrick Cardinal Hayes. They are permitted to circulate freely through the mails by the Post Office Department, although Postmaster General Farley is a Roman Catholic. Under the birth-control bill, if passed, only physicians would be permitted to circulate such literature. But Mr. Farley's office goes the limit by permitting the birth-control method approved by Rome to be sent by laymen to laymen, regardless of sex, age, or marital condition. With the appearance of these two books, practically every argument of the Roman Church against birth control falls flat. What happens to the Catholic argument that knowledge of contraception will endanger the morals of the unmarried, when Catholics themselves are spreading wholesale a method of birth control which is sold over the counter or sent through the mails to anyone? The approved Papal method requires only a simple knowledge of the so-called sterile period in the menstrual cycle. As the president of the District of Columbia Medical Society reminds us, this method may be employed by any misguided girl parked in an automobile on any lonely road; whereas the recommended clinical method requires personal examination by a qualified physician and the preparation, time, and place which are best secured by married life.

The Catholic Church, if it liked, might justify its approval of the "sterile period" method of birth control on the ground that it doesn't work. At least it may be said unhesitatingly that it doesn't work as well as the recommended clinical method; first, because the indicated period of abstinence is not likely to be observed except by exceptionally well-disciplined people; second, because the period of relative sterility cannot be accurately determined.

Significantly, the earlier Catholic argument that contraception would result in underpopulation is abandoned in "The Rhythm." It is admitted that economic and social conditions are the determining controls of population growth, regardless of the means that may be employed. The democratic practice of contraception replaces more wasteful and disorganizing means of population control such as abortion, infanticide, celibacy, sex irregularities, needless infant and maternal mortality, and war.

The widespread practice of contraception has enabled Holland to increase her population at a faster rate than any country in the world with a comparably high standard of living. Moreover, Dr. William F. Ogburn and Dr. Warren S. Thompson, two distinguished members of the President's Committee on Social Trends, have discovered that birth control increases the proportion of married couples with respect to the total population.

The case for birth control is proved and, with 16,000,000 persons on relief and 10,600,000 wage earners unemployed, the need for birth control is overwhelming. These families have a birth rate 48 per cent higher than their more fortunate neighbors. Dr. Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins, in an exhaustive study for the Milbank Foundation, reaches the conclusion that "the national policy of prohibiting the free dissemination of accurate scientific information about birth control methods is adding definitely and measurably to the difficulty of the problem of poverty and unemployment with which our children and grandchildren will have to deal."

The present federal laws against birth control tie the hands of the medical profession and drive the distribution of contraceptives underground; the bootlegging of fake methods makes for tragedy and endangers public health. There are approximately 1,000,000 abortions in this country each year; 30,000 women die as a result of pregnancy or abortion, and 200,000 infants die or are born dead.

To the challenge of these ominous figures, the Catholic Church has answered with a new and indefensible evasion. Congress must return a better answer than that next fall. It must pass the birth-control bill.

The Movie Boycott

THE latest moral crusade against the movies appears to be gaining momentum. Many Protestant organizations have joined what was originally a Catholic movement to boycott theaters exhibiting improper films and, as Congress closed, certain rumblings began to be heard among statesmen glad of an opportunity to come out flatly against something as friendless as vice. The movies are, goodness knows, guilty enough, and on the surface, at least, there is nothing objectionable in the proposal that those who do not like what the theaters have to show should stay away en masse. Nevertheless, we doubt if the movement will actually accomplish very much for the simple reason that its effect is so completely negative. It merely tells Hollywood one more thing not to put into the films; it offers no concrete suggestions to a harried industry which has been forced into making an infantile salacity its stock in trade, largely because it is forbidden to deal with nearly everything else.

In the first place the Hays organization—trying desperately to please the international market as well as 10,000 different native women's clubs—has frowned upon anything containing the vestige of an idea because every idea is bound to offend someone. There is scarcely a single intellectually or artistically respectable novel or play in the whole range of literature which does not contain something offensive to the local prejudices of some place between Kansas City and Shanghai, and the films go all the way from one to the other. "Nana" is made respectable for the American market and then banned in France as a travesty on a national possession. What would be patriotic in one country is plain sedition in another, and anything with the slightest emotional or intellectual significance is dangerous because somebody somewhere is going to find it so. The movies cannot really interpret morals, manners, economics, or politics. What in heaven's name is left them except a kind of brainless, simpering, hypocritical salacity?

The magnates of Hollywood are not emissaries of Satan seeking whom they may destroy. They are, on the contrary, business men of rather limited imagination eagerly seeking for a common denominator, and so far unable to find anything except legs, questionable jokes, and bedroom stories which seem to possess the requisite universal appeal. Even the public is not wholly to blame. The trinity enumerated above is not the only thing it can agree on from China to Peru. But it is about the only thing that every public everywhere finds more or less interesting.

One remedy would be to let down the bars a little in America. If the movies were given the freedom now enjoyed by the play and the novel to treat serious things seriously; if the *ostensible* moral were not always required to be so completely conventional; then the very competition of serious themes might well reduce somewhat the number of merely salacious spectacles. But even that would not solve the problem created by the fact that the industry as now organized must appeal to everybody everywhere. Common denominators are terrible things and the common denominator of the whole vast international movie audience is lower than the common denominator of each of fifty different groups would be.

Issues and Men

Upton Sinclair Startles California

UPTON SINCLAIR has written me a pleasant note to the effect that he had read my tribute to Josephine Roche, adding: "I'm not a bit jealous. But it happens that our movement also is important and you ought to tell *The Nation's* readers about it. When you were out here, you said nobody thought that I would get the Democratic nomination. Today you would be correct if you would say that nobody thinks anything else. I do not know a single political observer who has said anything but this."

Well, Upton Sinclair would have been justified in reminding me more severely. I have been remiss in not again calling attention to his candidacy and to the extraordinary run he is making for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination. While I do not agree with him about the extent of the favorable opinion as to his chances—the New York *Times* Los Angeles correspondent speaks of his victory as a "possible contingency"—there can be no doubt that his candidacy has gone like wild-fire. Arthur Caylor, writing in the San Francisco *News,* declares that one prominent Democrat is willing to bet that if the election were held now Sinclair would poll more votes than Senator McAdoo did in the Roosevelt landslide. The Republicans are equally worried because they have just as many unemployed as have the Democrats, and each of the old-line parties is blaming the other for not having taken notice of the Sinclair prairie fire until it had gotten away from them. They were saying in April that Sinclair hadn't a chance for the nomination, having neither a political organization nor money. There they were wrong, too. Sufficient money has poured in—not all that he would like to have by any means—and if any of our readers should wish to help they would be doing a most welcome and worthwhile deed. But I do not think that his success will depend upon having a few thousand dollars more or less. In the 1923 election the British Labor Party began work utterly hopeless because of the lack of funds. Only Harold Laski declared that they didn't need much money and ought not to have a lot. He pointed out that the party had a rich bank to draw upon in the enthusiasm of the young men and women of the labor ranks, which, being unpaid, is worth infinitely more than the paid labor of party hacks and heelers who usually give about fifty cents' worth of work on the dollar.

So I believe Upton Sinclair's campaign has gone on with very little reference to the amount of money put in. His gospel has spread because even in California people are ready for a new deal, eager for new teachings, ready to listen to Sinclair as a Democrat when they would not hear him as a Socialist. The plain people of California have been much more ready for a change than the big-business gentlemen who own California have known or been willing to admit. I even found in the conservative organizations that I addressed in that State last winter an astounding readiness to listen to things that I have been saying ever since the war, but which I wouldn't have been asked to say before those organizations five years ago. There is deep unrest in many portions of the State; the great harbor-workers' strike is in its second month; the workers in the Ojai and Imperial valleys, held down by brute force, are more nearly at the breaking point than ever before; the unemployed in the southern portion of the State are still extremely numerous and there are groups like the school teachers that are really ready for a radical change. These are some of the explanations for Upton Sinclair's startling run.

Of these facts the most interesting is that Sinclair is making such a bid for the governorship upon the Democratic ticket. It shows again, in my judgment, that there is no hope for the Socialist Party in the United States. Upton Sinclair can offer the same goods on the Democratic ticket, and have a market for his wares. He would not be listened to under the Socialist flag. Of course, to the Socialists, he seems a traitor; but they themselves split so seriously at their recent convention that this summer will tell whether the two wings will be able to continue to work together or go their separate ways. A rose by any other name may smell as sweet, but a radical program in the United States makes a lot more headway under any other name than socialism, and Sinclair has been realistic enough to recognize this fact and to act upon it.

If Upton Sinclair wins the Democratic nomination there will be a battle for fair with all the big-business Democrats flocking together with the Republicans to try to keep him out of the governorship. All the forces of privilege will come together to head off the Socialist in the garb of a Democrat. It will be a struggle which the whole country should watch and I have no doubt that the Roosevelt Administration will throw itself behind Sinclair, even at the risk of having the Simeon Fesses, the Mark Sullivans, and the William Wirts make use of the opportunity to insist once more that the Roosevelt Administration is really a Bolshevik one.

"End Poverty In California" is Sinclair's slogan, which abbreviated gives the word EPIC, and this his campaign may well turn out to be. Innocent men in prison will have a friend in the capital, and if he won't have something to say about the suppression of liberty in the southern portion of California, I shall miss my guess. I know that there are many people who doubt his executive ability. That would have to be proved. There are others who fear his trustfulness, his readiness to believe what he is told whatever the source, and a certain inaccuracy in reporting. These might hurt his efficiency as a governor, but they would be, I am convinced, accepted cheerfully, if they should develop, as the price for having at Sacramento a man of unfailing industry in the cause of the people, who has shown a devotion to the welfare of the masses surpassed by none.

Oswald Garrison Villard

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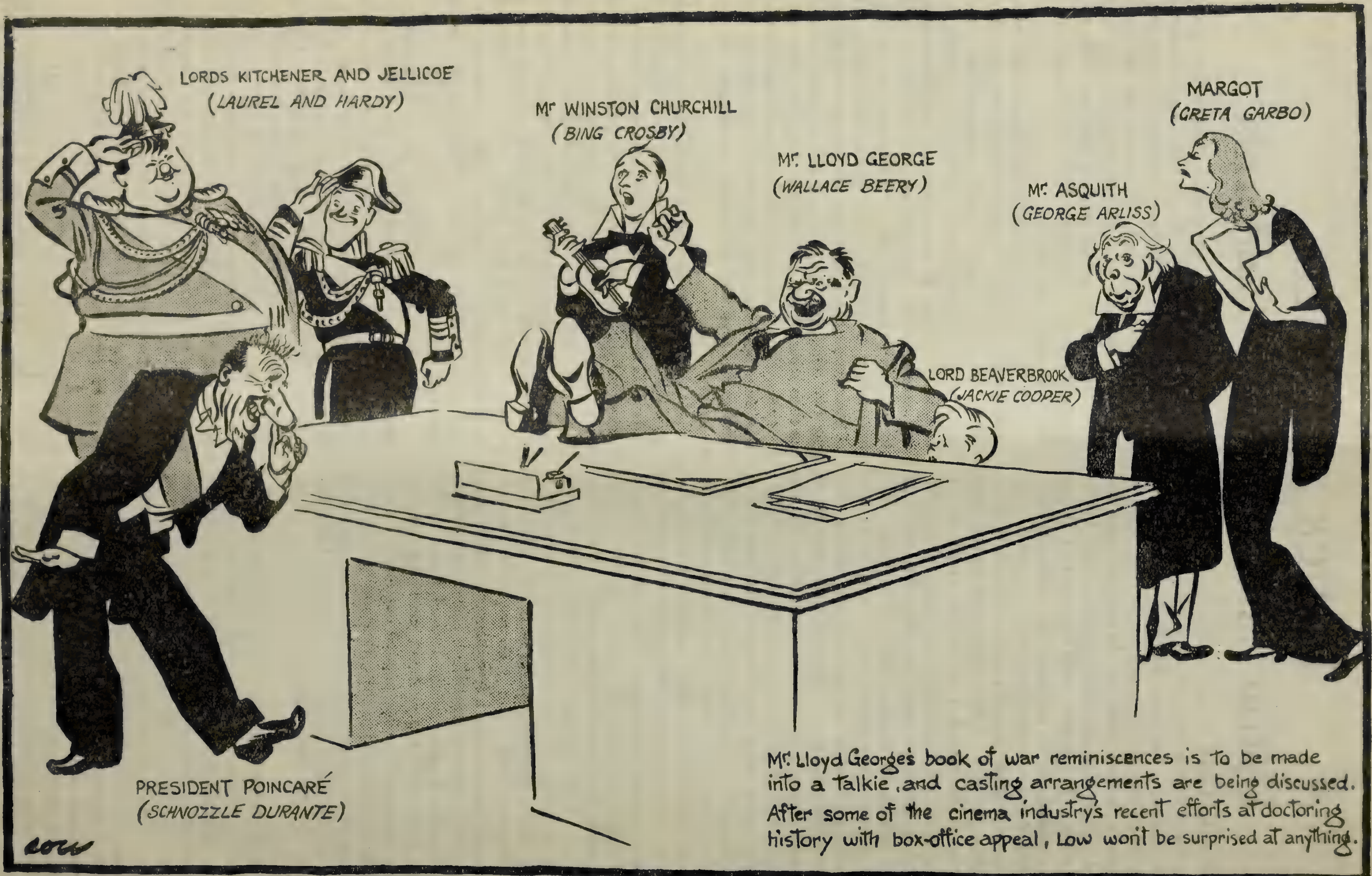
A Cartoon by LOW


LORDS KITCHENER AND JELLICOE
(LAUREL AND HARDY)
Mr WINSTON CHURCHILL
(BING CROSBY)
Mr. LLOYD GEORGE
(WALLACE BEERY)
Mr. ASQUITH
(GEORGE ARLISS)
MARGOT
(GRETA GARBO)
LORD BEAVERBROOK
(JACKIE COOPER)
PRESIDENT POINCARÉ
(SCHNOZZLE DURANTE)
Mr. Lloyd George's book of war reminiscences is to be made into a talkie, and casting arrangements are being discussed. After some of the cinema industry's recent efforts at doctoring history with box-office appeal, Low won't be surprised at anything.
LOW

1914 — ENGLAND DECLARES WAR — ALL STAR PRODUCTION.

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Back to the "Old Deal" in Housing

By CAROL ARONOVICI

IN the spring of 1933 social workers, slum dwellers, and the millions of families living in sub-standard homes joined with the building-industry promoters in a chorus of praise of the new deal in housing. Something that looks like a housing program had been inserted in the National Industrial Recovery Act. It was to render the double service of salvaging the bankrupt building industry while it saved hundreds of families from living in the slums.

Under the provisions of the recovery act a Housing Division was created as part of the Public Works Administration. This division was placed under the direction of Robert D. Kohn, a natural leader, a man with broad experience in large-scale building and with a social point of view. It was not long, however, before the vested interests in existing housing raised a cry of unfair competition with legitimate business. Secretary Ickes, to allay this opposition, stated that loans were to be made "only on such projects as are at the present time beyond the reach of unaided private enterprise. Therefore there is no possible danger of competition between government and private industry." But Mr. Ickes was in error; he did not realize that the vested interests of the building industry were threatened, and by the very type of housing that the Housing Division was to promote.

The Housing Division from the very outset was handicapped by the great volume of plans submitted, by the failure of the Public Works Administration to set up satisfactory standards for granting loans, and by the absence of funds and machinery necessary in establishing building standards consistent with existing needs and resources. Mr. Ickes being himself wholly without technical or social knowledge of the essential requirements of low-cost housing, made the task of the director difficult and the final abandonment of the Housing Division inevitable.

As the Housing Division was set up essentially as an instrumentality for developing limited-dividend housing schemes with federal aid, the question of interest rates and amortization periods on federal loans was destined to be the chief factor in establishing rental rates and, in consequence, the level of the income group to be housed in the new dwellings. The 4 per cent interest rate and the twenty-five to thirty-five years of amortization required on loans soon proved that the lower-income groups had no chance of profiting by the new deal in housing. Practically all of the projects approved and finally financed were to rent for around eleven dollars a room, which is about twice the rentals paid under normal economic conditions by self-supporting wage-earners' families, even in New York City where rentals are high. The schemes actually under construction at present, with the exception of those in Atlanta, Georgia, and in the Virgin Islands, were necessarily of the type in which the competition is greatest in the open market. The objection to public financing of this type of housing was therefore well taken. The banks, the insurance companies, the mortgage companies, the building-and-loan associations, and other lending institutions which hold about seventeen billion of the twenty billions of dollars of home mortgages in the United States were thus provided with ample ammunition with which to fight the housing program, if such it may be called.

As far back as October 28, 1933, Mr. Ickes became convinced that "isolated action on the part of individuals" could not be depended upon to initiate comprehensive housing and slum-clearance projects. The next step was therefore the creation of the Federal Housing Emergency Corporation as an executive arm of the PWA, under which a real program of lower-income-group housing could be initiated and carried out either directly by the PWA or through private agencies. This new corporation and its broad purposes were criticized with characteristic vigor by Representative Hamilton Fish of New York as a "concrete example of the socialistic tendencies of the new deal," while the United States Chamber of Commerce was willing to accept the new corporation provided it undertook only "demonstration projects for income groups for which new housing has not hitherto been constructed."

Just how much the opposition to new low-rental housing continued to obstruct the effort to carry out even demonstration projects is only a matter of conjecture. It seemed strange, however, to those interested in the social aspects of housing, that soon after the Federal Housing Emergency Corporation came into being the low-cost housing program was switched to slum clearance and slum clearance alone. This change was made despite the fact that slum clearance is the most complex, the most time-consuming, and the most costly type of housing. No provisions were made for re-housing the families during slum reconstruction nor was any change made in the interest and amortization rate on loans in order to absorb the higher cost of slum clearance as compared with low-cost housing on open land. It is true that under the law a grant of not more than 30 per cent of the cost of labor and materials could be made by the federal government on municipally built and managed housing projects; it was only recently that any indication of the advisability of grants was made public.

Faced with the failure of the housing program the Administration was forced to seek ways of putting the building industry to work without running athwart the mortgage interests, while at the same time using the psychological value of home promotion as a driving force. Thus the National Housing Act was evolved and driven through Congress in its last days. This heralded piece of legislation is in no sense of the word a national housing act. Its more appropriate title would be "A National Mortgage and Loan-Stabilization Act." A brief analysis of the essential provisions of the act will reveal its general purposes.

The first part of the act provides for the creation of a "home-credit insurance corporation" which will insure advances for housing modernization up to $2,000. It also provides insurance for amortized mortgages for old and new owner-occupied homes up to $20,000 in total investment. At the last minute a provision was inserted which provides insurance for large-scale housing up to $10,000,000 per project. For the first time in the Administration's housing efforts, provision is made for statistical and economic surveys "for the development of housing" and the possible evolution of a more modern and equitable mortgage system. In the second part of the National Housing Act the creation of national mortgage associations is authorized, presumably with the idea that mortgage capital might thus better operate under federal supervision. A Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation is created and made mandatory through the provisions of the third part of the bill, while the last part is devoted to amendments to the law creating the Home Loan Bank, giving it powers to function as a central-discount and mortgage-security control agency.

As legislation in mortgage finance the act has certain merits. Its application may entail delay because of the complex machinery which it sets up and the conflict which it may encounter in various States where mortgage laws are at variance with the provisions of the new federal law.

But let us see how this new law will affect the housing problem in terms of low-rental dwellings for the lower-income families. From the point of view of housing finance, the law provides that interest rates may be fixed at from 5 to 6 per cent or less and that the levy for insurance on mortgages is to be around 1 per cent. If large-scale housing is to be undertaken, this rate of interest with the additional levy for insurance cannot produce low-cost housing. Even with tax exemption and mass production it has been found that the 4 per cent interest rate required by the RFC, with land cost at a minimum consistent with urban realty values, necessitates a rental of about ten to twelve dollars per room. This obviously does not mean low-rental housing. Langdon W. Post, chairman of the New York City Housing Authority, was quoted recently as saying: "I think we can build decent houses that will rent for five dollars per room per month with a combination of federal money, State money, city money, and private capital. We can include private capital—the traditional and instinctive thing in America—if the owners of that capital will forget all about 6 per cent interest or even 5 per cent interest. They will have to be content with 2 per cent interest in gilt-edge investment guaranteed by State and city bonds." With federal bonds paying more than 3 per cent interest, backed by the credit of the United States, it is hard to conceive or investors venturing upon housing projects paying 2 per cent and only insured at from 60 to 80 per cent of the investment. If it is impossible to obtain money at 2 per cent, it will be quite impossible to develop low-cost housing schemes.

While the provision for insuring loans on large-scale housing projects was inserted in the National Housing Act at the last minute, the main emphasis is upon renovation and construction of owner-occupied dwellings. A maximum of $2,000 is to be protected by insurance when loaned for renovation purposes and a maximum of $20,000 is fixed for loans on new construction. Owner occupancy is required for all insurance. This limitation carries us back to the old slogan of home ownership, so fashionable during the Administration of President Hoover, which tied up the savings of so many families now struggling against foreclosure. As a means of improving the condition of slum buildings the $2,000 renovation limit will have no results in improving the condition of slum dwellings, as most dwellers in slum and sub-standard housing are not home owners. Assuming, however, that families living in sub-standard houses also are owners, it is obviously quite unreasonable to expect them to borrow money at 5 or 6 per cent, thus assuming additional burdens in carrying and insurance charges, when they are hardly able to pay the present instalments on their obligations. In addition they must expect that any additional improvements will provide nearly bankrupt municipal governments in many parts of the country with a first-class excuse to levy additional taxes.

The loans on new construction which can be obtained at 5 or 6 per cent under government mortgage insurance will, of course, encourage a certain amount of building, but at this rate of interest plus the mortgage insurance, the inadequately housed low-income families will find it impossible to carry the obligations which such loans would entail. It is unlikely that these loans will result in a great amount of construction; the housing market is already so demoralized and overstocked that better terms could be made by the purchase of existing dwellings than by the building of new homes. This is particularly true in view of the fact that under the NRA a successful effort was made to increase wage scales and the cost of materials.

When objection was raised to the bill on the ground that labor and material were too high it was intimated that an effort would be made to obtain the cooperation of labor in cutting present wage scales in exchange for steady employment. It was also intimated that quantity use of material might result in lower costs. Nothing however has been said about reducing the wages of capital, the most expensive ingredient in housing reform. No cut in wages which would make the work worth doing would approach in value to the home owner the advantage of a 2 per cent interest rate.

Senator Wagner hailed the National Housing Act as a new charter of the home owner against unrestrained avarice. After outlining the bill in one of his radio talks he said: "All this is to be accomplished through the medium of private business, aided by government if necessary, but encouraged above all to stand upon its own feet and contribute as it has in the past the largest share to American prosperity." Here, indeed, is the New Deal fully Hooverized, the home owner doing his bit for American prosperity and private business. It is, of course, understood that the National Housing Act does not take the place of the NRA, the PWA, or the National Housing Emergency Corporation. These are still capable of functioning as the instrumentalities through which a really low-cost housing program might be created. But before the National Housing Act was enacted into law Mr. Ickes hastened to dismantle the Housing Division by transferring most of its personnel to the Emergency Housing Corporation, although refusing to accept the resignation of Robert D. Kohn, its director. The explanation of this refusal is shrouded in implications and innuendoes intended to draw a red herring across the Administration's failure to face a problem which the debt-ridden German, English, Austrian, and other governments have long ago skilfully handled on broad lines of social responsibility.

There is ample legislation and there are ample resources at the disposal of the American government to make low-cost housing one of the cardinal factors in our economic recovery, but if we are to accomplish anything worthy of the name of a national housing program it must be handled with more vision and determination. None has been displayed by the sadly overburdened Secretary Ickes.

The Labor Outlook in England

By S. K. RATCLIFFE

London, June 10

SINCE the formation of the National Government three years ago the political stagnation of England has been such that the stirrings of the present season have an illusory look of revival. One reason for these activities, slight enough in themselves, is quite simple. The leading members of the Cabinet are getting anxious about the future. They know there is nothing worse for a government than the mistake of overstaying its welcome, and they realize that the general election may come within twelve months. The Liberals announce that, although they are in full opposition to the government, they could not enter into a working arrangement with Labor, even if Labor would agree, which it emphatically will not. That chapter is closed, and its closing is politically important. None of the by-elections so far has given a clear indication of public opinion. The recent contest in West Ham on the eastern rim of London cannot be cited as an exception. It left Fenner Brockway, leader of the I. L. P. remnant, with a poll of 748 votes and a forfeited deposit. But that is merely an illustration of what happens when a once active left-wing organization is split into fragments.

Before coming to the general Labor-Socialist outlook, I will mention without comment three special features of our present situation. The first is the devastation wrought in the political Labor movement by the defection in 1931 of Ramsay MacDonald and Philip Snowden. The second is the emergence of the Socialist League, as a left-wing brigade under the only leadership which, at the moment, enjoys the advantage of provocation and the consequent front page. And the third is the still incalculable black-shirt crusade of Sir Oswald Mosley, which, among other things, as Professor Laski noted the other day, is gaining working-class recruits in certain districts of the distressful North. Our generation, Hitler reminds us, has rediscovered the power of the platform. Mosley is the only prominent man in England who is exploiting it today.

A review of the by-election results would not lead a supporter to the National Government to fear a coming victory for Labor. Any government starting with a huge parliamentary majority expects to lose seats. Labor so far has won a few only; and if the present practice of running two or more Socialist candidates in a constituency is to be continued, the National Government may come within hailing distance of the general election with its great body of members in the House not materially reduced. This maintenance of its parliamentary strength is all the more notable because Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues are without supporters in the popular press. Believe it or not, explain it how you will, here is the fact: there is no single daily paper with a big circulation which is not persistently attacking the government. The present-day position of the British press, in respect of political and national issues, is an unresolved puzzle.

When Mr. MacDonald went over to the enemy he left no successor. This fact was universally admitted. George Lansbury is the nominal leader of the small Labor membership in the Commons. He is 75 years old, and has been absent this year with a broken limb. Arthur Henderson has never been leader, and he is retiring. His place as secretary of the party and director of the machine will probably fall to Arthur Greenwood, Minister of Health in the last Labor Cabinet. He dislikes the House of Commons, and says so frankly. Herbert Morrison, ablest of the metropolitan group, is absorbed in municipal affairs. No other member of the Labor Cabinet can be named as a possible leader: it would be impossible to overstate their ineligibility for the first place; and there is no man prominent in the trade-union world who could head the party in the country. This leaves us with the chairman of the Socialist League, who at present commands the largest measure of press and platform publicity.

Sir Stafford Cripps, son of Lord Parmoor and nephew of Mrs. Sidney Webb, has been solicitor-general. He is a very successful lawyer and an able parliamentarian. He has leapt to the front and is continually in the news by reason of his outspoken declarations of purpose and method. He was the first parliamentary Socialist to announce that if or when the Labor Party returned to office it would use its majority to carry an inclusive emergency powers act for the establishment of a socialist system. From the chair of the Socialist League conference in May Sir Stafford reaffirmed his view, and the resolutions adopted at Leeds are definite as to the steps in the program, to be attained under a five-year plan. "Forward to Socialism" is the manifesto of the League. It is the most challenging document to come out of British Labor since Sidney Webb, sixteen years ago, caught the attention of the world with the logic and eloquence of "Labor and the New Social Order."

Capitalism, say the authors of this pamphlet, moves inexorably towards an ever deepening crisis, and we may be nearing the last opportunity for the people of Britain to use their democratic rights. "The goal is socialism. The time is short. There is no halfway house." What then of the positive program? The Socialist government must secure undisputed control over the vital weapons of economic power. This is stated as an essential prelude to the socialization of industry and its planning. The first positions to be won are finance and the land, while an early political task will be the sweeping away of the House of Lords. Among urgent remedial measures are slum clearance and workers' housing, an enhanced scale of unemployment relief, the abolition of the means test, a forty-hour week, and pensions of $5 a week at the age of 60. The emergency powers act will be available towards the socialization of finance and transport, and the taking over of the mines, electricity, and power. The league proclaims the end of all reformist efforts, and calls upon the party executive for a lead in putting the whole weight of the movement behind the militant policy here outlined.

One needs no more than ordinary knowledge of the Labor movement and the electorate in order to realize that the league and its manifesto mean an increase of the party's difficulties, and a sharpening of the divisions within its own ranks, rather than the making of a united front. The mass of the Labor vote is held within the trade unions and the cooperatives, and large sections of these are far from the positions taken up by Sir Stafford Cripps and his associates. Moreover, since the rise of fascism and Nazism there has been a continuous insistence, in resolutions and in the speeches of prominent Labor men, upon the democratic and parliamentary character of British Labor. Every time any one of the older leaders speaks, he comes out against dictatorship in language that is altogether pleasing to Stanley Baldwin as leader of the Conservatives, while Mr. Baldwin on his own part pays tribute to the unions and the workers' benefit societies as bulwarks of the true democracy.

The spokesmen of the Socialist League are earnest in explaining that they do not mean dictatorship or the suspension of Parliament; but every time Sir Stafford Cripps speaks or grants an interview the press underlines his stronger statements, and Labor moderates urge that he ought to be disciplined. H. N. Brailsford, in the most brilliant book as yet produced by the English left wing ("Property or Peace?"), makes a powerful defense of the Socialist League method as an inevitable enforcement of the majority will. His argument, I do not doubt, will carry far. But I am considering here the prospects of Labor in relation to the political factors, to the groups and personalities of the Labor movement itself and the nature of the electorate as displayed during the past decade. And with these things in mind it does not seem possible that the program of "Forward to Socialism" can contribute to a Labor victory in the general election of 1935. True, the party is fast recovering its voting strength. The resentment against the National Government is a rising tide. The position of the Prime Minister under the heel of his Tory colleagues becomes every day more anomalous. But to say these things is not to say that the Labor Party will improve upon its position of 1929 and so achieve power as well as office. Upon the evidence now available, however, there would be nothing extravagant in the guess that after the general election Labor may again be the largest party in the House without a clear majority. That would bring the old dilemma once more: to accept office, or to decline it? The party officials assume that Labor would, without hesitation, decline. The left-wing view, I take it, is that the party leader, whoever he may be, must be ready to face the challenge: to form his Cabinet, shape his policy in bold outline, and upon defeat in the Commons or the Lords, go the country on it. This or something like it is what the first Labor-Socialist Prime Minister would have to do, whatever the size of his party in Parliament. Unless he should have a mind to follow the example of the MacDonald Labor Cabinets; and that, we may be sure, is out of the question.

Rainbow Over the White House

By M. FARMER MURPHY

Washington, July 2

WHEN President Roosevelt sent his message on social reforms to Congress on June 8 it was everywhere appraised as a brilliant political move. In this communication the President briefly commended Congress for the work it had already accomplished, expressed his appreciation of it, and then passed swiftly on to speak of the plans he had in mind for the future. "Among our objectives," he said, "I place the security of the men, women, and children of the nation first." And, being a little more specific, he asserted that for the consideration of the Seventy-fourth Congress there would be advanced "three great objectives, the security of the home, security of livelihood, and the security of social insurance." These it seemed to him were "a minimum of the promise that we can offer to the American people."

What more cheering word, the experts asked, could be carried to the discouraged or dissatisfied millions throughout the country than that? Was there ever a better talking point for Democratic candidates up for reelection? Constituents might complain of the NRA, of the AAA, or of the effect of this or that New Deal measure, but the candidates could brush all that aside and direct their gaze to the rainbow over the White House!

The reasoning seems perfectly sound, yet the very fact that it is sound carries the implication that the things which have so far been done have failed to fill the bill. They have not at any rate brought about that feeling of security for which the masses long or it would not be necessary to promise it for the future.

This is not to deny the truly remarkable accomplishments of the Roosevelt Administration. Like Sheridan at Cedar Creek President Roosevelt turned a retreating, discouraged, and panicky army about and set their faces to the front. By a few bold strokes gallantly executed he changed the attitude of the whole nation from one of despair to hopefulness. Included among these acts were reforms which had been proved and were struggling for expression and others which were in the nature of radical experiments. The power-development project, the truth-in-securities law, the banking-reform act represented only wholesome changes in existing conditions. But the National Industrial Recovery Act and the Agricultural Adjustment Act were new in conception and their consequences incalculable.

But what some believed they saw then and what the sponsors did not see was that the National Recovery Administration's purposes and the Agricultural Adjustment Administration's purposes were mutually antagonistic. And in the crumbling of the NRA which has been going on for several months its original critics find justification for their position. The broad purpose of the NRA was to add to the total purchasing power by shortening hours of labor and increasing wages. It is easily seen that to attain this object it had to be supposed that the industrialists, who had greedily exploited the public for several decades, would become Christians over night and meet the increased cost of production out of their usual profits and accumulations. To induce them thus to act in the general interest the anti-trust laws were suspended for their benefit in order that they might "cooperate." If the industrial world did not meet the increased cost of production out of profits at the previous rate, but tried to recapture the whole of it through higher price and increased profit, then it is obvious that no addition would be made to the sum total of purchasing power but all the increased cost would come out of the public.

It did not take long to demonstrate that this was exactly what the business community proceeded to do. Their cooperation was solely for their own advantage and not for the general welfare. They combined among themselves to raise and fix prices and they manipulated wage scales so that as many workers as possible were thrown into the minimum-wage class. The result has been no increase in total consuming power, complaints about high prices, and endless labor disputes. From the start there has never been a vigorous, determined attempt on the part of the NRA to enforce labor provisions of the codes. Temporizing has been the rule. In every big crisis from the time he gave in to the automobile manufacturers up to the present General Hugh S. Johnson, the administrator, has not cracked down but has himself cracked up.

The problem of the AAA as seen by its administrators was to shorten or eliminate the spread between the price of things the farmer had to sell and the price of things he had to buy. This had become disastrously wide and every increase in tariff rates on agricultural commodities, which the farmer vainly imagined would help him, was matched by a corresponding increase in the tariff on manufactured products, so that even if the farm tariff was effective the disparity remained. The AAA therefore set out to raise the price of farm commodities, in almost every one of which there was a surplus, by a series of plans to restrict production. As an inducement to cooperation by the farmers, in addition to the expected higher prices, rentals or bonuses for the acreage withdrawn were paid. Whether owing to these efforts alone or to these efforts in connection with other natural causes, the price of most farm products has risen and the spread has been slightly lessened. But there has been no substantial gain because, just as in the case of the tariff, the farmer's gain is almost wholly nullified by the higher prices the industrialists obtain through the NRA.

Failure to see to it that these two great experiments having to do with the largest divisions of the national economy should harmonize and work toward a single end may be excused on the ground that they were initiated at the very outset of the Roosevelt Administration when the times were critical and quick action was necessary. Besides, they could not reasonably be abandoned without a chance for fair trial. But between the special session of Congress when they were put into effect and the convening of the regular session in January this year six and a half months elapsed in which it would have been possible to take account of stock and work out a coordinated plan.

Such a scheme however was not presented. Many useful measures were passed by the session just ended. The law regulating stock exchanges will correct serious abuses, the housing plan will assist home owners and remove some of their worries, the revenue act will do away with certain forms of income-tax evasion. The tariff act will give the President, who is fond of fishing, the exhilaration of angling for a world trade which no longer exists. But none of the laws passed went to the fundamentals of the situation. Hence persons who are wholly friendly to the Administration and in full sympathy with the broad humanitarian purposes enunciated by President Roosevelt are asking why the things he now holds out as promises to be fulfilled by the next Congress could not have been got ready for the one which has just expired so that valuable time should not have been lost. Bills covering some of them were already in committee.

The ideas contained in the suggested program are basic. They go to the root of the trouble—security in home, in living, and in old age. But will the means to attain this end be formulated with such care and thoroughness as to exclude the confusion and conflict that have attended the numerous experiments inaugurated during the past year? This is a question which is worrying those who entertain nothing but good will for the Administration, and the reason for it is to be found in the record.

It is now everywhere admitted that the problem of production has been solved and that the acute problem remaining to be solved is that of providing consuming power to balance production. Yet as far as this Congress is concerned it is a question to which no serious forward-looking attention has been given. All the talk has been of stimulating industrial production. Although the banks are choked with funds which they can't or won't lend, a bill was passed at the last session of Congress providing more than $500,000,000 additional money for loans to industry through the Federal Reserve Banks and Reconstruction Finance Corporation. More is added to too much. It was pretty well demonstrated by reports of retail sales, which are regarded as a good index, that the Civil Works Administration and the AAA through its bonuses were the only operations which gave substantial impetus to business; therefore the failure to devote more attention to the stimulation of consumption is rather surprising. The CWA and the AAA bonuses were antidotes for the higher prices created by the NRA and by the AAA's own crop-restriction plans. But the CWA as such was abandoned and the fundamental task which it had been performing of providing more consuming power was thrown back upon direct-relief agencies.

No intelligent person of humanitarian impulses would think for a moment of a relapse into the old order. All in that category welcome and acclaim President Roosevelt's recognition of the vital need of security—the removal of the deadly fear of want which oppresses so many millions of human beings—and they ardently desire to go forward with him. But they hope he will pull together into an orderly system the disjointed operations now in force before he is overwhelmed by the confusion and cross-purpose.

Likewise it is hoped that his three great objectives, "security of the home, security of livelihood, and the security of social insurance," will be reached by methods which take into account the entire social and economic structure so that the plan may work without friction and the results may endure.

[*This is the first of a series of Washington letters to be contributed during the next two months by various observers of the national political scene. The next article, by Mildred Adams, will discuss the effects of the New Deal on the social and psychological atmosphere of Washington.*]

This Way Out

Suicide and the Depression

By MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD

A MAN whose little boy was dying in Pasadena tried in vain to borrow ten dollars from the Brooklyn police to telephone the child and let him hear his father's voice once more. A week later he was found asphyxiated in a lodging-house room, a letter on his lap from his wife telling of the child's death. . . . "I have walked the streets for days trying to find employment. I have been cold and hungry so long I am at the end of the trail," a man wrote to the coroner just before he took poison. . . . Two jobless brothers who had been cut off from relief funds for three weeks and had eaten practically nothing turned on the gas and were found unconscious by the police. . . . The father of nine children, with no food in the house, spent his last fifty cents for poison. . . . An unemployed longshoreman walked a hundred miles for a promised job, only to lose it; rather than return to face his family he jumped in front of a moving train. . . . Two American artists in Paris who could not pay their bills slashed their wrists and were found dead. . . . An eighteen-year-old girl who had to leave college and then could not find a job went to the country and shot herself. . . . A jobless musician tramping the roads in December in Colorado took off his clothes and tried to freeze to death. . . . A girl of seventeen whose fiance, an unemployed plumber, had been forced for the third time to postpone their marriage, took poison and died as the New Year came in. . . . "I know my wife needs me, but under present conditions she will be better off without me," wrote a jobless restaurant worker (whose young wife had had to leave her own position because of approaching motherhood), just before he jumped seven floors to the street. . . . A broker who had lost his family's fortune as well as his own in the stock market sat before a mirror and put a bullet through his brain. . . . An official of a big oil company shot himself; a month's search failed to find any property for his widow. . . . An unemployed clerk borrowed the key to a woman friend's apartment to go and cook himself a meal; instead, he turned on the gas. . . . A stenographer, thirty-five years old, out of work for two months and penniless, died horribly by soaking her clothes in benzine and setting fire to herself in a vacant lot. . . . A hospital maid lost her job; her husband, a cook, had long been out of work; she hanged herself. . . . An actor shot himself, leaving a note stating that he was out of funds and employment. . . . A man of fifty-five, his fortune gone, unable to find work for nearly a year, killed himself by running directly in front of a speeding ambulance. . . . A former millionaire, who used to make tires for Henry Ford, shot himself in his laboratory. . . . A couple lost all their savings in an automobile-camp venture; on Christmas Day the wife took poison and died. . . . A boy evicted from his room for non-payment of rent died in the police station of poison. . . . An unemployed school teacher took his portable phonograph to a park, turned on the "Moonlight Sonata," and slashed his wrists. . . . On a body fished out of San Francisco Bay was found this note: "This is just the case of an old man, seventy-six years, very sick and in terrible pain, and also very poor. I am trying to reach some hospital. If I cannot, I will try to go out the other way." A postscript told the story: "The hospital said 'No.'" No one claimed his body.

These are "depression suicides," traceable entirely to the present economic crisis. Dr. Frederick L. Hoffman states categorically: "During periods of financial and industrial distress the suicide rate invariably shows a tendency to increase"; and goes on to prove it by correlative tables of business failures and suicides from 1900 to 1926, as well as by his later annual reports. Dr. Louis I. Dublin confirms this; he says that the rate fluctuates with the business cycle, decreasing in times of prosperity and increasing in hard times. A study of suicides in Seattle, published in the *Unemployed Citizen,* presented figures indicating that though there were about 70 per cent more suicides in the county in 1932 than in 1929, those ascribed entirely to economic and financial causes were nearly four times as many. Edmund Wilson noted the same tendency in a study made in San Diego in 1931. Some surveys, such as that of the New York Health Department, seem to show no such close correlation; but Hoffman's statistics, covering the country as a whole and for long periods, on the whole bear out his and Dublin's contention. As Dr. Ruth Shonle Cavan says in her book, "Suicide," "when the crucial situation cannot be resolved in some way which permits the person to continue to lead an efficient, normal life, the force of the thwarted interests may lead to types of behavior which are injurious"—or fatal.

Dr. James M. Williams, in his recent work, "Human Aspects of Unemployment and Relief," published through the University of North Carolina but based on conditions in New York State, remarks especially upon the coincidence of increases in unemployment and suicide. He gives several case histories, one of which is especially revealing:

> A young man went to the public-welfare office of a large city for assistance and was told that he would be given work relief. The man remarked that he had an injured side and could not do that work. An investigation disclosed that he had shot himself and was only recently out of the hospital. . . . The manager reproached him for being so lacking in backbone as to try to take his life, and the young man replied: "I determined to kill myself rather than come to this."

We all suffer in one way or another from the depression, but we do not all kill ourselves in consequence. Therefore it becomes of interest, if we are to do anything to prevent the increase of suicide, to discover just what kind of people do find death the only way out of their difficulties. With this in mind, for a year I have made a study of all reported suicides and attempted suicides in a large Western city. (This city is situated in a State where attempted suicide is not a criminal offense, and hence there is no effort to hide unsuccessful attempts; these, of course, bear as directly on the problem, so far as motivation is concerned, as do the—perhaps more fortunate—successful efforts.) The analysis of the data thus secured reveals some very significant findings.

There are in my collection 252 suicides and attempted suicides. Giving the other side in every case the benefit of the doubt, 83 of these, or about 32½ per cent, are specifically and obviously due to the current depression. They include men and women long out of work and frequently penniless, the wives of jobless men with hungry children, people who have been prosperous and have lost everything, a few old people unwilling to become dependents. I have classified them as to sex, age, and occupation.

In general, in Europe and America, from 25 to 33 women kill themselves to every 100 men. In the 252 cases of my study about 46 per cent were women; I ascribe this figure primarily to the fact that I have included unsuccessful attempts. Apparently women are not so efficient as men in committing suicide; and I also suspect that a good many girls swallow a little poison or turn on the gas when they are pretty certain of being discovered in time. This tendency probably accounts also for the fact that among the 169 cases not attributable to the economic situation—mainly the effects of illness or of that strange disease called love—women actually made up 57 per cent of the total. In the strictly depression cases 27 per cent were women, rather below than above the general average. As William J. Fielding puts it, "Plain, unvarnished misery drives many people to suicide, and women for various reasons seem to bear misery better than men." I should add that in the State under study men outnumber women by 107.6 to 100, the ninth highest rate in the nation.

In America during recent years the incidence of suicide has tended to rise regularly with older age-groups up to the very aged. The average age of suicides of both sexes in New York State in 1924 was 45. The figures in my study show an average age of 42.5 for all the cases (these included a boy and a girl of 15, but also a woman of 83 and several over 75), with the low average of 40 for the non-depression suicides, and the rather high one of 46.6 for the depression suicides. This correlates well with the age-groups of the general population of the States, which, like the general population of the country, shows its greatest population in the age-group 35 to 44, but which has a smaller proportion of children than many States, the second most numerous group being 45 to 54. The general impression gained from the survey is that depression suicides occur mainly in two age-classes: first of all, middle-aged or elderly people who have no hope for future employment; second, quite young people who meet nothing but rebuffs and discouragement as they begin to face life.

The occupation analysis is also most interesting. It may be summed up in a brief table, omitting about 1 per cent who were students (naturally, non-economic suicides or attempts), and classifying non-self-supporting women according to the economic or social status of their husbands or nearest relatives.

	Common Laborers	*Skilled Workers*	*Business and Professional*
Depression	35	17	48
Non-depression	45	15	39
All cases	41	16	42

This indicates one thing very clearly: it is not the skilled workers who are killing themselves because of unemployment; it is not the common laborers; it is the business and professional people. The rate for the professions, especially for medicine and law, has always been high in all places; but the rate in most business occupations in good times is low. As Dr. Cavan says: "People may be inured to poverty; they may be born and bred to poverty. . . . [They] became pauperized, they became accustomed to living on the ragged edge and perhaps depending on charitable agencies for relief. To such people poverty presents no crisis." Yet it is true that even such people in times of great depression show an increase in the suicide rate; S. de Jastrzebski, formerly Assistant Registrar General of Great Britain, remarks that "the rate for unoccupied males in England and Wales is enormously greater than for those who are occupied." But as a whole the breaking-point comes when people who have been accustomed to comfort are reduced to extreme hardship, with the added connotation of personal failure, bred into us by our training in "rugged individualism." Dr. Ruth Burr, in her chapter on suicide in the symposium "Our Neurotic Age," sums it up by saying:

> Those who have always lived in poverty accept their condition more philosophically than those who have had much more and are then suddenly deprived of the means of keeping up to former standards. In the United States, where the standard of living has been higher, it is more difficult for individuals to adjust to the present economic crisis. . . . The present economic instability is a threat to all regardless of the individual's status.

Such a crisis exacerbates other conflicts, emotional, domestic, or personal. The wife of a man whose case I studied taunted him about a physical defect; he rushed out of the room and swallowed poison. He had been jobless for months and left his widow penniless; any extra trifle was simply too much. Very few suicides have merely one definite cause; if there are such, they are the cases motivated by loss of employment, hunger, and deprivation. In an unfortunately wide experience of suicide among my own friends and acquaintances, I have always been able to adduce a number of reasons for the act. Usually suicide is a cumulative response. For this reason, doubtless many of the cases I included in the non-depression group were actually due in part to economic worries and hardships; without these factors the given actuating cause might have operated in some other way.

In other words, when we ask what kind of people kill themselves in a depression, the only answer is, "Our kind." These men and women were for the most part native-born Americans of native parentage; the typical suicide of this group was above the average in education and training, in early middle age, married, in fairly good health, not notably neurotic or unstable, judging from the kind of work he had done and his quiet and calm arrangements for death. Very few were drunkards, still fewer could be suspected of insanity except by theologically minded people who consider all suicide insane as well as blasphemous. But in general the suicide was a man of sensitive, though not unbalanced, make-up, who had worked hard and well, had achieved some success and prosperity, had been unemployed for a long time, and had reached an age when his intelligence made it plain that he was henceforth unemployable. There would have been no use in telling him that our social system is rotten, ripe for change, and that better days are coming afterwards. He was too old to fight or to wait.

To claim that *every* suicide is an example of diseased egoism, of a desire to cause pain to others and avenge the subject's own suffering, is not true. There are suicides which are a kindness to others; many suicides represent the only solution of what one girl in her last note called "a deplorable situation." An obscure man, who may himself be dead by now for all I know, wrote this to the correspondence column of a newspaper:

> Most of these people have taken their lives after definite planning. They have looked at their predicament from all angles. They found no solution save one. And they took it. . . . It is much easier to prohibit the sale of firearms than to look for the real cause and try to remedy that. We refuse to consider the endless pacing of streets in search of work, the pitiful conditions of hungry children, the quiet acquiescence of sick mothers, the loss of small fortunes. . . . Too many temporary relief measures and not enough attempt to remedy the basic evils is our trouble.

And when our "trouble" gets beyond our private means to cope with it, an appreciable number of us will—whatever the psychoanalysts may have to say about our ultimate hidden motives—decide that no one is ever cold, or hungry, or homeless, or in despair when he is safely dead.

Children's Books in Soviet Russia

By LYDIA NADEJENA

I WENT with a teacher and one of his pupils, a lad from the Chukchi tribe of North Siberia, to the government bookstore. The boy was going home to the Arctic regions, and was bent on taking some books back with him. Two years of study at the Leningrad University for Northern Peoples had whetted his own appetite for books, and his little friends at home, who had also learned to read, kept writing to him asking him to bring "lots and lots" of new books with him.

Churka, the Chukchi boy, was excited. He looked eagerly for the right books both in Russian and in his native tongue. His teacher and I were excited too. We thought of how those jolly, colorful books would travel first by train for three long weeks, and then on sleds hauled by dogs hundreds of miles on and on into the north, beyond the Arctic Circle. What fun for the Chukchi children, who until recent times had never in all the history of Russia been taught to read a book, who very likely had never even set eyes on one.

Suddenly Churka cried out: "That's it!" And he showed us a book, "Hunting," by the well-known artist Lebedev. It is just a picture-book with no text of any kind, but Lebedev's illustrations are so brilliant and clear, so full of life and movement, that any printed commentary would be superfluous. The subject is treated ethnologically—hunting as it is practiced by various people in different lands; and the whole book is calculated to make the most vivid appeal to the adventurous spirit and imagination of young readers, especially to those whose very existence depends on hunting. Churka was delighted. He knew his people would like this book. In it they would see themselves hunting and be able to compare their ways with those of the hunters of other lands.

He found another book, "Yesterday and Today," by Marshak, Russia's best modern writer of verse for children. It is illustrated by the same artist, Lebedev, and it contrasts the oil lamps, pens, inkwells, and tallow candles of yesterday with the electric lights and typewriters of today. Churka wanted a travel book, too, and he picked out Marshak's delightful story "The Mail," which shows in a very amusing and informing fashion the journey of a letter which tried to catch up with a man who was traveling round the world. Missing him in Leningrad, Berlin, London, and Brazil, the letter finally reached him when he had returned to Leningrad. The salient characteristics of each country are brought out with delicate humor. The verses have the simplicity and clarity of folk-songs. Churka put aside that book together with another bearing the irresistible title "Travels of Charlie Chaplin," which teaches the child-reader various means of communication, and is illustrated in a vivid and most amusing way by G. and O. Chichagovs.

Since 1917 children all over Russia have been "looking for books." And Soviet educators and teachers, the best writers of children's stories and verse, and many of the foremost artists have been busy creating a new juvenile literature. It was only after a period of experimentation that they realized what the children needed. They found that Soviet children, like all other children, take a healthy interest in happy, not sentimental, truly dramatic stories; they want stories that deal with realities, not fantastic and remote bed-time tales.

In tracing the growth and evolution of juvenile literature in Soviet Russia since the revolution one is at once struck by the progress in child education. In 1914-15 only 4,793,398 children were being taught in Russian elementary schools of all categories; now there are more than 24,000,000 pupils. There are 7,000,000 children in various pre-school institutions, which were hardly known in pre-revolutionary Russia. In three years, 1929 to 1931, the number of new works published for children increased from 70 to 500. And the demand for children's literature is so great that from time to time it even produces a shortage of paper. The records of the "Gosizdat" (State publishing house) show that some children's books with a first impression of from 10,000 to 50,000 copies were rapidly sold out in the course of a few days in cities like Moscow or Leningrad alone. In fact, the demand for children's books became so imperative that a special state publishing house for juvenile literature was lately founded, having a definite program, and organized according to subject matter and the readers' age.

The development of this *genre littéraire* has followed all the vicissitudes of the great struggle in Russia. Immediately after the revolution came a complete repudiation of the old "juvenile literature"—stories with a moral purpose, which dealt mostly with such themes as jealousy, infidelity, deceit, and knavery, and too often failed to present them in terms the child could understand. Even the ancient fairy tales and Russian folklore were excluded. During the civil-war period the professional writers of those days endeavored to reflect in their books for juveniles the actuality of that crumbling and chaotic environment. Soon, however, they began to realize that such literature represented a blundering misuse of revolutionary material, in which grown-ups chose their own themes and served them up to the child without regard to his psychology and sensibilities. The Soviet child simply was not "taken" by this kind of literature, and it was the realization of this fact that brought about in great measure a reversal of method and a new slogan. Instead of "literature for children," Soviet Russia must create "children's literature." When Maxim Gorki was asked what was the most desirable type of children's stories, he replied that the stories must be told in a way that was amusing to children, not to grown-ups, and that to make a story or a book amusing for children "we must realize that we ourselves have much to learn from the children."

In order to learn from the children it was necessary to establish a proper contact with them. This was done through the Soviet Literary Guild, which has a special section for juvenile literature. Authorities in various fields of science were invited to participate. Specialists supplied correct informative material; to make this material readable and appealing to the child, the collaboration of outstanding professional writers and artists was obtained, with admirable and novel results.

It is important to realize that the authors of children's books in Soviet Russia are not detached and isolated writers, obliged to please publishers who are concerned mainly with the question whether or not a book is marketable. The only object is to please the child. Soviet authors gather in the Children's Section of the Literary Guild, where each author reads his individual work; then it is discussed from the point of view of its subject matter, the form in which it is presented, its language, its illustrations. Sometimes after a series of readings and heated, typically Russian discussions, the new work, ready for publication, is taken to various schools, to so-called "juvenile-literature matinees." There the author reads the book to groups of children of various ages, notes their reaction, and discusses it freely with them. Having learned the children's reactions, he then completes, corrects, or recasts his book accordingly. And these juvenile literary matinees are not dry, laboratory experiments in psychology; they are gay and amusing performances in which the children take a very active part.

In Russia vital contact has been set up between authors and children. Soviet pedologists and authors have learned many things from children and have drawn some valuable conclusions. They have realized that it is just as important for the Soviet child to learn how to use his imagination as it is for him to learn how to measure things. They also soon found out that in order to appeal to a child's mind, a book or a story dealing with a popular scientific theme must be not merely correct but also artistic and moving. Realizing the importance of creating literature of this kind, the authorities "mobilized on the children's literary front"—to use the characteristic Soviet phraseology—not only the best Soviet pedologists, writers, and artists, but also engineers, chemists, doctors, and technological specialists of every kind.

The eager and earnest search for an adequate children's literature has finally brought about the readmission of the old classics and folk-tales of Russia, whose rich yet naive language, striking use of metaphor, and imaginative qualities are now again fully appreciated in Soviet Russia. In order to broaden the mental horizon of Soviet children and give them knowledge of the world at large and of life in foreign lands, a great many foreign classics have been published lately, including the work of such authors as Jules Verne, Charles Dickens, and Fenimore Cooper.

Especially brilliant results have been achieved in illustrated poetry for children. This may be seen at its best in the combined works of the poet Marshak and the artist Lebedev, or in the works of Chukovsky and Annenkov, in Charushin's animal books illustrated by the author, and in many other poetic stories, in which the text illustrates the pictures or vice versa.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter believes in signs. They often reveal the essential characteristics of a people or of a countryside more clearly and much more amusingly than the guidebooks do—making exceptions of course for such a billboard as the Drifter recently encountered in New England. It was so enormous that it hid from his view practically all of the State of Rhode Island which is said to be very lovely. By studying signs the traveler can learn very quickly the habits of a nation, particularly the bad habits which are always the most interesting to the folks back home. A homely old maid alone in France could bring home tales that would set the town by its ears if she but made a careful—and not too innocent—study of French signs, especially those beginning "Défense de—." And her tales would be fairly accurate even though they covered only one aspect of French life. For obviously the behavior forbidden by signs is that which is habitual and common, or the signs would not be necessary—and by the same token no independent people is to be restrained from their habitual and common behavior merely by signs. A list of a nation's signs would more or less coincide with a list of its native customs.

* * * * *

CONSIDER, for instance, the lurid and bizarre picture a Frenchman could take home after a similar careful study of American signs. He would discover that we are a nation of spitters, that we like to smoke in subway stations, that we dump rubbish where the most beautiful view is to be had, that we steal flowers and dig up the grass in public parks, that we feed the animals in zoos even though it may make them sick, that for some reason we stick our arms and heads out of street-car windows and park in front of fire hydrants. Our driving habits are perhaps the most insane of all. We pass cars on curves and never willingly slow down at street intersections, though we may have read in our newspaper (which we have just dropped on the sidewalk) that something like 33,000 people are killed every year in automobile accidents. And the Frenchman might be as amazed as the Drifter was upon discovering the sign that hangs over a counter full of slippery fish in one of the foreign sections of New York City. It reads: Please Do Not Handle the Goods.

* * * * *

IT is a good game, this game of signs. The Drifter has been playing it for years. He finds an amusing or a sad or an intriguing new sign almost every week, and they are all enlightening. On his recent foray into New England, though he missed Rhode Island, he found several signs that gave him something to think about. He became deeply interested in the character of a filling-station proprietor in Connecticut. The filling station was once a barn and it is still surrounded by hundreds of acres of peaceful, sparsely settled pastures, wood, and meadow-land, all of which lent piquancy to a home-made sign which offered what may be Yankee hospitality in large black type: FREE PARKING. He found out what a low opinion New Bedford has of motor tourists by reading the rather testy sign posted on the outskirts of that ancient town of whales and sea captains. "New Bedford," it announces, "Has Narrow Streets, Short Blocks, Blind Corners. Drive Slowly." And the Drifter could not leave the subject of signs without mentioning his favorite, and famous, example which never fails to expand his mind and excite his imagination. It is that sign in Siasconset on a road leading down to the sea which reads: "South Gulley Road. Spain: Portugal: 3,000 Miles."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

In Defense of Pharmacy

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The article, What Is Left of the Drug Business, by Oscar Lerner in your May 23 issue is unrecognizable as part of a series of articles on the professions and the depression and contains several glaring errors of fact.

"The Costs of Medicines" by Rorem and Fischelis, published in 1932, gives the number of chain drug stores as approximately 4,000 by 1929. "The Merchandising of Drug Products" by Paul Olsen, published in 1931, gives the number of chain drug stores as approximately 4,000, therefore, showing no appreciable growth during the first part of the depression. Olsen further states that 40 per cent of the chain drug stores are operated or controlled by four companies, the L. K. Liggett Company, the Walgreen Company, the Whelan Drug Company of New York, and the Peoples Drug Stores of Washington. In the last year Liggetts, largest chain of them all, the Whelan Drug Company, the Owl Drug Company, largest drug chain on the Pacific Coast, and the Mayflower chain all have been in bankruptcy while the total sales of the Peoples Drug Company for the first eleven months of 1933 show a decline of 4.5 per cent from the same period of 1932. How can Oscar Lerner say that chain drug stores have grown during the depression?

"The Costs of Medicines" says that the number of new students entering pharmacy courses annually has been nearly uniform in the past ten years and that the number of graduates is approximately 2,700 per annum. One new graduate to every 45,000 population is surely not any more than enough to take care of the death rate. Further, in 1932 the majority of colleges of pharmacy changed over from a minimum three-year course to a minimum four-year course, which means that next year there will be no graduating classes from these schools. Where is this evidence of "grinding out graduates"?

Defining the status of the druggist, Oscar Lerner says: "One can only say that he is a professional man with virtually no profession to practice." Every graduate of the School of Pharmacy of George Washington University for the past seven years is employed or owns his own pharmacy. The complete class of 1933 of Purdue School of Pharmacy has found work in several congenial branches of the drug industry. In Birmingham, Alabama, a man who is not a druggist at all conceived the idea of opening a drug store which does nothing but fill prescriptions and after a few years he is filling 75 per cent of all the prescriptions in his town. In Calumet, Michigan, Clarice Abrams, a young girl only two years out of college, is making a big business success of a prescription shop on the second floor of a building.

What Is Left of the Drug Business discussed a business, not the profession of pharmacy. Those who have degraded pharmacy to the level of a self-serving business now complain about the depression as all other business men do. They have brought it on their own heads for business is a competitive game of profit-making and not a cooperative way of promoting human welfare, while the first function of pharmacy is a promotion of human welfare.

New Haven, Conn., June 25 H. J. FULLER

The Wilds, Parkways, and Dollars

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The public press of June 14 carried the announcement that the location of the proposed connecting highway between the Shenandoah and the Great Smoky Mountains National Parks, carrying an estimated cost of $54,000,000, had been determined by the committee appointed by Secretary Ickes, and that it awaits his approval.

Knowing that certain advocates of the parkway have pressed for a location upon the crest or near-crest of the Appalachian Mountains for the entire distance, I am moved, lest the committee's recommendation be for the high-level route, to voice the protests and counter-recommendation of a large body of nature lovers and conservationists who would keep the upper slopes of this range inviolate.

There is no accessible wilderness in Eastern America comparable in its extent, or in its primeval character, to this range. Those who would escape the din and rush of the machine age must plunge deeply into some natural environment. They know that they must place miles between themselves and the last house, railroad, and highway before the insulation becomes complete and the spell and peace of the wilderness can be felt. Those who have experienced this know the blasting effect of roads upon the wilderness, and that the "wilderness" seen from the motorcar is but the shell of the wilderness felt from the footpath. The form remains, but the intimate, fresh, pulsating throb of the wilds is gone.

The finest flower of the wilderness is necessarily its heart, that portion farthest removed from its antipode, the world of man. A skyline highway not only destroys the finest of the primeval heritage, but, in shooting civilization through its middle, halves the pitiful remnants of these pioneer solitudes which have been left us.

For the motorist an unending succession of wide-flung views grows terribly monotonous. I am convinced of this and it was the conclusion of a high official of the National Park Service after studying the reactions of tourists in the Western parks. A high-level route would be dangerous, with fog in all seasons, and sleet and snow in winter.

Without advocating a route through the Great Valley of eastern Tennessee, but citing it because it is more familiar to me, I know that in the park-like expanses of its wide valleys and lower slopes, with its winding, crystalline rivers, its exquisite scenes of pastoral quiet and its sudden vistas of the great, blue uplift of the mountains themselves, there is a vast and bewitching beauty, containing all the "ambuscades and surprises" of the hill country. This valley region has already been marked by man, and a magnificent parkway, routed to reveal its beauty, would enhance, and not ravage, its loveliness.

The initial cost of a skyline highway is staggering, when it is remembered that there are thousands of communities still in the mud. Here is proposed a luxury road of concrete while many are yet denied gravel, and other half-completed road projects languish for lack of funds. The upkeep which would be borne by the Park Service would be huge, and in the days of balanced budgets which lie ahead, might be met at the expense of primary services for the prevention and suppression of forest fires, which always confront this agency.

The fate of one of the few remaining Eastern wildernesses lies in the hands of Secretary Ickes.

Knoxville, Tenn., June 23 HARVEY BROOME

Hearst Would Honor Local Boy

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Mr. Hearst's eminent San Francisco *Examiner* comes to the front again by demanding that the citizens of California name the magnificent San Francisco Bay Bridge, now far along in its construction, after the late Governor "Jimmy" Rolph. The *Examiner* is devoting an absurd amount of space to its civic crusade to offset the *Chronicle's* (opposition) attempt to erect some sort of a granite statue in Golden Gate Park in memory of the same local boy who made (pretty) good.

For the citizens of California to name their prize monument to mankind's ingenuity after Mr. Rolph would be one of the silliest bits of "progress" ever accomplished in the commonwealth. Rolph, a third rate politician at best ("those glorious citizens of San José . . . I should turn loose all kidnappers to face a similar fate . . ."), deserves, perhaps, a nice statue in the park. But the name of the great span should remain "The San Francisco Bay Bridge," something that both Native Sons and fellow Americans will understand in fifty years' time.

San Francisco, June 8 WILLIAM HOGAN

Free Jan Wittenber

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Jan Wittenber, prominent artist and one of the founders of the Chicago John Reed Club, is held in Southern Illinois on charges of conspiracy to overthrow the United States Government. Together with ten others who were arrested for organizing the unemployed, he is held under the Illinois criminal syndicalist law which has been on the statute books since the Palmer red raids.

Wittenber was arrested on May 31 and beaten and dragged out of the courtroom. He is on the fifth day of a hunger strike against the vicious treatment and exorbitant bail.

The prisoners will remain in jail till November, when the Grand Jury meets, unless a protest campaign frees them. Telegrams demanding their release should be sent to Sheriff Saathoff, Hillsboro, Illinois, and to Governor Horner.

New York City, June 23

NATIONAL BOARD JOHN REED CLUBS
Joseph Freeman, Louis Lozowick, Oakley Johnson, Hugo Gellert.

Hugo Gellert to Anita Brenner

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

No, my book, "Karl Marx' 'Capital' in Lithographs," does not make Anita Brenner "feel the need to partake in the action of the formula 'Workers of the world unite'." Certainly it did make her hysterical in your issue of June 27. A better balanced reviewer might have tried to prove her assertions. In this book, thousands of pages of Marx's monumental work are reduced to sixty. It is obvious that these selections would either qualify or disqualify me on the basis of concrete proof—the printed word. But Miss Brenner shies clear of this opportunity. Therefore her remark that "this is a job that requires clear political thinking, a thorough, realistic historical knowledge . . ." is a boomerang. Since I'm restricted, space does not permit me to do more than point out several of the most glaring untruths which characterize her review.

She says: "Gellert believes that to be a Marxist automatically solves every intellectual problem—I have heard him say this." Not true! I do not believe that—therefore I never said it. Further, "If Hugo Gellert were not a Communist he

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would be a successful commercial illustrator." Why the "if"? When he did do commercial work, his drawings were reprinted and exhibited as outstanding examples of commercial art. That is what Miss Brenner would call "successful," is it not?

Besides architecture (skyscrapers) there is another field of art activity in which the United States excels: advertising propaganda. And everyone knows, save an art critic pumped full of aesthetics, that its primary requirements are, precisely, the "mastery of propaganda technique . . . and the ability to translate . . . into telling concepts and designs."

The love of lithograph crayon and the gusto with which it is spread over the crispy surface is "flashy, academic technique" for Miss Brenner. And when she jumps to the "catacombs" and then back again to the "magazine covers" of today, she is plainly rattled. She cannot fit the work into the musty old art-catalogue.

A propos "the forcing of peasants off the land . . . Gellert draws a full page picture of a pair of sheep!" Most readers have imagination. I thought that a picture of the aim and result of the expropriation sufficed. However, let Miss Brenner turn three pages in the same chapter and she will find a picture of a peasant family in the process of eviction; the home burning, the Scot tiller of the soil swears vengeance.

"Marx describes the brutal subjection of the American and other aborigines; Gellert draws a full-sized Christ on a cross!" Is that all? Miss Brenner would do well to look again. I wish I could reprint that picture. It shows a sword. On its hilt a crucified human. The sword's point drips with blood. The implication—Christian colonial expansion at the point of the sword.

We who "wear the uniform of Stalin's Red Army" cannot hope for competent criticism from a Trotzkyite. But is accurate and reliable reporting too much to expect? Miss Brenner, who juggles words so glibly about "science—comprehension and mastery of historical, sociological, and psychological principles," can neither hear nor see straight! The ultra-revolutionary palaver of a lady writer of the New York *Times* coupling me with Rivera "with one foot on the other side of the barricades," is too absurd for consideration.

New York, July 2 HUGO GELLERT

Philosophers Again

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

We were interested to see the editorial in the June 6 issue of *The Nation* referring to the brief sketches on philosophers in a recent *Pen and Hammer* bulletin.

The Nation calls itself an organ of liberal opinion. We wonder how it can do this and yet honestly maintain that the intellectual should stand on every side in controversial issues. Do you believe intellectuals should be fascists as well as liberals or Marxists? The title of the bulletin article, Philosophical Serenity, was ironical. The article, we think, clearly indicated that philosophers have not shown this serenity, this impartiality—that they are in fact participants in social conflicts and nearly always on the side of vested interests.

It is precisely because the philosopher, far from showing aloofness, indorsed the violence of imperialist war, and, to quote your words, showed "a sad lack of that sense of fair play, that reasonable perspective, even of that simple decency which it is the special function of the intellectual to encourage," that we pointed out the shockingly reactionary role of those who professedly "contemplate all time and all existence." Instead of maintaining, as you seem to allege that we maintained, that the intellectual "is to concern himself with public affairs only when he happens to be on a particular side," we wrote that the philosopher's "speculation represents the social position of the philosopher and his attempt to maintain his traditional status in the face of a changing society."

The Nation unmistakably implies that the philosopher should know the truth but should not do anything about it. Would *The Nation* itself practice such a doctrine? We are attacking conventional philosophers not for their serenity or lack of serenity, but for their frequent social ignorance—which deprives them of the very function *The Nation* allows them—and their defense of any institution because it is traditional. *The Nation* may deny the class struggle, but when philosophers suspect that "justice and social equilibrium demand inequality and concentration of power and the submission of the masses" (Jeffery Smith, *Journal of Philosophy,* March 1, 1934, p. 128) they show both that they clearly recognize the class struggle and on which side they stand.

To sum up, we maintain that philosophers, in embracing materialism or idealism, or any other "ism," in advocating this or that view of the world and man, are in their own way taking part in social conflicts, upholding or attacking the existing order, and that when they come to act or speak openly they are expressing the consequences of their philosophy and hence of their basic social attitudes.

New York, June 10 SAMUEL ORLINICK,
Pen and Hammer Philosophy Committee

Contributors to This Issue

CAROL ARONOVICI has been engaged in housing and town-planning work for about twenty-five years. At present he is lecturer on urbanism and housing at the Columbia University School of Architecture and director of housing-research projects under the auspices of the New York Housing Authority.

S. K. RATCLIFFE, British publicist and lecturer, is a regular contributor to the London *Spectator.*

M. FARMER MURPHY is a Washington correspondent of long standing, formerly of the Baltimore *Sun.*

MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD is a California newspaperwoman.

LYDIA NADEJENA, formerly art editor of *Russky Golos* (New York), is a frequent contributor to that newspaper.

MARYA ZATURENSKA is a New York poet who will shortly publish a volume of verse to be entitled "Threshold and Hearth."

SHERWOOD ANDERSON, author of "Winesburg, Ohio," "Dark Laughter," and other works, edits the *News* in Marion, Virginia.

MARK VAN DOREN is well known as critic, editor, and poet.

JAMES BURNHAM, professor of philosophy at Washington Square College, New York University, is one of the editors of *Symposium* and the author of "Philosophical Analysis."

BENJAMIN HORRACE HIBBARD, author of "Marketing Agricultural Products," is professor of agricultural economics at the University of Wisconsin.

BABETTE DEUTSCH is a poet and critic whose most recent book is "Mask of Silenus: A Novel About Socrates."

ERNEST BOYD is an editor of the *American Spectator.*

B. B. KENDRICK is professor of history at the North Carolina College for Women, and is coauthor with Louis M. Hacker of "The United States Since 1865."

LEONARD AMSTER is at work on a novel.

Books

Benediction in Midsummer

By MARYA ZATURENSKA

Peace on the walls, peace on the air you breathe,
O little house who breasts the dark midsummer,
Bright on the threshold, graceful on the door,
Enter, O cool-eyed peace and stay forever.

Your holy city build with silver walls,
With music let all voices slowly enter,
Pervade the walls, like sunlight and like rain,
Cool the parched heart that yearns for quietness.

Seal up the windows, and in every room
Leave your inviolate sign, so there will be
But light and hope with courage ever-shining
And summer moving to a perfect end.

Paying for Old Sins

Stars Fell on Alabama. By Carl Carmer. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.

The Ways of White Folks. By Langston Hughes. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

CARL CARMER went to Alabama a bit too anxious to please. He is so sunny and good-natured about everything from grits and collard greens to Scottsboro that it rather makes your bones ache. These Alabamans are so persistently and so confoundedly cute, even in their cruelties, the old aristocracy is so aristocratic and the niggers so niggery. Thank you kindly. Hand me the Bill Faulkner.

Sample, page ninety-three: "We had planned a few days' tour before the visit Mary Louise had planned was to begin. An hour or so after we had started we had seen the red-gold of the dust turn to white. Below that white surface black soil—the Black Belt from whose dark and fertile land rose pillared glories with names that are poems—Rosemont, Bluff Hall, Gainswood, Oakleigh, Farmdale, Snow Hill, Tulip Hill, Winsor, Chantilly, Athol, Longwood, Westwood, Waldwie."

Poems man? You do not make words poetic by asserting they are poetic. Where is your poetry?

The book promises well. There is poetry in the title and the foreword excites. And then, too, Farrar and Rinehart have made the book well. Physically it is beautiful and Mr. Cyrus LeRoy Baldridge has made some drawings that are charming, but for me the book doesn't come off. I have already seen that some critic has said that it was not made for home consumption and I think he is wrong. I think the Southerners will love it, particularly the professional Southerners of New York and Chicago. Mr. Stribling you are quite safe. This man will never steal your Alabama from you.

Nerts, say I. All this fuss because some Alabama farmer invites you to supper. It always did annoy me, this business, some Yank going South. No one shoots him. A Negro woman brings a cup of coffee to his bed in the morning. He eats hot bread. The hotel rooms are dirty. Now he is off. . . . "Oh this gorgeous land, home of old romance," etc., etc. Not that it isn't all true enough, if you could get below Alabama life, down into it. . . . Indiana life for that matter . . . what makes people what they are, the real feel of the life around you, get down into you, become a part of you and come out of you.

I don't think Mr. Carmer does it. He skirts it now and then and when he becomes what he really is, a very competent gatherer-up of names of fiddlers' tunes, collector of folk tales told by others, etc., the book begins to have real value. He should have confined himself to that work. The man is not a story teller.

And, as I have said, this other business, this damned half apology before Southerners for being born a Northerner, this casualness about Southern cruelty. There is an innocent school teacher taken out to a tree and hanged because he had a relative who was a murderer. "Give me a cigarette. Let's go down to Mary Louise's house. These Alabamans are so cute, don't you think."

There is one favorite Southern tale I didn't find in the book. It is about the white farmer who came down to the cross-road general store. Several other white farmers lounging about. "Well," he says, "I killed me a nigger this morning." Silence. He yawns. "Boys," he says, "I bet you that nigger will go three hundred pounds." To make his book quite perfect, Mr. Carmer should have got that one in. It is so cute.

"The Ways of White Folks" is something to puzzle you. If Mr. Carmer goes one way, Mr. Langston Hughes goes another. You can't exactly blame him. Mr. Hughes is an infinitely better, more natural, story teller than Mr. Carmer. To my mind he gets the ball over the plate better, has a lot more on the ball but there is something missed. Mr. Carmer is a member of the Northern white race gone South, rather with jaws set, determined to please and be pleased, and Mr. Hughes might be taken as a member of the Southern colored race gone North, evidently not determined about anything but with a deep-seated resentment in him. It is in his blood, so deep-seated that he seems himself unconscious of it. The Negro people in these stories of his are so alive, warm, and real and the whites are all caricatures, life, love, laughter, old wisdom all to the Negroes and silly pretense, fakiness, pretty much all to the whites.

It seems to me a paying for old sins all around, reading these two books. We'll be paying for the World War for hundreds of years yet and if we ever get that out of us we may still be paying interest on slavery.

Mr. Hughes, my hat off to you in relation to your own race but not to mine.

It is difficult. The difficulties faced by Mr. Hughes, as a story teller, are infinitely greater than those faced by Mr. Carmer. Mr. Carmer has but to take the old attitude toward the American Negro. "They are amusing. They are so primitive." If you go modern you go so far as to recognize that Negro men can be manly and Negro women beautiful. It is difficult to do even that without at least appearing to be patronizing. You begin to sound like an Englishman talking about Americans or a Virginian talking about a Texan. Even when you don't mean it you sound like that.

The truth is, I suspect, that there is, back of all this, a thing very little understood by any of us. It is an individualistic world. I may join the Socialist or the Communist Party but that doesn't let me out of my own individual struggle with myself. It may be that I can myself establish something between myself and the American Negro man or woman that is sound. Can I hold it? I am sitting in a room with such a man or woman and we are talking. Others, of my own race, come in. How can I tell what is asleep in these others? Something between the Negro man and myself gets destroyed . . . it is the thing D. H. Lawrence was always speaking of as "the flow." My neighbor, the white man, coming in to me as I sit with my Negro friend, may have qualities I value highly but he may also stink with old prejudice. "What, you have a damn nigger in here?" In the mind of the Negro: "Damn the whites. You can't trust them." That, fed constantly by pretense of understanding where there is no understanding. Myself and Mr. Carmer paying constantly for the prejudices of a whole race. Mr. Hughes paying too. Don't think he doesn't pay.

But story telling is something else, or should be. It too seldom is. There are always too many story tellers using their talents to get even with life. There is a plane to be got on—the impersonal. Mr. Hughes gets on it perfectly with his Negro men and women. He has a fine talent. I do not see how anyone can blame him for his hatreds. I think Red-Headed Baby is a bum story. The figure of Oceola Jones in the story, The Blues I'm Playing, is the most finely drawn in the book. The book is a good book.

Sherwood Anderson

Neither Gogol nor Tolstoy

And Quiet Flows the Don. By Mikhail Sholokhov. Translated by Stephen Garry. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

SHOLOKHOV'S long novel concerns itself with a Cossack village during the awful decade of 1910 to 1920. Awful is the word, whatever is going on; whether the civil war at the close, the war with Austria and Germany between 1914 and 1917, or the "peace" which infests Tatarsk at the beginning. It is most particularly in his handling of ante-bellum Tatarsk that Sholokhov shows himself to be a modern author, contemporary with Gorky, Reymont, Caradoc Evans, and William Faulkner; for his Cossacks have neither the nobility nor the picturesqueness with which Gogol and Tolstoy endowed their creatures of the far South. He has made them wholly bestial; they love, work, brawl, drink, and stink like some race of animals hitherto unknown either to history or to fiction. Their tempers are so uniformly ungovernable that a burst of rage comes finally to have no more effect upon the reader than good deep breathing would have in the hero of a novel more moderately constructed. And their passions are so regularly aroused that such an act as Natalia's cutting her throat with a scythe—unsuccessfully, so that thereafter she is wry-necked—passes as the most ordinary sort of incident.

The Cossacks may like this. I do not know. But I suspect that Sholokhov is merely being one of those authors who feed their readers, as Wordsworth once put it, on "gross and violent stimulants," and who rely upon the almost certain presence of enough cruelty in any reader's disposition to keep him watching and listening while men get sliced to pieces and women stamped on. The method does not pay, at least in the present instance. For after 250 pages of peacetime brutalities there are 300 pages of wartime atrocities to stagger through, not to speak of sundry slaughters incidental to the Revolution; so that throughout the last quarter of the narrative one is jaded, one is ashamed, and drearily watches death reap Russia.

If it were plain that Sholokhov had manipulated the reader into this weariness through a desire to show him how freshly the winds of a New Day could blow thenceforth and forever, then Sholokhov would have justified his monotony. But there are two reasons why such an intention must be doubted. One is that the horrors pile right on to the end—the Reds are equally bloody with the Whites, and so far as I can see they are equally perverted. Sholokhov really likes wholesale executions, I think. The other reason is that the New Day as we feel it here brings only the feeblest breeze. Sholokhov does his duty; he is doctrinaire in the right places; he introduces whenever necessary the dedicated Worker who understands what history is all about and says so at great length. But he does not know how to do such things convincingly. The revolutionary dialogues are dull, and the heroes who have read Marx are quite mechanical. Listen, for example, to the saintly Anna as she explains to the saintly Bunchuk why it is that they two must think more steadily about mankind than about their love.

> How poisonous and petty seems any care for the achievement of one's own individual little happiness at the present time! What does it signify in comparison with the uncompassable human happiness which suffering humanity will achieve through the revolution? Isn't that so? We must be wholly absorbed into this struggle for liberation, we must . . . fuse with the collective group and forget ourselves as isolated parts.

It may be the translator who nodded there, but I suspect the novelist of having fallen into a deep sleep. He was not interested in Bunchuk and Anna. He was interested in Gregor, Piotra, Natalia, Aksinia, Dunia, Daria, Stepan, and Pantaleimon Prokoffievitch—in these and their animal natures, and in the animal things they did. So may the reader be interested in them, at least up to the point which has been indicated. When the book is not strained it is vivid beyond most books, and when it is not sensational according to the vogue it manages to say a great deal about the Cossacks which must not have been said before and which, since it is said brilliantly, will therefore become part of the permanent record. As a revolutionary novel "Tikhi Don" seems to me a failure; as a novel it seems to me as good as it can be in view of the fact that it was not written by a wiser man for a sounder generation.

Mark Van Doren

Religion and Pessimism

Reflections on the End of an Era. By Reinhold Niebuhr. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR is a kind of twentieth-century Savonarola. The parallel is more than superficial. A professor is the nearest metropolitan equivalent to a quattrocento monk. The Union Theological Seminary is no doubt as close as New York can come to San Marco. Like Savonarola Mr. Neibuhr is a striking figure and an impressive orator. And, most important, his message, transmitted to the idiom of our day, is the same: purity in religion and radicalism in politics. Doubtless he will not end by burning. We do things differently. But if his radicalism goes much farther he is fairly sure to lose his job. (We no longer take reform in religion so seriously.)

The specific content of Niebuhr's thought can be traced more accurately to the generation after Savonarola. Niebuhr rests his analyses on Machiavelli's view of human nature and a cleansed version of Luther's view of religion. From these foundations the present essays proceed to survey our time and the issues confronting us. They are not by any means so sustained and coherent an attempt as "Moral Man and Immoral Society." However, in everything he writes Niebuhr drives so much more deeply than our myriad surface critics that he is always worth reading.

The book is hard to summarize. The leading thesis running through it may be roughly outlined as follows: Our era is doomed. It will die, not by any gradual dissolution, but in a series of violent and dreadful catastrophes. The technical conditions of human life in modern society demand the socialist organization of society, and this will inevitably come about. All liberal beliefs in gradual progress on the basis of the existing order are therefore bankrupt, are no more than the rationalizations of privilege. Politically, Marxian communism is the only tenable position. But ethically and spiritually, communism retains some of the shreds of liberalism. For though it asserts a realistic pessimism in estimating the possibilities of the present order, it nevertheless keeps a utopian optimism in believing that perfect justice will be embodied in the coming socialist society.

Perfect justice will never be embodied in human society. The dark springs of nature and impulse in individual men are multiplied cumulatively in human collectives, and are guaranties against the full realization of social justice. Therefore profound insight must add to radicalism in politics what Niebuhr calls religion. By religion he means an intuition of the absolute, in which perspective it becomes clear both that perfect justice and love can never be historically realized and that the ethical paradox involved in this impossibility is yet acceptable to the human spirit.

It is hardly possible that modern society will allow this Savonarola to rule a city, and he would almost certainly fail as sadly as his predecessor failed. But it is perhaps more necessary now than ever before that there should be at least a few men to write so steadfastly and uncompromisingly, facing the present without succumbing to it wholly. It is not always easy to remember that our day, too, is an episode.

JAMES BURNHAM

Must Farmers Be Prosperous?

The Mainstay of American Individualism. A Survey of the Farm Question. By Cassius M. Clay. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

American Farm Policy. By Wilson Gee. W. W. Norton Company. $1.50.

THE same general ideas dominate these two books. Both authors believe that agriculture is the fundamental, or most fundamental, phase of economic life. Both recognize the individualism of farmers, and fail to find its counterpart in other walks of life, by which they arrive at the conclusion that the main and last hope of maintaining our liberties lies in the country as opposed to the city. Clay argues this openly and at length; Gee rather implies, or takes for granted, the same view. Both authors assume at least—Gee does not stress it—that in the interest of general prosperity, agricultural buying power must be restored. Both give more or less adequate sketches of past agricultural history and its vicissitudes. While both appear to be favorably disposed toward the New Deal, Professor Gee expresses a real faith in it; Mr. Clay does not.

"The Mainstay of American Individualism" is some three times as voluminous a book as "American Farm Policy," and at the same time a much more ambitious one. Although Mr. Clay disclaims the purpose of writing a book on agricultural economics, he nevertheless dips into a very large part of the agricultural economist's subject matter, and shows either a lack of agreement or an unfamiliarity with the economist's beliefs. This may not be a very serious consideration, since the main purpose of the book is not that of a reference work but rather that of the presentation of a thesis—namely, the view that capitalism is in danger of dissolution, and that a strong farmer class may be able to save it. Even so, it is unfortunate that so many doubtful or incorrect statements and implications found their way into the book.

That agriculture is fundamental to civilization is no doubt beyond the realm of argument. That because of its elemental significance it plays the role of Atlas in supporting all industry and its prosperity is more than doubtful. If industry cannot prosper with agriculture in the dumps, how did it manage to get along so well from about 1878 to 1892? Or again, how account for the unprecedented industrial prosperity from 1922 to 1929? Surely, the farmers did not have much share in the good things of either period. The statement that agriculture led the way downward to the depths of the depression is by no means defensible in the sense implied. Moreover, "restoring the lost balance between . . . farm and factory" is not subject to simple and certain interpretation.

The one requirement that industry makes upon agriculture is that the latter furnish food and certain materials of manufacture for the use of it and its constituents. That agriculture must be paid any given amount for the services is unproved by theory or facts. Urban groups may flourish at the expense of farm groups. Indeed, they have on more than one occasion. Too much exploitation might upset the political machinery, as Mr. Clay suggests. However, it remains to be proved that industry, if it wants to prosper, must promote and guarantee the prosperity of the farmer. Industry might prosper were the farmers slaves—that is, if they were passive enough to be slaves fully and openly, instead of merely allowing impositions to continue.

Mr. Clay states emphatically, and repeatedly, that low prices lead the farmer to produce more. Professor Gee agrees. This would be significant if true, but in spite of some superficial evidence pointing in that direction it simply isn't true. There has been little change in the aggregate acreage of crops in ten years, and no material change in production during the past five years of depression. Per farmer-worker there has been, mainly owing to technique, an increase in output.

Mr. Clay's discussion of taxation is not convincing. He says, "High taxes are part of a vicious circle which leads to increased production in bad times." Taxes may cause production to increase or decrease. The statement is made that taxes tend to be reflected in high rental values. How taxes on land can be shifted is not clear, but Mr. Clay thinks "almost every kind of tax, except individual income taxes and inheritance taxes can be shifted." Land taxes, not to mention certain others of importance, are rather serious omissions from non-shiftable taxes. Mr. Clay's book deals with complex economic subject matter, and is full of faults so far as economics is concerned. Nevertheless, the question of the survival of individualism is the main one at issue, and the treatment given the subject is both stimulating and challenging.

BENJAMIN HORACE HIBBARD

In Need of a Purge

Wine and Physic. By Alexander Laing. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.

THE title of this book is taken from the concluding lines of Elinor Wylie's dedication to "Trivial Breath." The poem, it will be recalled, records Mrs. Wylie's inalterable affection for her native tongue, and it is a similar emotion that has prompted the author of the present work to write these ornate verses and earnest essays.

Mr. Laing is rendered uneasy by an experimentalism that seems to him to end in a blind alley. He regards Gertrude Stein as "completely of her period, a bizarre offshoot of social forces that had all gone very much a-gley," and Joyce as a sturdy pioneer in a region that promises small rewards. He asks us to recognize that English is a middle-aged language, and that we cannot restore its youth by artificial means. Admitting that artists should be free to develop their unique forms of expression, he pleads with less creative writers and with all educators, whether or not they belong to the teaching profession, to be slow to accept the innovations of genius, to stand firm against the debasement of the language by the mob, and, by a rigorous attention to good usage, to preserve the heritage of English literature and to sharpen the instrument of communication. Mr. Laing recognizes that formal education offers an author little but "incentives to a valuable disgust," but he believes that the artist can take care of himself, and insists on the necessity for a stricter discipline in the classroom so that the mass of future readers may have a nicer sense of language than, under the present anarchic conditions, they can acquire. He distinguishes between the language of action and the language of thought, and suggests a reform of education which would take account of this difference, leading the child from the natural vocabulary of action to "the scientific vocabulary of contemplation," and leaving him, at the end of his schooling, "with a flexibility of command over speech suited to the level of culture in which he is likely to spend his life." Finally, he begs that teachers, instead of surrendering before the vulgarization of language through the radio and the talkie, take advantage of these new implements of education. Mr. Laing's object all sublime is, by such control, to eliminate the Walter Winchells and discourage the objectivists, while giving ample scope to the Ogden Nashes and the James Joyces.

There is something to be said for Mr. Laing's suggestions, but he seems all too hopeful of a change in the structure of our society which would make it possible to realize them. What chiefly disturbs the reader, however, is the fact that Mr. Laing's taste inclines strongly toward such writers as Roy Campbell, Edna Millay, and Hervey Allen, rather than toward writers who uphold the tradition with greater dignity or who build upon it with more originality and vigor. Further, his own style, now lush with metaphor (often mixed), now stiff with abstractions, and subject to Coleridgean divagations, makes one doubtful of his authority in the matters so near his heart. If his prose is stilted, his poetry is reminiscent, overly ornamented, and burdened with an allegorical meaning that is only clear after one has read his essays. If he were to take a dose of his own "physic," purging his style so as to reduce its present bloated aspect, and thereafter indulge in a dash of "wine," so as to enliven his discourse, he might find a more responsive audience for ideas that merit consideration.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

The Dilemma of the Jews

The Jews in the Modern World. By Arthur Ruppin. The Macmillan Company. $5.

How Odd of God: An Introduction to the Jews. By Lewis Browne. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

BOTH of these books should be read by everyone who undertakes to discuss the practical problems raised by those recurrent outbursts of anti-Semitism of which that in Hitler Germany is the most recent. Each is written by a Jew and an authority on the history of his people, and both works are free from hasty judgments and the hysteria engendered by events of the moment. Mr. Ruppin's is designedly a scholarly and statistically documented volume; Mr. Borwne's, while covering the same ground on a smaller scale, is couched in more general and more popular terms. Both authors face the same questions and reach, more or less, the same conclusions. Neither is very optimistic in his conclusions nor offers any immediate solution of the problem.

The first difficulty is to determine who is a Jew. In these days of universal agnosticism, faith in the Jewish religion is no test. Despite the "Aryan" experts, blood is no criterion, for there are Negro Jews in Abyssinia and New York City, and Indian Jews in Cochin, on the Malabar coast. In London there is an "Association of Christian Hebrews," which has begun to settle in Palestine and insists upon its unity with the Jewish people. Racially the Jews are a mixture of the Alpine and Mediterranean type and have "no racial characteristics peculiar to the Jews only," according to Mr. Ruppin. "In various proportions the racial components of Jewry enter also into the racial composition of other European and Asiatic nations." With the Armenians, for example, "racial characteristics which are considered 'typically Jewish' are even more marked than with the Jews."

The second difficulty is that the Jews are excessively urbanized, yet they are migratory, with the result that they differentiate themselves from all other races by having no roots in the soil, but expose themselves most readily to de-Judaizing influences by living in large urban centers. One-eighth of the Jewish population of the world lives in New York, one-third of world-Jewry in English-speaking countries, and 40.2 per cent in Slav countries. Of the total Jewish population of the world, 15,846,000, Mr. Ruppin states that 11,200,000 live in the United States, Poland, Russia, and Rumania. It is the fate of the Jews in these last three countries which chiefly preoccupies Mr. Browne and Mr. Ruppin. The changes in the American immigration laws have seriously affected them, Hitler Germany has greatly complicated the situation, and Zionism, in which both authors believe, cannot possibly cope with the surplus population thus represented. Both authors accord grudging recognition to the only country which has made anti-Semitism a crime, which refuses to recognize any religious or racial distinctions, save in so far as territory has been allotted to Jews as to other varied elements of the Russian people who wish to establish their own communities. Mr. Browne is non-committal, while Mr. Ruppin's preface (by a colleague, L. B. Namier) almost expresses the hope that there will arise an ultra-nationalist, anti-Semitic communism, which will deprive the Chosen People of their new grievance, to wit, that Russia has solved the Jewish problem in the only way it can ever be solved. The objection to the Soviet method of, of course, its hostility to all established religion, including Judaism.

Here we come to the crux of the whole matter. Intolerance is essentially the product of religious conviction. Since attachment to his religion is the one thing that sets the Jew apart from his fellow-citizens, it is peculiar that Jewish leaders insist upon this differentiation, and then express surprise if the Gentile world holds aloof or is definitely hostile. Assimilation is, as Mr. Ruppin conclusively proves, ever on the increase. It is a natural and normal process and will finally do what Russia has done by decree. This is deplored by most of the spokesmen of Jewry. They want to eat their Judaistic cake, then have the Gentile cake of non-discrimination. Since orthodox Jews discriminate against *goyim* in the most pointed manner, it is only human that the latter should retort in kind. One cannot raise and encourage barriers, and then protest against the consequences. If the offal-eating, non-kosher Gentiles were a similar minority in a Jewish country, maintaining all their Christian paraphernalia, however medieval, they could not reasonably expect to be accepted on terms of equality by the community.

Like the clergy of other denominations, the rabbis have a vested interest in keeping alive the superstition that an assimilated Jew is a renegade and not a Jew. By the same token, Bernard Shaw is a renegade and not an Irishman because he is not a Catholic. Dr. Ruppin's pages are packed with evidence that, once he ceases to practice his religion, the Jew becomes indistinguishable from other people of his own type and general stage of social development. Jewish patriots and anti-Semites are at one in their detestation of this phenomenon, as the Jewish abuse of Soviet Russia proves. The former insist upon differences and then disclaim responsibility for the consequences, sometimes tragic at others merely unpleasant, which inevitably follow separatism. In Palestine, or any other region exclusively occupied by Jews, they are obviously at liberty to emphasize every tradition which marks them off from the Gentile world. But, seeing that the very nature of Judaism makes it unlike any other Western religion in its practices and observances, and in view of its exploitation to foment self-consciousness, it is perfectly evident that it must always set apart those who believe in it. Those who so fiercely resent assimilation must face the consequences of discrimination. The latter is bad enough, in all conscience, in those countries where no opportunities for the former are offered. ERNEST BOYD

American Episode

The Mississippi Question. By Arthur Preston Whitaker. D. Appleton-Century Company. $3.50.

IN this book the author concerns himself with the period between 1795 when Spain granted American citizens the privilege of free navigation of the Mississippi and the so-called "right of deposit" at New Orleans, and the purchase of the Louisiana territory by the United States from France in 1803. The fact that the volume was published for the American Historical Association is a guaranty of its scholarly character; but it does not follow that it is likewise dry-as-dust. On the contrary the style is lively, even humorous in places, and the narrative is interesting. The unifying theme is found in a quotation from the Spanish Minister, Godoy, "You can't lock up an open field." American pioneers, land speculators, merchants, and politicians would not be denied by the decadent Spanish monarchy on the one hand nor the over-reaching French Empire on the other. The charge that we were party to a crime in that we bought stolen goods from Napoleon when we purchased Louisiana Professor Whitaker does not take very seriously. He shows that Spain ceded Louisiana willingly to Napoleon, hoping that the latter would turn the province into a buffer between the expanding American democracy and Mexico. That Napoleon was willing to sacrifice it to "larger ends" was our good fortune. Most Americans would agree that the cause of "progress" was well served by the transfer. The conviction that we would have gotten it sooner or later anyway was expressed as early as 1803 by Governeur Morris who wrote "I knew as well then [1787] as I do now that all North America must at length be annexed to us—happy, indeed, if the lust of dominion stop there." This line of reasoning runs that since "manifest destiny" had to be served it was better and cheaper for all concerned for us to purchase the (stolen?) territory from Napoleon than eventually to have acquired it by conquest from Spain. Who can say?

B. B. KENDRICK

A Prodigal Book

Matador. By Marguerite Steen. Little, Brown, and Company. $2.50.

MISS STEEN'S "Matador" is a curiously prodigal book. It is the author's tenth novel and the product of an expert pen and a fecund mind. Therein lie its many virtues and its one fault: that it is too abundant, its clothes too numerous for the skeleton Miss Steen has chosen to dress. After all, as the title suggests, its subject is a highly specialized one. The bull ring, the city of Granada, an ex-matador and his family, offer limitations and definite restrictions. Miss Steen employs a prose style that is an effective instrument in her hands but, as it is played, one that gives off the full, rich music of a large orchestra rather than of a quartet whose chamber-music the specialized or localized novel would lead one to expect. However grateful one may be for a book of such varied interest, one is likely to feel that Miss Steen has ex-

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ceeded the limits she set herself, that the clothes on her skeleton were made for a bigger frame.

After noting this fundamental flaw, we have nothing but praise for the story of Don José Diáz Marquez and his three sons. There is much more in the book than a brief review can suggest. One has a sense of Spain beyond Granada, of the temper of the people, of the luxuriant beauty about them and the purlieus in which they live. One is aware of the political arena in which the republicans are performing dangerous and not too graceful *veronicas,* of the church as a powerful influence on the people and as a tumor on the national brain. Also, one understands Miguel, a true *aficionado,* who is resentful that his twisted body can never face a bull and sits at the bull fight thinking: "There's enough valor down there to set Spain alight and save her from her ignominy. Watching one man doing a difficult thing bravely makes one feel one must go and do one's own thing bravely, whatever that may be."

LEONARD AMSTER

Shorter Notices

Hoxsie Sells His Acres. An American Novel in Verse. By Christopher La Farge. Coward-McCann. $2.

Here is a capably told story in verse (not at any time really fine poetry) of the disruption of a Rhode Island village when one of the old settlers sells his lands. It is a good psychological study of village characters and their tangled lives.

Duranty Reports Russia. By Walter Duranty. Selected and Arranged by Gustavus Tuckerman, Jr. The Viking Press. $2.75.

It is well-nigh impossible, within the limit of a brief review, to do justice to the twelve-year record of Walter Duranty as New York *Times* correspondent in Moscow. These collected dispatches constitute a record that has already become a standard by which journalistic achievement is measured. Particularly striking, viewed in retrospect, is Mr. Duranty's almost uncanny capacity for gauging correctly the relative importance and the essential qualities of personalities as well as their relationship to events. And this collection demonstrates how correct and farsighted he has been in his interpretation of the happenings in Soviet Russia during the past twelve years. It is obvious that Mr. Duranty, particularly during his first three or four years in Russia, by keeping in check his own prejudices, antipathies, and sympathies, evolved a rationalistic dispassionate method of reporting that is probably without a parallel today. There exists no account which makes more intelligible to the outside observer the epic of the construction of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, with all its incongruity, tragedy, and heroism. Mr. Duranty's dispatches, read together, are a vivid kaleidoscope which not only shows contours and forms sharply but also reveals their essence.

Samuel Pepys. The Man in the Making. By Arthur Bryant. The Macmillan Company. $3.

Many excellent scholars have attempted the biography of Pepys, and several, notably Tanner, Ponsonby, and Drinkwater, have produced valuable studies; but if the present volume indicates the quality of Mr. Bryant's complete work, he has written the definitive life. Obviously the result of scholarship at once thorough and affectionate, the book presents the full character of Pepys against the varied background of Restoration England, Although the author has freely used the rich source material available for his scene, he has resisted the temptation to digress in order merely to show his erudition. When he speaks of the condition of the navy he remembers that his primary concern is the part played in naval affairs by Pepys; and when he deals with the Dutch War he keeps in mind the fact that his major interest is its effect on the life of the Secretary of the Naval Board. His restraint is remarkable, perhaps excessive, in the passages telling of the plague, of the fire and its aftermath, and of Pepys at the play. As the book draws gracefully to its close Pepys stands forth a man and a hero. He has fought valiantly for his little fortune, for his joys both furtive and social, and for England. The sordidness of his craving for money is diminished by his taste in spending it, the occasional vulgarity of his joys by his humanity in alternately seeking and hating them, the venality of his public life by his essential desire, never truly departed from, to serve himself only after king and country have had their utmost. He dared to live abundantly, and if he did not always cherish the highest virtue, he held to a liberal standard in an age when most ways of life were either too narrow or too broad. The volume is eminently readable. One lays it down with regret tempered only by the anticipation of its sequel.

Duck's Back. By Kate Mary Bruce. The John Day Company. $2.50.

This novel is a study in contrasts between British character and American. The story, cleverly told and ironic, describes the destruction brought into the Kent household by Sara and Jerry Hurst, expatriate Americans. The narrator is the novelist and the whole is seen through her half-humorous, half-despairing eyes. The characters in this book are exceedingly well drawn, very much alive, and subtly individualized. The author's style is clever, well adapted to her purpose of smart satire.

The American Farmer and the Export Market. By Austin A. Dowell and Oscar B. Jesness. University of Minnesota Press. $2.

In this little volume the authors have succeeded in giving to the public a clear and acceptable analysis of a complex and vital subject. The various proposals for solving the question of how and where farm products may be marketed more advantageously than opportunity now affords are considered under two main headings: The Home Market and The Export Market. It is shown that we are facing the prospect of little increase in population. Likewise, increased consumption of farm products is shown to be unlikely. In the face of greater efficiency of the farmer, the difficulties of reducing output to domestic requirements are, as the authors view it, well-nigh insuperable. Our farmers must meet the competition of other farmers directly or indirectly. Under the heading The Export Market a short chapter on the tariff is offered, and another shows the relation of the farmer to the tariff. In the closing chapters is found a good statement of the problems confronting the government in its task of restoring foreign trade, in connection with which it is noted that the AAA is framed on the obvious basis of national self-sufficiency. The views of the authors, while not over-optimistic respecting the outcome, are unmistakably in favor of developing and promoting foreign trade, which policy they admit will require a downward revision of our tariffs and increased importations of finished goods.

German Family. By L. C. N. Stone. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

The jacket of "German Family" praises it as a superb novel, an important revelation. This is a pity, because it is neither. It is a competent, lively narrative of the effect of the coming of the Hitler régime upon a family which by inter-marriage is part English, part German, part German-Jewish. It has no revelations to offer, at least none that the newspapers of the world have not offered to their readers over and over again. On the underlying factors, economic, social, psychologi-

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THE NATION
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cal, it is silent. But it describes with sympathy and sensitiveness, for all its light touch, the miseries that descend on one after the other of the Hirsch family and their connections as the Nazis gain ground. There is the German Jew whose people have lived in Germany for generations and who loves his fatherland: suddenly made to feel a pariah, whose resignation from the Steel Helmets is demanded, whose clubs will have none of him, whose business is ruined, whose mistress is afraid to remain with him, who has to march to police headquarters with his arms above his head, he kills himself. There is the delicate and highly strung youth who dies as a result of Nazi maltreatment, the scientist whose laboratory is wrecked, the playwright whose manuscript is destroyed, the student whose studies are cut short and her future darkened, all for no reason except their Jewish blood. There is even one rather absurd and unconvincing girl Communist, who is rescued and smuggled out of Germany in the nick of time. For those individuals who cannot be bothered to read facts or to ponder them, however terrible, except in the guise of fiction, Miss Stone has provided a useful statement as well as a varied entertainment. But her presentation of her theme is as superficial as it is vivid.

The Later Wordsworth. By Edith C. Batho. The Macmillan Company. $6.

Miss Batho's book will have to be taken into account henceforth by any person who wants to talk sense about Wordsworth. Such a person will have learned from Miss Batho how not to talk like a parrot about "the lost leader" of legend. The older Wordsworth, contrary to the prejudiced testimony of Leigh Hunt, Keats, Haydon, Hazlitt, Byron, and Shelley—the only testimony which is ever repeated—remained to his death tolerant, humane, vigorous of mind, and within appropriate limits modest concerning himself and his work. The fact that he did not ossify into a liberal at thirty-five has been taken to mean that he descended into reaction in the fields of politics and religion; to Miss Batho it means that he kept on thinking and that in many respects he was right—or, if not right, worthy of intellectual respect and understandable on intellectual grounds. Those who do not share her enthusiasm for the old poet's ideas will at least be under the obligation to listen to her statement of them. With respect to his later personality it should be impossible after this book for anyone to repeat the standard charges of coldness, arrogance, and absurdity. And with respect to the later poetry it will be incumbent upon any commentator to acknowledge Miss Batho's evidence for her conviction that the difference in its quality is conceivably accounted for as much by Wordsworth's continued illness and prospect of blindness as by a hypothetical loss of spiritual and psychological powers.

Silius Italicus. Punica. Translated by J. D. Duff. Two volumes. *Philo.* Volume V. Translated by F. H. Colson and G. H. Whitaker. Loeb Classical Library. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 per volume.

Of these three volumes in the Loeb Classical Library the third continues with Philo, who will not be complete until the ninth volume, and the first two contain text and translation of a Roman epic which has not seen the light of English since 1672. Mr. Duff tries gracefully in his introduction to defend Silius Italicus against the immemorial charge of dulness, even going so far as to point out the best passages so that any reader may test him. There is no doubt that the Punic wars are an interesting story. The only trouble with Silius, even in his best passages, is that he is appallingly prosaic.

Louis Hacker will review George Soule's "The Coming American Revolution" and Walter Lippmann's "The Method of Freedom" next week in The Nation.

NRA U.S. CODE

The Nation

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THE UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH has discharged Dr. Ralph E. Turner, for nine years professor of history, and the ensuing reverberations are likely to shake the very foundations of the "Cathedral of Learning." Dr. Turner was formerly chairman of the Pennsylvania Security League, which militantly seeks social and economic reform through legislation, and makes no bones about its hatred of the Mellon-Grundy-Vare combine which once held Pennsylvania in its back pocket. After Dr. Colston E. Warne, professor of economics (now at Amherst), had been driven out of the university for his attacks on coal-field conditions, and five other liberals had been dropped, Dr. Turner quit his post as chairman of the Security League. But he continued his assaults upon the sweatshop and upon the social backwardness of the industrial commonwealth. Dr. Turner was voted the most popular man on the campus by the seniors of two years ago, and Chancellor John G. Bowman once called him "one of the ten best teachers in the college." Nevertheless he dismissed Dr. Turner, by a coincidence in the midst of a fund-raising campaign among the steel, iron, and aluminum magnates who make up the university's board of trustees. But the Mellon-Grundy wire-pullers apparently forgot that their 1,000,000-vote majorities are no more and that they are faced with a Democratic opposition that threatens to sweep the State. The Turner case is being made a campaign issue, and the Democratic members of the Legislature will probe the matter very thoroughly when the university requests its usual annual financial aid from the commonwealth (for the 1933-35 biennium $1,188,000 was thus granted). "There's a lot of good in Turner," Chancellor Bowman said, commenting on the dismissal. "He's not all bad by any means. But I believe the university could carry out its policy better without him around." What is the policy in question? It might make an interesting research assignment.

THE FACULTY of Harvard University has decided that the patenting of discoveries or inventions bearing on matters of health and therapeutics is undesirable, and hereafter the scientists in Harvard laboratories will not be permitted to take out such patents. It would seem to be so obvious as not to be worth voting on that the results of medical research in such a quasi-public institution of learning as Harvard should be given freely to the public, yet this quiet announcement is probably the epilogue to a particularly petty attempt to protect the profits from an important therapeutic device developed in a Harvard laboratory, even to the point of trying to keep off the market a superior and less costly machine. The story was told in *The Nation* of March 1, 1933. In May, 1929, Professor Philip Drinker of Harvard devised a respirator for use in cases of infantile paralysis and applied for a patent. In the two and a half years which elapsed before the patent was granted, John Haven Emerson, proprietor of a machine shop in Cambridge and by all accounts a sort of mechanical genius who knew not the ways of commerce, saw the Drinker machine and talked with its inventor about possible improvements. Drinker was not interested, but Emerson in his own shop made a superior machine which could be made for $1,000 instead of $2,300. In spite of the fact that the supply of such machines throughout the country is pitifully inadequate to cope with any serious epidemic of infantile paralysis, Dr. Drinker, who had sold the right of manufacture to a commercial firm and was receiving royalties, did not welcome Mr. Emerson's improvements. His manufacturer was even less pleased; and when the Drinker patent finally was issued, the manufacturer entered suit against Emerson for infringement. The short dispatch about the new ruling at Harvard fails to state whether it has any practical bearing on the Drinker-Emerson case but at least it makes impossible another such incident in at least one great university.

PERHAPS THE PLEASANTEST THING that has been said about Joseph P. Kennedy, chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, was said by Mr. Kennedy himself. Replying to an inquiring reporter, he remarked that he was "inclined to list himself as a liberal." No one else who has commented upon Mr. Kennedy's career has been similarly inclined. He has instead been generally listed as a stock gambler on a grand scale. He was involved in one of the pool operations brought to light by Ferdinand Pecora in the hearings before the Senate Banking and Currency Committee. But on the other hand Mr. Kennedy has certain qualifications not overlooked by the watchful Mr. Farley, who conferred with the President on the day before the appointments to the commission were announced. Mr. Kennedy is an old friend and admirer of Mr. Roosevelt; he traveled with the Democratic candidate during the 1932 campaign; he contributed many thousands of dollars to the party war chest, and helped to raise many thousands more. As if to balance the old-fashioned Tammany tactics implied in this appointment, the President put four good men on the new commission, including Ferdinand Pecora and James M. Landis, both of whom are known to favor rigorous regulation to end stock manipulation and the type of speculation practiced by traders like Kennedy. It will be interesting to see how successful they will be in counteracting the influence of the chairman, who has already declared that legitimate speculation has nothing to fear from the new law and the new commission.

SOME OBSCURE ENEMY has wronged Mr. Irenee Du Pont. The recent attacks upon the munitions makers, he thinks, issue from "a subservient force, instigated by the Third International and allied interests to weaken the defensive powers of the capitalist countries." Which capitalistic countries? Before the World War, Mr. Du Pont's firm was cheerfully weakening the defensive powers of the United States by handing over to a German concern discoveries made by chemists in the employ of our government. And at the moment Mr. Du Pont's crowd are doing what they can to weaken the Administration's attempt to stop that little capitalist war in the Chaco. One looks forward with pleasure to the testimony of Mr. Du Pont next fall at the hearings of the Nye Committee on munitions manufacture. He will have ample opportunity to air his wrongs, and Senators Nye and Bone can probably be trusted to do right by him.

THE DETERMINATION of subordinate officials in the Public Works Administration virtually to ignore the existence of local public-housing authorities and to embark on a program of direct federal slum clearance and low-cost housing should be promptly and vigorously repudiated by Secretary Ickes. New York's experience is a case very much in point. Last January Mr. Ickes sent the following telegram to Mayor LaGuardia:

> The Public Works Emergency Housing Corporation has earmarked an amount not to exceed twenty-five million dollars available for loan to duly constituted New York City Housing Authority subject to submission satisfactory low-cost housing project which meets our approval.

The New York City Housing Authority, which was created as a direct result of these assurances, soon thereafter developed a program for a thirteen-block low-cost housing project in Williamsburg. The program was approved through constant consultation by officials of the Housing Division of the PWA. Under an agreement between the two bodies the Housing Authority obtained options for the PWA on a third of the necessary land. The PWA was to acquire the land and then turn it over to the Housing Authority as part of its loan, advancing the remainder of the $25,000,000 in cash with which the Housing Authority was to construct the buildings. A week or so ago Colonel Hackett, who has recently assumed direction of the Housing Division of the PWA and who had been a party to this agreement, announced that the PWA was going to come into New York and erect the buildings itself, reserving decision as to whether it would then turn them over to the Housing Authority to operate or make it merely a renting agency. In the first place this is an inexcusable breach of faith. It also violates every sensible principle both of government and economics. As an excuse for his change of policy Colonel Hackett has charged the New York Authority with indecision and delay. A careful check-up of the facts shows the delays and indecisions to have been all on the side of the PWA. Mr. Ickes should make an immediate personal review of this particular case as it affects the whole low-cost housing policy of his Administration.

RUDOLF HESS, Hitler's most trusted lieutenant, spoke almost tenderly to the French war veterans across the border. "As proud soldier speaking to proud soldier," he asked, "must this be [the horrors of war]? Can't we get together? Can't we, together, preserve mankind from such things by the use of good-will?" He praised the courage of the French soldier. He even praised Barthou, mentioning with particular approval the Foreign Minister's culture and capacity for appreciating Richard Wagner. His demand for peace was impassioned. But tenderness and praise and passion all rang a little hollow, and the words "good-will" fell with a ghoulish sound, from lips that had just extolled Hitler's heroic "severity" in murdering the Storm Troop leaders, innocent and guilty alike, "without any consideration and with lightning speed according to old military principles." And they contrast oddly with some of Herr Hess's former acts and sentiments. For Hess is an old Nazi, a class-room brawler and beer-hall fighter, who in 1924 wrote a ferocious poetic attack on France containing the lines:

> Hey, Frenchie, that's a bad morning greeting!
> You over there will have to die, that we may live. . . .

He was also praised by Hitler in *"Mein Kampf"* in these words:

> Like wolves, in packs of eight and ten, they fell upon their foes and began to thrash them out of the hall. . . . Then I really began to know many men, and chief among them my brave Maurice, my present private secretary Hess.

Of such stuff are Nazi statesmen and peace-lovers made.

THE NEW CABINET in Japan, headed by Admiral Okada, represents another of those inimitable compromises at which the Japanese are so adept. Following the assassination of Premier Inukai in May, 1932, neither of the extreme jingoist elements nor the discredited political parties, backed by the business interests, were in a strong enough position to assume the responsibilities of office. Accordingly a balance was struck in setting up the Saito government whereby the military-naval clique was allowed to control foreign policy and the civilian elements were given authority to regulate domestic affairs. As is so often the case in Japanese politics, Saito's downfall this past week was brought about by a relatively extraneous issue—a financial scandal in which his government was not directly involved. The real cause of the change, however, appears to have been the desire of the younger naval officers for a leader who would be vigorous in pushing the demand for Japanese parity at the 1935 conference. Unable to dominate the situation sufficiently to secure a man of their own choice as Premier, the ultra-nationalists accepted the next best bet—an admiral belonging to the more moderate wing of the navy group. The remaining offices were then apportioned among the various factions with scrupulous regard for the niceties of the existing equilibrium. As indicated by the retention of Hirota as Foreign Minister and Hayashi as Minister of War, little or no change may be expected in Japan's attitude toward China or the Soviet Union.

IT MIGHT BE HOPED that working under the same sun, tilling the same soil, and suffering from the same general break-down of agriculture would, if anything could, shatter the ephemeral distinctions among separate farmers. But the bloody strike at the Seabrook Farms at Bridgeton, New Jersey, is disillusioning. Seabrook is a 5,000-acre truck farm. Before the strike 500 field hands were employed, picking crops and preparing them for canning. They were not itinerant workers. They lived in the neighborhood or in nearby Bridgeton. Many of them have had farms of their own, and eked out their scant livelihood with the 25 or 30 cents an hour Charles E. Seabrook, the owner, paid by agreement with the Agricultural and Cannery Workers Industrial Union. This NRA contract was signed in April. In June Seabrook received a $200,000 loan from the Farm Credit Administration. Immediately he discharged 100 workers, speeded up the remainder, and cut wages to from 15 to 20 cents. The terms of the loan limited him as to payroll expenditures, he said in explanation of his action. The militant workers called a strike, their second (the first resulted in the April wage agreement). They picketed the farm, and carried on the usual peaceful strike activities. Vegetables worth $25,000 rotted away. Unable to bear this waste, though their own crops also suffer from "surplus-itis," the farmers of the country (friends and neighbors of the striking workers, it will be recalled) formed a vigilantes' group, and took it upon themselves to break the strike. Thugs were imported from Philadelphia and Atlantic City. Scabs piled in by the truck-load. City and county police came out in full force. State police came, with billies and tear gas. They routed the pickets, injuring several. As the last straw, 100 farmers, armed with shot-guns, volunteered for deputy sheriff service, to protect strike-breakers. In a second battle on July 9 dozens of workers were beaten and gassed, a barracks was burned, a score of arrests were made, and the Sheriff called upon the Governor of New Jersey to declare martial law.

PICKET LINES have formed before the Commerce Building in Washington. A small number of hardy souls, defying the Washington heat, have been carrying placards intended to shame General Johnson into reinstating John Donovan, discharged head of the NRA Employees' Union. Among other things, these placards call attention to the existence of Section 7-a and protest against the formation of company unions. It is hardly likely that General Johnson will be budged by the pickets or by their placards. Nevertheless, the picketing has already had at least one important effect, it has stirred into noble language that distinguished organ of liberal opinion, Mr. Eugene Meyer's Washington *Post*. In an editorial entitled Bargaining with the State the *Post* has resurrected theories of political sovereignty which, one would have imagined, died with Hobbes. "Employees of the government belong in a class apart," the editorial states. "Trade-union organization as such has no place in the government service," it continues. And then the editorial reaches its climax: "The state does not bargain with its employees. It commands. The sooner that elemental lesson is learned by those who think that trade unionism can exist under bureaucracy, the nearer we shall be to constructive solution of real industrial problems." On one essential point, however, the Washington *Post* is unclear: Is General Johnson the state? Are his prejudices and whimsies to be regarded as an expression of sovereign power? And how about this idea that "the state does not bargain with its employees"? Has the learned editor never heard of a lobby conducted by government employees? Or does he merely believe that the NRA union, instead of addressing itself directly to its boss, should try to get Congress and the President to go after him?

THE CITY OF NEW YORK is about to award a bus franchise containing provisions effectively outlawing the company union or any of its disguised relatives. Although the franchise in question is a relatively unimportant one, the collective-bargaining clause containing the company-union ban is to be incorporated into every other franchise awarded by the LaGuardia administration. Clause 28 of the franchise to the Avenue B and East Broadway Transit Company seems far removed from the vague generalities of Section 7-a of NIRA or the ambiguous Wagner bill. It reads:

> The company agrees not to permit the existence of, or to deal with, any company-controlled union or association, and to that end it agrees that it will not participate in, encourage, or give financial support to the formation of any union or association of its employees, or participate in the management or control of any such union or association after its formation.

Equally unprecedented are the provisions prohibiting the bus company from discriminating against any employee because of race, color, or creed and requiring it to recognize and deal with the representatives of its employees. In the event of a dispute concerning who are such representatives, the Mayor or the Board of Estimate is empowered to determine them. If the company defaults in any of its obligations under the collective-bargaining clause, the city is empowered to terminate the franchise on three days' notice. Not only is Jim Crowism barred to the company, but any union of bus employees is also forbidden to deny membership to anyone because of race, color, or creed.

A NOTE OF WISTFUL sensitiveness has crept into the administration of emergency relief. In the L. W. D. offices in Pennsylvania (and by now presumably elsewhere) relief workers have been instructed how to meet certain embarrassing little difficulties that often crop up. "When a person comes in and says he will commit suicide unless you give him a job," the instructions are, "be sure and report it to your superior immediately. Then if he does commit suicide, you won't have it on your conscience."

Can Labor Enforce Section 7-a?

AFTER enough shooting, gassing, and casualties to equip a small Latin American palace revolution, the California National Guard unlocked the Golden Gate, and the shipping traffic, paralyzed for two months, is moving again under police and military protection. But the battle is not over. The marine workers are still out and fourteen unions, including the teamsters, have threatened to declare a general strike. The two months' tie-up brought about a depression within a depression. Now, if the general strike is called, the situation is likely to move again into the phase of open warfare which has characterized every major strike movement during the past six months.

All of these conflicts, of course, are rooted in the broken promises of the NRA. While the President talks peace and amity to the Haitians, the Colombians, and the world at large, the radio of the S.S. Houston is sputtering news of war all over the industrial map of America. Section 7-a was in effect a promissory note given to labor to insure its support of the NRA and of the Administration. Industry also got its promissory note, in the form of a suspension of the anti-trust laws and the incorporation of price-fixing provisions in the codes. Since big business, organized in trade associations, controlled the code authorities, industry was able to collect on this promissory note of the Administration, and continues to collect, despite the protests of the Darrow Board in behalf of small business and the consumer. Labor, lacking equally powerful organization, has been far less successful in collecting its promissory note. The government has repeatedly defaulted on the clear obligation written into Section 7-a in the Weirton case; in the automobile settlement; last and most miserably in the case of the Harriman Mills, which cheerfully defied the screams of General Johnson's moulting Blue Eagle.

But the promissory note of Section 7-a is still a matter of record. It is good strictly in proportion to the debtor's ability to enforce collection. In Toledo, labor collected a partial payment in the teeth of the powerful Automobile Chamber of Commerce. It did this by calling in militant political leadership, by reinforcing the striking Auto-Lite workers with masses of unemployed workers, by openly challenging the courts and the police, and by staging a pitched battle with the National Guard which the authorities did not dare press to its final issue. Something very similar happened in Minneapolis, where the Communist League of America took the leadership (in Toledo it was the American Workers Party, and in San Francisco the Communist Party has played an important role.) In Minneapolis, too, the strike of the truck drivers was well organized and militant; the fragile settlement was soon broken by the employers, and there too a general strike is threatened. The story of the Milwaukee strike, told elsewhere in this issue, describes what was in effect the uprising of a whole community against an arrogant public-utility capitalist. In this case it was apparently militant Socialist leadership that brought the unemployed into action, and played an important part in winning the strike. Also in this issue, Miriam A. De Ford tells the story of the battle of the Embarcadero. Better than the muted press accounts it makes clear that the marine-workers strike is giving San Francisco a taste of something very like civil war. In Mobile, where the longshoremen have gone back to work on the ship operators' terms, and elsewhere all up and down the Pacific, Atlantic, and Gulf seaboard the conflicts differed not in essential nature, but merely in degrees of violence. In Portland, Oregon, the marine workers are still out and a general strike is threatened.

In Akron 30,000 rubber workers, influenced by the precarious success of that Toledo outbreak, are trying to shake off the crippling bonds of the A. F. of L. craft unions in preparation for effective strike action. Meanwhile the manufacturers have piled up a five-months' supply of finished tires. In the Scioto marshlands of Hardin County, Ohio, a 100 per cent strike of the onion field workers has brought General Connolly, of the Ohio National Guard, to the scene; this, after the tenant farmers, laborers, and sharecroppers, reinforced by the Unemployed League, had rejected the "settlement" of the federal conciliator, who proposd fifteen cents an hour as the basic wage instead of the current eight to thirteen cents an hour! In Butte, Montana, the power of the Anaconda Copper Company is being challenged by the International Union of Mine, Mill, and Smeltermen. Violence, strictly in the tradition of "bloody Butte," broke out last week when a chain was thrown over the power line into the Belmont mine, stopping the pumps for ten minutes, and a scab truck driver was taken to the hospital with a broken head. Ward Kinney tells the story of the Butte strike in next week's issue of *The Nation.*

Surely all these developments prove that General Johnson, whatever his deficiencies of mind and temperament, has been a good school master. Labor has learned from him that the NRA's promises to labor have not been and will not be fulfilled; further, that when labor plays its high card, the threat of the general strike to force fulfilment of these promises, then the power of the state is joined with the power of the employers to see that they are not fulfilled. In other words, the President's New Deal for labor has resulted merely in a series of defaulted promises, followed by imposed, unstable truces designed to disguise this default, while in effect ratifying it. But no peace is in sight; the government's attempts at mediation are repeatedly stalemated.

Labor's revolt is not revolution, and cannot be, in the absence of an effectively organized revolutionary movement, which has not yet appeared in this country. But clearly, the rapid spread of the strike wave, characterized by increasing violence and increasing willingness on the part of hitherto conservative labor elements to invoke the dangerous weapon of the general strike, means that the conflict of forces is developing. Labor is not going to take the defaults of the New Deal lying down; it is not going to be put off with new promises that merely take the place of other promises already broken. If the President will not or cannot enforce Section 7-a, perhaps labor can and will. Three weeks from now Mr. Roosevelt will be back in the White House. It will be interesting to watch the reaction of the President's celebrated political sensitivity to the new turn of events. Will he "crack down?" And on whom?

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Boards, Boards, Boards

IT began last summer with the establishment of the National Cotton Textiles Industrial Relations Board. Shortly thereafter, the Wagner board was created. Since then, labor boards have proliferated until today they fill the landscape of industrial relations. First, the National Labor Relations Board and its immediate affiliates, steel and longshoremen. Second, boards set up by the NRA in connection with codes: cotton, silk, and wool textiles, bituminous-coal, newspaper-publishing, lumber, trucking, and so forth. Third, code boards independent of the NRA: petroleum (under the Petroleum Administration) and automobile (thanks to the March 25 settlement).

We see here emerging an elaborate system for governing industrial relations under Section 7-a. This system may be taken to express the Administration's labor policy. The government will not lend a direct hand to the job of bringing the employers and the trade unions to terms. Instead the government will assist in the creation of appropriate instrumentalities to perform this function.

It is doubtful, however, whether most of the boards now flowering in Washington pastures are fit instruments for their chief task: forcing our anti-union industrialists to bow to the clear provisions of the law requiring them to deal with trade unions. This might not be true if the Administration were inspired with a forthright will to put Section 7-a into effect. Unfortunately, the Administration manifests no such will. It projects its labor boards in vacuo. It projects them, not for the purpose of imposing New Deal labor policies upon Old Deal employers, but simply because it is expedient to maintain the industrial peace. The history of Senator Wagner's board is instructive. So long as the board contented itself with forestalling and checking strikes, things ran smoothly for it. In the course of time, the board advanced to a theory of industrial relations leading straight toward union recognition and collective agreements. This brought into play opposing forces which finally wrecked the board and ended its existence.

Virtually all of the new labor boards have been conceived in error. No doubt they have been modeled after devices for administering industrial relations which have proved more or less successful in a number of industries, for example, clothing and anthracite-coal. But clothing and anthracite-coal are organized industries wherein trade unionism has taken deep root. The employers recognize the trade union. What is more, the emloyers and the trade union are bound one to the other by a collective agreement. The board's job, accordingly, is the relatively simple one of interpreting and applying the specific provisions of an existing agreement. There are no psychological barriers to break down; no fixed habits to transform. The board is not called upon to waste its energies in battering away at a stubborn anti-union psychology. A totally different state of affairs confronts the boards created under Section 7-a. True, they have a document to administer, a code of fair competition, which on the surface resembles a collective agreement. In fact, however, only a handful of the NRA codes are the fruit of prior collective bargaining: the clothing codes, the soft-coal code, the legitimate-theater code, hardly any others. It is the least of the functions of these boards to interpret and apply the labor provisions of the code bearing on hours, wages, and other working conditions. Their chief problem arises when a trade union, fresh from an organizational campaign, seeks to press home recognition demands against employers determined not to grant them.

In their natural growth, labor boards have evolved as a device for regulating collective agreements—where there is already a mutual will to agree. In their hot-house forcing by the Roosevelt Administration, labor boards are applied to the composition of industrial disputes arising out of the unwillingness of employers to bargain collectively. Can the same mechanism be expected to perform successfully two utterly distinct if not positively opposed functions? This seems to us doubtful despite the care and conscience with which the President selected the personnel of the new National Labor Relations Board. Lloyd Garrison, Harry A. Millis, and Edwin S. Smith are not only experienced and intelligent; they will almost certainly attempt to induce employers to observe the intent and letter of Section 7-a. But they are confronted with an opposition that has wrecked the board that preceded them and has driven other men of similar liberal sympathies to the support of hopeless compromises such as the automobile settlement. And they take office at a moment of labor unrest unprecedented in the post-war years.

Hitler Moves Right

AS the smoke from Nazi rifles begins to lift from the scene of tragedy, it becomes possible to obtain a clearer view of the background and significance of the recent sanguinary events in the Reich. While it is still difficult either to verify or disprove the existence of an organized anti-Hitler conspiracy within the ranks of the Storm Troopers, there is abundant evidence of disaffection and a fundamental clash of interests which made a showdown inescapable. It is illuminating to note, for example, that Ernst Roehm, founder of the Storm Troops, had always possessed a totally different conception of the use of that body from that held by his close personal friend and chief, Adolf Hitler. As a military man, Captain Roehm was primarily interested in building up a large well-disciplined army which could form the backbone of German defense in the case of war. Hitler, on the other hand, looked upon the S.A. as a political weapon to be used for the seizure and consolidation of power. Differences over this issue are said to have been largely responsible for Roehm's resignation in 1925, which Hitler did not even deign to acknowledge; and it was not until 1930 that matters were patched up sufficiently for him to resume his post.

Recent political and economic developments had served to reopen this long-standing conflict. Roehm's proposal that all German youth be compelled to undergo a period of military training in the S.A. had been rejected, chiefly because of the opposition of France. Meanwhile the Storm Troopers, composed almost entirely of young men without other means of support, had become openly discontented over the delay in putting the socialist half of the Nazi program into effect. And while it is doubtful whether this dissatisfaction would have led to a "second revolution," as alleged by Goering, it had already been capitalized by Roehm in his demand for a showdown. To the conservative element in the government, reorganization and reduction in the size of the S.A. seemed to be the only answer, both as a protection against the threat of an uprising and as a means of lessening France's objection to German rearmament. Judging by all indications, the Storm Troop leaders would not have strenuously opposed such a move if they had been permitted to take a number of their best men into an enlarged Reichswehr. This possibility was blocked, however, by the officers of the latter body who had always been luke-warm toward the Nazis and who preferred to draw their recruits from the more conservative Stahlhelm. The attempt of the S.A. leaders to ban the Steel Helmets forced the issue. A choice had to be made, and when it was announced that the Storm Troopers would be given a leave during the month of July it was evident that the so-called radical wing of the party had lost its battle.

That Hitler's coup marks a definite swing to the right has been borne out by subsequent events. Despite his recent attack on the theoretical bases of National Socialism, Von Papen has been retained as Vice-Chancellor—an obvious concession to Hindenburg. The Storm Troops will be purged of non-party elements and greatly reduced in numbers. Most noteworthy, however, has been the granting of virtually dictatorial power over all German commercial and financial activities to Kurt Schmitt, Minister of Economics. In an attempt to curb the growing adverse balance of trade which has reduced the gold ratio of the Reichsbank to a nominal 2 per cent, Herr Schmitt, who is known as a conservative, may be expected to insist on wage-reductions and a curtailment of Hitler's extravagant job-making program, so that German exports may once more compete on favorable terms in the world's markets. Evidence of a rightward trend may also be seen in the compromise reached at London on July 4 in which Germany agreed to pay full interest to British holders of the Dawes and Young plan bonds. Although England exacted this concession on the threat of impounding German balances, it will be difficult for the Reich to refuse to grant similar terms to American and other holders of the bonds. Even the assumption of this partial obligation, so bitterly opposed by Schacht, makes action for bringing German economy in line with that of the outside world more imperative.

There remains the question of the effect of these events on the trend of German politics. Do they represent a consolidation of National Socialist power, or the beginning of its downfall? Backed by the combined forces of the Reichswehr and the S.S. (*Schutz-Staffel*), Hitler's position seems relatively secure at the moment. With the S.A. reduced to a shadow of its former self, no group save the military leaders themselves will be in a position to challenge the authority of the government. But by casting his lot with the right, Hitler has irrevocably narrowed the basis of his support. This action may enable him to escape some of the inner contradictions of his regime, but it cannot allay the growing discontent of which the alleged conspiracy was a symptom. The reorganization of the Storm Troops can serve only to drive thousands of disillusioned Nazis into the ranks of the despised Marxists. Although the ranks of the Communists and Socialists have been enormously reduced by Nazi terror, recent reports from Germany indicate a marked growth in their underground activities, a development which is likely to be accentuated if the Nazis adopt a reactionary policy.

Consumer Goods

THE current issue of "The Golden Book" publishes in translation an amusing skit by Ilf and Petrov, the Russian authors of that remarkable satiric novel "The Little Golden Calf." This time they are concerned with the editor of a boy's magazine who summoned a successful author, told him that youthful readers were beginning to rebel against a continuous diet of instructive literature, and ordered a novel of pure adventure—something like "Robinson Crusoe" but with, of course, a Soviet slant. After an appropriate interval the author returned with a completed manuscript which seemed to fill the bill. A Russian sailor, lone survivor of a shipwreck, was washed ashore on a desert island; he engaged in a single-handed struggle with nature, and was rescued after a period of years.

Unfortunately, however, the editor was not satisfied. He failed to perceive the Soviet slant and he was not convinced when it was explained to him that the sailor was a Soviet citizen who demonstrated how successfully such citizens were equipped for the struggle against nature. Where, he demanded, was the chairman of the committee and how did the author suppose that Soviet life could be represented without a Chairman of a Committee? It was finally agreed that a gentleman to fill this office should be washed ashore along with Robinson, but the editor was still not satisfied: "Who," he demanded, "is going to collect the dues?" Positively there must be a girl to collect Robinson's dues and there must also be a safe to keep them in. The rum which came ashore on the raft must be thrown overboard to be replaced by a safe and, of course, a table at which the chairman of the committee could meet with himself. Editors being the authoritative creatures that they are, the manuscript was completely rewritten. Not only the chairman and the girl but a whole skeletonized bureaucracy came ashore with Robinson and the theme became something much more than merely the struggle of man against nature. It became the struggle of a properly collectivized man against nature.

Maxim Gorky was recently asked what kind of books were best liked in Russia. "Any kind," he is reported to have replied, "which doesn't have any tractors in it." Nor do we see any reason why either Gorky's remark or the story of the Soviet Crusoe should be taken to indicate any decline of revolutionary fervor. Both may indicate only that the Soviet citizen is beginning to demand "consumer goods" in literature as well as in other commodities. The authorities may well consent to having them supplied and they need not thereby recognize the validity of any aesthetic chatter about the superior importance of "pure art." They need only say to themselves that the worker who has spent the day increasing the production of steel, assembling tractors, and listening to statistics on power output may reasonably feel that he has, at the end of the day, a right to expect something tangible in the way of better food and sportier clothes. Stories which are interesting in themselves instead of being merely incentives to further effort may then be put in the same class with a pork chop or a new pair of comfortable boots. They contribute nothing to the building of socialism but they are legitimate consumer goods, and if the demand for such goods is increasing surely this is nothing to worry about.

Issues and Men

The Strange German Character

THE blood-bath in Germany by means of which Hitler has "purged his party" of its alleged mutineers—as to whose guilt no evidence has as yet been allowed to reach the outer world—cannot fail to do the German people harm wherever the news of it is read. For, as *The Nation* has said, those horrible reports cannot be laid at the doors of Jewish libelers or foreign enemies; fifty deaths are now officially admitted, which means that the actual number must be very much larger. This standing up and shooting after three-minute trials of leaders who the day before were among the elect of the Hitlerites, or the outright murder of others like General von Schleicher and his wife, we might expect in a Balkan state or in a South American revolution, but never in a country which boasts of its high *Kultur* and its civilization. These horrors will only start up afresh, and seem to justify the wartime-atrocity propaganda stories of the Allies. They will stamp Hitler for all time as a bloody tyrant who lost his head and slaughtered left and right without any thought of what this would do to Germany's standing before the world. They will raise up dozens of enemies for him in the Storm Troop ranks for every leader that he kills. Murder on this scale inevitably begets more murder.

Yet so odd is the German character that I have no doubt that we shall have thousands of prominent Germans applauding Hindenburg's telegrams of approval to Goering and Hitler and having no difficulty whatever in rationalizing acts which they would be the first to denounce as evidence of purest barbarism had they occurred in any other country than their own. I expect also that in Germany and among myriads of German-Americans there will be plenty who will swallow the statement of that silly ass, Dr. Hanfstängl, that Hitler by his murders saved not only Germany but all the world. His reasoning is, I suppose, that if Hitler had fallen Germany would have been lost and without Germany the world could not survive. This again reflects the amazing processes of the German mind. Hanfstängl probably thinks that the fiction that Hitler by his accession to power saved Europe as well as Germany from communism was widely believed here and there and that this theme of Germany's noble saving of the world by killing mutineers without counting the cost will also render service in whitewashing men who are, if the truth be told, among the worst and bloodiest criminals in the world.

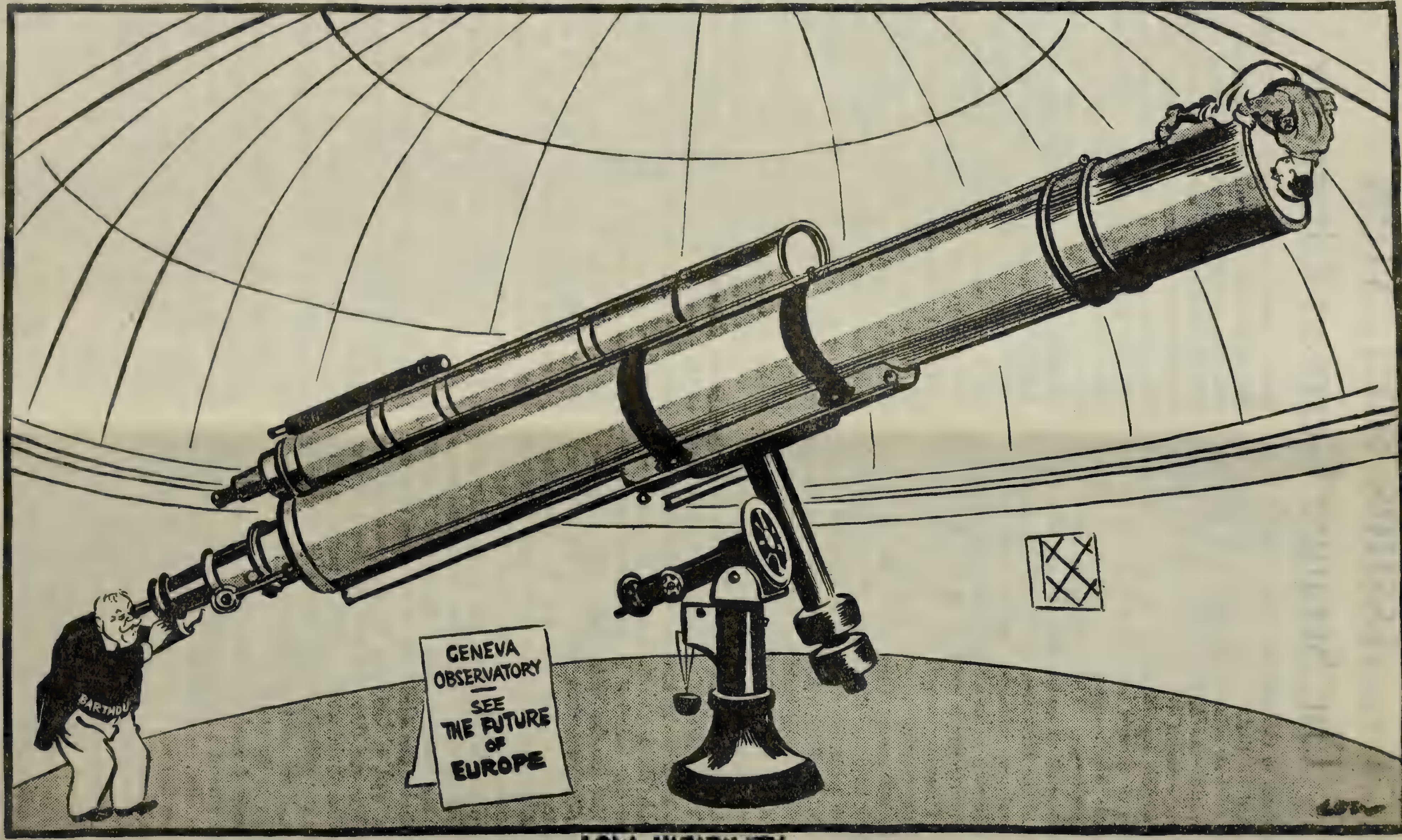
Only last week I received a letter from an old friend in Germany, the wife of a distinguished university professor in a Hanoverian city, repeating the old story that "if the National Socialists had not won, bolshevism would not only have conquered Germany but all of Europe perhaps with the exception of Italy." "So," she added, "the National Socialist success was our sole salvation from complete bolshevist barbarism." Undoubtedly the writer believes this absurdity; there is a certain childishness and gullibility in the German character which makes their minds more susceptible to mass psychology than even the American mentality—as Hitler has demonstrated so clearly. I have no doubt my correspondent will similarly agree with Hanfstängl that Hitler has again saved the world by slaughtering those fifty good and true, pure-blooded, and blond Aryans, without a drop of Jewish blood in their veins, of whom she and all National Socialists were so proud until recently. Until, in fact, Hitler a fortnight ago decided to butcher them—as the noble fifty had previously imprisoned, tortured, and butchered in those happy days of March and April, 1933, when they were free to wreak their vengeance upon any and all pacifists, Socialists, Communists, and all other individuals whom they disliked. Salvation from bolshevist barbarism? Good heavens, how can one differentiate morally between the slaughtering of the bolshevists, between Mussolini's atrocious blood-letting in the early days of his regime, and these foul crimes of Hitler? There may have been more in Russia than anywhere else but that does not mitigate the guilt of Hitler and Goering a single iota. I shall write my correspondent that barbarism already rules in the Third Reich and that it will be amazing, indeed, should the threatened economic disaster come on top of the Hitler murders, if we do not yet see the establishment of a communist government in Germany, and not in the far distant future either.

Yet I have no doubt that in the face of all this barbarity, the odd German character will manifest itself anew by more of the unending bitter complaints that we have had ever since 1914, that the world does not understand Germany, that it is unjust to it, that it is so credulous as always to believe the worst of Germany. There will continue to be the same bewildered protests that the Germans are not accepted by the rest of the world at their own rating as the greatest and most cultured race in all the world, who, as Hitler has said, are a people divinely appointed to lead the human race to greater heights than have ever been achieved before. They will resent bitterly the world's irresistible outcry because the assassins of General von Schleicher "accidentally killed" his wife when they killed him. Ludwig Lewisohn put it rightly some months ago when he wrote in a magazine article that the Germans were suffering from a hopeless inferiority complex; that their greatest cross is that they cannot win the good-will of the rest of the world and the recognition of their complete superiority to everybody else.

Oh, the pity of it! The pity that a people of such great qualities, such lovable traits when taken individually, that such kindly and well-meaning millions so gifted in all fields of science, industry, and invention, are impelled by some terrible daemon to put themselves always in the wrong, to ruffle the feelings and outrage the sensibilities of the rest of the world they seek so eagerly to win to a recognition of their own innate kindliness and desire for righteousness!

Oswald Garrison Villard

A Cartoon by LOW


GENEVA
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EUROPE
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LOW VISIBILITY.

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Labor Bids for Power

Riot Guns in San Francisco

By MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD

San Francisco, July 7

AT the southeast corner of Steuart and Mission streets, in San Francisco, near the headquarters of the International Longshoremen's Association, men chalked a rough square. In it they lettered the words: "Two men killed here, murdered by police." Others came and heaped the square high with flowers; men knelt and prayed, or stood watching with hats in their hands. Then the police came, rubbed off the chalked words, and dumped the flowers into a patrol wagon. They ordered the hatless men away.

Bloody Thursday was over.

In a series of skirmishes that were more battles than riots, two strikers, Howard Sperry and George Coundourakis, were dead; several others lay near death; thirty or more were shot; nearly a hundred, including a score of policemen, were badly enough injured by clubs, tear gas, or bricks to require hospital treatment. Two of the wounded were a man and a woman shot, one in the head and one in the arm, when bullets struck a Municipal Railway street car approaching the Ferry Building. Strictly speaking, Coundourakis was not a striker; he belonged to the Cooks' and Waiters' Union and was reporting the strike for the International Labor Defense. But he and Sperry are to be buried at a joint funeral attended by all union locals in San Francisco. There is no doubt that many thousands will turn out.

The battles raged all day, July 5, from Rincon Hill throughout the section of San Francisco bounded by the Embarcadero, Townsend Street, Third Street, and Market Street—all the warehouse district "south of the Slot" and near the waterfront. The worst engagement of the day took place on lower Market Street just as offices were letting out their employees and continued to the Ferry Building itself, where 25,000 commuters, with no other way of getting home, were endangered by bullets and tear gas, and herded like frightened steers into the various waiting-rooms. Meanwhile thousands of heedless curiosity-seekers crowded the edges of the fighting, standing on every available spot raised above the sidewalk, so as to make easy targets. Some of them were injured, and they deserved to be.

The objective in the morning was to stop the trucks, each with its police convoy, which were rolling out of Pier 38, the Matson Line, to a warehouse near the Southern Pacific Railroad Station. The Industrial Association had announced the port open to commerce at 1:25 Tuesday afternoon. For the sake of holiday travelers, no attempt was made to haul freight on July 4. Early Thursday morning it started again. Trucks were overturned, drivers beaten, goods dumped. The strikers set fire to dry grass in a vacant lot and the firemen turned the hose full on them.

In the afternoon it was the State-owned Belt Line Railway, carrying freight cars up and down the Embarcadero, that was the object of attack. Two crews, fearing for their lives, had already refused to take out a train, even on penalty of dismissal. Two box cars were burned. Men lay in the tracks where the engine would have to run them down. The crews were showered with bricks and stones.

That night, at ten o'clock, the National Guard took charge, called out finally by Governor Frank F. Merriam, who had hesitated unnaturally long to help his friends the shippers because he is a candidate for reelection (or rather for election; he merely succeeded, as Lieutenant-Governor, when Governor Rolph died), and strikers and strike-sympathizers have votes. Detachments were called from San Francisco itself, and from surrounding towns from San Jose and Gilroy to Berkeley and San Rafael. It is said that among these guardsmen there are about fifty who are actually themselves striking stevedores. If they refuse to fire when ordered, they can be court martialed. The waterfront of San Francisco has been declared in "a state of riot," which is the next step before martial law. The armory at Fourteenth and Mission streets is heavily guarded, following persistent rumors that it was to be dynamited.

The attitude of the police is a curious one. Many of the regular waterfront police were once longshoremen themselves. Then men were moved to the waterfront from all over the city, 750 of them, led in person by Police Chief William J. Quinn. At one hour some of these policemen would fraternize with the strikers, buy tickets to their benefit dances, share with them sandwiches from the ships. An hour later these same policemen would ride strikers down, club them viciously, shoot straight into milling crowds, hold tear gas bombs against a striker's flesh so that it was torn and burnt.

General strike talk grows. The conservative leaders of the Central Labor Council have tried to head it off by appointing an "investigating committee." But meetings are called of teamsters, ferryboatmen, street-car employees, and one huge mass meeting to which all crafts are asked to send delegates. A general strike would call out 45,000 workers, and probably put the whole city under martial law. Charges of communist control fly back and forth—the port opening coincided with a drive against communism by the American Legion. Teamsters even now will not haul scab-loaded goods anywhere,* machinists and welders will not work on ships with scab crews. All the nine maritime unions stand close together with ranks unbroken. There is much covert sabottage by sympathetic workers; try, for example, to get a taxi driver to take you to the Ferry Building.

The National Longshoremen's Board, appointed by President Roosevelt, and consisting of Archbishop Hanna, Assistant Secretary of Labor McGrady, and a lawyer named Cushing, begged both sides to let it arbitrate. Both sides agreed, but under "conditions so impossible of fulfilment" that the board would not even reveal them. On both sides the fundamental question is that of control of hiring halls; neither will give way an inch on that vital issue. The board announces it will now, by the powers vested in it by the federal government, hold open meetings, subpoena witnesses, and force the election of representatives who must submit to arbitration. Nothing can be done through the I.L.A.

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* *The teamster's union, by a count of 1,220 to 217, voted [illegible] July [illegible] to strike in sympathy with the longshoremen.*

except by a coast-wide ballot of members. In the midst of this solidarity, the lonely figure of Lee J. Holman, deposed local president of the I.L.A., pipes of the desire of his new little organization, the San Francisco and Bay District Longshoremen's Association, to go back to work if the wicked communists will let them; Holman has even applied to President Ryan of the I.L.A. for a charter in the A. F. of L.

All is quiet, as I write, along the Embarcadero, where boys who still shave twice a week man machine guns, and a police airplane circles overhead. Today and tomorrow there will be meetings to consider a general strike, Monday will be the funeral of Sperry and Coundourakis. The scab-manned trucks are moving unmolested from dock to warehouse and back. It is the lull before the thunder sounds.

Trial By Fire

By FLORENCE HIGGINS

Milwaukee, July 7

WHAT is it?" "What happened?" "Oh, Christ, they killed a man. Oh, Father in Heaven, they burned him."

The crowd had surged forward like one body carried by its thousands of feet. Then in a second it had broken up. It was like a solid sheet of ice cracking with a great roar. The mass had become individuals, each seeking his own escape. From what? We didn't know. Nobody knew. We ran, the blonde, slim, silk-stockinged legs of girls flashing, workmen's shoes thumping heavy and solid, rushing, stumbling, slipping, dodging.

And after that vindictive dart of blue-rose fire from the window of the beleaguered Lakeside Power Plant, last stand of the Milwaukee Electric Railway and Light Company in the strike which had already stopped all street-car traffic, it was dark.

The great arc lights outside the plant had gone long ago, dying in puffs of smoke as rocks struck them. "The boys make pretty good pot shots, don't they?" a deputy had said comfortably, watching them. But M. N. Osborne, one of the striking employees, had begged us, "Stay away from that fence. You don't know what you're monkeying with. This is the company's last stand, and they'll stop at nothing to defend it. They don't fear God, man, the devil, or government. There's women in this crowd. My wife's here. We don't want blood, but you're going to get it if you monkey around with that fence."

The great building itself was dark, but there was stealthy movement in it. Heads showed from the roof, watching, intent. And then the fence had gone down, then the flash of fire, then the blind rush into the blind darkness, then the slow return, and the question tossed like a ball from one to another of us, "What happened? What happened?"

Well, nobody knows what happened, though there have been answers given. Right after the riot some of us compared what we had seen and it looked like this to all of us:

The five kids were quite a bit ahead of the rest of us. The company men were behind an embankment in the yard where the rocks couldn't get at them (but some of them did anyhow, because four men were taken out in an ambulance later with everybody standing around and yelling "Scab!" at them). They were playing streams of water from fire hoses on the crowd, and somebody got the idea that if they could break through the fence and get behind the wall of the plant itself they could nail the hose men in a hurry.

Eugene Domagalski, though nobody knew who he was then, was ahead. He and these four others rushed in through the gap when the section of fence went down. Domagalski got up to the bushes that line the edge of the plant. That was where it happened. Arville Schaleben, the reporter for the *Journal,* was close, and he said the flash of blue flame looked five or six feet long "as if it jumped from the building and raced through his body."

For a second, the boy's whole body seemed to glow, as though it were illuminated (this is what Schaleben says, and the others; this I didn't see myself) and the glowing body bounced right back "as though he'd bumped up against a rubber barrier." His head lay towards the crowd when he fell. He looked limp as a rag doll out in the rain, "as though every bone in his body were dissolved."

It must have been five or ten minutes before an officer came. Everybody was afraid to touch the kid. If it had been a shot, if it had been a knife, they would have known what to do. But this death in a blue flame had an element of unreality that seemed to paralyze us all. When they carried the kid away, with his legs just dangling loose like cooked spaghetti, one big-shouldered fellow kept saying, "Oh, God, I'm sick to my stomach. Honest to God, my stomach's just turning over. I seen guys get killed before, but I never seen a murder in cold blood."

At the inquest, the coroner's verdict was that Domagalski died "of his own neglect." Frank Brindza, who was burned when Domagalski was killed, testified that Domagalski was carrying an iron pipe. He said it was too dark for him to notice whether Domagalski had pushed the iron rod through the power plant window. Deputy sheriffs and Electric Company officials had said he struck high voltage apparatus within the plant with an iron rod. Everybody talked about the rod later, but nobody talked about it that night in the crowd.

Schaleben was one of the first into the enclosure; he went in with the deputy to get the kid, and he didn't see it. He didn't see any hole in the window, either, though a newspaper picture taken next day showed one. The coroner's verdict read merely that "he held part of the fence and came in contact with high voltage wires or machines."

The awed whisper that went through the crowd that night was: "It was a cold-blooded trap. The company had high voltage wires strung up in those bushes." One of the deputies and a company guard both testified at the inquest that there weren't any live wires "planted" around as a trap, and no evidence was brought in to show that there were. But that was what the crowd said.

This was the third, and as it turned out to be, the last night, of rioting in the electric-company strike. It was not, from the first, a strike like any other the city had ever had. At the least, 157 (the company's claim) at the most, 400 (claimed by the unions) strikers were actually involved. Yet crowds of 10,000 here, 5,000 there, several thousand at another spot, turned out on each night not only to encourage the small bands of pickets vocally, but actually to battle with the police and the defenders of the company's property.

A fat man was standing on the curb with his wife on

Wednesday night during the riot at the Kinnickinnic Avenue car barns. Tears trickled from his eyes ludicrously, while his lips grinned widely. Tear gas had just been hurled, and the fat man said it was just like horseradish. People near him laughed, and encouraged, he elaborated, "They should serve wienies with their sharp horseradish. Hey, cop, give us some wienies next time with that horseradish." We were jammed up against his sweating stomach by the crowd. Talk began about the small number of strikers, and the great size of the crowd, and the fat man said, "Don't be dumb. Don't kid yourself like the electric company is doing. This is no strike of a hundred and a couple men against the company. It's the people of Milwaukee against the chiselers and the big guys. If they lose this strike, unionism is dead in this town. If they lose this strike, every guy of us that works for a living loses."

Other people said the same thing in different ways. Daniel W. Hoan, Socialist mayor of the city, received a letter from S. B. Way, president of the company, serving notice that Way intended to hold the city of Milwaukee liable for any damages done to company property and injuries to company men. Mayor Hoan wrote in reply:

> I now notify you and through you the most powerful trust the world has ever known . . . that you alone are solely responsible for the riots that have so far blotched the good name of the city. . . . Your attitude toward your employees, our people, our city, our federal government, is more arrogant than that of any ruler in the world. Uncle Sam himself has been compelled to rebuke the insolence by removing your Blue Eagle. You are now witnessing the harvest of pent-up public indignation you yourself have aroused.

Mayor M. V. Baxter, of West Allis, a suburb, wrote Mr. Way that "your appeal for protection comes with poor grace in view of your attitude towards attempts to settle the controversy peaceably," and that "I cannot promise you more assistance than we are legally compelled to provide." He concluded:

> From personal observations among the alleged mob I am forced to the conclusion that this is not a strike of 80 or 157 employees, but rather a strike of some one-half million citizens of Milwaukee County against a continued ruthless and soulless exploitation at a time when most people are hard pressed for the bare necessities of life. . . .

City Attorney Laurence Gram, of West Allis, not a Socialist, informed Way that "Your personal attitude of 'public be damned,' private business first and public interest last has finally become intolerable to the great mass of people. It is out of this feeling that public sympathy with the strike has arisen."

After the strike was called off Friday night and the terms were signed, John D. Moore, federal mediator, was asked by reporters what factors caused the accord which had appeared impossible 18 hours before. He told them, "The death of Domagalski and the shutting off of power." But white-collar workers and laborers, going to work on the street-cars from which the hated and ridiculed wire netting had been removed Saturday morning, said to each other: "Well, we won the strike. We showed 'em."

On the day that the strike ended it was reported that some Milwaukee business men, who had been meeting secretly, were preparing to lay before the district attorney that section of the Wisconsin statute which empowers him to issue warrants, if necessary, for mayors of any municipalities who fail to take action to quell riots. They called the letters "highly inflammatory and tending to arouse mob feeling and incite riots." It was also reported that the business leaders would urge police raids of communist headquarters on the charge that communist leaders were directing the strike. Neither of those things was done. Police did take into custody on suspicion of vagrancy forty-four private detectives imported by the electric company for service during the strike. When they were put through the bureau of identification one man was found to have served a six-year term in New York for murder. The police said seven busloads of imported guards had already left town.

Also, the first two of the unlawful assemblage and riot cases growing out of the strike were dismissed by Judge A. J. Hedding in district court, the court holding that to prove unlawful assemblage and rioting, the state must show that the suspect went to the scene with an unlawful purpose in mind.

Company Unions and the A. F. of L.

By LOUIS ADAMIC

ON Saturday, June 16—the day after the tragic fizzling-out of the militant rank-and-file strike movement in the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers, described in *The Nation* of two weeks ago—I went to a great steel workers' picnic, held in a vast park beside a lake on the outskirts of Canton, Ohio. The picnic was organized by the Sixth District of the A. A., which includes the lodges in Canton, Youngstown, and the lesser steel towns thereabouts. Several thousand workers were there, mostly steel men with their families and girl friends. It was an all-day affair. Most of the folks had baskets of eats with them, and beer, soda pop, hot dogs, sandwiches, and ice cream were to be had at the big pavilion near the shooting-galleries.

There were all sorts of "doings." Some of the younger people had a good time in and on the lake, diving, swimming, rowing. The children had their games, the merry-go-round, and other amusement devices. Some of the youngsters shouted hilariously and dashed about. Most of them, perhaps, looked healthy enough; not a few, however, were all too obviously working-class children growing up during a great economic crisis in dismal, musty dwellings along cinder-strewn streets and alley-ways. They were thin and old-looking, many of them wearing cheap eye-glasses; and malnutrition was the reason.

Women of all ages, wearing cheap clothes, sat on the grass in small groups, chatting, or just sitting in silence, keeping an eye on the kids. Some of them no doubt were younger than they looked. Lots of them had bad teeth; for years they had had no money for dental work. A few of them, here and there, talked among themselves of what had happened in Pittsburgh the day before. No strike, thank God! They were relieved by the sudden turn of events. They approved the decision of the delegates to the "strike" convention not to strike. They didn't know (as I indicated in my last article) that that decision had been made for the delegates by President Roosevelt, Secretary of Labor Perkins, General Johnson, William Green, and the old leaders of the A. A. Anyhow, they were glad, these steel workers' wives, that the men were not going to strike right away. Times were so hard, and some of the men were just beginning to work again a little after years of almost steady idleness. And had a strike been started, some of the men would surely have been killed or wounded, for a number of the mills had armed for battle. What good would that have done?

"Of course," I overheard a woman say, "it would be different if we, I mean the men, could pull a real strike, a *real* one—all the steel and iron and tin workers organized in one union—all quitting at the same time, then just staying home till they got what they wanted, and none of 'em going near the mills to be shot at. But as things are now, the workers are all split up. Here are these A. A. lodges of Young Boys and Old Boys that don't get along: like cats and dogs. There's the communist union. All kinds of unions, none of 'em pullin' together. And then those company unions—"

"Those company unions," put in a second woman, quickly, "they are bad; if it wasn't for them—"

"They're bad, all right," said a third woman, listlessly, "but what can you do?"

The men, especially some of the younger men, the rank-and-filers, stood or sat about in small groups or around the tables in the pavilion, talking in snatches, smoking, munching sandwiches, drinking a bit, all palpably uncomfortable, bewildered, trying to appear indifferent. The shooting-galleries were not attracting many of them. I talked with a few. None really knew what had happened in Pittsburgh the previous day; what the labor movement or the NRA really was all about. I asked, "And what do you think of company unions?" "I'm against 'em," was the typical and prompt reply. "How about the other steel workers you know; do they feel the same as you?" I asked. The usual answer was, "Everybody I know is against company unions." The company unions were the only subject to which they reacted with spirit. In some instances the answer was a brusque, fierce laugh and a look which seemed to say, "You don't think we're saps enough to go for company unions, do you?"

In the afternoon, the speeches. None of the rank-and-file leaders spoke. None had any experience in talking to large crowds, and over the radio besides, for the speeches were broadcast. Moreover, as I have said before, all the rank-and-filers were confused; what could they say? . . . I did not hear all the speeches. The first one I listened to was by a former A. F. of L. union official whose name I forget, now running for office in Canton; a thick, short man with a bull voice. He spoke of the grand and glorious American labor movement, its traditions, achievements: blah, blah . . . for ten minutes. The leaders of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers, he said, were about to go to Washington, the capital of this great country, to be received there by the President of the United States, the great Mr. Roosevelt, in the White House: blah, blah . . . for another ten minutes. Our great President was to talk with these leaders of the A. A., "your leaders"; he was to consult with them, deal with them—"and, my friends, if the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers, under the leadership of its tried and true, duly elected officers, is good enough for our great President, it's good enough for you."

Faint, scattered applause. No life in the audience.

Then the speaker embarked upon a long-winded attack on the company unions. Furiously and voluminously, he denounced the "steel barons," the "autocratic Steel and Iron Institute," for not recognizing the virtuous A. A. and for coercing the workers to join company unions. He described all the evils, from the workers' point of view, of company unionism. And at nearly every other sentence the huge audience, now suddenly alive, vehemently applauded. Many of those who clapped probably realized that the speaker was a wind-bag, but passionately agreed with what he said about company unions.

The next speaker was Louis (Shorty) Leonard, secretary-treasurer of the A. A.; a former Socialist Party spellbinder gone "pure-and-simple" conservative; a wind-bag that at once nauseates and amuses one. He "explained" what had hapened at the "strike" convention, eulogized William Green, that great, that sterling leader of American labor: blah, blah . . . praised Franklin Roosevelt, the greatest President since Lincoln: blah, blah . . . To all this there was little or no applause. The workers and their women just stood and listened apathetically.

"Shorty" then tore into the subject of company unions and, using very much the same words as the previous speaker, denounced the "autocratic, un-American steel barons," the "ruthless, undemocratic, steel interests," who refused to grant the request of organized labor in their industry for recognition of the union and collective bargaining; who defied the President and Congress of the United States, and, by various methods, forced—"*forced,* my friends"—their employees to join company unions, thus viciously, purposefully, retarding the normal growth of "legitimate" labor organizations. He kept this up for fifteen minutes or longer: blah, blah . . . repeating himself three or four times; and on the average of once a minute, if not oftener, he was interrupted by loud, spontaneous applause. It was evident that the workers really felt strongly about company unions, and that this feeling, which in the ensuing few days, while going around in the steel regions, I encountered elsewhere, was the result of bitter personal experiences or long, consistent anti-company union propaganda, or both; probably both.

Two days later, "Shorty" Leonard made essentially the same speech at the Hungry Club luncheon in Pittsburgh, attended largely by liberals and radicals of that city; and I was told that he and other A. F. of L. labor skates in the Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Ohio steel regions had been talking to that effect every chance they had had for months—blaming company unions for the A. F. of L. organization's failure to organize labor in a big way, while simultaneously, as I have shown last week, subtly retarding, frustrating unorganized labor in its NRA-inspired urge toward organization.

In brief, the A. F. of L. union skates are utilizing, exploiting the workers' hate for company unions, stirring and intensifying it, focusing their thoughts and feelings on the company-union evil, exaggerating the power of company unionism, in order to keep them blind to the faults and shortcomings of the A. F. of L. organizations. This hate focused on the company unions makes the A. F. of L. group safe and free from criticism on the part of the workers, except the more intelligent ones, of course, who cannot be blinded so easily. Are the A. F. of L. unions weak and ineffective? Yes. But why? Because they have to contend with that awful enemy of organized labor, that great evil, the company unions. Hence, if the A. F. of L. unions are not what they should be, it is not their fault, but the company unions', the bosses', the Steel and Iron. Institute's. Also, by talking so furiously against company unions the A. F. of L. leaders make themselves appear friends of labor. Labor, ill-informed and bewildered, fearing and hating company unions, does not repudiate them. It allows itself to be "led" by them. This talking so furiously against company unions keeps labor from looking around for other leaders, from becoming a raw mass for a new movement, probably a radical, revolutionary movement, which, by and by, would displace "pure and simple" A. F. of L.

The Steel and Iron Institute lately released some figures pertaining to company unions. It claimed that over 90 per cent of steel, iron, and tin workers were in company unions or in favor of such organizations. As a matter of fact, the overwhelming majority, probably over 90 per cent, of workers in the steel regions that I visited in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and West Virginia, are fiercely anti-company union. There are company unions in nearly every town, but few workers who have succeeded in overcoming their fear of not belonging to them have joined them.

Until very recently the company unions were comparatively unimportant in the workers' consideration. Then the A. F. of L. spellbinders, fellows like "Shorty" Leonard, commenced to harp on them and thus built them up in the workers' minds to an extent that thousands of men joined them because they were afraid that if they did not they would—according to the A. F. of L. union leaders, whom they heard talk—lose their jobs or suffer some other calamity. Thus A. F. of L. fakers acted as organizers of company unions!

Consciously? Deliberately? Intentionally? Yes, in all probability, consciously, deliberately, intentionally. As I suggested in my first article, it certainly is not to the advantage of the old A. F. of L. oligarchy to have their unions become big organizations. How can they keep out the thousands of workers who want to come in? By impressing them with the importance and formidableness of company unionism, by scaring them, and driving them, fear-stricken, into the company unions.

Am I giving the A. F. of L. fakers credit for more brains than they are likely to have? I think not. They are desperate. They are fighting for their existence. And in such a situation even a normally dull or stupid person or group is apt to develop great cunning and a high capacity for evil-doing.

Is it possible that there is, in this matter, conscious, direct cooperation between the Steel and Iron Institute's agents charged with the promotion of the company-union idea and the leaders of the A. F. of L. unions in the steel industry? I, for one, certainly think it conceivable that there is. If there is not, it all works perfectly, anyhow.

Are President Roosevelt, Miss Perkins, General Johnson, Donald Richberg, and the other geniuses in the New Deal aware of this conscious or unconscious, direct or indirect cooperation between the company-union forces and the A. F. of L. fakers? If they are not, their spies in the labor field are not as good as I think they are.

A Leningrad Letter

By HAROLD J. LASKI

Leningrad, June 20

GENERALIZATIONS about Soviet Russia are even more dangerous than those one tends to make about other countries. Its size is so vast, its complexities so intricate, that one can find in any region the material for a mass of contradictory affirmations. In a month's stay I have met Russians who have insisted to me that (a) there is no democracy here and (b) that there is no finer democracy in the world; (c) that there is no such thing as justice in Soviet Russia and (d) that the legal system in Soviet Russia is its supreme achievement. I give only indications of the labyrinth through which one has to thread one's way.

I visited Russia as a professional student of politics, concerned to observe its institutions in operation. Here I propose to set down some of the conclusions at which I have arrived. They are based on innumerable conversations with men and women varying from the unskilled factory worker to the People's Commissar. They suffer, of course, from the fact that many of them have come to me (though by no means all) through the distorted medium of translation, though I add that the linguistic ability of the translator with whom I was provided was, to judge by her capacity to make eager argument intelligible to both sides, quite admirable. I found no disposition to conceal the meaning or extent of ugliness which no visitor could fail to notice; and I rarely discovered anything which could be called deliberate evasion.

Judged by the ordinary standards of Great Britain or the United States the standard of living is low. The people on the streets are shabby, and the furniture in most of the houses I saw was poor. Overcrowding in Moscow and Leningrad is great, and a large part of the people there still live in slum conditions. Outside the Torgsin shops, the supply of consumers' goods is still pitifully small; and the proportion of the population which has access to Torgsin is, of course, fractional. I doubt whether an unemployed English worker on the dole has a standard of life as low as the lower-paid categories of Russian workmen in full employment.

On the other hand, I was assured not only by Russians themselves, but by newspapermen who had lived in Russia for many years, that conditions are definitely better than at any time since 1917. No one can doubt the intensity of the effort towards improvement. The new housing; the social-insurance system; the educational opportunities for the masses; the very real power of the trade unions to protect the interests of the workers; all of these are admirably conceived, pretty efficiently administered, and satisfactory evidence of the vital fact that the material and spiritual welfare of the masses is the primary and permeating objective of Soviet planning.

The result is one fact which it is not, I think, open to any serious observer to deny. Russia is a land of hope. The masses have no doubt that the sacrifices of today will be justified by the achievements of tomorrow. The mental climate is one of intense exhilaration, of a buoyant and optimistic faith I have never before encountered. The belief in the "manifest destiny" of Russia, the conviction that it is succeeding in its experiment, is obviously both widespread and profound. That this makes the adventure worthwhile at least for all who have come to maturity since the revolution is, so far as my necessarily limited observation goes, quite unquestionable.

The revolution has brought to the common man opportunities he has never before possessed in history. This is particularly true, of course, in the industrial field; but it is not confined to that area. Ability is certain to find its opportunity of expression, granted only, of course, that it is not hostile therein to the purposes of the dictatorship. Factory managers, engineers, administrators, judges, soldiers, are only instances of men with whom I talked (by no means all of them members of the Communist Party) who were, before the revolution, simple working men with no prospect save that of remaining so until the end of their lives. The revolution has discovered a reservoir of unknown talent (as does every revolution) in the working-class which is immensely impressive; and it differs from all previous revolutions in that, even after seventeen years, it is still able to harness the ability it discovers to the service of its objective. In some ways, I regard this as the most impressive aspect of Soviet Russia.

The fact of dictatorship is real and omnipresent. It is ruthless and relentless in suppressing all opinion the purpose of which it conceives to be hostile to its fundamental objectives. On the other hand, it must be admitted that there is a reality, though of a special kind, in Soviet democracy, which is undeniable. Factory democracy is real; the worker is consulted, both individually and through his trade union, at every phase of his work. He is not only consulted; he can be certain that his criticism, especially in matters of technique, will reach and influence the effective sources of power. In the political field, the number of workers who, in the local soviets, play an effective part in administration, is greater than in any other country. They do not control fundamental policy; that is the exclusive appanage of the Communist Party. But their views count with the party and influence it greatly in shaping its policy. The soviets are really less governing organs than organs of consultation and administration; but in those realms they unquestionably are a real factor in the making of the party line. The men who control the party realize that they cannot govern successfully save as they keep non-Communist opinion largely in step with their direction. Outside the political field, there is a real and impressive democracy in the administration of justice. The People's Courts are a discovery of quite seminal importance in the history of legal procedure. In small cases they realize in a striking degree the ideal of justice without law. They prove, to me at least, that legal administration in capitalist countries suffers greatly from the excessive domination of professional technique. And in this realm the work of the courts has the exceptional value of training some half-million men and women in the business of government. On this side, also, the Russian experiment represents something new.

Of justice in the political field I cannot speak with any confidence. Discussion with some of the highest officials concerned convinced me that its underlying principle is that of *raison d'état*, and it is obvious that the dangers of prejudice and error arising from the application of this principle are immense. Certain laws in this realm also seem to me as incapable of objective justification as statutes like the Incitement of Disaffection Act in England, or the various criminal-syndicalist laws in the United States. I am confident that if I lived in Russia I should court difficulty from my sense of the need to found a Council of Civil Liberties.

Of the administration of justice certain other things are striking. It is generally simple, efficient, and straightforward. Real pains are taken not merely to educate the judges after appointment, but to organize effective criticism of their work. In Moscow, for instance, judges of the higher tribunals make a monthly report on their work. They seek, in conjunction with their colleagues, with the Ministry of Justice, and with the various academic institutes of law, to make the effective incidence of their work at least as much preventive as purely judicial. Once the thesis is accepted (and it is widely accepted) that the economic environment is the main factor in crime, the degree to which the judge who is, in Coke's phrase, "given over to criticism," may feel the kind of sense of social responsibility implicit, to take the best example, in the work of Mr. Justice Brandeis, is remarkable. This is an aspect of judicial work in Russia which clamors for careful inquiry by a competent investigator from Harvard or Yale. We have much to learn from its operation.

The Comrades' Courts, which exist in the big houses, factories, workshops, farms, are also valuable and educative institutions. They have no penal authority. But they do excellent work in ameliorating those normal relations of social intercourse which too often, elsewhere, bring in the law where it has no real place. Essentially they are an institution for improving human relationships by reasoned, popular discussion. The population concerned elects its tribunal of three, but anyone may attend and participate in the examination of the difficulty. It may be a worker who is slacking, a house-tenant who continually quarrels, or what not; whatever the incident involved, the admirable common sense with which these courts conduct their work shows how much more we could do than we have done to organize the ordinary social impulses for creative purposes.

So much has been written on prison administration in Russia that I need not comment upon it more than to say that it amply deserves all the eulogies that have been heaped upon it. Experiments like that of Bolshevo are literally triumphs of the power to reclaim human nature from the results of evil surroundings; and the ordinary prisons prove that a socialist environment has a capacity for regeneration of which it is impossible to overestimate the significance.

I add, of course, that I have seen nothing of the treatment of political prisoners or of a liquidated class like the kulaks. Definite instances given to me, and certain general accounts, suggested that this is a very ugly aspect of the picture in which Soviet Russia has little to learn from either Hitlerite Germany or the Balkan dictatorships.

The most fascinating institution in Soviet Russia is the Communist Party. Seven years ago, when I wrote a book on communism, I compared its position in Russia to that of the Society of Jesus in the Roman Catholic Church. After innumerable discussions with its Russian members, I think the analogy is justified. As a party, it has many and outstanding virtues. Courage, loyalty, the will to self-sacrifice, endless devotion, immense energy, these it has in abundance. It is relentless, dogmatic, intolerant, too incapable of skepticism, permeated with an emotional attachment to its principles which makes it dangerously over-confident in its prognostications, especially in the international field. Its discipline is so rigid that, despite its technique of self-criticism, I suspect it of failing to utilize the full ability at its disposal by its emphasis on intellectual obedience as a primary virtue. It is too full of suspicion of its opponents' motives; and it counts its end so vital that it becomes a little easily convinced that it can afford to be indifferent to the means (and the cost) by which that end is attained. It is much more dominated by its leaders than is good for any party; I was often presented with a text from Stalin, not as a thesis to be discussed, but as an argument that ended the matter. It is too much devoted to the search for deviations from the party "line"; and since the party "line" is amazingly in the hands of the central party executive this tends to give its decisions a mechanical character which is good neither for the leaders nor for the rank and file. Nevertheless, the party is extraordinarily impressive. I wish my own party could command the same fervent and selfless devotion from its members.

The Russian intellectuals apart, it is curious to note how little interest in foreign countries exists, and how profound is the ignorance of their habits and traditions. Again and again, after questioning some high official for several hours, I would suggest that he would perhaps like to ask me some questions in his turn. Only once did he do so. And when an economist of some distinction could take the view that the purpose of the 1934 Unemployment Act in Great Britain was to put the unemployed into concentration camps—she even suggested that the true analogy of the clauses of the statute was with the Hitlerite camps in Germany—I felt that it was difficult to bridge the gap between us. A high legal official sought to persuade me that the independence of the English judiciary was simply a trick intended to deceive the workers into a failure to realize the class character of the courts; when I sought to explain its historical causes, he obviously regarded my view as baseless. A distinguished academician urged on me the necessity of arming the British working-class for the coming struggle. I tried to make him see the difficulties in the way of buying and storing machine guns and other munitions of war in an efficiently administered state. His answer was that a party which really willed socialism would find a way. Shrewd as were many of the observations on points of detail, I was unable to avoid the impression that the communist approach makes even men of first-rate ability lose most of their perspective in judging the situation abroad.

It was the background of this atmosphere which makes me convinced that Russian communism is as genuine a religion as any in the experience of man. Lenin and Stalin are the objects of a worship the emotional intensity of which can only be understood by a student of religious history. The democratic centralism of the Communist Party is like nothing so much as the ability of the Roman Catholic to think freely up to the point where the church pronounces its considered judgment; and a failure to accept that judgment is followed by as real an excommunication as ever Rome imposed. Not only that; the contrition humbly expressed by men like Zinoviev, Radek, Kamenev for their "deviations" is curiously akin to the penance which Rome exacts from the sinner who returns to the fold. I have used the analogy of the Society of Jesus. Perhaps even more just, from another angle, is that of Cromwell's Ironsides, with the emphasis that it was the depth of their religious conviction which made of them such splendid soldiers. So also with the Communist Party. It is the absence of any desire to reexamine first principles that gives it the immense driving power it possesses. Men who can await the future with complete certainty as to its character can go forward with a confidence denied to men who see only as through a glass darkly.

[This is the first of two articles by Harold Laski, who has just returned to England from Soviet Russia. The second will appear in an early issue.]

What Is Belief?

By I. A. RICHARDS

My difficulty with beliefs is the simple-seeming one that I do not know what they are. But it is possible to play so many conjuring tricks with the word "know" that I had better explain, if I can, just in what sense I do not know what a belief is before discussing the consequences of this particular kind of ignorance or skepticism. Incidentally, the sorting and caging operations needed to keep the word "know" from betraying us in this discussion are so much the same as those needed for "believe" that they will help us later. Moreover, these possibilities of analyzing and separating different senses of such key-words as "know," "believe," "truth," "love," and "self" supply, for me, both the grounds of a very wide skepticism and the hope of turning the skepticism into a constructive movement. Skepticism is so often associated with despair that it is worth while to insist at the beginning of a skeptical article upon its hopeful possibilities.

I invite the reader to consider the remark, "I do not know what a belief is," in a spirit of neutral curiosity. I invite him to set aside the combative tradition in which such remarks are usually discussed, and to look before he leaps to any conclusion as to what it *must* mean—to look rather lingeringly for what it *may* mean, and to consider the very important differences between these possible meanings. I want to suggest at the same time that there is hardly any remark of general interest which we can make that does not need to be examined in this way before we can use it—except for crude polemical purposes.

First, there is the sense in which to know what a belief is would be to know its ultimate nature. In this sense, evidently, we do not, any of us, know what *anything* is. So this is not the kind of ignorance which is troublesome with beliefs. In fact, this seems a singularly supportable kind of ignorance that troubles none but metaphysicians.

Next is the sense in which not to know what a belief is, is simply to lack some piece of available information. This kind of ignorance, again, is not, I think, the kind which is troublesome here. For this kind of ignorance is easily removed. If a Tibetan, for example, does not know what an oyster is, we can send for one and explain it to him and for all necessary purposes he will then know what an oyster is.

Close to this, is a sense which may concern us here. A man may not know what a belief is through the lack of a necessary kind of experience. The blind man who does not know what a color is has often been cited in this connection. But with the blind man we can easily decide that he is blind without using his ignorance of colors as evidence of his blindness, and moreover we know so much about vision and about colors that we can understand his ignorance and explain it once we know he is blind. (And the same applies to color-blindness.) So the parallel is weak. No one can suggest why it is that certain people, belonging to a cultural tradition which has had much to do with beliefs, people in all other respects normal, as far as we can tell, and enjoying the full range of normal experience, should show this ignorance. No one can explain why they should lack the necessary experience, or, here is the main point, just what experience it is which is necessary and lacking. It remains, however, possible that, if we knew much more psychology than we do, we might be able to give some explanation of this kind and so straighten out the parallel with blindness. Later on I shall sketch some conjectures of this sort. So for the moment we may leave this case of the man who does not know what a belief is because he has never had any.

More to our purpose is the man who does not know what a belief is because he does not know which, among the mental states which he does enjoy, are beliefs and which are not. This may be thought to be the same case as number two above. The man needs a little teaching, we may say. He should consult a dictionary or get a better-informed friend to instruct him. But if he replies that he has done this conscientiously and that the information which has been given him is insufficient to enable him to decide what a belief is, we shall, with our next step in trying to understand his trouble, come nearer to our main problem.

There seem two plausible interpretations (not incompatible) of this skeptical state. He may be in the same case as a man who does not know what an *afanc* is. Consulting the dictionary he discovers that an *afanc* is a fabulous Welsh beast—and, of course, he does thereby get to know, in a sense, what it is. But he is entitled to say that, for his purposes, he still does not know what it is. The description "a fabulous Welsh beast" is too indefinite for him to be able to decide whether, for example, he has ever seen an *afanc*, or whether there are or have ever been any *afancs*. The authorities, he notes, are divided as to whether an *afanc* was a beaver, a crocodile, or a dragon. In brief, the dictionary definition is adequate for the purposes of Welsh folklore, but not for zoology. Similarly, the man who does not know what a belief is may say that such definitions as he can obtain may be adequate for logic or theology but not adequate for psychology or for his personal problem of deciding whether he himself has ever had any beliefs or not.

This brings us to the second interpretation of his difficulty. The definitions available may work fairly well as parts of the systems of abstract psychology to which they belong. But they may still be held to be inapplicable to our actual mental states—insufficient to allow us to identify one of our own or our neighbor's mental states as a belief, and reject another. Add to this the large number of psychological theories that are current—all using the word belief but in quite different ways—the queer mixtures of these theories that most people have compounded, and the extreme *vagueness* that is prevalent in these matters. We shall then have the outline of the excuse a man may offer who says that he does not know what a belief is, and that, when other people say they believe something, he does not know sufficiently what they are doing to be able to agree with them *or* dissent.

But, someone will say, it is easy to point to beliefs that all men share, and whatever the exact account of them may be, all men can easily identify these beliefs in themselves and so unambiguously settle what a belief is. I agree that there are an infinitude of certainties that all men share—all the certainties that belong to that routine of expectation on which our life depends. But I should argue that these certainties differ in a number of all-important respects from any beliefs that are ever subjects of interesting discussion. These certainties of expectation, for one thing, are being ceaselessly verified in our lives, verified in an exact sense which leaves no room for discussion about it. By an artificial extension of the technique of prediction and verification we get science, which, so long as it remains science, also gives no scope for dispute. Where it turns into speculation—not yet ripe for verification—there is, of course, plenty of room for discussion, just the same kinds of discussion with the same kind of ambiguities that play about the other beliefs that I am contrasting here with certainties. But these certainties, which we can identify in ourselves, are not discussable (as opposed to conjectures about them) just because they are so certain, so universal, and so unambiguous. For example, my certainty that if I dive off the summit of the Matterhorn I shall soon be in pieces. If this is called a "belief" it is, along with all similar "beliefs," quite uninteresting. I could make a list of such "beliefs" that would run to a million words and nobody would find a word to say against one of them. The only "beliefs" that would provoke discussion (let us give them a capital B to mark them off) are Beliefs that a majority of the world's inhabitants would, if they could understand them, dissent from. The only exceptions to this last might be, perhaps, a number of Beliefs of a character too vague to be susceptible of examination.

This odd state of affairs (odd when we consider the confidence with which Beliefs are discussed) is partly due to the provincialism of human traditions hitherto. As comparative studies extend (they are only embryonic at present) we shall recognize that Beliefs are products of tradition and circumstances to a degree which we cannot as yet reconcile ourselves to admitting. We may also become more ready to inquire persistently into the question, "What is Belief?" As we know, the best minds (in these matters) have given the best part of their best energies to the questions, "What should we Believe?" and "Why (on what grounds) should we Believe?" I cannot find that any comparable attention has been given to the question, "What is Belief?" ("What are we doing when we Believe?") It is at least arguable that this is logically the prior question; that it must be answered to some degree before the other questions can be profitably taken up.

Any definite answer to it will seem a long way off to a critical psychologist, but a surmise as to the general form of the answer may be worth venturing. The basis for such a surmise lies in analogies with questions about other items in popular or traditional psychology; Love, for example, or Knowledge. Each of these much-argued items can be admitted (more easily than Belief) to be an *omnium gatherum* including many very different kinds of things. If we consider the way in which we learn to use these words and to think with their aid about what we mean by them we shall see no reason why this should not be so, and fairly good reasons for thinking that it is so. And the same reasons hold for Belief. The psychologist, in fact, when he is sticking to his business, has no use for the term Belief except as marking a collection of materials for analysis. The analysis cannot yet be carried very far, only far enough to suggest that under this heading, Belief, both in popular and in sophisticated use, are to be found an extremely heterogeneous set of mental states, processes, and conditions. So diverse indeed that it may well be doubted if there is one among them which deserves the name—one, that is, which its possessor may name Belief with a decent likelihood that other people will really more than vaguely understand him.

Such an extreme surmisal may be unduly skeptical; but the arguments for the view that Believing covers a variety of very unlike mental events can be made, I think, as sound as any argument in psychology. Sound enough to put the burden of proof—that there is some one definite, recognizable mental act, specific in its nature and frequent in occurrence, which is to be called Believing—on to anyone who maintains it. A general consensus of opinion that there is such an act will clearly not do as a proof, for, as we have seen, the question is, "What are we being unanimous about?"

So much for my initial simple-seeming difficulty that prevents me from having any confidence that I know what a Belief is. It also prevents me from any steps which might encourage any Beliefs I might happen to have—that is to say, any attitudes and so forth that I treat (or that treat me) otherwise than as the hopes, fears, desires, devotions, renunciations, aspirations—that I do not call Beliefs. In what follows I shall mean by Beliefs just such feelings, attitudes, settings of the will, concentrations of attention, and so on, but given a kind of secondary sanction by being called Beliefs, being confused through the prime ambiguity of this word with truth-assertions, and being thus afforded marked privileges in the parliament of their fellow-sentiments. And, when I say that I am, so far as I know, without Beliefs, I do not mean that I am devoid of these sentiments, but that in me they are without this special secondary sanction. I fancy that this situation I find myself in is shared by a good number of my generation—those, at least, upon whom a speculative interest in psychology has taken effect. Even some who are nominally Believers in creeds are not, I imagine, in a very dissimilar position. The difference would be that whereas they are wishing to Believe, I am not. This difference may be worth exploring.

It has often been alleged that without some Beliefs life would be intolerable or worthless—that Beliefs of one kind or another are an unescapable need of human nature.

> If the Sun and Moon should Doubt
> They'd immediately go out!

I would reply that certainties (of the kind instanced above) are, of course, necessary. But these certainties are of the same kind in mice and men, only more numerous and elaborate for man as his life becomes more artificial in its conditions. But the necessity of Beliefs either for mouse or man is another matter. I should be inclined to admit that for some types of mind (which are the result of a special training and tradition) life may be more difficult, and especially more difficult to live finely, without Beliefs. But against the view that this need goes deeper than can be explained by an acquired mental habit I would point to the Chinese, among whom what are recognized as their finest types of humanity have for centuries avoided Beliefs more studiously than their fellows. "Ah! But they were avoiding bad Beliefs!" someone will say. I agree, but I want for the moment only to damage the opinion that Beliefs *of some kind no matter what* are a necessity for the mind.

"What an inexplicable frame of mind is belief!" said Darwin. It is perhaps rather less inexplicable now than in his day: sixty years of psychology have done a little toward clearing up the tangle. For it is in the image of a tangle—the threads of our different interests, needs, sentiments, rubbing against, hitching upon, twining round one another—that we can most easily picture the problem. We will assume, here, that metaphors are not psychology. But in terms of this metaphor, a Belief may be imagined as a point where a thread of interest (an imagining, a feeling, a desiring) has caught improperly upon other threads, so that in the incessant running of the threads it is given checks and pulls which do not properly belong to it, and would not occur to it if the mind's economy were in perfect order. For example: a feeling, let us say, that a story creates in us would be altered in various ways if the story were actually true. But our proper interest in whether the story is true or not may and usually does belong to quite another system from the interests that give the story its feeling. If these interests catch in one another, we can be easily convinced that the story gets its value from its truth, or conversely that it must be true because we feel as we do about it. Add to this our amazing virtuosity in conjuring with the various senses of truth, and we have the typical conditions for a set of Beliefs about the story.

This is an over-simplified example, of course. The "catching" of independent interests in one another evidently cannot be demonstrated. It is merely a plausible sort of hypothesis to account for observations we all constantly make about each other's Beliefs. But the main point I want to make with its aid is that the value of the story may be and often is quite free from any implications with its truth standing. It may get a little adventitious force from being taken as true, but this extra force may very well not be an improvement in its value; in any case taking it for true exposes it to risks. As Matthew Arnold said, "we have attached our emotion to the fact and now the fact is failing it." If the fact fails it the emotion is, quite unfairly of course, apt to be damaged.

To take a different kind of example. A man setting forth a plan—say the Five-Year Plan—is very likely to get his admiration for the plan implicated in his opinion as to whether it will be realized in fact. He comes to Believe in the Plan. I should argue, and those who do not Believe in the Plan will probably agree with me, that success is more likely if his inspiration from the plan and his judgment of practical possibilities do not get intertwined, and he does not Believe that it *must* come true.

These instances are too easily seen through by the non-Believer. They have to be to serve my purposes here. In cases of more interesting beliefs the intricacies of the tangle are likely to be beyond all tracing. I want only to suggest that the same kind of "catching" or snarling of lines of interest which would work just as well or better in freedom from one another may be suspected in all Beliefs. And the more adequately we can imagine the natural complexities of the mind and therefore the opportunities for snarling, the stronger our suspicion will grow. Psychoanalysis has helped us immensely here.

I suggest, then, that there may be reasonable ground for not wishing to Believe anything. Those who say, "I am convinced," and think this should recommend their views may be a little naïve. And in making this suggestion I am not overlooking the immense value of Beliefs to certain types of minds. The ages of faith may have supplied invaluable ingredients to human nature. I think it very likely that we should be today infinitely the poorer without them. I wish only to discourage the assumption that the type of mind which needs Belief is necessarily the finer. Often it seems to be, and if this were usually so, at present, there would be nothing to surprise us. For our tradition encourages such minds and serves them with all its treasures.

But I began by remarking upon the hopeful possibilities of skepticism. The kind of questioning which, for me, dissolves the traditional landmark, Belief, into a cluster of undeveloped problems can be applied to almost all our mental landmarks. Truth, Knowledge, Beauty, the Will, the Good, the Self—with all their satellite terms—fade out. Under a persistent analysis they appear as merely fictions—devised to suit changing needs and owing their seeming solidity to their systematic interlocking ambiguity. A moment comes when any persistent inquirer will be forced to echo Trumbull Stickney:

> Sir, say no more;
> Within me 'tis as if
> The green and climbing eyesight of a cat
> Crawls near my mind's poor birds.

But, looking back, the picture that human history presents is not one which needs no mending. Our mind's poor birds have not served us so well that we must fear to disturb them. And in any case they are being disturbed whether we like it or not. The hope of skepticism is that it may uncover behind these fictions more of the actual forces by which we live. Then, with a more conscious control, we may better order our lives.

In the Driftway

ETIQUETTE is a strong seed, sown in the minds of young children of all classes, nourished by both habit and expedience, and flowering in conduct which to the neutral observer frequently seems irrational. It is possible, of course, that this codified irrationality of etiquette is a necessary defense, a blindness erected against the otherwise intolerable irrationality of our modern way of living which we call civilized. There is an etiquette of war, an etiquette of peace, an etiquette of the bread-line, an etiquette of commerce. For example, the Drifter is periodically afflicted by the etiquette-bound irrationality of his haberdasher. The affliction is mutual. Confident in his superior knowledge of what is the right thing, the haberdasher prescribes with haughty authority the hat, or shirt, or tie the Drifter is supposed to wear that season. The Drifter demurs mildly, because he has the heretical notion that last season's hat was more becoming, and feels, moreover, that since he is paying for the hat, he should be permitted to indulge his silly preferences. The haberdasher is shocked, no less. He freezes. He intimates that the Drifter's money is counterfeit; that he is outside the pale not merely of commerce, but of our common humanity, and that the sooner this unfortunate episode is ended the better. On at least one occasion of this sort, the Drifter became violent. He exploded, liked the Terrible Mr. Bang, and marched out of the shop in search of another haberdasher; only to return an hour later and accept meekly what the haberdasher ordered. The haberdasher was right, of course. What would happen to business, to society, to the very foundations of our civilization if anarchic creatures like the Drifter were permitted to have what they wanted?

* * * * *

DOUBTLESS by way of compensation for such humiliations, the Drifter cherishes those rare eccentricities of behavior that he has encountered and occasionally tried to emulate. There was the West Indian elevator boy in a down-town skyscraper who by some miracle of art imposed a kind of African rhythm upon the vertical traffic which he supervised. The hum of the motor, the bang of the door, the start, the stop were all woven into this rhythm. "Going up, going up, going up," he chanted. "Come on, folks, anybody got a song?" Then there was the friend who interrupted a stroll along the old Barbary Coast of San Francisco by droppining on hands and knees, crawling beneath the swinging door of a honky-tonk, and barking. This done, he calmly resumed his stroll, remarking merely, "They seemed very much surprised." With modest pride, the Drifter concludes by recording a minor exploit of his own. When Roxy's Theater in New York opened some years ago the Drifter, with many thousands of his fellows, hastened to marvel at this magnificence, surpassing the grandeur that was Rome. Attended by a super-selected usher he moved from wonder to wonder, with appropriate exclamations of awe. Then, pausing beside a huge Corinthian column, he remarked, "Usher, this pillar is hollow." "Yes, sir, very good, sir," replied that brilliant apprentice showman. "We'll have it filled for you tomorrow."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Reopening the Controversy

To the Editors of The Nation:

Messrs. Houston and Ransom seem to me in error at certain points in their reply to our article in the July 4 *Nation.* The facts as stated were agreed to by Mr. Houston in our conference. As we did not have the same opportunity to reach an agreement on the facts in Mr. Houston's reply, I am asking that you change your ruling about closing the controversy and allow me to state them as they seem to us.

It is true that Helen Boardman did not make a complete investigation in Virginia, but this does not tell the whole story. She was recalled before she had finished by a telegram from Walter White and never given a chance to return. She did not talk with any of the Virginia Negroes who are alleged to have seen Crawford there. She did arrange to have these people seen, however, by a colored woman from Washington; the latter for some reason never did this and the N. A. A. C. P. allowed the matter to rest there, until October.

The statement that the Boston alibi placed Crawford in Boston continuously from September to January 13 is too sweeping. Crawford himself in the alleged confession to Gallaher claimed to have gone to Philadelphia twice on a truck. There was also a break in time which was not completely covered by the testimony of alibi witnesses. Deacon Bailey, for instance, who positively placed Crawford in Boston early in January said there had been a period in the last part of December when he had not seen him at all. This might mean that Crawford did go to Virginia and return before the murder and that both the alibi witnesses and those who claimed to see him in Virginia in December were telling the truth even if Crawford was not.

Messrs. Houston and Ransom say, "It has been suggested that these witnesses were under duress" and also "that they certainly did not appear to be under duress." What about Bertie de Neal? She had to our knowledge been arrested and held as a material witness for varying periods not less than three times. Does anyone suppose that she would have given information likely to send her lover to the chair of her own free will? Mr. Houston, moreover, admitted at one of our conferences that she was in fact in custody when he interviewed her, but he assured us that this did not really constitute duress. He had not seen her in jail but in the sheriff's kitchen where she was acting as the sheriff's cook.

On this point of duress they speak also of a colored boy who talked with counsel and who had previously "refused to divulge information to the prosecution." But I cannot understand why, if the idea was, as they state, to find out what the prosecution's case was, they spent time on a witness who had "refused to divulge this information to the prosecution." This witness, Lester Hill, did later give testimony against Crawford at the trial. Also, apart from actual duress in individual cases, the general atmosphere and the terrorization of the colored people must be considered. As Messrs. Houston and Ransom state, they were still "so apprehensive" even at the time of the trial that counsel could not find lodging in Leesburg and had to commute from Washington throughout the trial. Is it likely that people in such a jittery state would go out of their way to withhold evidence against Crawford or to give evidence they might have that was favorable to him?

Messrs. Houston and Ransom labor under a misunderstanding about the real basis of our criticism. It was not that counsel left the investigation of the alibi to the last, but that they never made any real investigation—at least not with any thoroughness—and then stated in print that the alibi witnesses had been seen and could not substantiate the stories they had told at the extradition hearing. Our criticism on this point is not merely a formal one. We felt that the defense actually did not know anything about the alibi and were in no position to speak about it. They speak of nineteen witnesses who placed Crawford in Virginia, but five of these witnesses had criminal records. The quality of the witnesses in Boston was decidedly higher than this. Perhaps if a thorough investigation had been made the alibi testimony would also have stood up quantitatively, as well, against the Virginia testimony.

Messrs. Ransom and Houston say that Crawford did not want to appeal. On all the evidence I have seen this seems to me doubtful. At least it seems to me doubtful without duress or inducement or some misunderstanding of the consequences. It is a matter of record that Mr. Houston wrote to the prosecutor on December 17, immediately after the first verdict, stating that he and the N. A. A. C. P. were anxious to wind up the matter and offering to plead Crawford guilty to the Buckner indictment in return for a second life sentence. On the following January 5, Crawford wrote from jail to one of the Boston witnesses that he was "an innocent man and Mr. Houston, one of my lawyers, say he is going to get me out in two years." He also early in February gave the interview which he later repudiated saying he was not satisfied with his trial. Messrs. Ransom and Houston say that "as Crawford's counsel they took their orders from Crawford." It does not seem to me that the language used by Mr. Houston at the time of the Buckner indictment was that of a man "taking orders from Crawford."

Helen Boardman is in the West and unable at the moment to voice her criticisms, but I believe that this statement also substantially represents what she would feel about the reply to our article.

Northampton, Mass., July 1 Martha Gruening

Contributors to This Issue

Miriam Allen De Ford is a California newspaperwoman.

Florence Higgins is on the editorial staff of the Milwaukee *Journal.*

Louis Adamic is the author of "The Native's Return."

Harold Laski, professor of political science at London University, has recently delivered a series of lectures on problems of representative government at the Institute of Politics at Leningrad.

I. A. Richards, Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, is the author of many important works on philosophy and literary criticism.

Mark Van Doren is well known as critic, editor, and poet.

Louis M. Hacker, whose "Short History of the New Deal" will soon be published, is at present teaching in the summer session of Columbia University.

Benjamin Rowland, Jr., is a member of the Oriental department of the Fogg Museum in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Edna Kenton is the author of "The Book of Earths."

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Beryl Harold Levy is the author of "Reform Judaism in America."

Books

Sonnets

By MARK VAN DOREN

I

Should this end now it were the end of light,
That would no longer reach an earth receded;
And the grey death of odor; and a blight
On taste and touch, with every sound unheeded.
I could no longer count the falling days,
Nor weigh an ounce of sorrow out to pain;
It were the end of knowledge when the ways
Of feeling are as reason to the brain.
Should it end suddenly—but I am wrong.
Nothing so invisible can shatter.
Our love is not an object, like the long
Cold hand of time, that is the purest matter.
But that is something different, and slow,
And closes gradually, as the senses go.

II

Let it be always secret what we say;
And where we meet, be that our world alone.
Nor think us ever guilty, since our day
Is one on which no shadow-bands have shown.
Shame is a shadow that will never fall
On us who have cut down the trees of pride.
Let the world darken past the garden wall;
The space within is conscienceless and wide.
Nor think us ever weary, or in need
Of company to bring the night at last.
Love is a lonely and contented deed,
Done in a desert that is sweet and vast;
Where neither of us turns a happy head
To see the world behind us that is dead.

III

As the blue fringes of this flower desire
Comparison; yet even this old glass,
Wherein some workman hid the sky afire,
Is not the same; and so the mind must pass,
And look along the world, and never come
To the pure hue repeated—thus I range
Through the live chronicles that tell the sum
Of love's known history; and each is strange.
No love is like our love beyond the start;
Two look upon each other, then we lose them.
They whisper to each other, but apart,
In a wild shade, and we can never use them—
Likening ourselves to nothing more
Than two late comers as the long day wore.

IV

When I came back to your unlifted eyes,
And spoke to you, inquiring how we did,
And you looked up without the least surmise—
Then the old music, that so long was hid,
Sounded; and I knew it was to pour
Forever while we lived, with no abating.
The unskilled players were unskilled no more,
And every string had sweetened by its waiting.
There will be nothing now but one clear tone,
Of which we shall not tire; and when it pauses
We shall exist upon love's faith alone,
That knows all silence to its deepest causes;
And comprehends the ever devious ways
I still must follow as I sing your praise.

Revolution and Reaction

The Method of Freedom. By Walter Lippmann. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

The Coming American Revolution. By George Soule. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

UNQUESTIONABLY, more books like these two will be written, for, as Mr. Soule himself has observed, in a revolutionary climate the voice of the intellectual is increasingly heard; but it is to be doubted whether we shall see for some time a more courageous and forthright presentation of the role of revolution in modern society than Mr. Soule's book or a more subtle and disingenuous defense of reaction than Mr. Lippmann's. These two books are vastly different in another way. One has the conviction that Mr. Soule, having set his feet firmly on the true road of progress, will travel it to whatever ultimate goal it may lead; Mr. Lippmann, on the other hand, has already arrived—safely in the camp of toryism. In this present case, Mr. Lippmann, quoting from Montesquieu, Hume, Sainte-Beuve, Burke, Spengler, Machiavelli, Salter, Mill, Bayle, F. S. Oliver, Macaulay, and Aristotle, finds new reasons for convincing himself that capitalism will endure forever. It is all urbanely argued and only occasionally does the author of "The Method of Freedom" descend to low tactics, as when he refers to both fascism and communism as "absolute collectivism" and when he calls a planned economy "an economy of scarcity." Mr. Lippmann is never hysterical but who knows? Like the Edmund Burke he is so fond of citing he may yet write a twentieth-century "Reflections on the French Revolution."

Mr. Soule's book is in an entirely different category; and there can be no question of the significance of "The Coming American Revolution." It is important not only because it indicates Mr. Soule's loss of faith in planning under capitalism—it will be recalled that a brief two years ago he was the author of a book called "A Planned Society"—but because he has arrived at his present place almost completely without the assistance of dogma. The result is a book that can be read and understood by every American. If, in the course of this review, certain questions are raised, this is not done in any spirit of captiousness: the problems touched upon in "The Coming American Revolution" are so many and so perplexing that only in the freest atmosphere of debate will it be possible for all persons who agree with Mr. Soule's premises to work out an American philosophy of history as well as an American program of action. I agree with Mr. Soule fully in this: that in America the time has not yet arrived for the iron-bound discipline which a revolutionary movement, to be successful, requires. Until that time comes it is imperative that all thoughtful persons pool their wisdom and experiences so that by the correction of each other's errors and the filling in of each other's lacunae they may arrive at theoretical and practical positions which are fully applicable to the American scene.

Mr. Soule has entitled his book as he does because he is convinced that the American revolution—the elimination of capitalism and its succession by socialism—is now in process. His study of previous revolutions in modern times (this constitutes the first part of his book) has indicated to him that social upheavals have followed fairly fixed patterns: first, in a society, there take place basic changes in the methods of production—"changes often brought by new mechanical or economic techniques"; there follows a new alignment of classes and 'sharper class divisions arise"; the society is then compelled to resort to oppression to keep all classes other than the ruling one in subjection; conflict (not necessarily open) inevitably springs up, the downtrodden grow in numbers and strength, and when deterioration sets in and all normal functioning is about to cease the new class takes over power. The main purposes of the revolution, indeed, have already been gained during the long period which precedes actual class hostilities; and these break out only as counter-revolutionary forms when the once powerful former rulers resist complete submergence. This was the course of events in the English, American, French, and Russian revolutions. In the fourth and last part of his book Mr. Soule sees us now in the midst of a new revolutionary upsurge, for not only has the governing class, the capitalists, lost faith in itself and declined in prestige but the class destined to overthrow it, the proletariat, is steadily gaining in power.

This is neatly put and in the main Mr. Soule's argument is a sound one; but there are a number of weak links in the chain. Are "basic changes in the ways of conducting affairs" absolutely essential as the initial step in revolution? Undoubtedly, changes in mechanical methods of production ushered in the commercial revolution (merchant capitalism) and began the downfall of feudalism, but what would be those basic changes that would bridge the gap from capitalism to socialism? Is it not more correct to place the whole emphasis on class oppression? A society, in its progressive stages, is one of very great vigor, and opportunities for advance are many and bewildering; with age, however, institutionalization sets in, the horizons for individual aggrandizement contract, and the ruling class can maintain itself in power only on the backs of the other groups in society. The first sign of deterioration, and therefore of coming revolution, is the general awareness of class oppression. Capitalism in America will begin to totter on its throne not as a result of new basic changes in the methods of production but when the masses grow conscious of the existence of underlying class cleavages and antagonisms.

This contention of Mr. Soule's is not so important as his belief that the rising class slowly gains in strength and attains almost all its objectives before the coup d'etat. Again, in a very real sense, this was true of the bourgeoisie before it seized power in England, America, and France: for the bourgeoisie succeeded in mastering its social environment through control over the means of production (class oppression set in when the feudal state sought to hamper the bourgeoisie's activities by monopoly, restrictions in trading, excessive taxation, and the like); also, by marriage and in other ways (in England particularly) the thin line between feudal lords and merchants began to crumble away. But can it justly be said that any gains the proletariat may make—through organization for collective bargaining, social insurance, and advances in the social services—in the light of the experiences of the workers in fascist Italy, Germany, and Austria, are likely to be aught but temporary? Only a strange confidence in the reasonableness of the capitalist state could prompt Mr. Soule to declare, as he heralds the coming American revolution, that: "The upward climb of the workers has begun, though it is far from completion." Organization and struggle must precede the proletarian revolution in a diversity and intensity of ways unknown to the revolutionists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

The second part of his book Mr. Soule devotes to an exposition of the social and economic evidences of capitalism's decline; and here he hastily summarizes the operations of some seven major factors as well as a large number of minor ones. Among the more important of these are advances in technology, shifts in occupational groupings, changes in business ownership, the rigidity of debt, the decline in foreign trade, etc., etc. All this, of course, is true but the reader fails to gain an overpowering sense of the contradictions that are at the heart of the capitalist system. Mr. Soule could have proved his case without the slightest difficulty if he had grouped his arguments about the three most significant reasons for impending collapse, that is to say: The shift of control from industrial capitalism to finance capitalism (with the emphasis therefore no longer on legitimate economic expansion but on the exploitation of investors and the wrecking of properties); the growing spread between capacity to produce and capacity to consume; and the inability of imperialism any more—without deadly international warfare—to provide all the needed outlets for surplus capital.

Mr. Soule's third section is devoted to a brilliant and incisive analysis of the failure of the Hoover and Roosevelt programs to cope with the fundamental reasons of capitalist crisis. In many ways, some of the most successful writing in the book is to be found here. All in all, "The Coming American Revolution" is an excellent example of typical American polemical literature, as characteristically American as, let us say, were "Wealth Against Commonwealth" and "The Promise of American Life." But Mr. Soule has traveled far from Henry D. Lloyd and Herbert Croly; and so has the America of the nineteen-thirties from that of the eighteen-nineties and the nineteen-tens.

LOUIS M. HACKER

The Ukiyo-ye Primitives

The Ukiyo-ye Primitives. By Yone Noguchi. Privately published. American Distributors, E. Weyhe, New York. $15.

BY way of introduction, it might be well to give an explanation of the words "Ukiyo-ye" that figure in the title of Mr. Noguchi's book. The term "Ukiyo-ye," pictures of the transient world, is descriptive of the content and purpose of Japanese prints—to be a mirror of the fashions, the theater, the favorites of the stage and Yoshiwara in Yedo of the Tokugawa period. The term coined to describe this popular art was really one of contempt, implying that here was a mere reflection of a world of unrealities in contrast to the permanence of things in the world of Buddhism. It was a bit of intellectual snobbery on the part of the aristocratic classes who considered beneath their notice this expression of the cockney populace of the capital.

It would be well to look briefly at the conditions in Yedo, the Tokio of the seventeenth century, that forms the background and material of the Early Ukiyo-ye. Seldom in the world's history had there been such a sharp line of demarcation as existed between the ruling military classes and the great mass of shopkeepers, artisans, actors, and courtesans that were the population of Yedo. The Daimyos and knights treated the peasants like animals and despised the artisan class of the capital. These latter were at the bottom of the great inverted pyramid of military feudalism. The military aristocracy in this age of great extravagance when a Daimyo could line a road with gold screens, that could devote itself to the esoteric refinements of the tea ceremony, considered as vulgar the popular art of the townspeople. When the Daimyos came with their trains for the enforced six months' sojourn in the Shogun's capital, the city of Yedo flourished as never before; the artisans battened on the hundreds of retainers that made up the households of the lords. There flourished the other arts that have been immortal in every capital since Babylon, and in the gaudy life of the licensed quarter, the artists found a never-failing source of inspiration. At one time no less than fifty theaters were operating in Yedo. The populace followed the foibles and fashions of their idols of the stage with all the avidity of the modern cinema addict. This interest called into being the first of Kiyonofu's actor prints. It was in the green rooms of modern Tokio that many of the most valuable collections of prints have been found, the heirlooms of one of the great hereditary professions in Japan.

The makers of prints were not necessarily painters. Theirs was a craft as special as the sword-maker's and with a similar pride in work, a similar aristocracy of taste in workmanship. Mr. Noguchi's book, the first of a series of seven on Japanese art, treats of the period from 1650 to 1765, the age of the great craftsmen who made possible the achievements of Utamaro and Hiroshige. The term "Primitive" as used in connection with the prints applies not to any lack of sophistication in the design, but to the undeveloped technique of printing in the years before the invention of the color block. The distinction between artist and craftsman is intentionally made, for the pioneers of the print industry never dreamed that they were anything but workmen supplying an article for which there was a demand. The prints were used as bill posters, as New Year's cards, as advertisements for the new class of town traders at Yedo, as souvenirs of the capital, and, later, as illustrations to popular guide books. The prints of this period have a vitality, a sort of rustic strength that is the special factor in every archaic art—a lovely economy of fastidious taste, to a certain extent conditioned by the primitive technical resources of the craft. Although technically imperfect, the tradition of great design that had been kept alive in the Tosa and Kano schools was perpetuated by the early masters of Ukiyo-ye. The painter Iwasa Matabei and the lyric decorator of screens Sotatsu may be credited with the beginnings of the Ukiyo-ye subject matter. This is a lusty art, far removed from the esoteric refinement of the tea ceremony, and, like the art of the seventeenth-century Dutch painters of Kermesse, an exuberant reflection of contemporary life in the Bohemia of the capital. The Ukiyo-ye represent in many ways the most expressive art of all the East, not bound by any convention not self-made, and without obligations towards religious dogma.

To a certain extent it is true, as Lafcadio Hearn once observed, that for an occidental to perceive the truth or the beauty or the humor of Japanese drawing, he must know the life which these prints reflect. Even today at the Kabuki theater we are reminded of Kiyonaga's actor prints, and in the slender beauties in the little houses by the river in Kyoto, may recognize the darlings of Toyonobu's prints. The long pennants of dyed cloth trailing in the Kamo River, the gaudy, fascinating horror of the Yoshiwara, the cleanness and saneness and simplicity of the Japanese interior—these are all features of Japanese life that we may recognize in the earliest Ukiyo-ye. Their unpretentious and sincere charm together with the distinguished mastery of design is enough to raise the best of the Japanese prints beyond such delights of association and recognition to a place in art beyond race and geography. Especially in the so-called "Primitives" the eye is delighted by the draughtsmanship in thin, sweeping, wire-taut contours—with no concern for effects of light that troubled later print-makers under the influence of Western art. Neither do the prints of this early period rely on the effects of setting or on the devices that came with the perfection of the color block—their effectiveness depends on the magnificent flat patterning and on the extraordinary rhythmically posed figures, conceived—especially in the work of the Kwaigetsudo School—as moving tactile silhouettes. With all the limitations of the craft in its beginnings, the early Ukiyo-ye men were extraordinarily successful in giving a feeling for space by the skilful placing of the figures against meager settings, in giving a definite life quality to the pose, and suggesting marvelously the relations between people, both tender and sinister, in the world of the prints by the turn of the head, by an exquisite and significant gesture of the hand.

The story is an old one of how the prints were used for tea wrappers and for such utilitarian purposes as to patch torn screens and fusume, until the discernment of such connoisseurs as the de Goncourts brought them to the attention of the Western world. It was the directness and simplicity of the Ukiyo-ye design that must have appealed most strongly to such nineteenth-century French painters as Degas who saw in them new inspiration in composition and design.

Although it seems unfair to criticize a man writing in a foreign language too severely, there appears to be little excuse for so many "Japanicisms" in Mr. Noguchi's text, especially when competent revision could so easily be undertaken by one more familiar with English. Mr. Noguchi's manipulation of the language is such that it frequently obscures the meaning of whole passages. In fact the complete absence of the revision alleged in the preface almost leads one to suspect the author's use of Japanese-English as a purposely affected quaintness. His aesthetic judgments tend toward the sentimental and are for the most part so superficial as to be of practically no value. Another glaring fault is that the chapter on the beginning of prints in Asia and on the founder of Ukiyo-ye, Matabei, is presented as a "postscript" and not, as would seem logical, as an introduction.

To make the book of real value to the connoisseur we could also wish for a list of seals and actors' *mon* such as are furnished in Binyon and Sexton's compendium on Ukiyo-ye. Although the format of the book leads one to suspect a scholarly treatise, such is not the case; the author never more than flirts with old problems, such as that of Kiyanaga II, without offering any new solution. In spite of this defect and its shortcomings as a popular work, Mr. Noguchi's book gives us what are undoubtedly the finest reproductions in any work on Ukiyo-ye that has yet appeared in English.

BENJAMIN ROWLAND, JR.

Which Is Which?

Reality and Illusion. **By Richard Rothschild. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.**

THE contempt for philosophy discovers its seat in the presumption of the sophist, not in the severity of the philosopher. It is the sophist who would persuade us to wisdom or to his doctrine by means of rhetoric rather than of reason, and who, to flatter our vanity and perhaps his own, would name his enthymemes demonstration and his prejudices insight. Among the untutored, however, the sophist gains and will always gain an audience, since sophistry, like art in the conception of Mr. Richards, consists in the satisfaction of impulse, and the forms in which this satisfaction would express itself change with the moment and the place.

Richard Rothschild in the brief inclosure of a single book, would present us with a transcendental Aesthetics or the Grasp of Reality, an Ethics, a Theory of Religion, Organics, Politics, the Problem of Society and the Meaning of History, a treatise on Mathematics or the Problems of Science, and finally, for his and our last end, the Quest of Happiness.

It would be vulgar, with reality eloquently defined as the unity of the larger self, the background and synthesis of the individual and the group, to dally with the peculiar elements of any particular discipline. To ask whether the words "background" or "science" answer to one thing or many, and if many, what the distinctions between the many are, to inquire into the various significance of unity, or to ask why vastness of quantity should be the measure of perfection and time the synthesis of synthesis—these verbal labors are suitable to the philologist; they do not merit the attention of the philosopher. From him or from Mr. Rothschild we shall learn, if we pursue the book to its close, that in every joy there is an element of pain; that the morphology of pleasure is cyclical; that to desire a thing leads merely to frustration, if only the frustration one feels when the thing is finally possessed; that in respect to happiness . . . we may conclude that the only difference between the mature individual and the immature is that the pendulum in the case of the former swings to greater extremes of exaltation and depression; and that Mr. Rothschild finds it convenient to deliver these necessary truths in a loose and barbarous mode.

LINCOLN REIS

Epic of a Class

Escape from the Soviets. By Tatiana Tchernavin. Translated from the Russian by T. Alexander. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

IF you are looking for an example in support of the dictum that really "fine writing" is natural writing, you can do no better among current books than to offer Tatiana Tchernavin's "Escape from the Soviets." A more unpretentious, simple story has seldom come any reader's way. If a book is a bridge over the gulf that separates reader from author, this book is a bridge so delicate as to eliminate both bridge and gulf. Here the reader sits eye to eye with the speaker—the veritable teller of the tale. If he has an ounce of sensitiveness, he can hear the voice itself of the narrator; quiet, controlled, exquisitely just in its emphasis, disattached from the personal in a way that makes this story the epic of a class—unless we employ new Russia's term and say "category"—of people. Somehow, here, all the difficulties of translation seem overcome, and we listen to a story common to all mankind.

Common, that is, to all mankind when in the throes of revolution. And its tone should make for the reader's attempt to catch this author's point of view. She never seems to forget—nor ever have had to remember—that revolution is always revolution, and so never—whatever the aim of its leaders—free from cruelty, injustice, stupidity, with unimaginable horrors a part of each day's work.

The story begins with the birth of her son, in 1918. "The revolution as such," she says on her first page, "did not frighten me. I was brought up in a very liberal professorial family and felt convinced that the overthrow of the autocracy would lead to real political freedom." Her husband was a scientist—both of the intelligentsia, the simple class source of all their later woes.

For twelve years—until 1930—the Tchernavins contrived to exist by way of their professions. Madame Tchernavin, forced out of teaching when her schools were disbanded, took charge, first of the Pavlovsk Palace Archives, and then, under the NEP regime, became assistant curator of the Hermitage Museum at Leningrad. By 1930, the intelligentsia were doomed as "counter-revolutionists" to "save the face" as the Chinese put it. Tchernavin was arrested first and later convicted and exiled. "And what shall I do all by myself, mother?" the twelve-year-old child asked, when Madame Tchernavin's arrest seemed imminent. "Go to school. Wait for me. Take food to daddy and me in prison—you know there's no one else to do it," was the mother's reply. In March, 1931, she was arrested and held till the following August.

On page 165 there is a map, "showing route of escape" from Kem, where Tchernavin was a prisoner, to Finland. The thirteen-year-old boy had bought one, on first word of their getting permission to visit his father. The rest of the story is the

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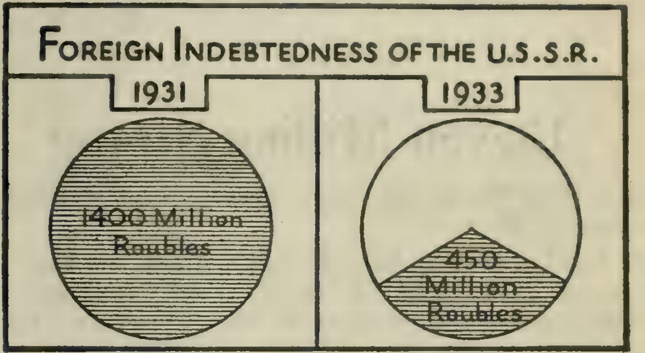

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journey to Kem and "escape from the Soviets." The plan, the delay, and the action—which covered three weeks. Long flight of the hunted from the hunters, with compass lost at the start, the father fallen ill with a bad heart, the boy crippled with an abscessed foot, and, finally, mother and son left in the forest, while the father labored on toward Finland. Not a word of heroics, but a fresh, new saga of human courage!

The "enemies of Russia" will like this book, and the sentimentalists likewise. But it is not written by "an enemy of Russia"; nor, above all, by a sentimentalist. The exposure is stark, and carries truth in every line. It is straightly addressed to every true friend of Russia within and without the Soviets.

EDNA KENTON

Eleven Million Strong

Women Who Work. By Grace Hutchins. International Publishers. $2.

IN her latest book, Miss Hutchins draws the usual Communist morals from the lives to which American industry still condemns too many of its women workers. The facts she marshals to prove her frankly stated thesis portray a sadly familiar and shameful story. According to the last census, some 11,000,000 women were gainfully at work in the United States, almost two-fifths of them less than twenty-five years old, almost three-tenths of them married. Not theoretical notions on women's rights, not a desire for pocket money, but the hard necessities of their own support and that of their dependents drive these women into factories and mills and offices. Still concentrated in unskilled and semi-skilled trades, suffering from numerous discriminations on the job, they face, too, the double burden of work inside and outside the home. And for this they draw, on the whole, pitifully low wages, work frequently under harmful conditions, and face always the insecurities of slack times, old age, and ill health.

The general conclusions Miss Hutchins draws from these facts would be indorsed by most students of the subject. In addition to their basic human requirements, women workers need labor laws and working facilities to safeguard their specific physical constitution. But the mere formulation of such legal standards guarantees nothing. The laws must be vigilantly enforced; and enforcement demands constant policing. Experience has proved that the best police force lies in organization of the workers themselves. The American Federation of Labor, with few exceptions, has failed as yet to organize women, though the history of labor and the successes achieved by particular unions amply demonstrate that they can be organized. It is in organization, too, that individual women workers must seek their ultimate salvation. Professional and increasingly mechanized white-collar jobs no longer offer sure "rungs up the ladder of success" for the ambitious. In them, as in all others, women must fight for better wages and conditions, social insurance and increased security.

So far Miss Hutchins wins general agreement. But when she departs from the realm of science and enters that of politics, the affirmation which becomes her argument has no place for caution, qualification, or weighting. It merely extols in chapter after chapter, for instance, the labor organizations associated with the Trade Union Unity League as the shining exemplars of invariably correct tactics for improving women's conditions. Communist Russia, apparently, can afford to admit mistakes; American Communists never make them. The Communist argument lumps all employers without distinction as driving exploiters of labor. The more damning truth appears to be that even the best-intentioned among them cannot always maintain their progressive policies against the pressures of industrial fluctuation. It reduces all obstacles in the way of Communist triumph to conscious capitalist machinations or capitalist reformer poltroonery. Yet surely the desire of women to please men arises from something more than capitalist propaganda; and surely, too, such indiscriminate disparagement as Miss Hutchins heaps on all who fight in the same battle but with different weapons is itself conscious machination.

But even more important, this political affirmation leads Miss Hutchins at times into virtual misrepresentation. Two instances on which I have first-hand information are glaring enough to undermine confidence in a good part of her detailed evidence. When Miss Hutchins describes the suspension of the six o'clock night law for women in Massachusetts textile mills (p. 113), she fails to mention or misstates six qualifying facts that put quite a different color on the situation. The suspension of the law is only for the period of the Recovery Act—an experimental effort to substitute national code standards for State legal ones. Under its terms girls less than twenty-one years old still may not work after six o'clock. Not only Governor Ely and "textile mill owners, including the 'liberal' Henry R. Kendall" urged this course; the State Federation of Labor and our socially responsible Commissioner of Labor and Industries also urged it. The special regulations that followed the suspension do not seek to control the percentage that women may constitute of the total employees in any mill, but of the total permitted on night shifts. They have been made not alone for cotton but for each branch of the industry, and only after joint consultation with labor and employer representatives. Similarly when Miss Hutchins cites Bay State wages (p. 142), her quantitative adjectives are misleading. It was not in "many factories of the Bay State," but in one out of eighteen studied at New Bedford and Fall River during February and March, 1932, that "employers paid all of their employees less than $10 a week."

Yet because Miss Hutchins's purposes are mainly political, scientific criterion cannot yield final judgment on her accomplishment. Nor can anti-Communists refute her contentions by decrying her program. Nothing less than the elimination of the undisputed conditions she describes can effectively meet her challenge.

SYLVIA KOPALD SELEKMAN

Not Even Heroic

Tin Soldiers. By Robert Wohlforth. Alfred H. King, Inc. $2.

IT would be rather hard to say who is, or will be, the most unpopular graduate of West Point—Robert Wohlforth or Colonel T. Bentley Mott, U. S. A., retired, whose article in the March issue of *Harper's* gave such a courageous, frank, and illuminating picture of this famous institution. Both have painted, in no uncertain colors, its grueling and soul-destroying regimentation, its planned, leisureless days, its unvarying (from year to year) class-room assignments, lectures, recitations, and examinations which make the "poop-sheets" so useful and accurate to those who have had neither the time nor the intelligence to prepare their work. Colonel Mott's article is, of course, the more scholarly; Mr. Wohlforth's novel the more vivid and absorbing. But "Tin Soldiers," though it is a novel, does without doubt give a true but sordid account of the careers at West Point of eight or ten cadets. John Alwin, "an average man," whose inamorata (a wealthy Long Islander) falls in love with and eventually marries his handsome Italian roommate, "Dok" Cipriano, is the principal character of the book; but other classmates receive nearly as much attention. There is the Negro, LePere, for example, who sticks it for three years only to quit, not because he is openly persecuted but because he is absolutely ignored and left to himself. There is also the athlete, Emil Kranz, who is continually in danger of being lost to the football team because of his weaknesses—studies and women. Just one instructor is at all fully drawn—Major Bookel, an arrant coward, who, because of mistreatment while a Beast (that is, a freshman) years before, has been taking his revenge on the cadets ever since.

There is nothing that smacks of "The Rover Boys" or the tales of Richard Henry Barbour in this book; it is strongly reminiscent of Percy Marks's "The Plastic Age" and should be ranked almost on a par with it. Yet this story of West Point deserves special consideration, because it helps to shatter the illusion that young men in clean, trim, resplendent uniforms are perfect or, at least, heroic. They can be, and very often are, stupid, cruel, perverted, ill-mannered, and cowardly. Furthermore, cadets who are told that "you must first see that the little 'you' fits himself into the system of West Point and not try to change the system to fit you" and who are not even allowed to decide for themselves the most trivial things (for a flag is hung out "to tell you when to wear your rubbers and wear your heavy underwear") are, by the time they have graduated, deprived of all sense of initiative and originality. The point is this: that if America turns fascist—and that day may be nearer than we think—then our lives will be lived in much the same way as life is now lived at West Point, with the same type of man, if not the very same men, as our dictators.

THACHER WINSLOW

The Economic South

Economic History of the South. By Emory Q. Hawk. Prentice-Hall. $5.

WRITING about Southern institutions and development has gone through several phases. In the ante bellum period and extending past Reconstruction, there was adulation on the one hand and invective on the other. Though economic forces underlay it all, politics was the staple of debate. Later came monographic treatment, in which calmer appraisal showed itself. Even in these special studies, however, one was apt to find lingering certain motives of attack or defense. Straightaway exposition arrived only recently. But still we lacked broad inspection and inclusive statement. This was unfortunate, particularly because there was no convenient means of acquainting students in the South and out of it with the economic history and problems of the region. In Professor Hawk's book we have come a long way from the eclectic travelers' diaries, the apologies for slavery, the sentimental memoirs, and the bloody recollections of the Civil War.

What other large district is so inviting a field of exploration for the economic historian as the Southern States of America? Here, compressed into a short span of experience, are elemental social forces succeeding one another—colonial beginnings, agricultural reliance, a slave economy, war and its aftermath, industrial achievement, and national consciousness and tolerance emerging in the place of sectional pride.

Professor Hawk has read widely, condensed skilfully, and combined his materials ingeniously. He has shown a sense of proportion, and his volume is chock full of facts. His writing is clear and smooth, and does not neglect an occasional grateful pleasantry. Here is a picture of the economic South, in all its essentials, in all its stages.

For all the fact of the existence of monographic material and statistics (the latter by no means always in usable form), Professor Hawk has had to do a deal of spade work. This is partly responsible for the lack which the present reviewer discovers in the presentation. Objectivity need not preclude—indeed, it should induce—conclusions. Generalization and inter-

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pretation are as essential as exhibit. Though the subject matter steadily invites it, I do not find the author's own judgment as actively at play as I could wish. Professor Hawk is excellent at modifying dogma, but this need not imply unwillingness to point a moral. He has not done things that he ought not to have done, but he has left undone things that he ought to have done. The fundamental opposition in the South's story is, when all is said, that between staple agriculture and slavery on the one hand and industrial variety and free labor on the other. The penalty and recompense in each of these systems are not, it seems to me, sufficiently illumined and brought home to the reader and student. The weight of opinion must be, surely, on the side of diversification, enterprise, and industrial democracy. The South, moreover, has not only a past but a future, and it is eminently appropriate that a book of this sort should draw powerful lessons, for Southerners and others, which will give direction to the solution of pressing problems.

The South has made most of the mistakes which ignorance in the many and arrogance in the few, widespread poverty and concentrated power, could lead to. Despite this, Southerners like to believe that there is in the section a special capacity for confessing past error and mustering fresh resolve. It is to this talent, this gift of public candor, that Professor Hawk might have appealed more successfully than he has done.

BROADUS MITCHELL

Jewish Social Planning

Judaism as a Civilization: Toward a Reconstruction of American-Jewish Life. By Mordecai M. Kaplan. The Macmillan Company. $5.

MORDECAI KAPLAN sees that reform Judaism has failed as a medium of Jewish adjustment. "It is as though a family were to organize itself into a philosophical society." The synagogue has lost its character as a communal center and became a temple for occasional worship. The rabbi has metamorphosed into an oratorical proxy performing religion for a congregation, mostly women, which finds social ascent rather than social justice through its channels. From Ellis Island to Temple Emanu-El (or perhaps, even, Ethical Culture) has become the familiar heroic saga.

Nevertheless, though he sees the situation in all its desperation Mr. Kaplan believes that Judaism has a fifty-fifty chance of survival, and advocates pulmotor efforts at revival of an integrated Jewish life.

His essential outlook is not dissimilar to that of Stephen Wise, but he is less vociferous, with a mind more formally philosophic and a program more systematic. He sees that present Jewish adhesiveness is based largely on sheer momentum, the coercions of anti-Jewishness, and what may be called the "*shikse* taboo," the tenacity of the Jewish family's abhorrence of intermarriage. But that is not enough for survival through a crisis as serious as that created by contemporary anti-Semitism. There must be determined social planning. Kaplan proposes, therefore, what may, without disparagement, be termed a species of unisolated ghettoism. Jews in America are Americans first, but theirs is the privilege of a twin culture. Only in Palestine can the Jew live a completely Jewish life, but Jews everywhere may take heart to create a flourishing civilization, fecundly artistic, accelerating the renascence of Hebrew, pro-Zionistic, of course, and still basically, but not wholly, religious. This is the most dignified and well-thought-through program which has yet been offered to Jews who are not willing to assent bovinely or sullenly to the fact of their Jewishness or are relieved to forget it, but regard it as an opportunity for creative cultural activity like so many other less central phases of their life; the more so as it is an exercise of that piety which Santayana praises as a "reverent attachment to the sources of one's being and the steadying of one's life by that attachment." Nor will many wish to deny to an amorphous historic people the same "will to civilize" which is vouchsafed any living organism, especially since the richness of cultural diversity is so evident. Moses told God a long time ago that the Jews were a stiff-necked people. Neither the Jews nor the world have as yet succeeded in belying him. But with the old sanctions gone, they will not be able to muddle through.

Kaplan has worked from the inside out, and this book as it stands is not sufficiently comprehensive a synthesis to represent the needs of all American Jewry. His functional sociologic approach reveals his thorough modernity. But his discussion of rival interpretations is too labored in terms of library distinctions, while his linkage into the present suffers from the fact that his reconstruction has been in the making for a period of fifteen years, before the crystalization of politico-economic faiths had offered so ready an alternative and the Nazi onslaught had once again basically threatened Jewish security. How does he meet the challenge of the former Menorah group, now among the "unpossessed"? The times call poignantly for decisive penetration into controlling contemporary forces which Kaplan has only grazed. But perhaps that is material for a second opus.

It is surprising that more attention has not been paid to the structural parallelism of Judaism and Communism, both of them envisaging a guaranteed movement through history to a this-worldly era of justice, engineered by the downtrodden for the benefit of mankind. Thus Jewish radicals, following Marx, have only to substitute a wider content for a virtually identical pattern, and the influx is rapid. The fate of Jewish culture now rests mainly with the middle class, as Lewisohn doubtless sees in coming to their defense. The workers are too pressed under our order to find time for the amenities of even one civilization. They seek both a faith and recreation through other channels. But that is the reason why, going beyond a recognition of the Prophetic base of the Jewish tradition, Kaplan's program involves, by deeper implication, the widest and most concrete implementing of "social justice." For those who dissent both from Heine's dismissal of Judaism, as not a religion but a curse, and from Marx's conviction that what the world needs is not emancipation of, but from, the Jew, Kaplan's analysis is uniquely clarifying and positive.

BERYL HAROLD LEVY

Shorter Notices

The Social Cost of Industrial Insurance. By Maurice Taylor. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.25.

This is the first comprehensive survey of industrial insurance from the social point of view. Particularly interesting is the history of burial insurance, which developed from friendly and burial societies. The volume has an amazingly comprehensive bibliography, and indices of subjects and authorities, with much original material, including an authoritative mortality table which indicates an actual mortality so low as to cast doubt on all present day life-insurance cost and practice. The author shows how the companies have departed from their proper functioning as insurance companies, their growth as savings institutions with insurance as an incident: he shows how less is being paid each year in death claims, and more as savings payments: that despite the 700 millions paid each year in premiums, the companies fail to give adequate burial protection, and are unsatisfactory as a means of saving or of practical thrift, because of the inability of the policy holder to get his savings when he needs them, and the tremendous expense, as well as the

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many millions entirely lost when premiums are not paid for three years, or partly forfeited as an unwarranted surrender charge. Although stressed as a thrift encouraging agency, industrial insurance has failed to prevent destitution or dependency, even tending to create dependency, if not destitution. Dr. Taylor questions the ability of the working classes to carry their present savings-insurance load, even in normal times, and shows that the compulsory savings feature is incapable of being temporarily suspended in periods of reduced income. He mentions but fails to detail the notorious selling methods of the agency force, insists that there is too wide a gap between the expressed ideals of the home office and the practices of the agent, officially prohibited but practically countenanced. He suggests simple but far-reaching reforms, and hints at government insurance, despite his belief that insurance requires selling. There is a certain timidity in the presentation of the facts, and a deference in the conclusions arrived at. On the whole, however, Dr. Taylor's volume is a well planned and executed work.

Discrete Series. By George Oppen. The Objectivist Press. $1.

Mr. Oppen is an Objectivist, a descendent of the Imagists. Like William Carlos Williams he pictures boldly and allows the reader to relate the pictures given as separate images within a single poem. He differs from Mr. Williams, however, in that almost every poem describes an actual movement of objects. Either the images are those seen from a train or from some vehicle in which the poet is placed, or are actually in motion themselves. Sometimes Mr. Oppen presents, as it were, a level or plane of movement, images seen from a certain angle. He draws his images from modern industrial life. He presents them in much the same manner as the impressionist painter might. His work, however, has the fault which is characteristic of this whole school of poets. The images are not fused with the emotion. They merely objectify it.

Functional Affinities of Man, Monkeys, and Apes. By S. Zuckerman. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

Most contemporary students of anthropoid apes concern themselves only with functional studies and evade the problems of classification and evolution. Dr. Zuckerman, the English author of "The Social Life of Monkeys and Apes," who is now at Yale, has here undertaken the difficult task of appraising the extent of th econtribution to private phylogeny of recent experimental researches on the physiology and psychology of apes and monkeys. He has written an extremely competent work which may be regarded as an indispensable supplement to "The Great Apes," by Yerkes and Yerkes, which summarized the historical literature. The diverse studies of specialists, who are often ignorant of the work done in parallel fields, are critically evaluated and brought into focus in a composite picture which will serve as a point of departure for all future research in this subject. It is clear that inquiries which have gone beyond anatomical structure to an analysis of such problems as the mechanisms of reproduction, of blood reactions, and of anthropoid intelligence have worked havoc with the early schemes and generalizations of the age of Darwin. In fact while the intimacy of the kinship of man and the apes has been increasingly substantiated to the chagrin of the bigots of the Bible Belt, there is not a single important conclusion as to the sequences of evolutionary development that can be declared to be proved to the unanimous satisfaction of authorities. Zuckerman's book, alert with discerning and provocative judgments, indicates the vast field for research that lies ahead. It is designed for scientists, but intelligent laymen will be cheated of a rare treat if they let its technical vocabulary prevent them from learning of the many ways in which they differ from—and resemble—their nearest relatives among the lower animals.

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IN *The Nation* for November 29, 1933, Ludwig Lore charged that George Sylvester Viereck had lately gone to Germany under contract with Carl Byoir and Associates to collect information favorable to Nazi Germany, with the purpose of disseminating this information in articles written for American consumption. Mr. Viereck thereupon wrote an indignant letter to the editors of *The Nation* categorically denying such a contract or that he was being paid by anyone to create a favorable impression of the Nazi government in this country. On July 10, 1934, Mr. Viereck, testifying before the Congressional committee investigating Nazi propaganda in the United States, admitted that he was, by contract, receiving $1,750 a month from the Byoir firm to produce publicity in this country "detailing the attractiveness of travel in Germany." He also acknowledged the receipt of $500 a month for four months beginning in March, 1933, from Dr. Otto Kiep, then German Consul General in New York City, for services "strictly advisory, concerning the general aspects of public relations," and he further testified that this $2,000 was given in cash "to avoid spies among the professional Jews and bolsheviks." Mr. Viereck declared he could see nothing improper in these transactions, and doubtless he sees nothing improper in his denial to *The Nation* of something which he was subsequently compelled to admit while inconveniently under oath. The English language contains terms which briefly and explicitly define conduct of this sort, but Mr. Viereck's reputation is well known by now and the matter is of small importance as far as *The Nation* is concerned.

OF MORE MOMENT, of course, is the disclosure of the payment, by the German dye trust, the IG-Farben-Industrie, of $25,000 a year to Ivy Lee, public relations counsel who numbers John D. Rockefeller among his clients, for general advice about the American reaction to what is happening in Germany. It is to be assumed that Mr. Lee earned this not inconsiderable stipend, not to mention the $33,000 paid his son for acting as his Berlin representative in the transaction, although one would suspect that an annual subscription to half a dozen leading American dailies and a faithful reading of their contents might reveal almost as much and it would certainly cost a lot less. These services, however, come high. Byoir and Associates, for example, are revealed to have a $6,000-a-month contract with the German Tourist Information Bureau to dispense information designed to bolster up the declining German tourist trade. Burton Holmes, well known as a lecturer, with what used to be colored slides but now are bona fide moving pictures, on foreign parts, merely accepted free passage to Germany, as did Colonel Alexander Powell, author of "The Long Roll on the Rhine." In other words, Congressman Dickstein's suspicions, along with those of many other persons, that the German government, through various German industries, has been busy and willing to pay through the nose for services which would attempt to sell Hitler's government to this country turn out to be only too justified. It may be that these activities are perfectly lawful and they may even be matched by what could be disclosed about propaganda from other countries, but it is just as well to have these matters brought out occasionally into the light of day. And it is too bad that when his government has dispensed its funds so freely, Herr Hitler, by his "purging" of the Storm Troops, should completely wipe out whatever gains had been made. Unfortunately *The Nation* is not permitted to be sold in Germany; otherwise this observation could be offered as an authentic example of American opinion of Nazi Germany, and no charge would be made for it whatsoever.

AMONG THE COUNTLESS victims whose lives are sacrificed each week by Nazi terror, there have been many whose death has left the whole world immeasurably poorer for their passing. One of these was the poet and writer Erich Mühsam who was "found dead in his cell" last week, one of the most human, most sensitive, most appealing personalities in modern German literature. Mühsam, together with hundreds of prominent literati and labor leaders, was arrested on the night of the Reichstag fire. He was handed over by the police to the S. A. vandals who dragged him to their notorious headquarters in the Friedrichstrasse, where he was terribly beaten. From there he was sent to the

Dachau concentration camp and later to Oranienburg where he was subjected to the never-ending martyrdom which the Nazi regime accords its unbending political foes. Prisoners released from this hell who sought refuge across the border described him as a broken man, his hearing gone, his teeth knocked out on the day of his arrest, his body emaciated with suffering, his mind dimmed by the tortures of a thousand indignities. Author of some of the most beautiful lyrics which Germany has known in the last decades, Mühsam was a courageous fighter, an anarchist who wielded a deadly pen in defense of the wronged and the downtrodden. He published two periodicals before and after the German Revolution of 1918. *Kain* (Munich 1911-1914, 1918-1919), which he wrote from cover to cover, and *Fanal* (Berlin 1924-1926) were both masterpieces of journalism. Many of Mühsam's day-by-day comments on political events will have a permanent place in the world's revolutionary literature.

TWO OF THE NINE DEFENDANTS accused of stabbing Leon Tourian, Archbishop of the Armenian Apostolic Church, in the procession of high mass last December 24 in New York City have been convicted of murder in the first degree, the remaining seven of manslaughter in the first degree. All were members of the Armenian Revolutionary Federation, the so-called Tashnag, which played a role in Armenia opposing the Turk from 1890 on and dominated the short-lived Republic of Armenia in 1918-20. After Armenia became a member of the Soviet Union and the Tashnags were forced out, their activity declined. But the depression aroused new enthusiasm for this, as for other nationalist movements, even among Armenians in this country. A cult of the flag was instituted, not the present Armenian flag, but the flag of the brief Tashnag epoch of Armenia; youth movements, imbued with race worship, were started, glorifying, this time, not a blond Nordic race but the dark Armenian people; publications appeared full of high-flown, red-blooded positiveness. The political devil to be opposed was, of course, the Soviet rule in Armenia. Yet the Soviets had rescued what Tashnag had been incapable of holding, had furthered Armenia in economic and cultural reconstruction. Even the Armenian national church continued to exist and when Archbishop Tourian, sent to this country three years ago as prelate, approved the existing Soviet order and resisted efforts to involve the church in support of Tashnag, he became the target of Tashnag attack. Here, as in Germany, ardent nationalism led to terror. Here, too, Tashnag, like Hitlerism, has tried to win support among outsiders by calling its cause a crusade against communism. The nationalistic perpetrators of the crime have been called murderers by an American court and will be punished as such. The real criminal is nationalism.

WILLIAM GREEN has promised that he will "personally see to it" that the Donovan discharge case is brought before the National Labor Relations Board. If he is as good as his word, the new board will shortly enjoy the opportunity to prove that it takes Section 7-a in dead earnest. Mr. Green is now on record as holding that the dismissal was a clear case of discrimination. After a meeting of the Labor Advisory Board last week, he stated: "The circumstances under which Mr. Donovan was discharged, the facts connected with the case, the services he was rendering are such . . . as to leave room for only one opinion. . . . Mr. Donovan was discharged unjustly and for union activity." Does Mr. Green express the point of view of the Labor Advisory Board? This is hard to say, for at the meeting which brought forth his statement, the board for the second time refused to review the case. A majority of the board, it is said, insists on construing the term "advisory" in a literal sense, and refuses to take an active part in the dispute. If this report is true, then the Labor Advisory Board justifies the strictures of its worst critics. How can the board dare to pose as the protector of the rights of labor throughout industry if it will not help preserve the decencies of collective bargaining in its own household?

THE REFUSAL of the Republic Steel Corporation to renew its contract with the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers indicates a new phase in industry's fight against the attempt of labor to gain real power under the protection of Section 7-a. The corporation frankly admits that its decision is aimed at the two factors which alone could make organized labor strong enough to cope with organized industry, namely rank-and-file control and the sympathetic strike.

> The Republic Steel Corporation [reads the announcement] has decided not to renew the signed contract due to the fact that there is great danger that the management of the Amalgamated Association may pass into the hands of the radical element known as the "rank-and-file leaders."
>
> These are the men who voted for and almost succeeded in bringing about a nation-wide steel strike on June 16. We cannot afford to have a contract with any organization which may at any time throw the men in our plants out of work due to conditions . . . existing in a plant possibly hundreds of miles away.

The announcement ends with the pious declaration of belief in collective bargaining with which the heads of industry now invariably end their most vicious attacks on that principle. The implications of this action are far-reaching and ironic. For twenty-one years the corporation has dealt with the A. A. simply because it was a weak organization whose leaders could be depended upon to be "reasonable." Now that the membership has increased so greatly that the control is passing into the hands of the workers themselves, the union stands to lose what little foothold it had in the steel industry. The Republic Steel Corporation has found a clever device, by which Section 7-a can be turned against the workers for whose benefit it was designed.

THE STRIKE in the Montana copper mines, discussed elsewhere in the present issue of *The Nation,* is a direct outcome of the copper code approved early this past spring. Few of the NRA codes have let down the workers' expectations as thoroughly as did the labor provisions of the copper code. Where the prevailing rate of pay for miners in the Northwest was something like 53 cents an hour, the code specifies 47½ cents for inside and 45 cents for outside labor. Furthermore, the maximum length of the work-week is set at 40 hours averaged over a period of three months. Eight hours a day is prescribed, but no limit on the number of days per week. This makes it possible to work one group of miners 56 hours a week for a number of weeks; then to lay them off while another group is being worked 56 hours; and yet to keep within the 40-hour limit as averaged over a three-months' interval. It was clear at the time the copper code was being formulated that if wages and hours were not improved a strike would ensue. Representatives of the International Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers were outspoken in their demand for terms improving the status quo. The Labor Advisory Board opposed the proposed labor provisions as finally drafted. But the copper producers were too much concerned with the fair-trade provisions—with formulating a plan for regulating production and sales, maintaining prices, and working off accumulated surpluses of stock —to pay attention to the demand that the code raise pay rates and shorten the work week. The NRA, for its part, fell in with this point of view. Significantly, Mr. King, the administrator in charge of the code, has now become managing director of the Copper Code Authority. Here is one strike, at least, that could have been averted if the NRA had remained true to its original objective.

IN DENVER, COLORADO, the other day, according to an Associated Press news story, an old man was accosted by a beggar who asked for "four bits for a bottle of moon"; the man refused on the ground that he was himself on relief, the beggar became threatening, whereupon the old man hit the beggar a blow that resulted in his death. When the defendant appeared in court, he was congratulated by Judge Charles C. Sackmann, told he had done "a good job," and given a thirty-day sentence, most of which was deemed to have been already served while he was awaiting trial. This extraordinary story, of course, cannot stand on its own merits without the background of Colorado's general economic status. Out of a population of a little more than a million, 56,000 families—probably more than 200,000 persons—were on public relief last month. Colorado is next to lowest of all the States in the Union in the amount of relief it gives to needy persons. When more than one person in five in the State is on relief, and when that relief, according to official figures, amounts to between $5 and $10 a month per family, it is easy to see that social values—even by a judge on the bench—can become a little twisted. When life, in the eyes of the State, is held so cheap, death is no more costly; and a dead beggar, after all, is one person that the State will not have to worry about feeding.

AFTER MORE THAN A YEAR of inactivity, the Department of Labor and the Department of Agriculture have finally decided to cooperate in a study of ways and means for improving the working conditions of agricultural labor. It is possible that this study may result in proposals to incorporate provisions bearing on wages and hours into the various AAA production-curtailment agreements. If there is any one group of workers in need of this kind of protection, it is the agricultural workers. Cash wages in most types of farm labor are hardly worth talking about. Hours of toil are limited only by the rising and the setting of the sun. The seasonal character of the work leads to a kind of high-pressure driving equalled only in the worst type of canneries and clothing-trade sweatshops. Furthermore, agriculture is the industry in which child labor has sharply flourished, as a cursory glance at the Census of Occupations will reveal. Truly the "forgotten men" (and women and children) of the New Deal, the farm workers, are increasingly taking matters into their own hands. The outbursts last year in the California citrus-fruit regions, and the more recent strikes of the Ohio onion workers and the Seabrook farm employees, show which way the wind is blowing. Unless the government does something to protect the agricultural workers, this wind may change into a hurricane of the same type that has been raging in San Francisco, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, and Toledo.

COMPANY UNIONISM on the railroads is now in its last throes. Joseph P. Eastman's interpretations of the Emergency Transportation Act of 1933 started the good work. The recent amendments to the Railway Labor Act of 1926 have finished it; for these amendments strike the company union at its most vital spot. They forbid the carriers from devoting any of their funds to initiating or maintaining any labor organization. Nevertheless, if company unionism is dying, it is dying hard. At Chicago last week, for example, there occurred a convention, called by the Allied Independent Railway Organizations, preliminary to the formation of a nation-wide organization of railway shopworkers unions independent of the A. F. of L. The Allied Independent Railway Organization came into being two years ago. It consists of some 75 former company unions of shop-crafts workers employed by some 25 different lines. Apparently it is the intent of the leaders of this movement to divide the sympathies of the shop workers by introducing dual unionism. The carriers, it is likely, are thoroughly in sympathy with this aim. Unable any longer to use their financial resources against the A. F. of L., they no doubt welcome the new organization for what it is: an attempt to shut out genuine collective bargaining. How successful the new union will be, is another question.

THE FRENZY of the film censors has grown to cyclonic proportions. A great white cloud of purity hangs over Hollywood. Cardinal Hayes and Dr. Tippy (for the Protestants) have spoken, Will Hays has answered meekly, and Mae West is revising her latest picture, while 12,000,000 over-impressionable Americans are expected to sign the pledge not to look at moving pictures that may lead them into lives of sex, crime, and nudism in luxurious penthouses far above their means. "The church," says Cardinal Hayes, "is a mother of joy," and would not curtail the pleasures of her children, but they must be wholesome pleasures and "evil motion pictures in their baneful influence undermine the moral foundations of the state." "The motion picture," says Father McCaffery, "has done the most in the last twelve years to make America immoral." These are strong words for weak pictures, judging from most of those it has been our (more or less) pleasure to see, and we cannot help being reminded of a famous remark of the now disgraced Jimmy Walker when as a State Senator he opposed a bill for the censorship of books. "No girl," said he, "was ever ruined by a book." The churches have so far failed to produce a gangster who attributed his success to the movies, and a careful inquiry among our divorced friends reveals that not one of them got the idea from a motion picture. But we should not urge these considerations upon the worthy gentlemen who are evidently panting for some vice to track down. They might be diverted to some even dearer vice which could not protect itself so well. For we have faith in the movies. We are convinced that Mae West, like love, will find a way.

The Republican Opposition

THE Republicans have finally discovered an issue. At their July sixth celebration at the birthplace of their party, they decided to concentrate upon the Constitution, our endangered liberties, and "to battle for the first principles of Republican government." "Do we desire to retain our democratic form of government? Do we desire freedom from official tyranny, or to submit to the control of an all-powerful democracy? Do we desire state capitalism or our existing system of individual savings?"—these were some of the questions hurled at the Jackson, Michigan, audience by that stalwart liberal reformer, Henry P. Fletcher, the new national chairman of the Republican Party. He listed effectively some of the extraordinary powers bestowed upon the President, roundly denounced Congress for abdicating its functions and merely registering the decrees of the President, falsified lavishly the cost of the New Deal, found the Democrats guilty of abandoning the principles of Andrew Jackson, and declared that "we want more courage and less corruption in our financial, industrial, and political life." He added that "we think we can have all these things without a cowardly surrender of democratic principles." Then he made this startlingly naive announcement: "I propose in due course to set up committees of the most competent men we can find to make a study of current economic questions, so that their reports may furnish the basis of a constructive and forward-looking Republican legislative program."

The spectacle of the Republican Party, which held control of the government from 1921 to 1933, sitting down solemnly in 1934 to appoint committees to find out about our economic situation is too much for our risibles, but here, too, honest confession—of ignorance—may be good for the soul. What kind of a legislative program was that which Mr. Hoover offered to Congress during four years, since it was not "constructive and forward looking"? Similarly, we are impressed by the sudden Republican desire for "more courage and less corruption in our financial, industrial, and political life," for surely that corruption never reached such heights as during the administrations of Coolidge and Harding, while there was probably less courage in the Hoover Administration than in any other since the Civil War. As for the abdication of its functions by Congress, Mr. Fletcher was careful not to point out that the Republican members of that body were just as guilty as the Democratic. Indeed, that is the great weakness of Mr. Fletcher's and his party's sudden assumption to this new virtue. The Republicans helped to vote in the New Deal; their Congressmen and Senators have been as ready to recommend deserving Republicans by the thousands to fill those horrifying bureaucratic jobs, as they were to vote for all the grants of power which Mr. Fletcher bemoans. They no more had an alternative policy to recommend then than they have today. But Mr. Fletcher does not wish to be reckoned a hide-bound conservative; he declares that the Republicans are not "preaching the doctrine of stand-patism"; they, too, will "prevent"—*now!*—"private enterprise from running amuck," although he is certain that industry can police itself "without regimentation and state direction." Beyond all this is the fact that before the Republican challenge can become a serious one the party must have a clear-cut constructive program, and one better than Mr. Roosevelt's. No mere defense of the Constitution and of our liberties will suffice. And they must produce a candidate who can make headway against Mr. Roosevelt's charm and nation-wide popularity. There is no such candidate in sight.

Waiving this, however, we welcome the signs of an awakening opposition. Without it democratic institutions are not safe in the United States; it is a commonplace that our whole governmental system is predicated upon the clash of rival political philosophies and creeds. But it is long since we have had a genuine opposition—one that had a vitally different creed from that of those in power. We should rejoice, indeed, if we could feel sure that this Republican reunion would mean the gathering of all conservatives in one camp, and all those who favor the New Deal, or at least the bulk of the Roosevelt program, in another. Let us have a distinct cleavage, so that men may know under just whose banner they will fight if they join one or the other of the armies. We do not see why big-business Democrats, and those who see in the Roosevelt policies a modified sovietism, should not take service with Mr. Fletcher. But let them not be mealy-mouthed about it; let these conservatives say straight out, as has Colonel Roosevelt, that they want to go right back to the rugged individualism of Hoover, if that is what they really wish and desire. The parties should tell us exactly what they stand for. If the Republicans do not do it, the President will see to it that they are put in the position where they will have to take an unequivocal stand, or invite disaster.

On the other hand, if the Republicans persist in their demand for personal liberty they may compel the Democrats to do as well in their platform. It is, of course, laughable to see the Republican Party posing as a champion of human rights in view of the wholesale denial of those rights, and of justice in the courts, during their recent twelve years in power. But, on the other hand, Mr. Roosevelt himself has not spoken out against the constant infringement of individual rights, and his question to the American people in his good-bye address, as to whether they had been conscious that they had been robbed of their liberties, showed that he had no conception of what is taking place in almost every State of the Union, whenever and wherever unbridled economic forces and individual rights come to blows. Mr. Roosevelt could have countered effectively if he had only come out, as we hoped he might when Norman Thomas was arrested, with a ringing utterance denouncing this lawless treatment of one of the outstanding figures of our American life. But liberty is not what Mr. Fletcher and Senator Vandenberg had in mind. Their Goddess of Liberty is one which permits the privileged big-business men to wreak their will upon the rest of their fellow-citizens; at bottom their sudden zeal is due simply and solely to fear that the economic system which has permitted a few to batten upon the entire American people is in jeopardy. By all means let us divide on that issue; only good can come of it.

"Worse Than the Earthquake"

THERE has always been something dream-like and fragile about San Francisco. It is young—the very hills on which it stands are young in geologic time—and it has all the characteristics of youth. It is beautiful, romantic, generous, sentimental, and intermittently brutal.

Even more than other American Megalopoli, San Francisco has long known that its existence hung by frail threads of rail, highway, and water transport. Courageously, magnificently, it has been building bridges—across the Golden Gate to the Marin County mainland, across the bay to Oakland. Today, with the bridges half built, those frail threads have been cut.

San Francisco has known terror before, when her sunny complacence turned to nightmare in the sudden cataclysm of the earthquake and fire. But this new terror which has gripped the city by the Golden Gate is different. It is so quiet—San Francisco, they say, is like one of the "ghost towns" of the Mother Lode. After a sharp, brief spasm of rioting, the general strike is on and nothing moves. The frivolous little cable cars, small as roller coasters, no longer clang up and down Russian hill. Across the deserted Bayshore Highway a lonely cowboy ambles on his horse. And eighty-nine deep-water ships rock at anchor in the stricken harbor where only the ferryboats still shuttle from shore to shore.

In this zero hour before what may well become a bloody conflict, there rises a babel of voices: Mayor Rossi denouncing the fomenters of the strike and proclaiming a "state of emergency" (the full force of the California National Guard is already on duty in the city); Archbishop Hanna pleading, "Let reason rule"; President Roosevelt's National Mediation Board protesting that the grievances of the seamen should not be injected into the settlement of the longshoremen's strike; shrill voices of San Francisco housewives clamoring in the markets for what is left of the diminishing stock of foodstuffs; voices out of radio loud-speakers announcing that the Seafarers' Council of the Port of New York is threatening to strike and that Portland, Oregon, expecting the general strike to spread to that city, is rationing the available supply of gasoline; voices of editors saying, "Keep your head, San Francisco," and pointing out that in the past big general strikes have been broken by the "public." Indeed, before this is printed, the public—that is to say, the National Guard—may have broken the strike, though scarcely without violence.

One doubts that either violence, or mediation, or both, will settle the issues. The longshoremen insist, and rightly, that they must control the hiring halls; in the lack of such control the employers' "Blue Book," a register of the timid and the cowed, has imposed company unionism in its most virulent form upon the San Francisco waterfront, demoralized as it is by the depression-spawned surplus of casual labor. As the strikers put it, "You can't arbitrate a shoe or a hairpin or any other article, so how can you arbitrate a hiring hall?" The longshoremen and the seamen are right, again, in rejecting the employers' demand that the seamen's strike be settled separately, since this would split labor's two most militant forces and facilitate the defeat of both. The seamen are demanding that the employer-controlled Marine Service Bureaus be abolished and that all hiring be done through the offices of the United States Shipping Commissions. Unless this demand is won, the newly formed union faces the same sort of discrimination that the "Blue Book" made possible with respect to the longshoremen. With the depression, seamen's wages dropped from $50 and $75 to $33 and $50, and the twelve-hour day was established by about half the lines. Since the strike, Dollar and Matson line passenger ships have been filling vacancies with college boys at $23 a month.

With the general strike, of course, the issue has become both wider and simpler. It is, will San Francisco be a closed-shop city or not? San Francisco industrialists have for years envied the success of their Los Angeles colleagues in making the city of the angels a notorious open-shop, labor-sweating town. Unquestionably many of the West Coast industrialists have wanted this show-down. But when it came it proved too big for them to handle. Already the financial loss is almost beyond computation. Citizens forced to stand in line at the score of restaurants "accredited" by the General Strike Committee are muttering that this is "worse than the earthquake."

The whole question, of course, is more than merely that of the open versus the closed shop. It involves the larger issue of the general strike as a weapon, and already even liberal newspapers are beginning to say that labor has "no right" to inflict the hardships entailed upon any community. But if labor has no such right, then the employers are in exactly the same position and are neither more nor less responsible for whatever hardships may ensue. The real question is one of expediency and tactics. The general strike is an act of desperation and last resort, and it has not in the past proved markedly successful. It is obviously the duty of any government to preserve order and to suppress rioting. But we, at least, do not doubt labor's "right" to employ the general strike as a weapon.

Hitlerism in a New Phase

WITH an orgy of blood Hitler and his associates put an end to national socialism in the Reich. The coup of June 30 was the outcome of contradictions inherent in its regime. Hitler, Goering, and Göbbels were pressed by powerful capitalist interests while the old reactionaries—the Junkers, militarists, and influential bureaucracy of the Hohenzollern era—on the one hand and Hitler's own S.A. followers on the other attacked his policies and sought to undermine his personal supremacy. Hitler's coup de force occurred at the zenith of this crisis. The incredible tempo with which Germany had been driven in the direction of the totalitarian state, accomplishing in a year what Mussolini achieved in four, and the rashness with which it imposed its will on every phase of social and industrial life were not without reason. Despite its spiritless capitulation, the German working class represented a much greater potential force than that of Italy. This Hitler knew and he planned to demolish this incipient foe before it could strike.

Mussolini's conquest of the Italian people coincided with the beginning of a period of economic ascension. Germany, on the contrary, is suffering from the disintegrating effects of an ever-widening crisis which derides every attempt to restore normal conditions with artificial means. It gave Hitler no time to experiment, to feel his way. Under more favorable circumstances he might have concealed behind occasional concessions to the masses his subservience to the heavy industrialists who have financed and built up his movement. But the necessity of sustaining a tremendous army of unemployed out of the nation's coffers and Germany's losing fight against a world-wide boycott created a situation that had to be met at once with accepted capitalist methods: longer hours, lower wages, and greater oppression of the working class. This line of attack, manifestly at variance with his pseudo-socialist program of the past, at first brought no open resistance on the part of the masses, who accepted it as a necessary intermediate step in the direction of fascist socialization. But as time went by and Hitler's bondage to the financial and industrial overlords of the nation became increasingly apparent, dissatisfaction grew among the workers, the tradesmen, and the farming population. This popular dissatisfaction became menacing when it invaded the Storm divisions, heretofore the support of the fascist regime.

For some time Hitler had planned to abolish this army of more than a million men and to create a smaller but absolutely reliable party army. A month's vacation for the Storm Troopers—a vacation strictly without uniforms and arms, to begin on July 1—was to have been the first step in that direction. But again events forced the Chancellor to accelerate what he had probably planned to do with greater circumspection. Von Papen's provocative speech, the consequent hostilities between the Storm Troops and the Steel Helmets, the refusal of the S.A. leaders to accept dictation, and Krupp von Bohlen's threatened resignation as head of the heavy industries, forced him to take this drastic step sooner than he had probably intended.

In the realm of foreign affairs matters were no less precarious. Germany was isolated, politically and commercially. It had suffered a number of significant defeats: in the matter of the Polish corridor and, more recently, in the official withdrawal, under pressure from Italy, of its claim to Austria. Nor is the outlook more favorable for the future. The possible loss of the Saar region through the opposition of the Centrist Party, the impossibility of continuing its armament program in its entirety and the consequent hopelessness of its plan to solve Germany's problems at the point of the sword, the collapse of the mark at home and the consequent rise in prices of staples and important food products, the prostration of its job-producing scheme, and, last but most important, its failure to obtain credits abroad—all these brought Germany to the brink of catastrophe and created a situation which made it easy for the forces of reaction to take the reins once more and make Hitler subservient to their bidding.

The Chancellor was willing to fulfill the demands the heavy industries made upon him. He was not willing to relinquish political power. In this dilemma there was only one course which he could take: to strike out against both fronts at once in the hope that his influence in the Reichswehr was already sufficiently strong to insure its support. Here, by the way, we may find the answer to the mystery surrounding Schleicher's death. The former Chancellor had not resigned himself to private life. He looked forward to a future in which he with the help of his Reichswehr colleagues would again stand at the head of the German government. This Hitler knew. War Minister von Blomberg, who had always sympathized strongly with the National Socialist movement, stood behind the present Chancellor. If his influence was to predominate over that of Schleicher and his supporters, the latter must be removed.

As matters stand at present Germany's industrialists and financiers will be glad to avail themselves of the "Leader's" personal popularity. Hitler's position with the masses is still strong. In the Reichstag he declared: "The policies of the Reich will remain as they were. There will be no changes." But no mention was made of the fact that Minister of Economics Schmitt, representative par excellence of the great industrialists, has been made industrial dictator with unrestricted power over commercial and industrial affairs.

The immediate war danger, of which the Reich has been the focal point for more than a year, seems to have been banned for some time to come. The Powers, probably in conjunction with Germany and Soviet Russia, will come to some workable arrangement regarding Balkan spheres of interest and will establish temporary "order" on the Continent. As the understanding just arrived at between Great Britain's leading statesmen and Louis Barthou has already proved, a German government dominated wholly by capitalist interests may count on concessions in the shape of credits and rearmament. Anti-Semitism will not be liquidated, but a more conciliatory attitude will be shown toward influential sections of the Jewish population. There will be a check on the flagrant "outrages" which constituted an important part of the Storm Trooper's recreational activity and which were so largely responsible for the resentment of the outside world.

For Germany's recovery program under this new direction the working masses and the small bourgeoisie will have to pay. Prices are rising, must rise if the government would retain the support of the farming population, already much incensed over the recent application of a coercive grain-collection system. Wages, on the other hand, already much reduced, will fall to still lower levels. The program of lower wages and longer hours which the government has not dared to inaugurate, will now be put into effect. Social insurance will all but disappear. Hitler's fantastic job-producing program, which forced harassed factory and farm owners to over-staff their plants and acres with inefficient and unskilled S.A. men at dole wages, will be the first to go by the board. The S.A. man who was a person to be feared and conciliated in the past, once more becomes a jobless proletarian. Despite the suffering and terror that Hitler's metamorphosis will bring to the German people, it will mean a large step forward for the working class. The feeling that it is grappling with an invincible foe is gone; it knows from experience that it can stand firm against the industrialists.

That German labor does not rise in revolt today is not due to its failure to realize the altered situation. At present it is without revolutionary leadership. But illegal activity will increase and will find the masses more receptive and other elements more tolerant of its propaganda. The reorganization of Germany's working class is about to begin. May it find leaders big enough to bear the responsibility for its future.

Issues and Men

Borah Goes on the War Path

WILLIAM E. BORAH is a law, if not a party, unto himself. The mystery of him never fails to stir the wonder of all who observe him at close range. Here is a man of extraordinary ability who in some respects towers above everyone else in the Senate. When he rises to speak, Senators rush to their seats precisely as they hurry to leave them when Senator Copeland gets on his feet. His speeches are excellent reading, solid, with form and vigor, and as a lawyer he has few equals in Washington. Yet the fact is that he does not begin to exercise the influence that he should. Conservatives dislike and distrust him. Liberals and reformers admire him and mourn that he will not take the role of a national leader which he could have essayed at any time during the last twenty years. Had he done so the whole history of the United States would have been different. He could have galvanized into life all the Progressive forces of 1912, so shamefully betrayed by Theodore Roosevelt after he had called them into being. He could have led the liberal forces throughout the country to confront the black reaction of Harding and Coolidge, and he could have made the nomination of Herbert Hoover impossible.

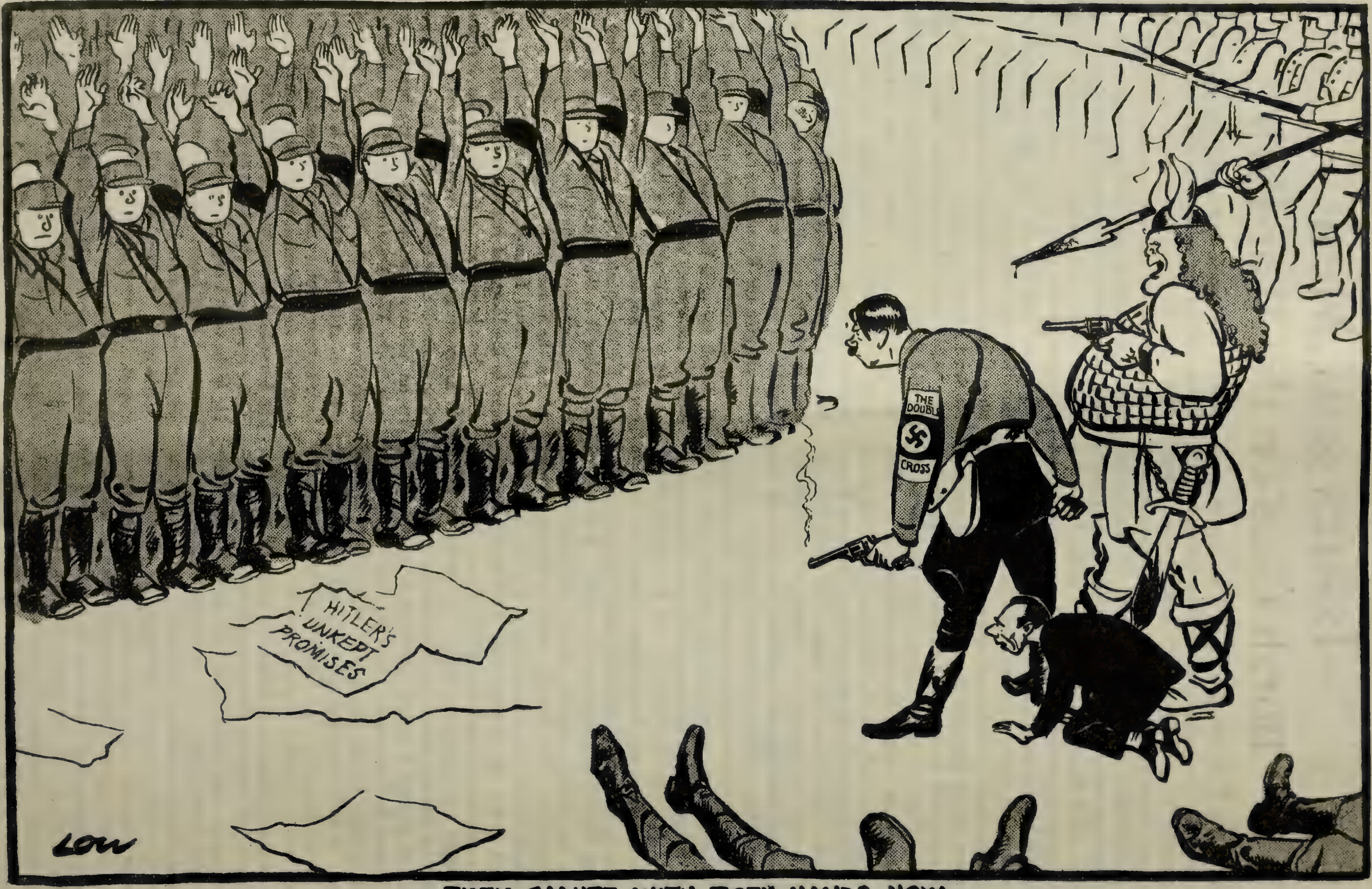
Indeed, I believe he could have compelled his own nomination. Sometimes I wonder if he could not still do it. The opportunity is not only in his own ability, but in the amazing dearth of first-rate candidates in the Republican Party. I have already pointed out how extraordinary it is that we are half way to the next Presidential nominations and that there are no Republican candidates in sight. I know, of course, that big business has its eye on ex-Senator Jimmy Wadsworth of New York and is carefully saying nothing about him publicly so that no movement will be started to head him off. But the Jimmys and Teddys are not big enough for a substantial opposition to Mr. Roosevelt. Borah has the strength and power, the logical and analytical mind, and despite his having passed his sixty-ninth birthday and having had to undergo a serious operation, he is still in fine health. Indeed, he has always taken the best care of that large body of his. He has led a most regular life. I once wrote that "his daily horseback ride in Rock Creek Park is as much an institution in the Capital as the Washington Monument itself." He has declined to yield to social lures and he has accomplished the prodigious amount of work that he has achieved by devoting every possible moment to study. He now threatens once more to cut loose and has left Washington for his home State with the announcement that he will speak during the summer on various occasions to combat the bureaucratic regime of Roosevelt, the suspension of the anti-trust laws, the rise of monopoly, and our "departure from the principles of the Constitution," which he says will be as "disappointing and disastrous to the interests of the American people" as was our going into the war to make the world safe for democracy in which, as he now admits, "We did not succeed." He will also attack the Republicans for some of their sins.

It will be a grand thing to have a man like this in opposition all summer, and he will find plenty to talk about in the dangers of the emergency powers granted to the President. But the old sickening doubt as to whether he will go through with his program returns to plague us. There is some constitutional inhibition in the man that seems to prevent his persisting in the campaigns that he undertakes. I do not believe, as do many, that it is a question of the front page, and that he loses interest when the subject which he is discussing finds its way into the back pages of the dailies. But there lies the mystery of it. Certainly it will be possible, if he does not grasp this opportunity to put himself at the head of the opposition, to write on his tombstone that here was a man who could have been the President of the United States, but who would not—and there are few who deserve this epitaph. After the next campaign he will be too old to be considered for the office. Of course, I do not know whether the arch reactionary, Henry Fletcher, would care to have him head the party; probably not. But if he should for once in his life cast all reserve to the winds and go into the Republican primaries with a clear-cut, constructive program, he could give the Republican high command some extremely interesting hours, and perhaps make people feel that William E. Borah for once had lived up to his ability and made the most of the talents that nature has bestowed upon him.

It is considerable of a jump from Idaho to Mississippi, but I must not forbear to call attention to the three-cornered fight for the Senatorship in that Southern State. What distinguishes it is that Congressman Ross A. Collins has abandoned a sure seat in the House after years of service to contest for the Senatorship. His letter telling me of his decision aroused mixed feelings, for there has been no more useful man in the House of Representatives than Mr. Collins. Indeed, there is no man in that body who so thoroughly knows the army situation. His years of service on the Appropriations Committee he utilized to make himself a greater authority on military expenditures, I have heard it said, than any man in the War Department. He has often tripped up not only the heads of the War Department themselves, and the chiefs of staff, but division heads of the department who have appeared before the sub-committee of which he is chairman with such incessant demands for more money as to make the horse-leech's daughters appear models of self-abnegation. There is no one in the House to take his place in this respect. He is the only Congressman who has persistently fought the army and navy lobby, who has seemed to realize to the fullest degree the alarming growth of the military power in Washington. I hope with all my heart that he will be elected. We need a man like him in the Senate, but we need a dozen like him in the House. According to the reports the choice lies between Mr. Collins and ex-Governor Bilbo.

Oswald Garrison Villard

A Cartoon by LOW


THE DOUBLE CROSS
HITLER'S UNKEPT PROMISES
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THEY SALUTE WITH BOTH HANDS NOW.

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The Age of Distribution

By STUART CHASE

MY "Economy of Abundance," to which Mr. John Strachey took such gentlemanly but profound exception in *The Nation* for May 9, discussed new social conceptions made necessary by new physical and technological conditions. In the argument, orthodox socialism and communism, as well as capitalism, individualism, and various other *isms,* were brought under critical review. Where the facts seemed to lead, I tried to follow, irrespective of what hallowed cathedrals of doctrine were damaged.

The new physical conditions and facts are reasonably apparent and have repeatedly been called to our attention. There is no need to go into them at length here. They include: A compounding curve of invention; a vast per-capita increase in the consumption of inanimate energy; an industrial and agricultural plant far in excess of pecuniary market demand; a steady increase in output per man hour, resulting in a surplus of labor and technological unemployment; specialization of economic activity to the point where it now constitutes one interdependent net work; population growing at a decrement; autarchy and the resulting decline of foreign trade.

With these facts firmly in mind, let us approach the concept "capitalism." What is it? I should define it as the private ownership of the means of production, and, by virtue of such ownership, a flow of free income in the form of profits, interest, rents, and royalties. After deducting living expenses, including certain outlays for conspicuous consumption, the pleasure and the duty of the capitalists has been to invest the balance in more means of production, the income from which, after deductions, is further reinvested, ad infinitum.

This stupendous rhythm of compounding indebtedness has not only been pleasurable to capitalists, but it has come to provide the balance wheel of the whole system. The prompt investment of the free income has provided wages and salaries for workers in durable-goods industries, with which income these workers have cleared the shelves of the consumers' goods produced in the same period. Equilibrium came to depend on compounding reinvestment in a compounding durable-goods sector, which distributed compounding purchasing power, with which a compounding volume of consumers' goods was cleared at a profit—which was once more reinvested. Accounting, insurance, actuarial, and banking practice are all predicated on this rhythm. Capitalism by its name connotes the investment and safe-guarding of capital, or the profitable accumulation of the means of production. It is a method harsh but pragmatic for building up a productive plant; for "developing" a given economic area. It belongs to an age where the problems of production are paramount.

But what of the time when the area should be at last "developed"; when the means of production should no longer be at a premium as a vehicle for profitable investment; when the exquisite mathematics of the compounding process should run clear off the map of physical realities? Capitalists have been too busy ever to answer these questions. Even today, with the compounding process seriously crippled, most capitalists prefer a mystic nostalgia for 1928 to any frank facing of their own formula.

Yet for all practical purposes, the problem of production is solved. The plant has lost its scarcity status, as witnessed by surpluses and excess capacity, a condition which was becoming ominous long before the depression. Further increases in the means of production are discouraged, owing to the poor prospects of realizable profits. Regard the sorry state of the durable-goods industries today, and the huge surplus of idle capital in the banks. But without an increase—duly compounded—in the means of production, durable-goods workers remain on the streets, their purchasing power all but gone. This so depresses the total volume of purchasing power that profits and free income are, for the system as a whole, inadequate to validate the values set on the present means of production. According to R. R. Doane, capital assets valued at $441,000,000,000 for the whole nation in 1929 dropped to $256,000,000,000 in 1932. The decline of nearly two hundred billion registers an appalling shrinkage in the ability to validate.

With no sufficient means under the canons of "sound money" to extend markets and purchasing power, the system comes to a halt, the majestic rhythm stops. Presently it goes below the line into disintegration—as we have observed it for the past five years, both here and abroad. Capitalism cannot stand still without disaster. It must move forward to keep in equilibrium—like the Red Queen.

The simple conclusion seems to be that capitalism has fulfilled its function, the plant has been built to the limit of the sound-money framework, and the flow of free income is seriously jeopardized. Whether that body of enterprising individuals constituting the "control" (see Berle and Means) of this disintegrating system are also departing, is another question. Some, like Kreuger, Insull, Wiggin, and Mitchell, have gone; others may or may not follow. We shall return to them presently.

Consciously or unconsciously, economic thinking and economic action are now oriented towards distribution. The consumer is creeping to the center of the stage. Ways and means to furnish him with purchasing power form the outstanding problem of current statesmanship. Doles, subsidies, civil works, public works, controlled prices, pegged minimum wages are all aimed pragmatically, if without much theoretical blessing, at mass distribution, a distribution which by-passes the rigid formula of capitalism. The fact of the by-passing is amply evidenced by the piteous wails issuing from the sound-money camp.

Aids to distribution have taken two general forms—the artificial stimulation of purchasing power through government spending; the rationing of surplus products—like wheat, meat, potatoes—direct to the needy consumer. All Western nations are threatening their budget balances with one or the other of these devices. We use both in the United States, and the general opinion seems to be that we must use them far more freely. John Maynard Keynes recently advised the

President that four hundred million, rather than the present one hundred million a month, was essential if the economic machine was to continue to operate.

These doles, driblets of relief, and feeble "make-work" projects can hardly be dignified with the title of "a distributive age." But they clearly mark the beginning of such an age, as Watt's wheezy old steam engine marked the beginning of the age of quantity production. If private business cannot distribute the surplus, the community must. The community is proceeding to do so, with comparatively little regard for budget balancing. Consumers must eat. There can be, I believe, no permanent retreat from this beginning. The tide of distribution must mount, at the cost of any and every "sound-money" barrier.

At some dated point, which I believe has been reached, capitalism as the dominant institution gives way to consumerism, or distributism, or whatever you please to call it. Capitalists will continue for a time legally to own many of the means of production, but not to reap unearned income therefrom in anything like the amounts hitherto obtaining for the system as a whole. The United States Steel Corporation, the central pillar of American capitalism and of the age of production, has been in the red for several years to the extent of scores of millions of dollars. Without sufficient customers, the magnificent plants are a liability, and an expensive one. Technological abundance is breaking the stranglehold of private ownership on the means of production; not in every industry to be sure, but in enough industries to warrant the generalization. The proof is found in the figures of excess capacity. So the product must be shared with the masses, who alone are numerous enough to consume it, whatever the status of legal ownership. A vested right in the means of production is profitable only when pecuniary demand outruns supply. When the technical arts create a supply in excess of pecuniary demand, the financial value of vested rights approaches zero.

In short, in a distributive age, it is not of cardinal importance who owns what, except as a matter of administrative efficiency. The important thing is that mass consumption balance mass production. Costs in terms of man hours are now very low, and going lower with every technical improvement.

Capitalism as we have known it is being liquidated under technological pressure. To deny this is to deny the facts of the modern world. It by no means follows that capitalists of the "control" group are due for similar liquidation. It is probable that they will move heaven and earth to control the new economy as they once controlled capitalism. They are forceful fellows with sublime egos. It will be a very different plate of beans, however, and may confuse them considerably. Their cherished stock market will no longer be central in the picture, and it was about the stock market that their control technique largely revolved.

As a matter of fact, the "control" in recent years has not owned the properties which it has manipulated. The wayfaring investor has held the bag. This cleavage between finance capital and the general investor is indicative of the declining importance of ownership. Even if workers owned their factories, they would be as helpless without a market as their sometime bosses. You cannot eat crankshafts, or clothe yourself in spark plugs. Ownership is a static, legal concept. The power age is a dynamic physical reality; its goods must be moved regardless of ownership, or it ceases to function. Mr. Strachey does not deny the decline of capitalism, rather he first admits and then denies it, for a reason which I think I can explain. He pictures it deciding to accept a lower and lower rate of profit, down to one-fourth of 1 per cent, which he thinks will mean an equal or greater aggregate return. But this depends on increasing markets, and how markets are to increase when mass purchasing power is declining—when in fact markets themselves are statistically declining—he does not say. Nor does he allow for any divergence of opinion, or of will, or even of funds, among capitalists. As an orthodox communist he sees all capitalists representing one mind, one heart, one pool for investment, on which one governing intelligence sets the rate. This is carrying class-consciousness to lengths which the facts deny.

I do not pretend in this brief exposition to enter the vast and vaulted grottoes of Marxian criticism. Marx was a great man. His economic vision was profound, perhaps to the point of foreseeing the collapse of capitalism at the hands of a surplus economy. His sociology was less profound, and his tactics, I believe, stand in need of extensive revision. The analysis of socialism in this article does not pretend to account for all that Marx did or did not say. It follows a simpler pattern—the popular conception of socialism as evidenced by the linguistic behavior of most of its adherents.

Let us look more closely at the popular concept of "socialism." Its cardinal plank is also ownership—the social ownership of the means of production. It is thus a kind of anti-capitalism, developed in opposition to capitalism, in the age of scarcity when the problem of production was dominant. It proposed to wrench the monopoly of ownership in the scarce means of production away from private parties and vest it in the state. Most socialists appear to assume that the volume of goods is limited, and that the division should be more just. But under 1934 technological conditions, the potential volume of goods is all but unlimited.

What happens to anti-capitalism when capitalism degenerates; when a distributive economy undermines the strategic importance of the private ownership of the means of production? Socialism loses some of its own importance. That is why John Strachey denied the evidence in my book. He leapt to defend the continued existence of a bold, bad capitalism; for if it weakens, his doctrine weakens. The two are inextricably interlocked. Mr. Strachey drew a somber picture of the capitalist class all but welcoming the depression as an opportunity to weed out the small fry and consolidate its position. Assuming that this has happened (in some cases monopolies have been strengthened, in others, like Mid West Utilities, broken), what good is consolidation without an adequate volume of sales? The national income has been cut in half. Mr. Strachey, and communists generally, have a producer tropism; they look at plant and its ownership. I have been driven to look first at the distribution mechanism as something which has come to overshadow and control the other. They would have workers seize the factories. I would have workers, and consumers generally, control the distributive machinery and organize that flow of purchasing power and goods which governments, under the pressure of circumstances, are already feebly steering in their direction.

The moral sanction of factory seizure was given by the doctrine that labor creates all wealth. This was roughly true in 1850. Today the mental labor of technicians harnesses inanimate energy to create far more wealth in total tonnage than is created by manual labor. The traditional toiler is passing from the productive picture at an alarming rate. Already in this country an adequate flow of physical goods could be produced by not more than one-fifth of the working population. Yet everybody must eat. A surplus economy is undermining rigid conceptions of the class struggle. The conflict is no longer primarily between producers and owners of the means of production; the ground has shifted to a point where mass consumption is sovereign to both, technologically as well as ethically. Class struggles we may have, but the lines must be reformed.

Socialism, narrowly interpreted, loses much of its drive and significance in a distributive age. In its broader aspects, namely distributive justice and community well being, it is of course greatly advanced, for mass distribution is a long step towards social justice. But the ancient strategies, the ancient objectives, the ancient hates, become less valid. This is depressing, if not infuriating, to those who have devoted their lives to capturing scarcity-age citadels. Capitalism has become a dear and necessary enemy. I call on any competent psychologist to check me on these observations.

Meanwhile nobody had a rounded philosophy which did fit the modern facts, and about which a realistic movement for the regeneration of society could rally. No prophet arose to develop a doctrine for the distribution age. The gross, mountainous facts moved, but interpretation was lacking. The vast public interest in technocracy was in response, I believe, to a flash interpretation which seemed to fit the facts. It captured more imaginations in a few months than socialists had done in a generation of hard, devoted work.

Technocracy indicated that there was plenty of goods and promised mass distribution. The effect was electric. Here was something which lived and moved. Plain citizens find it difficult to become excited about taking legal title to steel mills, coal mines, and railroads, and civil servants find it even more difficult. Why burden one's self with colossal administrative burdens, if ownership is not a cardinal consideration? Why regulate everything, if goods must flow in any event? The important matter is the goods.

If private parties refuse to move the goods, of course the community, through the state, or through consumers' associations, or through guilds of technicians, must see that they are moved. (I understand that it was suggested in Washington that, in the event of a complete breakdown of industry, army officers should be thrown in to administer the plants.) That this will sooner or later entail nationalization of many of the means of production, I do not doubt. Technological considerations already point to public ownership of banks, railroads, and the energy industries—coal, oil, and electric power—in the near future. The basic question to answer is what method promises to move the goods and disseminate the physical surplus with the least social disruption. A dogmatic insistence that nothing can be accomplished until the profit system is officially abolished and the state is captured by the proletariat loses point in a surplus economy. If the claims of capitalists were being handsomely validated, the dogma would have point; the capitalists must be cleared away. As we have seen, the claims are not being validated for the system as a whole, and the capitalists are clearing themselves away—to the extent of a two hundred-billion-dollar shrinkage in the past four years. And the end is not yet. Mr. Strachey says the capitalists will not permit themselves to be expropriated. It is not a question, as I see it, of permission; it is a question of maintaining expanding markets. If capitalists can expand markets, their holdings will be validated; if they cannot, expropriation takes place by default. Mr. Morgan is as helpless as King Canute.

For a long time I have been searching for a social philosophy which would fit the modern facts. Thorstein Veblen started me on this quest. I have tried to hold to the facts no matter whose toes were stepped on. I have not been able to find any hope in an enlightened or reformed capitalism. This is not because all capitalists are low fellows, but because of the inflexibility of their compounding formula. A production system cannot fit a distribution age. I have been unable to find a realistic solution in the class-struggle tactics of socialism or communism, as popularly interpreted, because they too are production-age systems. Technocracy was an analysis with which in large part I agreed, but which carried no practical program of action. I have been unable to find any satisfying general solution in simple shotgun remedies like the Douglas plan, although it faces squarely the problem of distribution.

This has thrown me back on the experimental method. Experimentation is a somewhat lonely business, lacking, as it does, the warm arms of faith and doctrine. Given the modern trend, however, what else can a fact follower do? There is no body of doctrine competent to deal with this trend.

"The Economy of Abundance" was an attempt objectively to describe the forces at work. To act intelligently, one must first understand. Few people seem to sense the extent of the pressures which applied science has let loose; even fewer the concept of the technological imperative. The latter pointed a path; if my description was adequate, a line of action was indicated. Certain planks in a program could even be laid down. But I built no complete program because I did not know enough. When a sufficiently large group succeeds in digesting the characteristics, trends, and imperatives of a surplus economy, a real program will be forthcoming, and not before. It was to the understanding of that group that my book was addressed. Spade work if you please, but without spade work you have no house, or at best a rickety one.

The formulation of a clean-cut philosophy and a social program for the age of distribution is coming. It will contain many elements broadly called socialistic. It may win the allegiance of many socialists, now vaguely disturbed with their own lack of progress. It will be strongly collectivist; it will nationalize certain key industries; it will work out a method of non-interest-bearing public credit, it will largely displace the profit motive—not for ethical reasons but to move the goods. A vast extension in the public-works sector appears to be inevitable. The general objective will be the distribution of the surplus, rather than a wrangling over the ownership of a productive plant which has lost its scarcity position.

What devils the new philosophy may have to face I do not know—fascism is obviously one—but the head devil will not be traditional capitalism. I am sorry that I had to speak disrespectfully of Mr. Strachey's devil—he was a grand devil until very recently—but the facts seem to show that he has now compounded himself into a quite dreadful impasse.

Dog Days in Washington

By MILDRED ADAMS

Washington, July 10

WHATEVER may be the condition of the rest of the country, there can be little doubt that Washington is almost its old self again. The President is on vacation. Congress has gone home. General Johnson has gone to the country. The beat of life sounds less like a riveter and more like a bumble bee. The pace of the streets is that of the South in the hot sun. Nothing disturbs the summer somnolence but the struggle of a late-born board to get itself desks and telephones.

This drowsy torpor is not solely the effect of the summer sun. Collars wilted and foreheads dripped last year as now, but men were galvanized by an idea, or a whole set of ideas, into an activity that made them oblivious of temperature. Now the force of novelty, the drive of emergency, are dying away. Idealism is out of breath.

It has taken fifteen months for the tremendous stimulant that was the New Deal to wear off, and the ancient forces of red tape, politics, climate, fatigue, and plain human inertia to reassert themselves. Fifteen months of energy and improvization, of work so hard and so continuous that flesh and blood performed miracles in its accomplishment. Fifteen months of erecting a new super-government above the paralyzed form of the old. Fifteen months of establishing federal control over the banker, the farmer, the home owner, the stock broker, the miner, the industrialist, the retailer, the manufacturer, the mortgagor and the mortgagee, the social worker and the unemployed. Fifteen months of swift, hard effort of the kind that delights the American to the bottom of his bones. Work so steady that there is no time for doubt, hours so long that all stimulants lose their power to keep a man awake. One may fall asleep in a board meeting from sheer exhaustion, but there is no room for worrying about ultimate ends.

And now that the framework of the new governmental edifice is up? Now that the New Deal has entered on its "administrative phase"? It is summer, hot, muggy, hard on all kinds of starch. The NRA holds a picnic down the river to celebrate its first birthday, and so few of the faithful attend that the special boat is only half filled. The PWA has a day off as its birthday present, but not before Secretary Ickes has lectured it for eating breakfast on office time (they get to work at eight) and rushing off to play the moment the clock strikes half-past three. The miracles are a little limp, and many of the young have temporarily given up remaking the world in favor of picnicking along the Potomac.

Three of the agencies that were most active last year look distinctly dog-eared. The National Labor Board that was to revolutionize relations between workers and employers has broken under the strain and been junked. The Consumers' Advisory Board, that was going to unearth, organize, and protect the consumer from the predatory self-interest of the industrialist and the worker, sits in its offices and counts its meager winnings over and over again, while its executive secretary packs his trunk to go and be a college president in Oregon. Even the NRA, which won most of its battles with the other two, looks groggy. The old rushes are staged at intervals, the old bellows emerge, but the general effect is of being what prizefight reporters call "punch drunk."

Meanwhile what interest there is has shifted to the newer agencies of control created by the last Congress. Housing, the securities and stock-exchange board, farm mortgages, the new labor board. There the lights burn into the night, there lunches are snatched from trays on desks, there board members fight over ways and means, and discover that they are also setting up first principles.

Even now the stimulus is not all gone. The level of intelligence and interest has not yet sunk to where it was in, say, the Coolidge era. Conversation still sparkles if you know where to look for it, and cooperation is not all construed as always meaning "yes." The night has not yet come when the only government building showing lights is the one that prints the stamps and the paper bills. But the signs all point to a reestablishment of that discouraging spectacle called normal political life.

It may be, as some people say, that this is merely a breathing spell, that the country needs a vacation from the constant Roosevelt drive, that when cool weather comes and the President returns the town will take up its Utopia building with the old enthusiasm. But if that happens, it will be because that versatile magician has managed to produce an entirely new bunch of rabbits from his hard-working silk hat. These people are tired. Some of them are leaving, some are turning cynics, almost all of them are slowing down. Perhaps the surest index of their mood lies in the quality of the conversation one hears and the contrast between the parties of winter and summer. Not official conversation, not state parties, just the ordinary talk of ordinary young New Dealers.

They poured into Washington last summer, sick of depression inertia, full of energy and enthusiasm, delighted at the chance of doing something which seemed constructive. Young lawyers, economists, financiers, executives, industrialists come to look after codes, idealists burning to have at least one finger in molding the life of their country a little nearer to their heart's desire. The pace of work speeded up. In place of a leisurely seven or eight hours, these men worked ten, twelve, fourteen. People began to talk of wartime psychology, of emergency psychosis. Any man who was not obviously overworked felt apologetic. In spite of the Administration's outspoken desire to shorten hours, increase wages, and spread employment throughout the nation, the rule in Washington was that anyone who did a job well had twice as much to do the next day.

By October the new machine was running at top speed. Code makers filled all the hotels. Government buildings were jammed with new bureaus and new people, some of whom were unknown even to their own telephone operators. So much was being done that even the big dailies gave up trying to cover all the news. The town discovered an entirely new kind of social life. Casual people, these newcomers, with little sense of the hard and fast precedents and conventions that rule Washington. Young men who kept no account of hours, who rented houses, installed cooks, lived as though they were in college fraternity houses, who seemed to have no responsibilities outside of their jobs, and were quite capable of wearing shorts to the office if it was hot. Young women of a type Washington hardly recognized, neither debutante nor civil-service clerk, capable of hard and intelligent work, wearing clothes well, not easy to step on.

Never since the war, they say, has there been as much good conversation in Washington as during the first nine months of the Roosevelt regime. It went from the top to the bottom, and it was not all emergency stuff. Men and women of many different minds worked together under a pressure that generated an enormous energy and an amazing curiosity. Any lunch, any dinner, any cocktail party burgeoned with new programs. The air was electric. Hard and fast ideas were stood on their heads. The marvel was that the Dr. Wirts heard so little.

It was not only immediate plans that interested these people, but the philosophies that lay back of them. Each of them needed to find out what the others thought were the basic things of life, theories of government, economic concepts—and why. What is money? What is labor's share, and what the best way to obtain it? Wherein does American capitalism differ from that described by Marx? What might communism do to America, and how would we like it? Is democracy actually finished?

Lawyers from Harvard who had sickened of Wall Street, social workers who had learned their liberalism under Johnson in California, agricultural and monetary experts from Texas and New York State, financiers from the Chicago Board of Trade, editors from Georgia, all trying to meet each other's minds, produced a particularly engaging set of mental gymnastics. How much permanent importance it had is another matter. Certainly it blew off steam, sometimes it resulted in a bit of mutual education, sometimes it merely set people more firmly in their own ruts.

To an onlooker it was immensely stimulating. Anybody was willing to talk about the whole experiment, or his own part of it, to anyone who would listen. Instead of having to dig for information, the conscientious observer found himself protecting officials from their own indiscretions. Newspaper people knew more, and told less, than for years.

Then Congress came back with fire in its eye, angry at neglect, outraged at what was happening, jealous for its prerogatives, its privileges, its influence. Georgetown resumed its ancient sway, though with a new set of hostesses. Alice Longworth was eclipsed by another and very different feminine Roosevelt in the White House. Ruth McCormick Sims was gone. But Arabella Greenaway, with a seat in Congress, a private fortune, a long friendship with the President's wife, and the reputation of possessing more charm than any other woman in Washington, took her place. Mary Harriman Rumsey rented a house from which she directed the destinies of the Consumers' Advisory Board when she was not commuting from New York. Frances Perkins lived with her, and had her housekeeping done and her parties given for her in the expansive Harriman way.

With Congress there came back a very different type of social life. The social structure of Washington is an involved and traditional thing, based on precedent and jealously guarded by its devotees. There is an elaborate system of inviting and accepting, of seating and being seated, of calling and receiving. The story of the Senator's wife who refused to enter a ladies' dressing room until the wife of a younger Senator who had preceded her went out, is told in all seriousness.

With one eye the traditionalists looked askance at the unconventional young, and with the other recognized them as potential cocktail partners and decorative dinner guests. After all, a lion was a lion, and the Brain Trust were the heroes of the hour. So fashionable ladies discovered economics, and the young, eating richer dinners, began to put on weight.

It was too early for real disillusionment to set in, but some of the more ardent idealists began to wear a slightly baffled air. The barriers of politics, inertia, established interest were telling. There is little of the good talk left now. The only people one finds discussing the larger aims of the New Deal are strangers just come to town or officials giving interviews in which they will be quoted. For most of those who work in it, the forest has vanished in the trees. Any mention of abolishing unemployment, establishing sound cooperation between worker and industrialist, gets a very weary eye. Conversation has dwindled into discussion of detail at the best, and virulent gossip at the worst. There is little of that exhilarating necessity for protecting key people against their own confidences. They are more apt to look about on all four sides of them, and then impart as a matter of the greatest secrecy something that was in all the papers at least two weeks ago—also characteristic of the old Washington.

There is nothing extraordinary or necessarily discouraging about such a let-down. The American people are good sprinters. They work in spurts, and then rest. The whoopee era was a spurt of one kind, the depression a rest period, however much it may have resembled national nervous prostration. The Roosevelt honeymoon was another and different spurt. What it did to Washington must be assessed now, for the honeymoon is definitely over. Its most obvious achievement is the super-government it has set up, that network of boards, authorities, corporations, administrations which has almost obscured the old departments. They have the President's interest and confidence, and the interest of the public. They also have the spending of gigantic sums of money in the administering of emergency legislation. Their office needs have outrun even the gigantic building program, and they are scattered about the city in almost any ancient mansion or old warehouse. Their clerical force is an army which has come from the ends of America, and, as New Dealers, has developed a queer cohesion which seems to have little to do with past lives or future hopes.

This New Deal army has almost eclipsed the older civil service. It is by and large of better mental caliber, more initiative, greater receptivity to new ideas. Perhaps it is thereby less dependable, less sure to stick no matter how stupid the job. Certainly it is resented by the older group, which regards it as a bunch of spoiled kids. Even the women in it who have, by sheer ability and the point of view that takes equality for granted, done more to secure a place in the governmental sun than Washington has ever seen, get no whole-hearted admiration from their elder sisters in service. But there is no reason why they should. The Brain Trusters are not admired by Congress.

Montana Challenges the Tyranny of Copper

By **WARD KINNEY**

Butte, Montana, July 12

TWO speeding cars careen through traffic, bounce over street-car tracks, roar up and down the precipitous streets of "the richest hill on earth." In the lead car, hard-pressed by pursuers, is an Anaconda Copper company gunman, alone. Five strikers are trailing him. Butte's somnolent police are unstirred. A few minutes later five sheepish men file into a crowded room and walk uneasily to chairs around a council table. Heads droop under the glare of an Irish veteran of many Butte wars.

"A fine bunch ye are! Ye let him get away!" says the old timer.

"He got to his girl's house and beat it from there; his car's faster than ours."

"His girl? Aye, she works at ——'s. Tomorrow every workin' man is to go to her counter, ask to see her goods, then say good and loud: 'So you're the little tramp who runs with that scab gunman on the hill!' Keep it up until she gets fired!"

And so Butte labor brings one more "peaceful and legal" weapon into play in the bitterest struggle in the history of battle-scarred Copper Hill, a history marred by treachery and humiliation for labor, jurisdictional fights when rifles spat across Butte streets, and the infamous lynching of the Wobbly, Frank Little, in 1917. And the Anaconda Copper Mining Company, for more than a quarter of a century czar of Montana, is fighting for its life.

"Bitterness? There ain't no bitterness in this strike. Just determination. And there hasn't been a soul hurt." So says a union leader. But there is bitterness—a pall of hate hangs over the city. Families and friends have split; daily community incidents, some funny, some tragic, testify to it. But there has been little violence. Since the union man made his boast, two men, a gunman and a scab driver, have been beaten. The gunman was arrested for drunkenness; unionists claim that his car, set afire during the melee, contained gas bombs and other weapons.

On May 8 approximately 3,600 miners and stationary engineers, members of the International Union of Mine, Mill, and Smeltermen, walked off Butte's hill. The same day 700 smeltermen at Anaconda quit. Two weeks later printers on the company's two newspapers in Helena, the State capital, walked out demanding a wage scale equal to that just granted by the two dailies in Great Falls (not company owned). And on June 7, 1,000 workers in the Great Falls reduction works of the Anaconda joined the march.

There was talk, and still is, that the company wanted a Butte strike, welcomed a shutdown for two months, and had "packed" the miners' union. Older heads in unionism held the strike ill-advised because, despite its grievances, Butte is reputedly the highest-paid mining town in the world. Nevertheless the miners struck, and so did the engineers, who had never walked out before; and along with them marched every pumper and every helmet man (water and fire-fighters), leaving one of the world's richest properties at the mercy of flame and flood.

Pumps were manned with officials, office workers, recruits from Great Falls and Anaconda clerical staffs, and whatever scabs the company could find. Pay is $6 a day and board and room, but scabs are scarce. Gunmen escort those who do not sleep on the properties to and from their homes. Some of them work sixteen hours a day.

The labor press reports water rising in the mines, but even the strikers doubt any serious danger. However, fires in three properties (the copper is in a sulphur formation which burns furiously) are gaining, and despite its offer of as high as $20 daily for helmet men, the company finds few recruits for this hazardous job.

Butte miners say they are fighting for an American living standard. They want an embargo or a prohibitively high tariff on copper. The company can mine its ore in its Mexican, Chilean, or Polish properties, ship it to the United States, pay the present four-cent duty and still sell at a profit at nine cents, they claim.

Demands in the present strike are five:

1. No man required to work alone underground.
2. Reestablishment of weekly wage scale and elimination of the "contract system of drilling."
3. Six-hour day and five-day week.
4. Check-off system.
5. Increased wages, amounting roughly to $1.20 an hour for miners against the 53 cents paid when the strike began: a weekly scale of $33.50 for surface labor, $35 for smeltermen, $36 for miners, $38.50 to $50 for engineers, and $72 for helmet men when using helmet.

Strikers insist that these are minimum demands, but most observers believe some of them would be compromised, including the wage section. Most important are the first two. Butte old timers say an average of one man daily is killed or injured in the mines, and many accidents could be averted or their effect minimized if two men worked together. The contract system is one by which, paying so much per yard drilled and slashing the rate at will, the company has been able to cut wages steadily throughout the depression. Miners complain that despite a State law limiting mine shifts to eight hours, they have had to work ten or twelve to obtain $5, the minimum for survival on half-time or less.

The struggle has become more than a strike. The company is aware that, all over Montana, enemies it has crushed underfoot for twenty-five years are watching this battle; and the company has been confronted by the most amazing solidarity ever seen in the State. The most effective boycott Montana has ever known began in Butte on the day of the strike. Merchants were asked, then told, by unionists, not to advertise in the two company papers. They complied with a willingness startling to the Anaconda, which began to realize with considerable shock that the city of Butte, long its feudal domain, was heart and soul against its noble lord.

After the strike had been on a month, the two papers (the Montana *Standard* and the Butte *Post*) carried only two local advertisements of appreciable size, those of Symons' and Hennessy's, large department stores. A big grocery which had planned to break the boycott changed its mind when on June 12 the Silver Bow (County) Trades Assembly ordered complete boycott of the two stores. The papers shrank, picked up each other's type, frantically cut expenses.

The Butte Retail Clerks Union ordered merchants to cease deliveries to scabs. The company press protested, but many merchants obeyed. Unconsciously funny, the Montana *Standard* said: "There were no developments yesterday in the effort to prevent merchants from deliveries to families of men working in the mines . . . other than that certain stores already had put into effect the ban. . . ."

Throughout the United States, Canada, and much of Europe, mine strikers leave men to protect the properties unless operators employ scab miners. The company has made no attempt to mine ore. Why then were pumpers and helmet men called out?

The reason lies deep rooted in the soil of Butte, planted alongside seeds of hate which at last have sprouted. First, consider Butte: It is one of the dirtiest, and yet, as Joseph Pennell called it, one of the most pictorial cities in the United States. The Department of Commerce survey this spring showed that 64 per cent of Butte homes needed repairs; 32 per cent have less than adequate space for the families housed; more than 2,000 of the 10,727 dwelling units surveyed, practically 20 per cent, have no indoor toilets; more than 3,000 have no bathtub or shower, more than 6,000 still use wood or coal ranges.

A Consumers' Council survey this month revealed that for every normally-fed child in Butte, five are undernourished; Mrs. Francis Robbins, who compiled the study, is quoted in dispatches as saying, "Butte apparently has one of the highest undernourishment records in the country in proportion to its population."

Now, consider Butte labor: In 1930 Butte teamsters and machinists struck against a threatened $1-a-day cut and reversion to the nine-hour day. Butte's Associated Industries scabbed on wholesalers' trucks and forced merchants to accept goods so transported. Clerks walked out and a general strike was planned, so with James D. Graham, who heads the State Federation of Labor, a union delegation called upon Governor (now Senator) J. E. Erickson to beg him not to call out troops, at least without personal investigation. The results of this conference were not made public, but unionists were only convinced of their lack of influence in high political quarters. The militia was not called out. They returned to Butte and the strike was settled after a company threat to smash unionism in Montana, the men taking a cut in wages but retaining the eight-hour day.

In December, 1932, Butte's retail clerks were refused renewal of their contract. Labor saw this as the opening shot in another open-shop drive and the clerks struck, followed by teamsters and building trades. Bill Daly, company mine manager, was accused by unionists of dragging miners' and engineers' leaders out of bed in the night to demand that they end the downtown strike, with another union-smashing threat as alternative. The strike was won, but that threat rankled.

Now, consider the company: One day Butte miners, grumbling under wage cuts, layoffs, and meager relief, found on their doorsteps copies of a tabloid-size free newspaper, the *Eye-Opener*. Published by Charles Hauswirth, a successful coal merchant and long-time foe of Anaconda, and edited by Walter Shay, a rebellious descendant of the Shays of Shay's Rebellion, it presented the following statistics from the Federal Trade Commission's report:

"John D. Ryan, chairman of Anaconda, 1932 salary $214,383, bonus $2,597; Con Kelley, president, 1932 salary $249,232, bonus $3,438." Both had received more in previous years, but the company-owned press had been telling Butte that 1932 was the company's most desperate year.

Hauswirth's little weekly, formerly mimeographed, now prints some 28,000 copies a week. Still free, it finds buyers at twenty-five cents a copy a few hours after completion of the press run. Shay shares the field with the Montana *Labor News,* the organ of the State Federation, edited by a Congregational minister, the Reverend Charles Sebold, much given to piercing company press hypocrisies, and the Butte *Citizen,* the leaflet from the strike committee, listing scabs. This is typical of *Citizen* items:

"W. X. ——, member of engineers' union for thirty years, says he patched his overalls to educate his son; now the son is inside the Leonard fence making dirty money while his dad is on FERA making clean money and doing his hitch on the picket line. He is heartily ashamed of his son."

Lastly, consider relief: Throughout the Hoover Administration relief was controlled by the company. In March, 1934, after a legislative investigation, the Butte board, headed by Colonel D. Gay Stivers, a company attorney, quit. Among CWA abuses charged to this board by a minority report of the legislative committee (the State assembly turned it down and adopted the majority report) was the use of the "rustling card" and extensive employment of political or business "friends" of the A. C. M. on relief payrolls. The "rustling card" had been a symbol of bitter labor hatred in Butte for many years. Issued by the Mutual Labor Board, it permits the holder to seek work in the company's city. Those who were known as radicals never got cards; those who became radical were likely to lose theirs. Without one relief was unavailable.

Relief now (the miners are on it during the strike) is hailed as eminently satisfactory. Meanwhile R. C. Jacobson, federal mediator, liked by the men, continues his efforts to obtain some concessions from either side, not very hopefully. Conferences now have been moved to Washington, where last week Senator Wagner reported "progress." The strikers, whose general committee in charge of negotiations has included about fifty men, have so far refused to send a contingent to Washington.

As long as relief continues there probably will be no serious violence in Butte. Discipline is extraordinary, for all of Butte's previous wars have been bloody and vicious. But if relief should stop—the Anaconda has a fortune in hoist equipment, not too hard to sabotage; and all of Butte's power enters the city on two 100-mile lines over mountain wilderness. On July 6 somebody tossed a chain across the power line into Belmont mine, stopping the pumps for ten minutes. It would be easy to throw another chain, more effective next time, and the mile-high city in the Rockies and its "richest hill on earth" would be left to darkness and to terror.

A Leningrad Letter: II

By HAROLD J. LASKI

Leningrad, June 25

I HAD too little time to examine in any detail the Russian educational system. But such examination as I was able to make left me with certain impressions it is perhaps worth while to record. The scale of the effort is unique in the history of the world. The passion for knowledge, especially among the young, is well-nigh universal; and the communists have done a remarkable work in making intellectual improvement seem a moral obligation to the citizen. Books are devoured as soon as they appear; the public libraries cannot even begin to cope with the numbers who desire to use them. The defects appeared to me to lie (1) in the absence of a sufficient supply of trained teachers; (2) in rather poor text books (through Stalin's personal intervention a big effort is being made to remedy this weakness); (3) in rather low (though, in the circumstances of the time and scale of the effort, understandably low) and superficial standards of attainment; and (4) in a certain tendency, after all not unknown in capitalist countries, to regard soundness of political views rather than really effective knowledge as a passport to appointment. All these defects are born, clearly, of youth and the exhilaration of a revolutionary atmosphere. It is interesting that a serious attempt will be made, beginning next year, in Moscow University to develop a historical faculty on the normal academic model; and a proof of the Russian eagerness for the best methods available may be found in the fact that the man who is to teach English and American history is to be sent abroad for six months to study the methods in vogue there.

I inquired with some care into the religious position. There is, I think, no doubt that the churches are fighting a losing battle. They have little interest or prestige for the younger generation. Education and propaganda have decisively undermined the authority of superstition, and the inability of the churches to organize any social work among their members has been a fatal barrier to their progress. Among the older people, especially the peasants, religion still counts for something; but the inability to acquire property, on the one hand, and the absence of any political recognition on the other, are a fatal barrier in the way of their future. There appears to be nothing that in a strict sense can be called persecution; there is merely a refusal to allow to the churches the opportunity to develop those social institutions which, together with their property, have been the basis of their power in the Western world. I believe it to be true that emotions previously satisfied by religious beliefs are now satisfied far more fully by the exhilaration offered to millions in the opportunity directly to participate in the great economic adventure upon which Russia is engaged. It is clear, further, that to those who are at all profoundly conscious of the import of the revolution the churches are indissolubly linked with the worst social features of the Czarist regime; to accept the value of the one is, almost automatically, to reject the value of the other. I doubt whether there is much serious need for the militant atheist propaganda.

No one who discusses Russian problems with the political leaders of the country can doubt the reality of their desire for peace. They need it, as perhaps no other people, for the fulfilment of their great economic task; and the drastic proposals for disarmament and security they have made at Geneva are not merely window-dressing, intended to exhibit the impotence of capitalist states before the problems of peace, but also, in very considerable part, a genuine effort to obtain a breathing-space to consolidate the internal position of the Soviet Union. At the same time, the leaders are fully convinced that war is ultimately certain. To that end, they have not only built up a great army fully equipped with every device modern technique has developed. They have also created a passionate national spirit in the general population the mobilization of which, in the event of attack, would make Russia far more formidable as an enemy than at any period in her history, and far less likely to suffer from internal divisions of opinion than any other power in the world. In the Anglo-American sense of the word, there is literally no pacifist movement in Russia. The conviction (in my judgment, a correct conviction) that war is rooted, not in human nature, but in the inherent principles of the capitalist system, is so universal that to prepare oneself for the inevitable attack seems elementary common sense to three out of every four people one meets of military age, men and women alike. Conscription apart, it is a common experience to find that in any big factory a rifle range is part of the ordinary equipment, and that about one-third of the workers there have qualified as skilled marksmen. Nor can one doubt the popularity of the Red army. It occupies a place of honorable consideration in the Union such as the army of no capitalist state even begins to possess. The intensity, moreover, of its political convictions, and both the width and depth of its educational training are unique in the history of the world.

It is worth while, I think, to emphasize also the passion of the Russian government for research. The savant, especially where his work has visible practical significance, has a consideration and a status in the union which are remarkable. I do not know enough in detail to give any special emphasis to this generalization. But from such inquiries as I was able to make I should judge that not merely in the natural sciences, but in more humanistic fields like ethnography, history, law, linguistics (through the exploration of the hardly known peoples of the extreme north, the southeast, and the far east), work is being done of high significance. If a body like the Rockefeller Foundation were to devote some of its resources to making known to the Western world some of the results of recent Russian work in these fields, I believe it would render an immense service to scholarship. For it is not merely the enormous additions to knowledge that are taking place; perhaps even more it is the revision of accepted values that it would be significant for us to understand in all its fullness. A series of reports by experts on recent Russian work in the fields I have noted would be invaluable; even in English history, for instance, certain problems are being investigated with a fullness never before attempted. And a full study of Russian legal experience in recent years, on the lines of Mr. Hoover's Commission on Law Enforcement, would, in my judgment, yield results as stimulating for law reform as the work of Jeremy Bentham over a century ago.

In so brief a discussion as this, it would obviously be futile for me even to attempt any general estimate of the Russian experiment. But I may perhaps make certain inferences from the impact of experiencing it at first hand which will at least serve to illustrate the kind of conclusions which, in a fuller survey, I should be tempted to draw. I start with the premise that the revolution is the seminal fact of modern history: it has brought the discussion of socialism from the realm of abstract doctrine to the plane of concrete practice. From this angle, it is a challenge to capitalist civilization of which it is impossible to overestimate the significance. The challenge consists in the growing ability of the Soviet Union to prove that it can do for the masses all that capitalism has been able to effect in its history; that it can do it, in ever-increasing measure, without giving birth to the privileges and injustices which are inherent in the capitalist regime. The cost of the experiment is enormous; but the Soviet government has been able to convince its people that the cost is worth while. To produce that conviction, it has had to be, as in large measure it remains, relentless, harsh, intolerant. Dictatorship is not a picnic; it is a regime of deliberate and organized repression which sweeps ruthlessly out of its path all who are unable to conform to its purposes. To those who do so conform, indeed, it offers opportunities of creative adventure as rich and as full as any system with which I am acquainted. It means hardship, self-denial, the continuous and profound subordination of self. If its objectives can be accepted, it obviously makes possible, even for the humblest, an exhilarating fulfilment of personality such as Wordsworth caught in his first enthusiasm for the French Revolution. For the spirit which doubts, it means profound discomfort; for the spirit which denies, it means imprisonment and possibly death. It is the expression of a movement to the intensity of which no one can remain indifferent.

It is an error of judgment to conceive of proletarian dictatorship as simply and directly the enemy of freedom. It is, unquestionably, the enemy of the freedom which capitalist democracy has secured. The restraints are different in character, and directed to different ends. But I doubt whether any reasonable observer could argue that these restraints are incompatible with that affirmation of the essence of personality which is the criterion by which the quality of states is to be judged. There has been more realization of personality under the Soviet regime than in any comparable epoch in history. The method of expression has been different; it has not been less real. The real difference has lain in the width of assumptions possible under the capitalist regime, on the one hand, and the communist regime on the other. I believe myself that the tolerance and freedom open under capitalism were simply a function of its expanding prosperity; as this has declined, so they also have contracted until, in extreme cases, they reach the repressions characteristic of Hitler and Mussolini. That tolerance and freedom, in a word, are characteristic of capitalist security; they disappear with its disappearance. So, similarly, the intolerance and repression characteristic of proletarian dictatorship are the symptoms of communist insecurity; they will disappear as conviction of security emerges in Russia. But for those who, in Russia, are able to adapt themselves to the foundations of the new system there are opportunities, and therefore freedoms, comparable in volume to those of the early days of the industrial revolution. The class affected is, of course, both different and wider, and it does not depend upon its ability to procure the use of capital for its private well-being. For this reason, I believe the claim of the bolsheviks that their form of state is a higher form than that of capitalist democracy to be well-founded; the relation it establishes between individual self-expression and the public welfare is more direct and real than is the case under capitalism in general, and capitalism in decline in particular.

On the other hand, I believe that the conditions under which the bolsheviks were able to secure power were special conditions unlikely to be easily available in the Western industrial democracies. It is far more difficult there to break the large and well-knit middle classes (which hardly existed in Russia). It needs, for the success of communism, a disrupted machinery of government, a disloyal and discontented army and police, revolutionary feeling in the working-class, a trained and disciplined revolutionary party to lead that class, and a revolutionary leader of something like Lenin's caliber to lead the party. These conditions are only likely to emerge after a long epoch of capitalist repression, for example, after an experience of a Hitlerite regime or in the aftermath of unsuccessful war. Without these conditions, no successful attempt at revolution is possible; and the effort to promote communism will only hasten the transformation of capitalist democracy into fascism. That the latter, in the long run, means communism, I should add that I do not doubt.

The real lesson, I think, of Russia is this. The general principles of its ideal are the inescapable outlines of any future civilization which hopes to retain civilized standards, material and spiritual, of life. The question the dominating class of capitalist society has to answer is whether it is capable of so reforming itself, and so rapidly transforming itself, as to make the transition to a socialist society relatively so painless as to be capable of being peacefully effected. Communists affirm that this is impossible of achievement; while I lack the certainty of their conviction, the experience of Italy, Germany, Austria, and Spain, to take only the more prominent examples, makes it probable that they may prove to be right. And it is a reasonable inference from the present international position that we are moving, as in 1914, to an epoch of great wars, of which the consequence will be revolution. Capitalist democracy will not survive those wars, for the capitalist class will not pay their cost since its need for profit will cause it to throw the burden on the masses who will seek to revolt against it. In these terms, we shall enter upon an epoch in which fascist and communist states will confront one another with the knowledge that their principles are finally incompatible. In those epochs, also, I think, it will be shown that the Soviet Union has a power of internal stability which is unattainable by any competing form of social organization. The lesson, therefore, of the position we inherit is the urgent need for the peaceful and drastic transformation of the foundations of capitalist society while there is time to effect it. But I doubt whether the capitalist regime permits that kind of abdication to those who profit by its operations.

[*The first of Mr. Laski's two Russian letters appeared in last week's* Nation.]

Zero Hour on the Coast

By GRACE METTEE

San Francisco, July 13

[*The following description is excerpted from a letter written by a travelling labor organizer to her national headquarters.*]

WE hitch-hiked from here to Bellingham, Washington, and back, 2,400 miles along the coast. We met and talked to a great many of the men who are on strike and had a chance to keep up with it as we went along because all of the Pacific coast is tied up.

This is too big to realize unless you see it. All along the coast, even in the smallest towns, ships are lying at anchor in the harbors and at the piers and men are on picket duty. At Portland there is no gasoline and it was difficult for us to get out of town as very few cars are running. Pickets on the outskirts of the town on all highways are stopping trucks, and just as we came along two four-thousand-gallon tanks of gas had been run over a cliff into a ravine. The drivers were beaten and forced to walk back in the direction they had come. But the gas made a big fire and the whole side of the hill covered with pines was burning.

We had a hard time getting back to San Francisco as there was no traffic going in that direction. The whole coast has a gas shortage. We were finally picked up by a State highway policeman who brought us the last 150 miles. He had a small truck loaded with gasoline barrels he was bringing through for the use of ambulances and he had a permit from the ILA to cross picket lines.

In Frisco, the Embarcadero looks like a section of wartime France with barbed-wire enclosures and soldiers standing about five feet apart all along the shore for miles. They have been ordered to shoot to kill. Since the Guard has been here the picketers have simply changed their tactics and have started to overturn trucks all over the city and destroy their contents so that no goods can be moved to the waterfront.

Outside of town we saw twenty-three gasoline tank cars lined up by the side of the road. Some of them had been there for four days and their drivers were camped under a guard of several hundred pickets and a couple of State police. They were peaceful and quiet, some of them cooking over a fire and some of them washing clothes.

Contrary to stories in some papers, the Communists are taking almost no part in the strike outside of holding street meetings attended by a dozen people or so. This strike was not whipped up by radicals of any kind. It is a spontaneous strike that grew out of the action of an A. F. of L. union. Ryan was here and tried to settle the strike and even signed peace terms and until his terms were rejected he denied the very existence of reds. Now he is saying that the strike was taken out of his control by the Communists. The strike got out of his control when he signed an agreement while in conference with the Mayor and his board of mediators at which there were none of the rank and file present. After he did this he was voted out of the strike committee and a new one was formed that has had control of the situation ever since. Ryan is about as popular here as Roosevelt and whenever Roosevelt's name is mentioned at meetings he gets the bird. The strikers here are redder than any Communist I ever saw. I watched them turn over a truck load of rice. They cut the sacks open and poured the rice in the radiator. Then they started the engine and let it run until it stopped of itself. After that they threw the truck over and left it upside down across the streetcar tracks. The strikers filled a sewer full of rice and gave bags of it to kids and people who asked for it.

Everyone is fishing, rich and poor alike. Meat is almost non-existent, except in hospitals. Pickets help bring in supplies for hospitals and accompany the trucks to their destination. Doctors are broadcasting diet instructions to ward off attacks of scurvy and dysentery due to the limited food supply. Several minor strikes in the canneries which attracted little notice previously have now caused the complete loss of the tomato and apricot crop.

Everyone I have spoken to here is hungry to know what is going on in the East and has been wondering if we are actually as prosperous and satisfied as the press here would have them believe. I was amazed when I came here to learn that the depression was over back East and that there was no unemployment there any more. When I described Eastern conditions to these people they couldn't get enough of it and many of them told me that it gave them greater courage to know that there were real radicals in the East and that they were doing things. They thought they were isolated out here and were the only unpatriotic people in the country.

In the Driftway

THE elaborate ugliness of the houses human beings build at the seashore has always fascinated the Drifter. As a people, Americans seem to prefer bad architecture, but seaside houses have a special kind of ugliness which must spring from something deeper than bad taste. It is international and its transcends even the laws of economics. Most summer houses are occupied only a few months a year which would seem to be an excellent reason for keeping them simple. Moreover, eaves dripping with gingerbread are not designed to withstand the blasts of a good southeaster. Yet the shores of the world are lined with cupolas and turrets, curlicues and doodads, which can serve no conceivable purpose except to clutter up the view.

* * * * *

IT is the Drifter's private theory that the purpose is just that. The sea continues to be a pretty overwhelming phenomenon before which the human animal must in some way assert his superiority. In the course of the centuries he has managed to build up a comforting defiance of most natural forces. He has filled the darkness with a billion lights. He has filled the open spaces with cities. He has filled up time with busyness. He has filled up all available silences with noise. He has never been able to do much about the sea, though he does what he can. When he crosses it he gets as far away from it as he can afford to—preferably on the A deck of a floating hotel. And when he goes to its shore for a rest from his lights, his cities, his busyness, and his noise—for he is after all an animal whose strength can be renewed only from natural forces—he bolsters up his ego with the visual racket of cupolas and turrets.

THE only seaside resort the Drifter knows which does not fit his theory nevertheless confirms it. He is thinking of Nantucket in general and of 'Sconset in particular. The native boast that 95 per cent of Nantucket architecture is good is only a slight overstatement. Yet the whole island is for the most part a summer resort. The miracle is easy to explain. Nantucket's towns were fishing villages before they became summer resorts. Of necessity the people who make their living from the sea have long ago come to terms with it. And they would be as likely to build a tower dripping with gingerbread as to go to sea in a papier maché boat. The typical 'Sconset house is trim and low, like a sailing ship's cabin, clinging to the ground as a sailboat clings to the sea. One almost expects to see hatches instead of doors, and she lies so close to the earth that it seems as if most of her living space must be below decks. Her horizontal lines offer no resistance to the wind. And even the ancient rambler roses that cover her seem less like a decoration than a network of thongs to batten her down against the wildest storms. The other half of the miracle is that the inhabitants of Nantucket are proud of its whaling past and have managed to preserve its sea-going architecture. The Drifter hopes their vigilance will not relax. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Good English

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The editors of *The Nation* presumably have never taught English. Leastwise the editorial on Good English in the issue of June 27 betrays a complete failure to perceive the motives behind the establishment of a "corrective English clinic" at Princeton.

Similar remedial measures for undergraduate illiterates are common among State institutions—and are of doubtful effectiveness. There is, however, no question of establishing standards, and the point that professors differ in their opinions as to what constitutes good English only befogs the issue. It clearly does not rise to that high ground.

As Dean Root is reported to have said, "Split infinitives and dangling participles are not the greatest sins. Some of them [i. e., the students] don't know how to write a sentence even good enough to have a split infinitive." That is demonstrably true. Yet the difficulty of the student backward in English is not simply a lack of knowledge of grammar and syntax. Grammatical and rhetorical principles (with a few important exceptions, such as the use of "shall" and "will") are wholly and completely logical. Accordingly, the defect of the so-called illiterate student is not so much ignorance of language as incapacity to think. That explains why "corrective" English instruction, practically speaking, is a total loss.

Prospect, Ohio, July 2 WILLIAM BURL THOMAS

Abolish the R.O.T.C.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

An editorial in your issue of July 4 is devoted to praising the Board of Regents of the University of Minnesota for having "done the really fine thing of placing military training on an optional basis."

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It is unfortunate that the editorial in no way indicates that recent student protest has been directed not only at the compulsory features of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps, but at the institution and everything it stands for. One might as well protest against compulsory Latin or Physics as against compulsory R. O. T. C. The menace of the R. O. T. C. is its function as a propaganda machine for the War Department. It exercises this function whether or not it is compulsory through war parades, distribution of literature, statements in the school press, and the general recognition it receives from the administration.

It is our impression that *The Nation* has in all recent comment on the subject attacked compulsory R. O. T. C. rather than the institution itself. The National Student League has taken an unequivocal stand against the R. O. T. C. in both its compulsory and optional forms. We should like to know where *The Nation* stands on this matter.

New York, July 5 JOSEPH COHEN

Colorado Relief

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In an attempt to confirm or refute the assertion of James Rorty in your issue of June 27 that Colorado stood next to the lowest State in the distribution of relief, giving only a little more than $5 per month per family, I was practically refused all figures by C. D. Shawver, State administrator.

Of $2,051,437 expended in the first four months of 1934, shown on a blueprint said to have been sent to Washington, all went to approximately 50,000 families, then the amount per month was $500,000 and the amount per family (if averaged) was $10. Estimating another way, 20 per cent of a million people are on relief, and there are 4.2 persons per family, again giving 50,000 families. In June, 1933, they were 47,051; in June, 1934, 56,470. An average of $10 a month for a family of four is scandalous enough; yet there are rumblings that allowances are being cut. The alleged report to Washington did not contain $615,865 which has been paid from the gasoline tax to the relief administration by the State treasurer. It was omitted because the government asked for "local" funds, and "local" was deemed to mean county. Practically no "local" funds were shown outside Denver, Pueblo, and Colorado Springs. The administrator did not tell what has been done with the $615,865.

In my opinion, one-fifth of Colorado is starving, while Governor Johnson makes speeches about lowering taxes. Another candidate for governor, former Governor Adams, will be voted for in the democratic primary by the republican banking fraternity, who whisper that he is "safe." Josephine Roche, liberal candidate for Governor, has not proposed any plan, but is being offered that of Upton Sinclair. Contrary to the situation in California, where for three months the heat of a national election has warmed the atmosphere, Colorado is quiet; newspapers are meek; and one wonders whether Miss Roche will make enough noise to attract liberal republicans and democrats as Sinclair is doing.

Denver, Colo., July 3 ALFRED F. ISHAM

CURZON and POINCAIRÉ CLASH

On the right is a typical scene from

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In the first session, Lord Curzon, in precise but cutting phrases, summarized the disloyalty of the French during the last two years. . . . In the afternoon M. Poincaré responded to this attack. His voice was dry, his words were clipped, his insults were lancets of steel. Curzon's wide, white hand on the green baize cloth trembled violently. He could stand it no further. Rising from his seat, he muttered something about an adjournment and limped hurriedly into an adjoining room. He was accompanied by his secretary and by Lord Hardinge, then our Ambassador in Paris. He collapsed upon a scarlet settee. He grasped Lord Hardinge by the arm. "Charley," he panted, "I can't bear that horrid little man. I can't bear him. I can't bear him." He wept.

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Finance

Big Business in Search of New Friends

SINCE the start of the Roosevelt Administration, most of the professional spokesmen of business have floundered uneasily before the unaccustomed spectacle of an openly hostile and disrespectful public opinion, dangerously near to control of the functions of government. The search by these interests for a fresh source of mass political influence has had varied manifestations. One of these was the scheme of exploiting the untested political power of small investors. Another was the decision of certain industrial groups, in the interests of expediency, to soft-pedal direct attacks on the Roosevelt Administration. But by far the most adept trail-blazer for a new technique has been Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., president of General Motors and servant of one of the most powerful industrial groups in the country—the Du Pont family. For three months Mr. Sloan has been engaged, with cautious indirection, in setting himself up as a principal opponent of Rooseveltian policies. He has carried on his campaign both by means of public speeches and by appeals to the 352,000 stockholders of General Motors. The chief novelty of his approach lies in his scrupulous care to avoid direct mention of the Roosevelt Administration, which lends him an air of political impartiality, and in his fervent espousal of the cause of greater prosperity for all. The chief strength of his argument lies in its concentration on the outstanding contradiction of the Roosevelt program—the restriction of production in some lines at a time when the crying need of the nation is for a greater quantity of essential goods. Behind this valid criticism, Sloan has masked the essential point of his creed, which is that any form of restriction on profits is "bad and undesirable" because it reduces purchasing power, prevents progress, curtails production, and lowers employment.

The fallacies of this superstructure of propaganda are self-evident since it completely ignores the question of how to reconcile with the present facilities for production the restrictions imposed by the profit system on mass purchasing power. But this fallacy does not interfere with the value of his message for purposes of ballyhoo. This was shown by the immense volume of favorable publicity obtained by the forum on industrial progress which he arranged at this year's Chicago Fair. Industrialists, scientists, and educators described extravagantly on this occasion the wave of prosperity which would follow from full exploitation of existing and pending industrial technique—if only the blighting hand of government regulation were removed from business initiative. Although no attempt was made to explain the failure of this utopia to emerge prior to the imposition of the blighting hand, the vision of "a more abundant economy" was no longer an exclusive monopoly of the Roosevelt Administration. And so astutely did Sloan lay his political lines that he maneuvered the President into sending a congratulatory message of endorsement to a meeting designed primarily to attack his own policies.

Sloan has now joined forces with the rejuvenated and reorganized Crusaders. This group, having outlived its usefulness as an anti-prohibition organization and having run up a blind alley in its attempt to dramatize the fight against inflation last fall, has turned to large-scale political activities on a platform which would provide an acceptable framework for American fascism. The Crusaders' "statement of principles" is devised to appeal to a wide variety of political palates. To those frightened by the occasional departure from orthodoxy at Washington and anxious to enlist in the cause of canceling the few important concessions won since the advent of Roosevelt, the Crusaders offer themselves as a "great voluntary organization which is militantly opposing all efforts of radical minorities to enforce their views on the majority." To the patriots, the Crusaders insist upon Americanism and constitutionalism; to the financially conservative they offer an emphasis on sound money, a balanced budget, "bearable taxation," and support of individual business enterprise. For the benefit of those who have been divorced from their traditional political allegiances by the scandals of recent years, the Crusaders appeal for "intelligent reform," explaining that "we want it plainly understood that we do not stand for reactionary orthodoxy." Nor are the farmers overlooked, since the Crusaders call for the "correction of conditions which have for years placed the agricultural producer at an unfair disadvantage."

Sloan's self-confessed allegiance to a common prosperity is matched by the Crusaders' confession of "no interest but the welfare of the American people." His associates on the advisory council of the organization include such disinterested parties as John W. Davis, counsel for J. P. Morgan and Company; Sewell L. Avery, president of Montgomery Ward; Francis H. Brownell, chairman of the Board of American Smelting; Frank Purnell, president of Youngstown Sheet and Tube; Cleveland E. Dodge, vice-president of the Phelps, Dodge Copper Company; Percy H. Johnston, Fred I. Kent, and James P. Warburg—three prominent New York bankers who escaped unscarred from the late scalping of banking reputations—and Professor Kemmerer of Princeton who recently foretold disaster for the great institutions of the country because of the prevailing tax burden on wealthy men.

While the true economic interests of such a group are self-evident, their sponsorship of the Crusaders' aims is significant as an attempt by an influential segment within big business to adjust its surface attitude to changed political standards. Particularly if the Crusaders take over the form of economic propaganda invented by Mr. Sloan and if the Roosevelt Administration continues to fall short of its recovery hopes, these efforts might easily restore the discredited old regime.

Peter Helmoop Noyes

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By **ISABEL EMSLIE HUTTON, M.B., Ch.B., M.D.**
Physician to the British Hospital for Functional Mental and Nervous Diseases, London

Foreword by **IRA S. WILE, M.D.**
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Books

What Is a Poem?

T. S. ELIOT is an individual who happens to combine the virtues of poet and rhetorician and critic in his own person, with the emphasis perhaps on the poet and the rhetorician rather than on the critic. The value of his criticism lies not in the formation and explication of any consistent body of doctrine but in the independent remarks and observations made by the way in his more pretentious writings, and gathered, it may be, from his own experience as poet. That they do relate to some aspect of poetry, and that aspect often accidental, may be granted; that there is any touching of the essence must be denied, for what the significance of the term is, this Mr. Eliot has never told us; and the ordering of its parts he has never given. I. A. Richards, like Mr. Eliot, brings to the study and to the analysis of one subject, and a subject in which he shows great powers of perception, the learning gathered in the study of another; but even more than Mr. Eliot, under the pretense of judging and analyzing a subject under the name of one science, in reality he analyzes it under the aspect of a science altogether different. Mr. Richards is something of a psychologist and theologian (art, we are told, consists in the satisfaction of impulse; and, again, through poetry we are saved), but the consideration of a poem as a part of the subject matter of psychology or theology or even of rhetoric, while it may please as well as instruct, not only fails to touch but brings us nowhere near a Poetic.

I have selected the names of Mr. Eliot and Mr. Richards because admittedly they represent the two most distinguished figures of today in the criticism of English poetry; and so take it for granted that if they are the source of some error and confusion, the lesser-known figures are in even worse case. There are the Marxians, to whom a poem and its social significance are one, and there are those who still hold poetry to be prophecy or a way of life, or what comes to the same thing, of escape and reverie. I consider all these to be in error, not because what they say is false or completely inapplicable to poetry, but because their statements, although they may hold true of a part of a poem or signify some accident of it, do not state what a poem is, nor do they express that which constitutes the essence.

With all these opinions the same error is involved, though it takes form in directly opposite ways. I refer to the failure to understand either what constitutes a complex essence, or what the nature, the scope, and the limit of definition is. In the one case there is the failure to perceive that while it is true enough that all the elements and parts of a poem must take their beginnings from the world, our experience, habits, perceptions, attitudes, and the like, yet it is just as true that the thing constituted does differ from them in kind. That to isolate them from the poem, and then to speak of them as independent existences apart from their mediation to the end which is the poem, is to say nothing at all about the poem. In the other case there is the perception that a poem is a real and independent entity; and from this perception is deduced the impossibility of really talking about a poem or of really relating it to other things while it still preserves its identity as poem. There are other errors, less important perhaps. We may mistake a special variety for the general; this is illustrated by the tendency to forget or to ignore the fact that the almost impersonal and quite general product of popular song or of Dryden may be quite as poetic as the special and intense products of Donne or Catullus. Or there is the tendency of the poet to confuse his private, immediate experience with that of all other poets or with the poem itself.

I wish now to offer a definition of lyric poetry that will be in some accord with the rules and principles of definition; that is, which will state in their proper order the elements which taken together may be said to constitute a poem, but which apart may be predicated of other subjects as well. I shall give brief definitions of the terms used, but I shall not, since space forbids, attempt to deduce the consequences which follow from the definition. Nor do I pretend that the definition is exhaustive or perfect; as Aristotle said, a definition is the hardest thing to frame, the easiest to destroy.

Let a lyric poem be defined, then, as the imitation of a complex idea involving either in whole or in part some human action or attitude through the imagination, by means of metaphor, ambiguity, and word, the whole possessing unity of tone.

Before I define my other terms, a word must be said on the necessity for the metaphor or the ambiguity. Because we aim at one whole perceived at once, the ambiguity or the metaphor becomes necessary to the poem. If the elements are perceived as independent the one of the other or as in succession, we shall get nothing or merely several things which apart from their juxtaposition have no connection. It is because the metaphor brings together and unites diversities, or enables the properties of one thing to be ascribed to another, or because the word has overtones or is equivocal or both, and all realized in one subject, that the poem is enabled to realize immediately what would otherwise be impossible.

Our terms may now be defined. Imitation may be defined as the presence of some aspect of a thing in a setting other than that given or natural, or also as the realization of a function through a means other than that given and natural. From this it is clear that imitation does not necessarily signify pictorial representation. It is because we must either create out of nothing, which is impossible, or recombine in some way elements previously given in nature, that art, which is the production of something by man, involves imitation. I have said complex idea because a poem is not static but requires some development; and again, because of a simple concept, such as humanity, there is no assertion, and so no possibility of attitude and the like. In sum, by complex idea is meant the proposition or a series of propositions. The proposition is defined as that through which truth or falsity is expressed. Imagination may be said to be that which mediates between thought and sense (and in this place it is sense informed by thought which is intended); or it might be defined as sense informed by meaning, but sense abstracted from the immediate existent. And because sense and imagination involve some reference to individuals, however qualified, and because our individuals are either human or are referred to us who are human, poetry does in some way involve emotion. For where we have a particular, there we have the possibility of motion, and where there is the possibility of motion, there we may have either pleasure or pain; or we may have the attitudes of wanting or not wanting the particular, or we may wish its destruction or seek its preservation. The nature of emotion implies all of these. As to the metaphor, and the ambiguity, there is no need for definition here; except that the ambiguity is itself a form of metaphor. Tone may be defined as the effect of the attitude toward the subject idea present in the whole poem. Or it may be defined as the attitude toward the treatment of the idea. Is this love a grave thing, is it of importance; if either, is it to be treated lightly or intensely, or boorishly or with elegance? It is because of the tone, and because the poem is expressed through words, which are sounds, that rhythm and meter and the rest become important. Where we have sounds and the succession of sounds, there we may have the high and the low, the long and the short. It is by the various combinations of these that the tone may be deepened, suggested, reinforced, and the like.

The essence of a thing is never present, but only suggested in the imitation of that thing, and from this fact it is clear that of itself no poem is either true or false. This I suggest as one consequent of the definition; for the present I leave it to the reader to discover others.

LINCOLN REIS

The Story of a Jingo

Hitler Over Europe. By Ernst Henri. Simon and Schuster. $1.90.

THIS extraordinary book reaches the American public a month too late. The author's theses and prognoses which might have seemed incredible and slightly fantastic before, are so astoundingly confirmed by the events of June 30 that his book becomes almost an anti-climax in the wake of actual happenings. Who is the ruler, who the profiteer of the Third Reich? The question has been answered a hundred times before, by writers of lesser stature. But without the powerful impact of words and the breadth of vision of this delineator. The men who pull the strings in new Germany, says Henri, are the heavy industrialists, the great financiers, the Junker class. At their dictation Hitler removed the pseudo-socialist register from the program of the "National Revolution." Capitalism commanded its retainer to put an end to interference with profits; Hitler obeyed; the revolution is over.

And what of the socialization of key industries? asked the disappointed proletariat of the swastika movement. Experiments are dangerous, answered Hitler, the "revolutionist" of yesterday, because they eliminate the creative element, the power of personality from the industrial process. What of the expropriation of the great land holders? clamored the dismayed peasants. Efficient production demands, replied Hitler, that the great estates remain intact. Artisans, tradesmen, workers, each demanded the fulfilment of that part of the National Socialist program which was to solve their particular problem: the destruction of the department store, the abolition of interest servitude, and the nationalization of banks. Hitler swept them aside. "Our program is epochal, not immediate. Our system will exist for a thousand years. We are working for the millennium. Have patience! Wait!" But the people were starving and the S. A. was tired of promises. They grew impatient. Hitler answered with a bath of blood. Germany's questions are answered. There is peace in the Reich once more.

Thus the events of Hitler's first year present themselves to the chorus of his critics. Ernst Henri's analysis of the Hitler enigma is simpler, but much more exciting. The all-powerful Fritz Thyssen, personifying the heavy industries, is the villain of this thrilling romance. It is Thyssen, says Hitler, who took Hitler in hand with a strong and aim-conscious brain constructed the policies, the effects of which our generation has had to witness. It was he who brought Germany's industrialists to the man who was to become chancellor, and offered him greatness as the reward for unconditional submission. Hitler vaingloriously accepts and writes the closing chapters of the story of a capitalist nepotism which uses the coffers of the state to the greater power and glory of the family Thyssen.

"Hitler Over Europe" presents the picture of the last three years in cinematic tempo. How Thyssen destroys all competition, how every element in the nation's business, the Liberals, the Catholics, the Jewish financiers, the devout Protestants, and the free-thinking modernists become pawns in his ruthless grasp, moving forward and backward in blind and often unconscious obedience to the will of this all-powerful titan, is perhaps the most exciting part of this impassioned book. With an unfailing instinct for the melodramatic the writer pictures the author of Germany's misfortune as a monster who lies patiently in wait as the victims plunge headlong into his deadly traps. With deftness which leaves one slightly bewildered he brings the recent occurrences in the Reich to a sudden denouement, reduces the thousand conflicting elements in the German scene to one irreducible absolute—and calls that absolute Thyssen. Anti-Semitism and racial politics in this presentation become the weapon of a master-mind against the Jewish competitor at home and the British, Japanese, and French abroad. Religion, Nazi-culture, and the fight against bolshevism are all mere dramatic appurtenances to enhance the stature of the Thyssen lineage.

This story of the German master-mind becomes slightly fantastic, to be sure, in those chapters in which it outlines Alfred Rosenberg's scheme for world domination. In the skilful hands of the author this Baltic-German becomes the creator of a vast empire stretching from the Arctic Ocean on the north to the Balkans in the south, embracing the Russian Ukraine and the Scandinavian nations, Alsace Lorraine and the Netherlands. To offset the too palpable romanticism of Dr. Rosenberg's plans for the creation of a Nordic Central-European Nazi Empire Henri outlines another—Thyssen's—plan for continental control and supplements them both with the story of Rosenberg's secret International in Wilhelmstrasse 70a in Berlin, the building of the Foreign Office of the National Socialist Party, where this Machiavellian politician receives his secret reports from every corner of the globe and determines the policies of Germany's foreign office. Here are received the reports of the Brown International which works for Hitler and through him for Thyssen for a world dominated by Nordic Europe. That all this is impossible without war the author proves with incontestable logic. But he goes farther. He investigates the possibilities of success for Germany's army and concludes that it all depends on Goering's ability to create an overpowering air-armada.

Since that night when I read Remarque's much more sensitively emotional story of the World War in a single sitting, I have come across no book which so takes possession of the reader. No novel could be more thrilling than this journalistic description of our times. I read it months ago in the British edition and was struck with its sweeping power. I have just read it again and, with a clearer realization, perhaps, of its undeniable shortcomings as an unbiased evaluation of the German drama, was impressed once more with the remarkable ability of its creator. For the moment it stills the skepticism of an old hand in the revolutionary movement like myself though one cannot wholly escape the feeling that there are parts which are, in the last analysis, exceptionally able Communist propaganda against a not too realistic background of imagination and prediction.

LUDWIG LORE

The New Utopia

America's Capacity to Produce. By Edwin G. Nourse and Associates. The Brookings Institution. $3.50.

THIS daring adventure of economists into the world of realities is so novel, almost sensational, that praises of courage may overbalance the suspicion of dilettantism. For a moment Mr. Nourse and his associates have abandoned the familiar haunts of economists and have left "money and prices out of the picture," thus stepping out upon the firm ground of the "technical process of production and the division and use of the product *merely* in physical terms."

This word "merely" is charming in its naive contempt for physical reality. These *mere* actual facts of our food, clothing, shelter, transportation, and so forth frequently "admit no answer" that is familiar and acceptable to economists and so they trim the subject to fit their own preconceptions and formulas. That a machine can produce three times as much goods when used say 120 hours a week than when it is used only 40 hours, is a "mere" physical fact, and so they considered only the "conventional" single shift operation and output. That seasonal work and protracted idleness in some industries can be eliminated (See "Waste in Industry") and the productive capacity greatly increased seems not to matter, and the authors "accept the seasonal aspect of other industries as fact" (page 326). Similarly the "load factor" of electric public utilities is accepted "as fact" notwithstanding the Canadian and Russian evidence to the contrary. Furthermore, in determining the capacity they considered only the "active" plants of 1929 disregarding to a large extent the productive capacity of idle plants.

Likewise, in considering the "technical process of production" and its effect on labor requirements, the authors left out of their count the increased productivity per miner (page 151) and the increased idleness in sporadically operated and mismanaged mines. "We can not, however, regard these partially employed men as available personnel with which to man continuously idle machines and working places . . . without compelling a shut-down of the machines or plants to which they had originally been attached" (pages 155 and 156) is a typical argument. It is well known that the excessive number of competitive mines might be shut down to advantage, hence the wishful conclusion that: "Taking the mining industry as a whole, we may set down the additional workers who would have had to be recruited in 1929" in order to operate at full capacity "at not over 70,000 men." The fact that mines have excessive capacity so that not only a double shift but even one shift partly working would mine more than can be absorbed by the country's manufacturing facilities, did not even come under discussion!

By such methods the conclusion has been reached that 1,005,000 laborers could be released from agriculture, forestry, and fisheries, construction, trade, and service and 1,020,000 added to mining and manufacturing industries (page 414). But "had the plant capacity of manufacturing been fully utilized in 1929, all of this surplus labor and also a large additional supply would have been called for" (page 517), in which case some 1,229,000 additional workers would have been needed. Indeed, compared with the estimated number of unemployed, both at present and during 1927-1929 this computation holds no promise to provide employment to those willing to work and needing it.

The conclusion was reached that "our productive system as a whole was operating at about 80 per cent of capacity in 1929" and if utilized fully "it would have added goods and services to an amount one-fourth as great as the total which we are already getting" (page 416); but, revising limiting factors of uneven development in different industries, etc., and "reducing our expectation of full capacity . . . to a more reasonable 95 per cent," the attainable output "would mean an increase amounting to 19 per cent above what we produced in the late twenties" (page 421).

And the lesson drawn is: "Equipment was being maintained at a rate entirely suitable to the indefinite continuance of operation at the 1929 rate of activity. Labor in general was not being so driven as to impair either health or morale" (page 425).

Thus having found out that everything is for the best in the best of worlds, the main thesis was considered as proved and the easy formula for securing the 19 per cent utopia was found: all we need to do is to "reject all such revolutionary suggestions and seek economic regeneration under an economic organization not basically different from that to which we have been accustomed."

"The mountain has labored and brought forth a mouse."

WALTER N. POLAKOV

Preachers and War

Preachers Present Arms. By Ray H. Abrams. Round Table Press. $2.50.

DR. ABRAMS has made an interesting and valuable study of the conduct of the preachers of America in the days leading up to the war and during the struggle. It is a record of which all churchmen ought to be thoroughly ashamed, for it reveals the complete moral bankruptcy of the Christian church, its utter treason to the Prince of Peace, and its intellectual stupidity as well. A mere handful—only seventy—of the ministers were true to their faith, and as the years go by, future generations will be more and more amazed that such things as Dr. Abrams records could have come to pass. But they will surely find in the recreancy of the ministry in the stress of war one of the potent reasons why attendance at the churches has steadily decreased and why it is influencing less and less the moral tone of our American life, and indeed the whole development of our national policies.

It would be hardly fair to cite Newell Dwight Hillis as a typical bloodthirsty servant of Christ, but there are gems from his lips in this book which well deserve perpetual preservation. Here is one of them:

> We know that Tacitus said nearly two thousand years ago that "the German treats women with cruelty, tortures his enemies, and associates kindness with weakness." But nineteen hundred years of education have not changed the German one whit. . . . In utter despair, therefore, statesmen, generals, diplomats, editors are now talking about the duty of simply exterminating the German people. There will shortly be held a meeting of surgeons in this country. . . . These surgeons are now preparing to advocate the calling of a world conference to consider the sterilization of ten million German soldiers and the segregation of the women, that when this generation of Germans goes, civilized cities, states, and races may be rid of this awful cancer.

Then there was the Very Reverend Lyman Abbott, pal of Theodore Roosevelt: "I do not hate the Predatory Potsdam Gang because it is my enemy. . . . I hate it because it is a robber, a murderer, a destroyer of homes, a pillager of churches, a violator of women. I do well to hate it."

And there was also the Reverend George A. Griffith of the Episcopal Church, who declared: "I should do my best to have put to death any Boche in America, or any so-called American who would apologize in any way for what the Boche has done." And of course the Reverend Charles A. Eaton must not be forgotten. He counseled submarine workers thus: "When he [the spy] comes sneaking around with a bomb, don't say 'let us pray,' but take him out there in the marsh and tie him down and place the bomb on his chest. Light it and stand off and watch him blow to his Kaiser—to hell. Be regular he-men."

He was then pastor of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church.

There are many other valuable studies in Dr. Abrams's book, though it does not strike me that he has wholly covered the field despite evidence of great labor. Very useful are his quotations of clergymen who, like the turncoat, Rabbi Wise, now say that they will never again yield to war propaganda and hatred. Altogether 10,427 clergymen have stated in reply to a questionnaire from the *World Tomorrow* that it is their "present purpose not to sanction any future war, or participate as an armed combatant." If we could believe that the 70 have grown to the 10,427 we might feel profoundly encouraged. On the other hand, Dr. Abrams quotes various clergymen who still believe that Christ's appearance on earth was merely to teach people to kill one another, and I notice that the War Department is not having the slightest trouble at all in getting all the active and reserve chaplains it desires. They doubtless are one with the Reverend T. Andrew Caraker, of the Universalist Church of Our Father in Baltimore, who says that Jesus "would have been the first to wear a gas mask, shoulder a rifle, and enter the trenches." It is to be hoped that the War Department rewarded him with a colonel's uniform for that utterance.

All in all, this book belongs on the shelf of indispensable volumes for the use of future historians who wish to paint an unbiased picture of what Christian America looked like when it was teaching the Hun the Christian virtues and making the world safe for democracy.

Oswald Garrison Villard

Japan Over Asia

Empire in the East. Edited by Joseph Barnes. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.25.

PERHAPS no other single volume dealing with the problems of the Far East contains so much meaty information, sound reasoning, and lucid writing as does this work. It is not that the ten authors have tried to tell everything. They leave a number of basic questions unanswered and have stripped to the bone their discussion of several fundamental aspects of the problems they examine. But this enhances rather than detracts from the larger value of the book. To have attempted to go into every possible question would have defeated the purpose of the editor and authors, which obviously was to inform the average reader briefly, yet clearly and intelligently, what has been happening in the Far East, why it has been happening, and what is likely to follow. To accomplish this required the most skilful editing. Mr. Barnes has done a good job.

Owen Lattimore, the explorer, starts off with a discussion of Chinese history, which he shows has been an unceasing struggle between the Chinese and the various "barbarian" hordes who swept in for many centuries from the north and the west and in more recent years have come from across the sea. The Chinese knew how to deal with the Asiatic "barbarians"; they played one group off against another, "using barbarians to control the barbarians," and so remained fairly secure in their own culture and civilization. But this method has not worked with the new "barbarians" from Japan, Europe, and America, and in consequence China as a civilization and as a nation is threatened with destruction.

John E. Orchard, of Columbia University, a student of industrial problems in the Orient, examines the "Japanese dilemma," which consists mainly in the pressure of a rapidly growing population upon Japan's meager natural resources, a pressure that may cause an explosion at home if not relieved by a successful imperialistic program abroad, that is, on the Asiatic mainland. Mr. Barnes, who has lately become the secretary of the American Council of the Institute of Pacific Relations, reviews the position Soviet Siberia has taken in relation to the general Far Eastern problem. Grover Clark, formerly editor of the Peking *Leader,* takes up the question of markets for Western goods in China and Japan, reveals that these markets have not proved as broad or profitable as the political quarrels over them might suggest, and reports that the Eastern peoples are now determined to keep their markets as well as their territories for themselves. Frederick V. Field, who has written on the Chinese consortiums, looks at the problem from the standpoint of the bankers, coming to the conclusion that so long as "the creation of surpluses is directly geared to private profit in the industrial nations," the Chinese must either copy the belt-tightening methods of the Soviet Union in accumulating capital for themselves, or else "borrow in the money markets of the world" and so "run the dangers of modern empire."

H. Foster Bain, formerly director of the United States Bureau of Mines, reports that the mineral wealth of the Asiatic countries is not nearly so extensive as was once believed and that therefore they are not likely to develop industrially as have the Western countries. Carl L. Alsberg, formerly chief of the United States Bureau of Chemistry, discusses the "struggle for food," pointing out that either population must be controlled or new farming methods introduced, and that in any case the exploitation of Eastern farm lands and peasants by Western Powers is a likely source of conflict. Pearl S. Buck, missionary and author, reviews the work of the missionary movement and shows that while this movement has been productive of some good, the missionaries, though perhaps not consciously, have been as active as statesmen and others in promoting imperialist interests in the Far East. Tyler Dennett, formerly historical adviser to the State Department, reexamines the principle of the Open Door and finds that while in theory this principle "fits into the pattern of internationalism," in practice, because of the "nationalism, which the world and especially the American people have adopted, the Open Door principle is likely to turn out to be little more than the old imperialism with a new name."

Since all of these authors point unmistakably to the probability of armed international conflict in the Far East, it is appropriate that the concluding essay, the work of Nathaniel Peffer, author and newspaper correspondent, should take up the question of Peace or War. He feels that we of the Western world must, among other things, "so reshape our social system that we shall not be compelled to take advantage of the disparity [between East and West] by political aggressions for economic aggrandizement. Thus, and thus alone, can the Far East be eliminated as a theater of war."

One hesitates to find fault with this excellent study. Yet it must be stated that nowhere in the work is the problem of Japan's national defense discussed. This is altogether as important in any study of imperialism or peace prospects in the Far East as the struggle for food, the Open Door, or Western aggrandizement. For Japan it is almost exclusively a military problem and, except in a remote sense, has no economic basis. To survive as a nation Japan, an insular power with no natural defenses, must follow the English pattern and either establish bridgeheads on the Asiatic mainland, as it has already done in Korea and Manchuria and tried to do at Shanghai, or else so shape its policy as to keep the mainland divided against itself. It is true that China is now and long has been too weak to offer a real threat to Japanese security, but there is an implied threat in Chinese nationalism and a much more positive one in the growing strength of the Soviet Union in Siberia. This is a problem any Japanese government, whether ultra-militaristic or composed of internationally-minded liberals, would have to face. It is as likely to result in war as any of the other factors discussed by the authors of this book.

Mauritz A. Hallgren

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Southern Culture

Culture in the South. Edited by W. T. Couch. University of North Carolina Press. $4.

THIS large symposium contains a mass of valuable and well-integrated material concerning the contemporary South. Each of the thirty-one contributors has special qualifications for the task assigned him, and the result is something in which Mr. Couch, the editor, may well take pride. Virtually every significant phase of Southern culture is discussed. Industry, agriculture, education, folk songs, race relations, politics, literature, journalism, fine arts, handicrafts, religion, speech, humor, and other cognate topics come in for examination. A majority of the chapters are well written and all are authoritative.

Mr. Couch has not imposed any particular postulates upon his contributors, the consequence being that there is considerable diversity in the points of view represented. In fact, he has included writers whose approach is wholly at variance with his own. Among the latter are two of the Nashville agrarians, with whose fundamental theses Mr. Couch is in almost complete disagreement.

These agrarians are Donald Davidson, who contributes the chapter on Southern literature, and John D. Wade, who deals with Southern humor. Mr. Davidson has always been one of the most ardent of the neo-Confederates, and he offers up his orisons at the shrine of John C. Calhoun with all the fervor of John Crowe Ransom himself. Mr. Ransom is the Great White Father of the group and certainly the other members cannot be charged with underestimating his importance in the world of letters. For example, in the chapter by Mr. Davidson in the volume under review, Mr. Ransom is mentioned in a laudatory manner six separate times, and his "Poems About God" is cited along with Mr. Cabell's "Jurgen" in such a way as to leave the impression on the mind of the reader that Mr. Davidson regards the two works as of approximately equal literary significance.

But if one is forced to disagree with much that Mr. Davidson and his compatriots have to say, one must admire their forthrightness. They are quite frank in proclaiming that Northerners are damyankees who ought to stay in the North; that Negroes can best be handled below the Potomac without "outside interference"—the "interference" with the grossly unfair trials of the Scottsboro defendants having been particularly obnoxious to them; and that such a grotesque manifestation as the Dayton, Tennessee, monkey trial was a wholly misunderstood and misrepresented phenomenon of Southern culture. It is unfortunate that the neo-Confederates, with their indubitable talents, should waste their time and their energies in so quixotic a quest as that upon which they have embarked, but they seem determined to save Dixie from the Northern ogres at all costs, and there is nothing anybody can do about it.

It is true that their crusade is not entirely without merit. They are right, for one thing, in contending that the educational system which has been built up in this country has serious defects, since it presupposes that every boy or girl who is not definitely subnormal is capable of absorbing a high-school and college education. Professor H. Clarence Nixon, who writes on colleges and universities in Culture in the South, is fortunately aware of the fallacies inherent in this thesis, and in a discriminating chapter he calls for a greater degree of selectivity in the educational process. In another chapter Professor Edgar W. Knight examines the present state of the public schools with unexceptionable scholarship, but he gives us small ground for believing that he recognizes the need for a complete overhauling of the entire structure.

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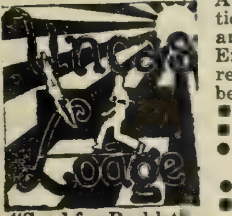

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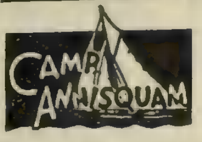

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In a delightful discussion of Southern religion, the Reverend Edwin McNeill Poteat, Jr., takes what might have been a dull topic and transforms it with his practiced style into one of the few chapters which are written with genuine verve. Commenting upon the strictness of sectarian lines in Dixie and the insistence of the numerous denominations upon the maintenance of separate congregations in the smallest communities, Dr. Poteat says: "The fact that there is economic waste and weariness in such a system is perfectly plain. But this is perhaps regarded as an unexplained chastening of the Lord or a challenge to something or other." Dr. Poteat avers that the Episcopalians of the region "are relatively few, as is becoming to aristocracy, and they enjoy their exclusiveness to the point of advertising it in their collars."

Clarence E. Cason also writes with an easy freshness in his chapter, Middle Class and Bourbon. The vein of persiflage which runs through his discussion of class distinctions is one of the high lights of the volume.

Various other chapters merit special mention, but there is insufficient space to refer to any except that on the Negro by W. T. Couch. Mr. Couch presents a quantity of significant material and draws from it the sound conclusion that both abstract justice and the selfish interests of the whites demand more adequate opportunities and fairer treatment for the weaker race. VIRGINIUS DABNEY

Shorter Notices

The Woman She Was. By Lance Sieveking. William Morrow and Company. $2.50.

"The Woman She Was" is a stunt novel, detailing the life of Dame Charlotte Castleton, Royal Academician, suffragette, V. A. D., wife and mother. Dame Charlotte was a woman of character and charm, "the finest type of Englishwoman." A first-class painter herself, she was a friend of the great, specifically of Rossetti, Swinburne, Wilde, and Renoir. Her life reflected the times. It was varied and occasionally tragic. Mr. Sieveking's account of her is chiefly remarkable for the fact that it tells her story backwards, beginning with her death at the age of seventy-eight, and working back to her birth. This is a method which might be interesting in the hands of a more subtle psychologist, but as it is used here it simply reduces a fairly lively tale to a series of anti-climaxes. Mr. Sieveking's novel also gives the impression that he has sat through a great many movies. He uses the fade-out and the flash-back extensively, and he appears to have borrowed certain little associational tricks from René Clair. All these devices give the book a superficial novelty, but it is a novelty that savors strongly of Woolworth's. All Mr. Sieveking's most frantic efforts could not turn a dull book into an original one. His apprehension of character is weak, his humor raucously juvenile. The best thing he has given us here is a strange portrait of Rossetti, and, in that case, Nature was kind enough to furnish Mr. Sieveking some excellent raw material.

A Cool Million: or the Dismantling of Lemuel Pitkin. By Nathanael West. Covici-Friede. $2.

There is a story that a Communist, walking in Central Park early one morning last winter, met a young man who had spent the rainy night sleeping on one of the rocks there. When asked what he thought of having to sleep out all night, while so many apartments within view on Fifth Avenue were empty, the vagrant answered: "I guess the landlords are having a hard time too." Lemuel Pitkin, hero of the present satire, is in a way such a man: content to follow the dictates of his heart and of outworn shibboleths rather than of reason. Lem (a rustic Candide) left Vermont to seek his fortune after he had been assured by "Shagpoke" Whipple, shyster banker in the town where he lived and ex-President of the United States, that America was the land of opportunity and that industry and fair play would be justly rewarded. His trials, such as twice being railroaded into jail, imprisoned in a brothel, persecuted, and exploited, were excessive; his rewards consisted in losing first his teeth, then an eye, afterwards a leg, a thumb, his scalp, and finally his life when he was killed by an agent of the Third International. Nevertheless, he became the martyr-hero of Shagpoke's Fascist party, the Leather Shirts of America, and like the less naive Horst Wessel, his name came to be sung throughout a nation, his birthday being celebrated by battalions of young men marching up Fifth Avenue in coonskin hats, leather shirts, and with squirrel guns in their hands, singing the Lemuel Pitkin song. Probably, since we have no Voltaire and would be unlikely to appreciate one, present day satire can only be written in a wisecracking style. Mr. West is heavy-handed but his book is stimulating and at times bitterly hilarious.

Years Are So Long. By Josephine Lawrence. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

The irritation that one feels with this book has nothing to do with the controversial matter—the problem as to whether children should be obliged to support their indigent parents. What the reader objects to is that the thesis tends to strangle the characters. And this is too bad, because the author could have made these people convincing if she had kept her eye more on them and been less obsessed with her thesis. There are two chapters that somewhat redeem the novel—the one in which the father and mother meet and have the day together, each trying to bear up for the other's sake; and the final chapter, in which the son George finds his mother at the grave of her husband and breaks to her the unhappy news that her children are putting her in a home. In this last chapter is insight and subtlety, and for the time one forgets the thesis, probably because the author herself forgot it and for once let her people behave like human beings. It is just this glimpse of a talent in the creation of character not completely respected that provides the irritation. But not even these two chapters redeem the novel's lack of distinction in writing.

Contributors to This Issue

STUART CHASE's latest book is "The Economy of Abundance."

MILDRED ADAMS is a frequent contributor to the New York *Times* Sunday magazine.

HAROLD J. LASKI, professor of political science at London University, has recently delivered a series of lectures on problems of representative government at the Institute of Politics at Leningrad.

LINCOLN REIS, a graduate student in philosophy at Columbia University, is engaged in research in medieval logic.

LUDWIG LORE, formerly editor of the New York *Volkszeitung,* now conducts a daily column, "Behind the Cables," in the New York *Post.*

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MAURITZ A. HALLGREN, formerly an associate editor of *The Nation,* is now on the staff of the Baltimore *Sun.*

VIRGINIUS DABNEY is on the staff of the Richmond *Times-Dispatch.*

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The Nation

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VIOLATIONS of the due processes of law and incitement to organized violence against the community reached a new high mark in the San Francisco general strike. But those responsible were neither aliens nor agitators. A list of the guilty elements would include the San Francisco Industrial Association, the Committee of Five Hundred, General Hugh S. Johnson, Frank F. Merriam, governor of the State of California, miscellaneous "vigilantes," and the constituted authorities of the City of San Francisco. *The Nation* strongly indorses the protest of the Committee for Workers' Rights, representing a united front of the American Civil Liberties Union, the International Labor Defense, the General Defense Committee of the I. W. W., the League for Industrial Democracy, the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners, and the Non-Partisan Labor Defense, against the officially sanctioned lawlessness which is still going on in California where self-appointed "vigilantes" have gone so far as to invade private homes. The committee has also sent a letter to Secretary of Labor Perkins protesting against her telegram to Governor Merriam in which she assured him of the cooperation of the federal government in the deportation of aliens illegally in this country and outlined the legal basis for such deportations. Under Secretary Perkins's Administration, the abuses of the deportation law have greatly decreased. She has been so insistent on a strictly legal interpretation of the law, in fact, that she has brought down upon her head the violent protests of those who consider the statute an effective political weapon. In the light of this record, it is quite possible that her telegram, with its special emphasis on the legal procedure required in cases of deportation, was designed to have a sobering effect upon hysterical State officials. But there can be no doubt that in the setting in which it appeared it gave aid and comfort to the red-hunters of California.

IN ANY FRACAS the innocent bystander is often a better reporter than the professional correspondent or the active participant. Some of the most revealing details of the labor struggle on the Coast have come to us in informal letters from unofficial observers—like the following sentences taken by us from the letter of an occasional contributor:

> Hell has busted loose in California. . . . The newspapers, ranging from the out-and-out reactionary to even the liberal Scripps-Howard, are unanimous on one particular thing, "Get the Reds." . . . On July 18, 19, and 20, spectacular raids on all known places of Communist assembly were staged in San Francisco, Oakland, San José, Hayward, and other places. Similar raids are in preparation . . . in Los Angeles, Sacramento, and other towns where the Communists have organizations. Thousands have been arrested and thrown in the city bastille, many of whom were badly maltreated by the police and deputized Legionnaires—the Workers' Center in Oakland, which I visited immediately after the raid, was blood-spattered from wall to wall; the stairway that led to the street was actually slippery with coagulated blood.
>
> I am not a Communist—yet; but I was pinched and jugged while visiting the wrecked Communist center described, held in solitary confinement for forty-eight hours, fingerprinted, mugged, and third-degreed; all at the whim of a power-drunk chief of police.
>
> That these acts of suppression will result in driving the Communist Party underground . . . no one in his right mind can deny. California can no more meet the red menace by violence than could Hitler; meanwhile, let us recognize it for what it is—fascism, pure and simple. . . .

AN AGENT of the Winchester Arms Company came to Bridgeton, New Jersey, one day last week and demonstrated for more than a hundred farmers—self-styled vigilantes—the latest in tear-gas bombs, tear-gas pistols, rifles, and submachine guns. This interesting exhibition, attended also by police from several South Jersey towns, was held with the avowed intention of preparing the farmers for "labor trouble." It took place the day after twelve farmers had been named "minute men" to supervise the driving of all "reds" from the State, and a few days after the field and cannery workers at the Seabrook Farms, charging that the agreement which ended their recent strike was already being violated, had threatened to go out again. This new spirit of revolt among hitherto passive farm hands has in it the makings of a general farm strike in this important truck-

BURLINGAME
PUBLI. . . BRARY

farm area, upon which Philadelphia is largely dependent for food, and it is evident that the farm employers will stop at nothing, not even murder, to prevent this. It was these same farmers who, by creating a reign of terror in which strikers' homes were damaged and strikers themselves beaten or threatened, smashed the Seabrook strike. It was they who, as special deputy sheriffs, provoked the bloody fighting of the strike. And now they have announced their intention of supervising the registration of all farm and cannery workers by the United States Reemployment Service, and of weeding out all those with "communist leanings." This development is in line with the red scares in San Francisco, the Imperial Valley, and the onion fields of Ohio, and with the revival of the Ku Klux Klan with its goal of "eradication of alien and radical thought in industry." It is apparent that something has been started which points to trouble ahead.

FOLLOWING THE FIRST PICKETING in this country of a newspaper plant by editorial workers of other papers, and the consequent recognition of the American Newspaper Guild by the *Long Island Press,* the Guild is on the threshold of another victory in Philadelphia, scene of its first, and thus far only, closed-shop contract. As this issue goes to press, reporters, rewritemen, and copy-readers of the *Evening Public Ledger* are voting for their representatives in collective bargaining, as ordered by the regional labor board, and there can be small doubt that the Guild will win, despite the recent dismissal of several of its most active and militant members. The *Ledger,* one of the two relics of the once-extensive Cyrus H. K. Curtis newspaper properties, has long been almost Chicago *Tribune*-ish in its anti-labor stand, and a victory for the Guild here is doubly impressive. But the interesting thing both in Jamaica and in Philadelphia are not the victories themselves but the manner in which they were won. These tactics of picketing and demanding rights are labor-union tactics, forced upon the Guild after its previous position of "professionalism" proved ineffectual. That they are efficient and wholly commendable tactics is apparent, despite the indignation of *Editor and Publisher,* the injured feelings of Arthur Brisbane, and the polite sneering of the *Herald Tribune.* The Guild has gone to the left and is the stronger for it.

DESPITE the best efforts of Governor Lehman, reapportionment—Congressional, State Senatorial, and State Assembly—is as far away as ever in New York. Apportionment has been the football of partisan politics since the first gerrymander. Residents of New York are still electing members of Congress and of the legislature on the basis of the population distribution of twenty years ago, nor is New York by any means the only sinner in this respect. Reapportionment of the national Congress had to wait twenty years, and when finally accomplished the changed sentiment of the country was revealed with a whoop when a predominantly dry House was changed into a wet one—wet by three to one. But this reapportionment was by State units only, and few of the populous States have redrawn their Congressional districts according to present population. The situation in New York is peculiar. While electing governors by pluralities running close to the million mark, the Democrats are prevented by the very Constitution from controlling the legislature. Small rural counties like that lately represented by Senator Warren T. Thayer of the power trust have equal representation with city districts of 100,000 population. Speaker McGinnies is another idol of the cross-roads. Every county under the Constitution is entitled to at least one Assemblyman, yet the whole number is limited to 150. The Senate of 51 members is supposedly elected by population, yet aliens are not counted as people and the Constitution expressly forbids New York and Kings, the two most populous counties, to have a majority of the Senate. During Democratic landslides it is possible for the Democrats to win the Senate by a margin of one, as at present, but virtually never the Assembly. Their best chance since 1912 was kicked away by National and State Chairman Farley when he intervened in the city mayoralty campaign.

BUT NEITHER TAMMANY nor the Republicans want an honest reapportionment, the G. O. P. because it would strike at its rotten-borough citadels up-State and Tammany because it would reduce its quota of legislators at Washington and Albany to the benefit of Kings, Queens, and Bronx counties. The present Republican bill would add two Congressional districts (two members now being elected at large) in the safe G. O. P. territory of Westchester, Nassau, and Monroe, and deprive Tammany Manhattan of four full districts and parts of two others. If passed by the Republican Assembly and the Republican Senate minority with the aid of Queens votes, it would certainly be vetoed by the Governor. On the other side, the Democrats at this writing have brought forth no reapportionment scheme at all. The Republicans now have only sixteen of New York's forty-five Congressmen, and hopes of gaining two by the changes outlined. No bills for legislative reapportionment had been introduced at this writing, despite the pleadings of Governor Lehman. The Senate districts are drawn by the legislature, while the Assembly district lines are drawn by the Board of Aldermen or other local legislative bodies. The extent to which gerrymanders enter into this business is obvious. The crying need is for all this to be taken out of politics, and all Congressional and legislative districts to be drawn according to population by boards of non-partisan experts, but so obvious a solution as that is doubtless reserved for the millennium. Meanwhile we shall continue to be plagued with petty politics of the type now being displayed at Albany, and hundreds of thousands of New Yorkers will continue to suffer taxation without representation.

SOON AFTER Hitler's carnival of murder on June 30, those familiar with the mental processes of the German Nazis voiced the suspicion that the murderers had used this opportunity to rid themselves of those who knew too much concerning the origin of the Reichstag fire. Others charged specifically that Chief of Staff Ernst of the Berlin SA and his wife, and Heines, the blackguard Chief of Police of Breslau, had been wiped off the face of the earth for the role they played on that night of February, 1933. These suspicions have just been confirmed by the *Daily Herald* (London), which publishes the story of an alleged fugitive SA man in Switzerland, one Kruse, servant of Ernst Roehm, who claims to be "the last surviving member of the Reichstag fire gang." SA troopers who escaped to the Saar three weeks ago vouch for the existence of an SA man of Kruse's name and detachment, but profess ignorance of his present whereabouts. It is too early to vouch for the truth of this SA man's disclosures. Until they have been adequately investigated one must receive them with the necessary reservations. This much is certain, however, that they offer the most convincing explanation for both the Reichstag episode and the events of June 30 that has yet come to our notice. The mass of apparently unassailable detail and the fact that his description of what happened on that occasion tallies so closely with the crime as reconstructed by noted criminologists in possession of the important facts in the case; his description of van der Lubbe as the dupe of the unscrupulous Goering, and the provocative behavior of Ernst and Roehm during the Leipzig trial—all taken together give a picture of that event which the supporters of the Hitler regime will find it difficult to refute. The jurists' International Committee for the Investigation of the Origin of the Reichstag Fire should be urged to resume its activity at once by summoning Kruse and others who can vouch for his identity to the witness stand.

FREDERICK T. BIRCHALL'S dispatch to the New York *Times* of July 22, telling of the efforts of several well-meaning American bankers to solve the immediate fiscal problem of the Reich is little short of fantastic. These bankers include James H. Perkins, of the National City Bank, Thomas W. Lamont, of J. P. Morgan and Company, and George H. Harrison, Governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. They, like the British Montagu Norman, are not of the opinion that the catastrophe can be averted. They do hope, however, to stave off a too sudden collapse of Germany's economy lest a new financial tidal wave shake the precarious balance of the world markets, bringing French, British, and American investments crashing down about their luckless ears. The banks which these gentlemen represent are concerned to the extent of two and a half billion marks, in short-term credits alone and the interest on them. "So far," says Mr. Birchall, "this money has been earning a fair profit by being used for the financing of imports and exports." But a collapse of Germany's money market would not only devaluate German and municipal bonds, involving American investors to the tune of almost four billion dollars; it would knock the bottom out of industrial values as well, leaving the American financiers and investors holding the bag. Financial interests in London are inveighing against the proposed granting of further credits. It may be that the American bankers will decide otherwise. To our lay minds, to be sure, it seems unthinkable that these shrewd financial wizards should be considering throwing good money after bad.

AGAIN FRANCE is hovering on the verge of a crisis. Herriot and Tardieu—the liberal and conservative antipodes in the Doumergue Cabinet—are threatening each other with vengeance and destruction and the weak structure of the present government bids fair to crack under the impact of their blows. The veterans who, in their June convention, decided with a majority of two votes to "tolerate the present Cabinet until the middle of August," will grasp the opportunity with joy to throw the full weight of their influence into the scales for a "thorough-going revision of the Constitution" to replace the hodge-podge Cabinet with a unified and consciously reactionary regime. In this highly critical situation the report that Socialists and Communists in France have united on what might be called a non-aggression pact for mutual protection and defense is of the greatest significance. The two parties have agreed to refrain from mutual recriminations and attacks and to make the agreement the basis for a united anti-fascist campaign. It was high time that something of this sort should be done to prevent a repetition of the German debacle where Communists and Socialists clutched at each other's throats, leaving it to the fascist aggressor to carry off the spoils. Since last February the pros and cons of a united front have been discussed from every angle in the various groups of the French labor movement. For a time it seemed as if the Communist Party, which, as usual, tried to win the followers of the non-Communist organizations for a united front instead of directing its appeal to the organizations themselves, would defeat every serious effort toward united action by its intransigent attitude. But the Communist International seems to have realized the hopelessness of securing unity on these terms and quite suddenly decided to approach the Socialist Party and the trade unions of France with acceptable proposals. The response was immediate. The National Council of the S. P. expressed its approval of the plan outlined by the Comintern and a committee in which the two parties and the trade unions are equally represented is already at work. We are optimistic enough to believe that the reconciliation so auspiciously begun will be a lasting one. The organized masses on both sides want constructive and immediate action and will make short work of the irreconcilables in their respective camps. They have seen too much of the sufferings of the German workers to permit this new anti-fascist phalanx to be wilfully destroyed.

THE EMBARGO on the importation of arms to the Chaco does not seem to be entirely successful—to put it mildly. It is reported that $600,000 worth of American-made planes, part of a two-million dollar order, is about to be shipped to Bolivia. The Paraguyan Minster to the United States, Dr. Enrique Bordenave, has protested the proposed shipment, among other reasons because the American legation at Asuncion may be destroyed by bombs dropped from the planes. It is stated that the order was placed before the embargo was laid, which may very likely be true; but as far back as May 28 an article in the Santiago (Chile) *Nacion* declared that it was too late to impose an embargo on arms because both Paraguay and Bolivia were amply supplied with munitions for their Chaco war. That the arms manufacturers were sharp in detecting a possible suppression of business in this particular quarter and that they hastened to make sure of orders that would carry the war on for some time may be reflected in the announcement that the E. I. duPont de Nemours Company has increased the values of its shares, in the first six months of 1934, from $1.03 to $1.86, a gain of more than 80 per cent. Business is looking up, in short, not only in the Chaco, of course, but in several other parts of the world. And the customers continue to find themselves in a position to place still more orders; a Paraguyan war communiqué for the week of July 9 announced that the Bolivians had lost 3,000 killed and had suffered as many additional casualties in wounded, and that 50 machine guns, 1,000 rifles, 1 mortar, more than 1,000,000 cartridges, and 1,200 grenades had been captured. In the grim business of hastening death there is no depression.

The West Goes Red Hunting

THE San Francisco general strike has not only disintegrated; it has dissolved into an orgy of red-hunting. Vigilantes perpetrate raids on the headquarters of "leftist" labor organizations. Police follow, mopping up the victims instead of arresting the raiders. The business community indulges itself in the emotional orgy of an anti-communist crusade.

Only a few rays of light penetrate the gloom. Despite pressure by the Industrial Association, martial law will not be declared. Thus organized labor has been saved from a reign of military terror. Moreover, the shipowners have finally agreed to join the waterfront employers in submitting to the arbitration of the National Longshoremen's Board. By thus yielding to the marine-workers' united front, the shipowners have cleared the way for a settlement. But the settlement will be lasting only if it goes to the root of the trouble: control of the hiring system by employers who are determined to stifle the A. F. of L. unions—International Longshoremen's Association, International Seamen's Union, and so on—together with the T. U. U. L. Marine Workers' Industrial Union.

The temper of the authorities makes this a dubious hope. Both Mayor Rossi and Governor Merriam stood ready to crush the strike by calling in the police and the troops. General Johnson was on hand to incite to riots, lynchings, and mass deportations. According to the General, the strike was "civil war" and "bloody insurrection" engineered by the reds, and "responsible labor organizations" ought to "run these subversive elements out from its ranks like rats"; if the federal government did not act, the people of San Francisco ought to take the law in their own hands and put down the communists. Finally, the General thought it was a good idea to make jobs for American workingmen by sending these alien marine workers back where they came from. Most shameful of all, William Green made himself a party to the strike-breaking. He disclaimed all A. F. of L. responsibility for the walkout, which he said was "unauthorized." Washing his hands of the matter, he threw back the responsibility on the heads of the local union leaders. Technically, no doubt, Mr. Green was correct; the A. F. of L. did not call the strike; but it was not an "outlaw" walkout in the A. F. of L. legalistic sense; all steps taken were regular and constitutional. Mr. Green's statement, therefore, was superfluous if it was not actually treacherous. It had no other purpose than to stimulate sentiment against the rank and file who had forced the strike in opposition to their conservative leaders. At the same time that Mr. Green was helping to deliver the workers into the hands of their enemies, Mr. Ryan, president of the I. L. A., also played the strike-breaking game. This he did by conjuring up the red menace; by maintaining that the strike would have been settled long since had it not been for the machinations of communist elements. It can be said to Mr. Ryan's credit, however, that he at least suggested that the workers were striking for something, and that the die-hard attitude of the employers was a factor in the trouble.

Notwithstanding the collapse in San Francisco, labor is still on the warpath throughout the country. The whole Pacific Coast continues to perch on a volcano, which threatens to erupt unless the San Francisco dock strike is settled on terms satisfactory to the workers. In Portland, union workers are contemplating a general boycott and "passive resistance" in the Gandhi tradition. Senator Wagner's peace efforts in that city are in danger of being undone, because Governor Meier has seen fit to mobilize the Oregon National Guard for riot duty. In Seattle, the police, using tear-gas bombs, have broken the blockade long maintained by pickets at the municipal docks. Mayor Smith is here to blame, for he put himself at the head of the police, replacing Police Chief Howard who saw no need for opening the port by force. The greatest danger to the peace of the Pacific Coast is not that the striking workers will lose their heads; it is that the police and troops will get out of hand, engage in union-smashing, and drive the workers to despair.

In Minneapolis, a two-day truce was declared in the truck-drivers' walkout after the police opened rifle-fire on a crowd of pickets who attempted to stop trucks moving under armed escort. One picket was killed, and at least fifty persons were wounded by police bullets. As we write, the convoying of trucks by armed guards has been resumed. In Minneapolis, as elsewhere, the strikers have to contend not only against armed forces but against their national union officers as well. The Minneapolis walkout has been anathema to Mr. Tobin and his cohorts in the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. "The reds are to blame for this," they say, and thus they make it harder for the workers to achieve their end, in this case forcing the employers to live up to the settlement of late May.

Yet the labor unrest from below continues to grow in the face of police and troops, and notwithstanding betrayal by misleaders of labor. In Alabama, from 13,000 to 20,000 cotton-textile workers have walked out; twenty-seven mills have closed down. The United Textile Workers of America, the union behind the strike, asks for "recognition"; a thirty-hour week at a minimum rate of $12; and above all for abolition of the "stretch-out" and "speed-up." For once, the Cotton Textiles National Industrial Relations Board has failed to smother the revolt which has been brewing since the summer of 1933. In Montana, the strike of the copper miners affiliated with the International Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers remains in force. This strike aims at winning concessions in wages, hours, and working conditions that the copper code failed to convey to the miners. In metropolitan New York, a harbor tie-up threatens; and the knit-goods workers, led by the International Ladies Garment Workers' Union, are ready to walk out to enforce their demands for a classified wage scale. Even in idyllic Kohler, Wisconsin, the workers are striking against the benevolent dictatorship of the former governor of the State. And there are new rumblings among the iron-and-steel workers.

In short, labor everywhere in the land is striving to collect the promissory note of Section 7-a. If this disrupts the roseate dreams of the New Dealers, they have nobody to blame but themselves.

The Publishers Point with Pride

RADICAL critics of our capitalist economy and culture have long contended that the apparatus of our daily and periodical press constitutes the most strategically placed as well as one of the most reactionary vested interests in America. This contention is impressively confirmed by a bulletin issued on July 16 by the National Publishers Association from which the following excerpts are taken:

> This has been a most unusual year in the publishing field and the National Publishers' Association has due cause to be proud of its operations during this year in the interests of the entire publishing industry.
>
> *Wagner Labor Bill.* This legislation would have been very costly to all publishers whether or not they operate their own printing plant. We took a very active part in killing this legislation.
>
> *Tugwell Pure Food and Drug Bill.* As originally proposed, this legislation would have been a serious blow to all advertising. Your committee and executives were finally successful in modifying this legislation.
>
> *Unemployment Insurance.* This bill provided for a tax of 5 per cent on all payrolls. Its seriousness speaks for itself, and your representatives aided in preventing its passage.

Among the directors of the N. P. A. responsible for this patriotic, forward-looking, inter-office communication is one Malcolm Muir of the McGraw Hill Publishing Company, and formerly one of the administrators in charge of heavy machinery codes. Others are Roy Larsen of *Time,* P. S. Collins of the Curtis Publishing Company, Merle Thorpe of the *Nation's Business,* S. R. Latshaw of the Butterick Publishing Company, William B. Warner of *McCall's,* and A. D. Mayo of the Crowell Publishing Company.

It was to gentlemen of this ilk, and to activities of this character that the President and the Secretary of Agriculture paid homage when, at the recent convention of the American Federation of Advertisers, they praised the patriotism and passion for truth of the ad-men. It was statesmen of this caliber that General Johnson was honoring when he said, in his address to the Pacific Coast Association of Advertising Clubs:

> He [the advertising man] must have an insight into the manufacture of the article he is to write the copy for. He must know the resistance to be met in prospective sales; he must know his market. In a word, in this great country he must know the temper and mind of the American people, and when a man knows that he is a statesman—no less. Do you know that in selling the draft we were told that it could not be done—that the Anglo-Saxon race would not stand for conscription. It had failed in England and three times here—but we did it. How? By pure publicity. . . . The sculptor works in plastic clay, the artist in paints, the author in words, but your material is human minds and emotions—a far more delicate and fleeting thing. You are artists or you are not good advertising men. Well, statesmen and artists—NRA needs your help.

Just how much help these "statesmen and artists" contributed toward furthering the objectives of the New Deal is indicated by the N. P. A. bulletin already quoted. Besides being a spouting vulgarian, General Johnson has the characteristic ad-man's gift of self-hypnosis, which, when consistently cultivated, produces highly dangerous charlatans and psychopaths. They are among the most effective disseminators of moral, ethical, and economic balderdash and confusion, the most diligent breeders of mass moronism in America. They are the loud-speakers of our emerging industrial feudalism; not our masters, but certainly our masters' bullying and cozening voices.

In a recent issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal* we see the statesmanship and artistry of the ad-man-editor applied to the exceedingly practical task of immunizing his readers against any future attempt to pass the consumer legislation which the N. P. A. boasts proudly of having defeated. The following is quoted from a chaste little editorial entitled Musings of Mrs. Consumer:

> The way some folks still go on talking about the "forgotten consumer" and the "forgotten buyer" is funny. If being steadily in the spotlight, with controversy raging over our poor neglected state, with government departments being rapidly set up for our protection—if that is being forgotten, then I've forgotten my own name. If the brain-trusters really succeeded in getting a people's forum, the people would probably have something to say about taxes—when they found out how much it cost them to be saved. . . . Possibly government needs cleaning up as much as advertising. . . . Perhaps there is as much misuse of power in one case as in the other—and with as much ultimate harm to us consumers.

When Congress adjourned without passing even Senator Copeland's emasculated version of the Tugwell bill, Secretary Tugwell wrote a consoling letter to the personnel of the Food and Drug Administration. "I wish to assure all of you," he said, "that the efforts of the Administration to secure a satisfactory law have not ended. They have only begun. . . . Sooner or later we shall have a satisfactory law under which to work in our efforts to protect the consumer."

Sooner or later, one might add, the Administration, if it really desires to protect the consumer, will have to do battle with the publishers, and with the thus far unrebuked effrontery of the advertising "statesmen" and "artists."

Little Magazines

THE correlation and interpretation of statistics is a fascinating sport. For example, we learn from the church statisticians that, as the curve of car-loadings goes down, the curve of religious conversions rises. Whereas a number of analyists have shown that strikes signalize the tail-end of a business depression: as business responds, feebly enough, to the pump-priming efforts of the NRA, labor retorts with a spreading wave of militant strikes.

Somewhere in this worm-tangle of statistical curves is a thin line indicating the rise and fall in the production of "little" magazines. The data is incomplete, but two things may be said with some confidence about this line. First, it is today a red line—most of the dozens of new little magazines that have sprung up during the depression are radical-to-revolutionary in their politico-social and esthetic philosophy; many of them are Communist in sponsorship and control. Second, the little-red-magazine curve correlates inversely with the drop in circulation and influence of the commercial periodical press. There is a third conclusion about which one can be somewhat less confident: the possibility that the apparatus of publication developed to serve the left political and literary formations may become a permanent, self-sufficient entity, rather than a training ground for young writers who expect to graduate eventually into the "quality-group" magazines, the women's magazines, or the *Saturday Evening Post.* This would amount to a kind of cultural secession, in which a new revolutionary class culture is precipitated out of the weakening social solvent of our "democracy"—a new culture with its own values, its own audiences, and its own means of production and communication.

This, of course, is a favorable statement of the tendency. But many of these publications are highly creditable and some of them look viable. For example, the well-edited *Social Work Today,* a bi-monthly now in its third issue, has effectively represented the radical wing of the social workers and, in view of the enlargement of the public-relief apparatus, seems likely to establish itself permanently. One would like to say as much for the *Monthly Review,* a magazine for professional workers which represents an attempt by Communist fellow-travelers to reach the increasing number of professional people whose financial and social status has been undermined by the depression—that pool of frustrated and desperate humanity in which the Italian and German fascists fished so successfully. Unfortunately, Mr. Koven, Mr. Johnson, and his associates got off to a highly defensive, introverted, and sectarian start, giving almost as much space to the recent troubles of the Communist Party as to the problems of the professionals. The *Monthly Review* may move up the "evangelical index" of the Communist Party a notch or two, but a radical change of policy will surely be necessary if it is to provide the required amount of education in this important field.

In the *Partisan Review, Left Front,* and *Left Review*—all John Reed Club publications—the Communist Party line is still pretty strict, but the product of the left literati has immensely improved. This is equally true of such independent ventures as *Dynamo, Blast,* and the *Anvil.* Most of the writers appearing in these magazines are new, many of them are promising, and the level of technical competence is surprisingly high. True, a kind of revolutionary sentimentality crops up here and there among these writers, but less and less do they attempt to substitute earnestness for art. Among the theoretical revolutionary magazines, the *New International,* published by the Communist League (Trotzkyists), is an impressive newcomer. When a small left group can get out a fifteen-cent monthly magazine containing in its first issue some 70,000 words of rather well-thought-out and well-written prose, then the dollar value of such enterprises as the opulent and glistening *Fortune* becomes somewhat questionable.

The limiting factor in the development of this "outlaw" press, is, of course, its factionalism. But as the depression continues to drive recruits into the radical fold, unifying tendencies are likely to develop. When the commercial magazines committed cultural suicide by becoming advertising businesses, they really accomplished a kind of service. They achieved the reductio ad absurdum of these middle-class "culture-bearers," and they cleared the ground for something new, strange, and increasingly vital.

Morals for Men

IN an article contributed to the Atlanta *Journal* by Bishop "Coco-Cola" Candler we read with considerable surprise that *The Nation* recently said: "[America] will never be restored in economics or in politics till it gets right in religion and morals." None of the editors remembers having committed this thought to paper and "get right in" is not a locution favored in this office. However, what we want chiefly to protest against is the assumption that morals have ever ceased to interest the American people or that it is not easier to get up a good hot discussion over a moral question than it is over any concerning such mundane subjects as unemployment, starvation, or mis-government.

Consider for example the case of the Aldermen of the City of New York. The metropolis is, we believe, faced with a good many serious problems. Money is scarce, thousands are clamoring for relief, and actual crimes of violence occasionally occur. But do the Aldermen, for all that, take the low view that such matters ought to have first consideration when a moral problem arises? They do not. What, to be specific, were they doing at their last meeting before adjournment for the summer—which meeting, incidentally, occurred almost exactly at the time when Mayor La Guardia was denouncing the bankers for their low appraisement of the municipal bonds about to be issued? We hasten to answer. They were engaging in long and heated debate on the subject of what ought to be done to men who insist upon appearing upon the public beaches with bare chests. They were also considering two ordinances relating to the question, which were introduced respectively by Alderman Louis E. Isnardi and Alderman Lew I. Haas. To the former the spectacle presented by gentlemen in trunks alone was appalling. "It's filthy and disgusting. It's immoral and it's nasty." The latter, on the other hand, could not see it that way. Accordingly Alderman Isnardi wished to reintroduce an ordinance, vetoed a few days before by the Mayor, which specifically forbids the public exhibition of the male chest. Alderman Haas, on the other hand, wished to pass one declaring that "exposure of the male anatomy above the waist shall not be deemed indecent."

To blunted sensibilities like ours the whole matter seems trivial. To us the male chest is a peculiarly uneventful expanse of no interest whatsoever. It presents nothing capable of catching the eye, arresting the attention, or arousing the passions. Its characteristics are negative and it is hard to see how it could possibly be indecent. We have no objection to its being covered because there does not really seem to be anything to cover; but we cannot imagine anyone, male or female, being led astray or started upon a life of sin through its exhibition. Nevertheless, it is reassuring to know that we have a Board of Aldermen sufficiently on the alert to sense moral danger where we would see none, and sufficiently conscientious to devote the little precious time remaining before adjournment to a solemn discussion of the proper way to meet it. It only remains to be added that the board finally disposed of the matter in a highly statesmanlike fashion. It decided to postpone further consideration of both proposed ordinances until the next meeting—by which time the bathing season will, of course, be practically over.

Issues and Men

Hitler's "Me und Gott"

IT is impossible to read Hitler's defense of his atrocious murders without taking heart. I am aware, of course, that he has strengthened himself at home for the moment by his horrible acts. When a dictator slaughters like that he stuns his country and, for the moment, paralyzes opposition. I have read of the cheers and approval with which his statement was greeted in the Reichstag and in the press, and how the latter is falsely misrepresenting to the German people the burning indignation of the public opinion of the world. Nonetheless, knowing the Germans as I do, I cannot but feel that this orgy of blood-letting marks the beginning of the end of Hitler. It may take a long time to rid the country of him; but, as Wendell Phillips once said apropos of slavery, "so, when the tempest uproots a pine on your hills, it looks green for months—a year or two. Still it is timber, not a tree." Hitler remains as dictator, but no longer the defiant head of a people which he insisted was united to the last man. A tyrant who begins to kill traitors must more than ever be on the look-out for their friends, their sympathizers, their relatives, their avengers.

Again, there must be some reason left in Germany, and just as Verdun opened the eyes of millions of the Kaiser's subjects, who had still been living in the intoxication of the "absolutely united Germany" of the first war years, to the hopelessness and folly of the German cause, so Hitler's speech—to say nothing of the cause of it—must give sight to many hitherto blind. For if there is any logic left among his adherents, if they are able at all to analyze in cold blood Hitler's speech, the following facts established by the tyrant himself—not by any critic or enemy—stand out clearly:

I. As the Kaiser identified himself with God, so Hitler declares: "In this hour I was responsible for the fate of the nation, thereby the supreme court of the German people during these twenty-four hours consisted of myself." Me und Gott!

II. Hitler admits that he knew in May of the traitorous plans of his chief of staff, Captain Roehm, and that he let him *from then on* continue to weave his plot instead of immediately dismissing—or killing—him and thus preventing his corruption of other Storm Troop leaders and persuading them to their deaths.

III. Hitler admits that he had known since May that Roehm "and the circle devoted to him broke all the laws of decency and simplicity, but it was even worse that his poison began to spread in ever enlarging circles." But Hitler allowed the poison to spread for two months longer, precisely as he had always known that in making Roehm, the open pervert, chief of staff he put into one of the highest offices a man whose homosexual love letters had been *published and satirized* freely in the German press as far back as 1932. He also admits that Heines, Hayn, Heydebreck, and Ernst were all of this type—yet he made them leaders and exemplars to the Storm Troops, upheld and glorified them *until they turned against him.*

IV. Hitler admits that in his Storm Troops there was (a) licentiousness, (b) corruption, (c) dissipated living—in his own words "bad conduct, drunken excesses, and interference with decent, peaceable folk—and (d) favoritism, which worked great injury, "the oldest and most faithful Storm Troopers were pushed more and more into the background." Yet the Storm Troopers were absolutely the creation and creatures of Adolf Hitler, who, by his own admission, took no steps to end the demoralization of his private army of which he says he was aware months and months ago—which speaks volumes for his worth as an executive and a leader.

V. Hitler admits the execution of "three special guard members who had made themselves guilty of disgraceful maltreatment of prisoners taken into protective custody"; similar entirely substantiated charges of torture and murder of prisoners have been known to Hitler but denied by him from the very beginning.

VI. Hitler admits that he caught no one red-handed; that not one single overt act had been committed before he struck, and he glories in the fact that his victims were shot on the shortest possible notice, or, as in the case of Von Schleicher and his wife, without notice at all.

VII. Hitler passes over the deaths of the Catholic leaders murdered by him without the slightest reference to them or attempt to connect them with the alleged plot.

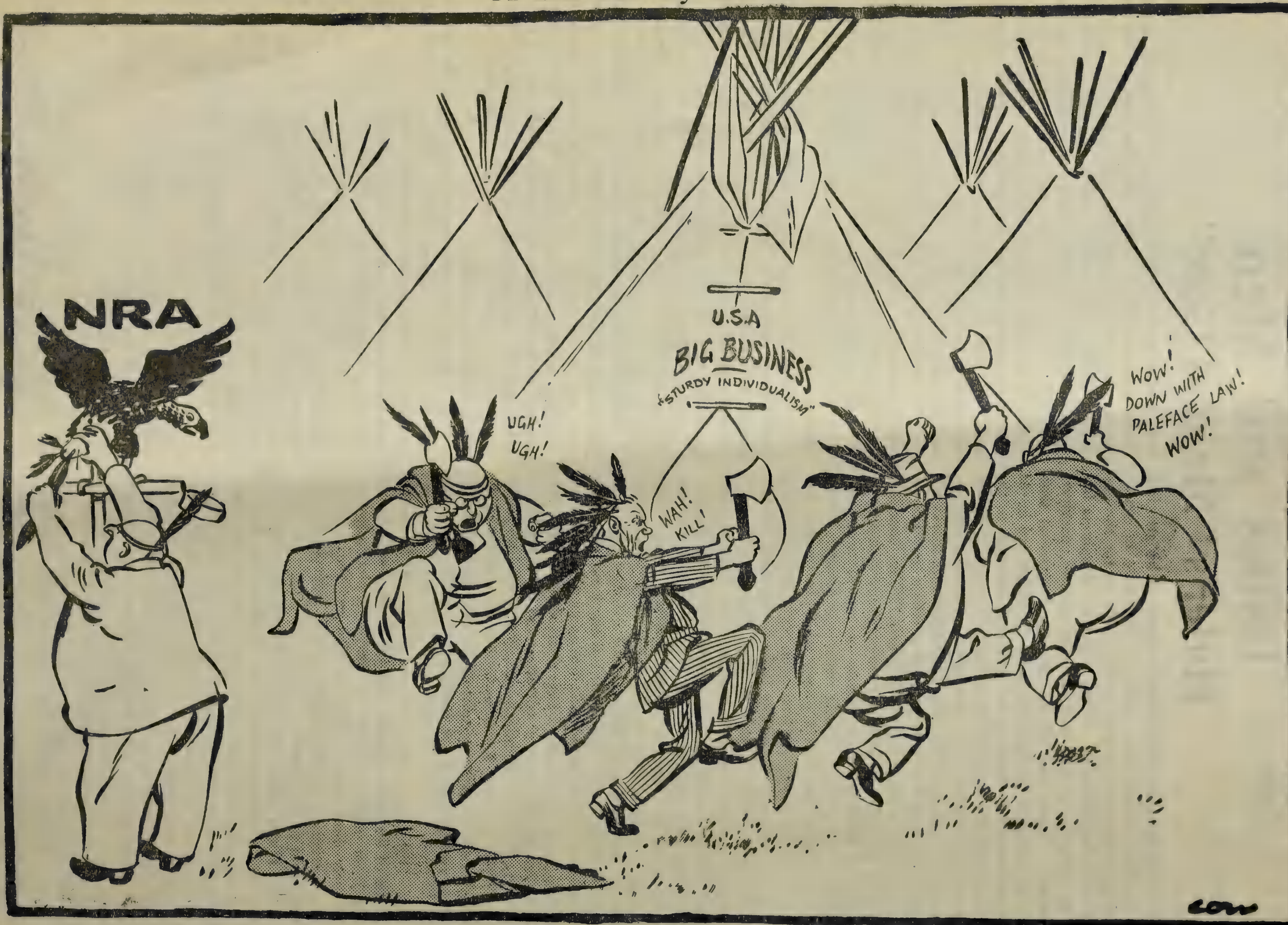
VIII. Hitler admits the gravity of the economic situation which in his earliest speeches he was going to cure at once and he has to fall back upon the absurd theory that Germany can be saved from disaster by the skill and inventiveness of her chemists and scientists who are to provide substitutes for cotton, wool, rubber, manganese, aluminum, the precious metals, and all the other raw materials upon which Germany depends.

But finally, and most important of all, is the fact that, like all dictators in history, Hitler after a year and a half of power has so completely identified himself with the state as to make any move against him personally a crime against the state. The Roehm revolt, if such there was, was not aimed at the German people or at the German state; Hitler declares that they wished to get rid of him and that they wished to make the Hitler revolution really the radical, National Socialist one Hitler fooled millions into believing that it was to be. All sane Germans cannot fail to see this, nor to realize that, having got rid of the Kaiser, they have placed over them a man who has now made himself the supreme authority beyond and above all law and courts and has arrogated to himself power of life and death over any one whom he may accuse of conspiracy against him. I cannot yet believe that in the long run the German people will stand for anything of the kind.

Oswald Garrison Villard

LIBRARY

A Cartoon by LOW


NRA
U.S.A
BIG BUSINESS
"STURDY INDIVIDUALISM"
UGH! UGH!
WAH! KILL!
WOW! DOWN WITH PALEFACE LAW! WOW!
LOW

ON THE WAR-PATH.

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San Francisco:
An Autopsy on the General Strike

By MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD

San Francisco, July 22

THE general strike in San Francisco and the Bay District collapsed in three days because it never was a general strike in any real meaning of that term. A true general strike is a revolutionary measure; it has political aims and its genesis is a profound economic revolt. What occurred in San Francisco was a gesture of sympathy extended to the stubbornly fighting longshoremen and maritime workers by good, conservative, patriotic A. F. of L. members who, stirred by the fiery appeals of Harry Bridges and other ardent strike-leaders of the I. L. A., bolted from the control of their usual masters, the reactionary labor leaders, and for a short while took the bit in their teeth. They were reluctant to go back; the vote was 191 to 174. But the vote to demand that both sides submit to arbitration was equally close—203 to 187—and yet the general strike committee did so vote. And even the rank-and-file workers were curiously cautious from the beginning; in the original general-strike vote there were three opposed unions; two of these were already out but registered an adverse vote simply to retain their charters, which forbade sympathy strikes. It is not of such material that genuine general strikes are made.

I walked through the downtown sections of the city on the third day of the strike, and I had to look about me sharply to see evidences of its existence. There were no Market Street Railway Company cars, but the municipal cars were running as usual, ordered back by the strike committee itself after one day off the streets. There were no taxis, more people than usual were on foot, and private cars were fewer because only physicians and public institutions could obtain gasoline; but entire calm and lack of alarm prevailed. Only the restaurants and barber-shops were closed; other stores, including department stores, were open as usual, and full of customers. Fresh meat could not be bought, food staples were rationed, and at first there were no fresh vegetables or fruit; but nineteen restaurants were allowed to open from the beginning, and in a day or two these had increased to sixty-nine. Newspapers were published as usual, light and power and communication systems were untouched, bread and milk deliveries were not interfered with. The strike was never complete, and it began relaxing its provisions almost at once. Food trucks manned by union drivers were given permits to enter the city, where National Guardsmen promptly ripped the permits off. About the only real deprivation endured by the general public was the inability to go to the theater, eat in a hotel dining room, ride in a taxi or on a Market Street Railway car, get clothes cleaned or washed, and get a hair-cut.

Naturally the citizens as a whole, until they were excited by certain newspapers and radio stations and by sundry spokesmen for the anti-labor cohorts—including Mayor Rossi—into viewing the whole affair as a communist plot, took these minor annoyances with more or less good humor. They stocked up in so far as they could on food and gasoline, postponed various gatherings, from the cosmetologists' convention to the Novena to St. Anne, and waited in a rather friendly spirit to see what would happen next. Some of the signs on closed business houses were mildly facetious—"Gone out to eat," read a card on one padlocked restaurant.

Meanwhile the National Longshoremen's Board, appointed by President Roosevelt, called in vain for a chance to arbitrate. The employers dallied; the workers, whatever the recommendations of the A. F. of L. strike committee, stood pat on their refusal to arbitrate the only real point at issue—the closed shop and control of the hiring halls. This board, later augmented and submerged by the aggressive General Hugh Johnson, had and has the confidence of none of the original strikers, and of none of the sympathetic strikers except the dukes of labor. Archbishop Edward Hanna, its chairman, is trusted by none except the conservative labor leaders. He broadcast an appeal just before the general strike, in which he pled for peace on the ground that we are all sons of one Father and brothers in Christ. That was as near as his speech came to economic reality. Edward McGrady, assistant secretary of labor though he be, has too long a record as a right-wing unionist to please the leftward-inclined rank and file. O. K. Cushing, the third member of the board, is a highly conservative attorney and affiliated with the Rolph group. And General Johnson, tactless, boisterous, and vacillating, certainly gives no assurance to the men that he will have their interests instead of their employers' at heart. The very fact that the shippers, with the approval of the Industrial Association, favored arbitration was sufficient evidence to the maritime and waterfront strikers that the committee could be depended on to decide against them.

Into this delicate situation walked the ideal scapegoat, the Communists. They walked in deliberately, helped by that incredible indiscretion which impels them to take credit for every uprising of labor. Nothing could have suited better the Industrial Association, which has dreamed for years of transforming San Francisco into the open-shop paradise which Los Angeles is. Nothing could have suited better the mayors of San Francisco and Oakland, with their political ambitions; the hardboiled sheriffs of the surrounding counties, fearful of renewed agricultural disturbances; the acting governor, eager to be the Coolidge of California and to harvest the votes at the primaries in August; the American Legion, already engaged in an intensive anti-communist drive; the ordinary conservative unionists, a little ashamed of having been caught in this emotional gesture and delighted to believe that the original strikes were only the result of control of the I. L. A. and the maritime unions by a radical minority.

In two days every headquarters and meeting place of every organization affiliated even remotely with communism was raided by bands of "unknown" civilian vigilantes and thoroughly wrecked. The Marine Workers' Industrial Union was a constituent part of the maritime strike and had a large contingent in that extraordinarily impressive silent funeral procession of the two men murdered by police on "bloody Thursday," July 5. But it was the first headquarters to be visited and smashed, this time with the assistance of the National Guard. The *Western Worker,* the Workers' School, the Trades Union Unity League, the I. L. D., the Italian and Chinese and Japanese sections—not one was missed. The fever spread to the east bay, which in every detail had copied the example of San Francisco about a day behind. The Oakland police and the "scientific police" of Berkeley, following, as in San Francisco, the civilian raids, mopped up after the wreckers and arrested everyone in sight. A meeting in a Congregational church was invaded; the West Berkeley hall of the Finnish cooperatives, not Communist-controlled although there are some Communists among the members, was reduced to kindling wood, while the helpless workers watched their thousand-dollar library, their theater with its two grand pianos, all their equipment that spelled years of sacrifice, committed to wanton destruction. In San Francisco the Triangle Press, an ordinary commercial firm which happened to print the *Western Worker,* was burned to the ground. The I. W. W. hall was included in the holocaust. In Oakland bricks were thrown through the windows of twenty private houses, bearing orders to get out of town. In Hayward a gallows was erected, marked "Reds, Beware!"

The San Francisco city jail, built to accomodate 150, now has 400 prisoners. Many of those arrested were seriously injured, but details were suppressed. All prisoners are being held under $1,000 cash bail; the leaders are to be tried on criminal-syndicalism charges, the aliens to be deported—in some cases to Germany, Italy, or Japan. One judge characterized their demand for a jury trial as "ridiculous," and when George R. Anderson, their attorney, applied to Police Captain O'Meara for a guard or for permission to carry a revolver, after he had received several threats of lynching, O'Meara replied that he was "too busy" to bother.

All over northern and central California now, from Sacramento to San Luis Obispo, Communist headquarters are being raided and radicals are being arrested or deported. For the first time the Communist Party had gained a place on the California primaries ballot ("unfortunately," as the chief of police of Oakland remarked), but every known candidate is either in prison or in hiding. They will not be allowed to hold any campaign meetings or demonstrations. Mayor Rossi of San Francisco says frankly that he intends to drive all Communists permanently out of San Francisco; and Mayor McCracken of Oakland echoes his sentiments.

Meanwhile, the general strike over, the I. L. A. and the maritime unions are being bullied into submitting to arbitration by the President's board—an arbitration that will almost certainly mean the crushing of the strike. The big shippers are calling their vessels home again to San Francisco, and announce that this time they plan "a real port opening, not just a gesture." The teamsters have capitulated utterly; they have voted to go back without reservations, which means that they will haul goods loaded and unloaded by strikebreakers. The strong pressure brought on the mayor from the beginning of the general strike to ask for a declaration of martial law has not let up even though the general strike is over. As an instance, employees of some firms have been ordered to sign petitions asking the mayor to call for martial law, and those who refused are being threatened with loss of their jobs.

Only a few small unions are still out on either side of the bay (except for the original waterfront and marine strikers), and these for their own grievances. The run-of-the-mill union men of the Bay District had their little sympathetic spree, and now they are back docilely in harness, under the resumed control of Casey and O'Connell and Kidwell and Vandeleur. President Joseph Ryan of the I. L. A. has even evolved the grotesque theory that the general strike was called to serve notice on the San Francisco longshoremen that they must get rid of Harry Bridges and his kind and return to conservative leadership! Since, months before the strike, the longshoremen ousted their renegade district president, Lee Holman, for just such advocacy, they are not likely to obey. But they and the maritime unions have now been abandoned to their fate. The general strike is over, but the general drive to crush militant unionism in San Francisco has only just fairly begun.

Wisconsin's New Party

By HAROLD M. GROVES

Madison, July 19

THE nation has always looked to Wisconsin for radical leadership. The progressive movement in that State has been one of unusual vigor and persistence. Frequently during the last thirty years it has had the responsibility of power. On such occasions it has shown an unusual capacity to convert its program into intelligent social legislation. Its statutes have been very widely copied by other States. It has met many defeats and disasters only to come back stronger than ever. In addition it has sent to Washington men of outstanding stature. Because of his courageous opposition to the war and his valiant battles for the under dog, Robert M. LaFollette, Sr., became the recognized national leader of the liberals and radicals. In 1924 when they decided upon an independent national ticket he was their choice as a candidate for President. His two sons who have stepped into his place as leaders of the Wisconsin movement have achieved national reputations in their own right.

For many years the Wisconsin Progressives have exerted their efforts within the Republican Party, seeking to capture its nominations and write its platform. Therefore, their recent decision to break away from the Republican Party and form a party of their own is of national interest and significance. The decision to strike out for themselves was not lightly and easily made. Since the last election there has been much new-party talk. But the leaders, with few exceptions, remained skeptical. They asked for a demonstration of popular demand; and they got it. During March a convention was held with delegates present from practically all counties in the State, most of them elected for the occasion by mass meetings of the rank and file. Each delegation was called upon to express the sentiment of its district and it was overwhelmingly for a new party.

At a later conference the new party was launched. Since then the people have had an opportunity to show their interest and enthusiasm in a more tangible way, and have responded beyond the expectations of the most optimistic leaders. It had been agreed that the new party would be established only if and when 50,000 signers could be secured on new-party petitions. This was a much larger number than that required by law. Working virtually without money and with less than a month of time, the workers for the new party proceeded to get three times the number of signatures which had been set as a goal.

Does this mean that the people of Wisconsin have turned against Roosevelt? Apparently not. The *Literary Digest* poll shows Roosevelt stronger than ever. But it is one thing to support Roosevelt and quite another thing to support the Democratic Party. After their own candidates had been defeated in the primary, the Wisconsin Progressives supported Governor Schmedeman and a Democratic slate two years ago. This one dose of the Democratic Party has been enough to cure the Progressives for all time. The State Democratic administration made an almost perfect Stalwart record and opposed in State affairs practically everything which Roosevelt supported at Washington.

Within the Wisconsin Progressive movement a very wide range of temperament and philosophy has developed. On the extreme right are the hereditary Progressives, really conservative by temperament; the opportunists, Progressive for the purpose of getting into office; and the mild liberals. This group is disposed to be very cautious. They were unanimously and vigorously opposed to leaving the Republican Party. Now that the new party has proved itself popular they feel more kindly toward it. With a few exceptions they are willing to go along with the movement. The new party, as the right wing sees it, should be exactly like the progressive wing of the Republican Party except for its new name and its separate column on the ballot. They favor calling the new party the "Progressive Party," and they feel that no new declaration of principles or technique of organization is necessary. They think that "the principles of Old Bob LaFollette" and "what we have done for this State during the last thirty years" are foundation enough for any new party to stand on.

On the extreme left will be found some Progressives of an entirely different color. Some of them are Socialists who work with the Progressives because they feel that the Marxist approach is ineffective. All of them believe that very fundamental changes in the economic system are necessary and some of them feel that there must be a change of a sudden and drastic sort. These members care little about "reforms" and efforts to "stabilize capitalism." They place the principal emphasis upon political education rather than immediate action. Much of the drive for a new party came from the left wing. They want the new party to be one in fact as well as in name. They are class conscious and wish to found the party on "a mass movement of the rank and file." They favor the name "Farmer-Labor," want a declaration of principles and a platform at once, and favor a dues-paying organization of the rank and file to govern more or less the party and to promote candidates with a left point of view. They would pattern the party after the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party. The League for Independent Political Action has had a strong influence upon this group.

In the center between the left and the right is a group of genuine liberals and mild radicals. They favor no break with the past so far as pressing an opportunistic program is concerned. They stress action ahead of education. Some of them feel that the tempo of progress must be increased in order to avoid fascism, war, and economic collapse, but they are interested in winning the next election and in what can be accomplished next year. This group divided on the issue of a new party. In the main it is not strongly class-conscious and it preferred "Progressive" as the new party label. It favors the primary election as a means of nominating candidates and framing a party platform.

The position of the middle group was recently presented in an address by Philip LaFollette. Some excerpts from this address follow:

> Modern intellectualism is inclined to believe that the mere statement of propositions in language means their carrying into action. . . . Experience has taught that those of common aims, confronted by factual situations, act without friction. . . . Let us all therefore endeavor to test theory with practice and resolve that the Progressive Party shall be dedicated to action.

Mr. LaFollette went on to explain his attitude toward public ownership. He favored public ownership of public utilities and central banks but opposed further "nationalization," advocating instead the "conscious distribution of national income" through taxation and other governmental policies.

The economic organizations cannot be left out of this picture. The leaders of the labor unions with some exceptions are left-wing Progressives and Socialists. The executive board of the State Federation of Labor is dominantly Socialist or socialistic. It will not be satisfied with a new party which is not thoroughly class conscious and which does not include the Socialists. These labor leaders have always complained considerably about the Progressives but they have obtained perhaps the best code of labor laws in the United States from legislatures dominantly Progressive. For this reason they cannot afford to oppose or ignore the movement entirely. The rank and file of the unions probably range from Socialists to middle Progressives. The organized farmers are much less disciplined and philosophically grounded than organized labor. Many of them are thoroughly radical and talk a great deal about cleaning out the profit system. Many will follow almost any magnetic leader who speaks their language. It is an accepted political maxim that neither the farm nor the labor leaders can deliver the vote of the rank and file in their organizations, not to mention the vote of the unorganized farmer and worker. The unorganized farmers have been strongly Progressive but unorganized labor voted in very large numbers for Stalwart Republicans and Democrats at the last election. Apparently they were frightened at the radicalism of Phil LaFollette.

Forging a new party out of groups with this wide range of viewpoint could hardly be accomplished without some friction. The right wing has occasionally referred to the left as "wind-bags" and "trouble-makers" and the left wing has sometimes called the right "office-seekers" and "the elder statesmen." Nevertheless there has been remarkably little dissension. Senator LaFollette has the respect and support of all factions and much Republican and Democratic support as well. Barring the unexpected he is sure to be re-elected by a wide margin.

On June 30 the left-wing group acting on its own initiative called a conference of representatives of farm and labor organizations and Progressive clubs. The meeting was well attended. It proceeded to organize a Farmer-Labor and Progressive League, adopted a declaration of principles, and appointed a platform committee. The declaration was not more radical than most Progressives would be willing to accept. Phil LaFollette and Tom Amlie both addressed the convention and both were given a warm reception. The League gives the new movement a dual organization, such as is characteristic of several political parties in Europe and, to some extent, of the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party. What part it will play in the history of the party remains to be seen.

There are those who feel that the Socialist Party will make heavy inroads into Progressive support in the fall elections. The Socialists have chosen a farmer to head their State ticket and have been busily at work in rural territory. Outside the large cities they are undoubtedly receiving a warmer reception than ever before and they are making some converts. The consensus of opinion seems to be, however, that they present no very serious threat to the new party.

The decision of Wisconsin Progressives to form a new party is the most recent and perhaps the most significant break in the direction of a new political realignment. But it was Minnesota, of course, which was first in the field with an independent radical party. Moreover, the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party has enunciated the boldest and most radical platform which has yet appeared except under socialist and communist auspices. The showing of the party in the recent primary indicates that it stands a good chance of success in the general elections. On the other hand the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party is new in the field and has no record of achievement comparable to that of the Wisconsin Progressive movement. The last Minnesota legislature did pass a mild State income-tax law but it failed to enact even a conservative unemployment-insurance act.

The Non-Partisan League in North Dakota is now badly split and confused over the trial of Governor Langer for the misuse of federal funds. The League moreover has always done business within the Republican Party. But the North Dakota farmers, well organized and accustomed to united political action, should not prove difficult to convert.

The nuclei of new party movements have been organized in several other States. What kind of reception they will receive remains to be seen. Not everywhere are the Democrats in as ill repute with liberal people as they are in Wisconsin. Some of the States have election laws which make the inauguration of new parties difficult and it will require strong popular support to succeed in breaking down these obstacles.

It is true that the political cemetery is filled with new parties, but popular discontent has never been so strong or widespread as it is now. Unless the new leadership of the Democratic Party is able to liberalize that party nationally and locally to a much greater extent than has yet been done, and unless new party leaders run head-on into the rocks of dissension which have so often wrecked radical movements, the Progressive movement seems to have a good chance for success on a national scale.

"It Ain't No Sin!"

By JAMES RORTY

YOUR correspondent has discovered that all this uproar about the sinfulness of the movies is just a big, stupendous, colossal misunderstanding. He hopes that as a result of the explanations to follow, everything will soon be sweet and peaceful again; after which Mae West can go back to work, and maybe Elder Will Hays will buy your correspondent an ice-cream soda.

The movies are accused of corrupting the morals of American men, women, and children. But consider who makes the accusation—a "Legion of Decency" already numbering hundreds of thousands of people and rapidly growing; by autumn it is expected that there will be at least 12,000,000 Legionnaires of Decency—8,000,000 Catholics and 4,000,000 members of other denominations.

By their own admission these crusaders are themselves unstained; the movies have utterly failed to corrupt them. Presumably the criterion of membership in the Legion is the scriptural text, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone." Otherwise the crusade would be un-Christian and immoral. Surely one does not mobilize sinners to do God's work. Hence, considering the number and purity of the accusers, the movies must be acquitted out of hand. The conclusion is inescapable: America may be "smothered in goods," we may have excess productive capacity in industry and agriculture, but our moral economy is still one of scarcity. The labors of Cecil De Mille, Greta Garbo, Clara Bow, Jean Harlow, Lupe Velez, even that great good bad woman Mae West, have been utterly ineffective. Man does not live by bread alone. We are facing a sin shortage of alarming proportions. Relatively, America is still as innocent as a new-born babe.

It is possible, of course, that this shortage is more apparent than real—that it is largely based on the misunderstanding created by the efforts of the Hays office to have its sin and eat it too. For instance, the title of Miss West's forthcoming picture was announced as "It Ain't No Sin." If this title had been retained we would confidently expect that the Legion of Decency would set up headquarters opposite every theater exhibiting this picture, with a bigger, brighter Neon sign proclaiming "'Tis Too." Which indicates the tragic confusion of purposes underlying the whole controversy.

Stung by the ingratitude of her public, Miss West is rumored to have said: "If I was a home girl, I'd be broken-hearted." It is further rumored that Miss West, when sternly instructed to take the kick out of her current product, burst into tears. Like the Georgia mules that wouldn't plow under the cotton, the gallant trouper balked stock still in the furrow rather than abate her customary zeal in giving the boys what they wanted.

Sudden as it seemed, this new attack upon the movies did not spring full-born from the brow of Mrs. Grundy. It started over a year ago when some eighteen assorted sociologists, psychologists, and educators issued a nine-volume report of the findings of a four-year study of the effect of the movies upon children. The study was financed by the Payne Fund and instigated by another privately subsidized organization known as the Motion Picture Research Council. By a curious coincidence, the director of the Council is William H. Short, and certain unregenerate movie people have intimated that Mr. Short's object was to intensify the shortage indicated in the title of this article. In fact Mr. Short has at various times admitted as much. The nine-volume study was summarized and popularized in a book by Henry James Forman entitled "Our Movie-Made Children," parts of which were also published in *McCall's* magazine. The conclusions of the social scientists as summarized by Mr. Forman were, briefly, that sure enough the movies were not so good for the little tots; that the big tots as they reached puberty learned about women from Mae West and about men from Clark Gable; that the movie industry is, in effect, an educational apparatus rivaling in influence the school, the church, and the home; that at least three-quarters of the subject matter of current movies is sex, love, and crime—the apposition of "sex" and "love" is consistently adhered to; that many high school and college boys and girls confess they learned elements of practical love technique from the movies; that many juvenile delinquents and adult criminals have been movie fans and that some of them think the movies started them on the downward path; finally that the movies are a powerful instrument of propaganda—for and against war, for and against racial minorities. (The movie is also used consistently to carry propaganda against radical political and economic movements but this fact was not brought out.)

Some of the studies were about as silly-scientific as Walt Disney: for example the experiments in which a number of helpless boys and girls out of an orphanage, when exposed to the amours of screen lovers, promptly boosted the needle of the psycho-galvanometer. The "scientific norm" in these experiments was the reaction of the fiancee of one of the experimenters to a kiss administered in the laboratory. On the other hand some of the researchers were serious and sensible; they pretty much agreed that the trouble with the movies was their emptiness, their lack of genuine social and artistic content. They also indicated with some conclusiveness that "horror" pictures have bad effects on very young children and that non-movie-going children are on the whole brighter than children who see movies all the time.

As soon as this "fact-finding" study appeared, Mr. Short's Research Council went into action with a big campaign to do something about it, this requiring first a campaign for a $200,000 war chest. What Mr. Short's organization intended to do has never been very clear. The Motion Picture Research Council has always officially repudiated the suggestion that it intended to further the censorship movement. Last April, Mrs. August Belmont (the former Eleanor Robson) said flatly, "We don't want censorship, we are afraid of that." But Mr. Short, in his report delivered at the end of May, said, "I am not against censorship; so far as I know the views of the members of our group, most of them are not opposed to censorship. I think we are in agreement with the position of the splendid British Commission on Educational and Cultural Films that every culture has the right to defend itself by censorship against disintegrating forces. . . . But a negative method cannot perform a positive function; censorship cannot reconstruct and rebuild the movie output. . . ."

Yet the Patman bill providing for federal regulation of motion pictures was supported by at least two of the leading members of the Research Council. Unquestionably Mr. Short's organization sowed the wind although it seems unlikely that it will reap heavily in the path of the Catholic whirlwind which, by the way, it has never publicly repudiated or criticized. When Mrs. Belmont resigned as president at the end of June, on the ground of ill health, she said that "with the Pope expressing his condemnation in Rome and the Protestant churches, through their Federal Council, supporting the Catholic position in this country, the need is manifest for the kind of coordinating work the Motion Picture Council can supply."

What, by the way, is the Catholic position, and to what extent does the Federal Council of Churches (Protestant) support it? The Catholic Bishops' Committee obtained assurances from the industry that Mr. Joseph Breen had been given authority to clean up current productions. It expressed the hope "that the results of the organized industry's renewed efforts looking toward adequate self-regulation will be followed by adequate moral improvement in the pictures shown. And thus it is hoped that the Catholic bishops may be relieved of what otherwise will be the imperative necessity of continuing indefinitely and of extending the campaign of protest." But the Committee also approved the formation of a "Council of the Legion of Decency," and the individual bishops went on the warpath in earnest. Innumerable "black lists" and "white lists" have been issued. In Philadelphia Cardinal Dougherty, scorning the compromise of discriminating lists, has declared a boycott against all movie theaters which threatens to close some 500 houses. The bishops of forty-five dioceses have issued pastoral letters to their congregations urging them to join the Legion of Dencency and Bishop Cassidy of Fall River thinks Elder Will Hays ought to resign.

As for the lists, the current black list of the Chicago Archdiocese puts thirty-one pictures in the index expurgatorius, most of which by average standards are neither indecent nor immoral but simply childish, stupid, or incredibly banal. Conversely the white list approves among others a jingoistic pro-war film; films with a crook and a sot, respectively, as their heroes; an ultra-reactionary film showing the "World in Revolt"; a film glorifying the "poor rich."

The Catholic church has a vested doctrinal interest in suppressing movies which feature divorce or birth control. This is not the position by any means of all the Protestant denominations represented in the Federal Council of Churches. Yet the Reverend Worth M. Tippy, head of the Federal Council's department of church and social service has been cooperating with the Catholic drive against objectionable pictures. And in Chicago, Bishop Waldorf of the Methodist Church has undertaken to recruit 1,000,000 Methodists for the crusade, reinforcing Cardinal Mundelein's 1,250,000 parishioners.

In New York an Interfaith Committee of Catholics, Jews, and Protestants has undertaken to unify the church campaigns and is threatening to include books, plays, and dance halls. A speaker at the Interstate Conference of the Women's Christian Temperance Union urged the necessity of federal legislation as the only way to have "real censorship of dirty movies."

As might be expected, the ineffable William Randolph Hearst has joined the "Legion of Decency" with a whoop. On July 8 the Hearst press editorialized against the increase of dirty movies and revealed that the "American Husband" who wrote a letter to the editor of the Los Angeles *Examiner* last October was none other than that well known family man, Mr. Hearst himself. Said "An American Husband": "There will surely some day be established an effective federal censorship of atrocities which invade every household and exercise a determining influence on the character of the whole people, but particularly of the young. . . . Let the government do its duty. . . . . When an American husband takes his family to the theater he ought to be certain that he is not taking them to a house of ill-fame."

It would require only a slight shift in the wind to send the Legion of Decency careening after the sinful newspapers, especially the Hearst press. Maybe Mr. Hearst will pipe down before that happens. Or maybe, out of his seemingly inexhaustible resources of unctuous hypocrisy, he will find a way of getting out from under.

Against the frantic hypocrisy and irrationality of this country-wide uproar, there have been raised only a few, frail voices. Last week the National Council on Freedom from Censorship issued a statement suggesting that the recent attacks on the movies have confused the public mind and calling on the organizations responsible for the attacks "to clarify their attitude towards State and federal censorship of the movies and their plans regarding the stage, the book and magazine publications, the radio, and the newspapers."

Among those signing the statement were Elmer Rice, Mary Ware Dennett, Morris L. Ernst, B. W. Huebsch, Dr. Louis I. Harris, former Health Commissioner, and William A. Orr. The signers go on record as opposing either government or religious censorship and ask: "Can we take the judgment of some of these bodies expressing condemnation of the picture version of 'Men in White,' a Pulitzer-prize play of the year, as indicative of a condemnation of all pictures referring in any way to birth control or abortion? What other serious subjects would they prohibit from being presented in movies, on the stage, in books, and in the press? In making lists of motion pictures, condemned by the several organizations quoted in the press, would they object to naming the judges who have passed upon and approved these pictures, so that the public may be informed as to the ethical, moral, and artistic ability of these judges?"

Considering how long ago the fire alarm started ringing, the "morals machinery" of the Hays office was slow in getting under way. Characteristically, the industry was too cynical, too hypocritical, and too scared to fight. It scrapped the Hollywood Producers' Jury, the members of which could be counted on to let each other get away with anything and everything on the principle of reciprocity. It made Joseph Breen the moral dictator and told him to clean up, offenders being given only the right to appeal to the directors of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc. —the Hays office in New York. It also told J. J. McCarthy of the Hays office to clean up motion-picture advertising, which meant putting the fan dancers back into their clothes and seeing that the stills of screen lovers showed them in vertical, rather than in horizontal positions.

Under the Motion Picture Code, "block booking," which of course means also "blind booking," was validated, but the exhibitor was permitted to cancel 10 per cent of his booking. Block booking was attacked both by the Motion Picture Research Council and in the report of the Darrow NRA Review Board. And when the Legion of Decency got under way, many exhibitors pleaded helplessness on the ground that their contracts obliged them to show naughty pictures to which they themselves objected. An eminent motion picture magnifico—too eminent to be named—contributed to the writer the following jeer at this plea: "So these tank-town exhibitors say the hot numbers are pinned on 'em, eh? Say, did you ever hear of any exhibitor using his 10 per cent privilege to cancel 'I'm No Angel'? . . . Neither did I. But hundreds of 'em canceled 'Cradle Song' and it was a gorgeous, stupendous, wholesome picture."

But when the Legion of Decency was mobilized, some of these tank-town exhibitors—and big-town exhibitors too —called for help, so the industry cooperated. Henceforth any release prior to July 15 may be canceled if the exhibitor presents satisfactory evidence that the picture has been publicly objected to by the Legion of Decency or some other protesting body. This, of course, will cost the producers a great deal of grief and a lot of money. They have already had about a ten-million-dollar headache out of the current uproar and are due to suffer still more.

In the opinion of your correspondent it is a thoroughly deserved headache. There is more truth than jesting in the intimation expressed earlier in this article that the industry has afflicted us with a sin shortage. How otherwise can one interpret the preposterous spectacle of 12,000,000 "Legionnaires of Decency," themselves innocent of moral turpitude, careening over the cultural landscape and threatening to land us all behind the bars of a federal censorship? The movie magnates have treated the American people like cattle. They have measured the prurience of our Puritan mass culture, made films to exploit and incidentally confirm that prurience, and added for good measure a little of their own prurience. Of honest sin or honest sainthood they have given us practically nothing. Fake sin, fake sex, fake social and moral values: how can a culture achieve a healthy maturity on that sort of diet? It has not matured, but it has become bored. I suspect that the ease with which Catholic and Protestant reformers have launched this new crusade is owing to the widespread objection not to the salaciousness of the pictures but to their empty stupidity, only partially redeemed by an increasing technical excellence. Honest sex is not indecent and should not be dull; feeble salaciousness and hypocritical moralizing are both. The industry has never had courage enough to defend the first but has always taken refuge in the second. Witness what is happening to Mae West's new picture. The original title "It Ain't No Sin" was changed first to "The Belle of New Orleans" and then to "The Belle of the Gay Nineties" with corresponding bowdlerizing of lines and scenes. And Mae West's version of sex was far more decent than anything the screen had shown for years.

In short, the industry has bred this herd of pharisaical censors and now that it is being trampled by them, your correspondent finds himself dry-eyed and unmoved. It will pass of course. The middle-class mob will turn to something else, although we shall be lucky if this time we escape before a federal censorship is clamped down on both screen and stage—even, possibly, on books. If that happens, of course, we shall continue to have a shortage of sin—the culture will be frozen in the mud of our Puritan adolescent prurience—but we shall have an even greater surplus of bootlegged screen, stage, and printed salaciousness, offered, as usual, in the name of art.

Georgia Suppresses Insurrection

By WALTER WILSON

THE Georgia Supreme Court has sustained the conviction in a lower court—and the sentence to the chain gang for a term of from eighteen to twenty years—of Angelo Herndon, nineteen-year-old Negro youth, on a charge of inciting to insurrection. What desperate crime was committed by this young man that earned him such a savage sentence? The charges were two. He participated in a meeting of unemployed Negro and white workers. Worse, the police raided his home, without warrant, and found radical literature there such as "Communism and Christianism" by former Episcopal Bishop William Montgomery Brown of Arkansas, "The Life and Struggles of Negro Toilers" by George Padmore, and other items. In the trial that followed the prosecution appealed to racial, religious, and political prejudices. The assistant solicitor, John B. Hudson, said it was not a trial of Herndon, but of "Lenin, Stalin, Trotzky, and Kerensky." All of the State's witnesses were public employees, some of them detectives. The court blocked attempts of the defense to put on the stand white economists of standing from Georgia universities as expert witnesses on the literature and theories involved.

The old insurrection statute is being used in Georgia as a criminal-syndicalist law. But that crime had not been heard of when the law was originally passed in 1833 following the Nat Turner slave uprising in Virginia in that year. In 1866 the Georgia legislature, under control of the friends of the Confederacy (not carpet-baggers), enacted its Black Codes. As a part of them the old 1833 statute penalizing insurrection among slaves was made to apply to the newly freed Negroes and to agitators who flowed South to inform the Negro about his new prerogatives of freedom of movement, the right of franchise, and citizenship.

Only one case was tried under the law from 1866 to 1930. In 1869 a Negro preacher was charged with inciting his congregation to release a man from prison. The conviction that followed on a charge of inciting to insurrection was appealed to the Georgia Supreme Court and was reversed by that court on the grounds that though there was a law punishing insurrection there was not one for mere inciting to insurrection. General Joseph E. Brown, then Chief Justice of Georgia and, incidentally, one of the largest exploiters and traders in convict labor the South has known, went before the next session of the legislature and pointed out the lack of a specific penalty for inciting to insurrection. His suggestion was promptly executed. The law was enacted and has gathered dust in the archives for almost seventy years.

In 1930 six young Communists, two white girls, two Negro and two white men, doing trade-union and unemployed organizing in Georgia, were arrested and indicted under the same old insurrection statute. Bail was denied them for several months on the ground that the penalty on conviction was to be death. They were held in the cell at the Fulton County (Atlanta) Tower where prisoners already condemned to death are kept before being sent to Milledgeville for execution. They were also held incomunicado for a long time. Much of the same literature cited in the Herndon case was used by the prosecution in the indictment of the "Atlanta Six," as the cases came to be called. The Herndon case is really only a continuation of these cases.

However, the Atlanta Six cases have not yet come up for trial. There are several reasons. The Georgia labor movement, realizing that such a restrictive law would hit at all labor and progressive groups, took an interest in smashing the prosecution. The Atlanta Federation of Trades, made up of delegates from all labor bodies in the city, passed a strong resolution taking its stand for freedom of speech, press, and assemblage for communists along with everyone else. The editor of the local labor paper spoke out against infringement of the bill of rights. Fair-minded citizens of Atlanta also got busy. Committees were sent to see the authorities, demanding that the cases be dropped and all raids and persecutions of radicals be stopped. Finding the prosecution adamant, fifty-eight outstanding persons in Atlanta signed a statement and gave it to the press. In this they expressed their strong belief that the constitutional guaranties of free speech, press, and assemblage applied to communists just as well as to others. Editors in every Southern State praised the action and courage of the fifty-eight. The New York *World* said that this statement was worth more to the South than a "flock of skyscrapers." In addition to this activity in Georgia and in the South, labor and progressive groups in other sections of the country gave wide publicity to the cases and let their protests be known. As a result of this campaign the Atlanta authorities backed down and let the six out on bail.

But the subsequent conviction and savage sentence in Herndon's case proves that the prosecution was only waiting for a calm before striking again. The people who won the temporary freedom of the "Atlanta Six"—and this is especially true of the Southerners who aided so effectively—were lulled into a false sense of security because of the victory. They thought the prosecution of Herndon only a gesture and therefore no active campaign to stop it was carried on. This conviction and the fact that the authorities have issued subpoenas for the re-arrest of two of the Atlanta Six and for the arrest of two other communist organizers

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(both of them natives of Georgia) has partially shocked them out of their lethargy. An indication of this is an editorial which appeared, soon after Herndon's conviction, in the Macon *Telegraph,* established in 1826 and one of the South's most courageous and progressive newspapers. It said in part:

> It is no credit to the State of Georgia that a man should be given such a terrible sentence—indeed, even any sentence—upon the charge of "inciting to insurrection" when he possesses literature of the Communist Party, which was duly registered in this State in the election last year. . . . After all, those who stupidly use our courts for such purposes ought to keep in mind that the ultimate purpose of communism is to provide enough food and clothes and shelter for oppressed people and that the danger is not from outside propaganda, but from fathers who look into the faces of pinched and hungry children. . . . The *Telegraph* hopes . . . the United States court will speak out in vigorous terms on such a statute as that under which he was convicted.

Clearly it is about time that the Southern labor movement, Jeffersonian Democrats, and friends of civil liberties and decency everywhere should let their voices be heard. This is serious business. Roger N. Baldwin has called the Herndon case "The most preposterous conviction for free speech in the United States since the war." If the conviction sticks and if the Atlanta Six are sent to prison, the forces of reaction and fascism in Georgia will have temporarily triumphed. The entire labor movement, communist and otherwise, in so far as it really attempts to function, will be driven underground just as surely as in Nazi Germany. Not only that but it will give, in other Southern States, powerful impetus to fascist tendencies, such as the Silver Shirts, the Alabama White Legion, and the Klan. Alabama reactionaries are trying to force the passage of an anti-syndicalist law and a law banning lawyers from Alabama practice who come from outside the State. News has just come that the authorities in Atlanta have derived great encouragement out of the decision of the State Supreme Court in the Herndon case. This means to them that the legal machinery of the State approves of their actions. As a result the police have been raiding the homes of workers without warrant; they have intimidated them into stopping their subscriptions to radical and liberal publications; they have visited newsstands and told the owners that they would have to cease selling labor literature.

But it is not only labor that has cause to be alert in combating this incipient fascism. For instance, most of the "insurrectionary literature" cited in the indictments of Herndon and the Atlanta Six was found in the circulating room of the Carnegie library in Atlanta. Dates when it was taken from the library are stamped on each volume. If the staff of the library is fortunate enough to escape arrest, isn't it likely that at least the authorities will insist on censoring the material in the library? Prosecutor John B. Hudson is known to be annoyed because authorities in De Kalb County, near Atlanta, where Emory University is located, have not arrested Dean Edgar Johnson, of the School of Economics, who has stubbornly and criminally refused to cease using the Communist Manifesto of Karl Marx as required reading in his classes.

The International Labor Defense, assisted by the American Civil Liberties Union, is appealing the Herndon case to the United States Supreme Court on the grounds of the unconstitutionality of the old statute; the exclusion of Negroes from the jury; the exhibitions of prejudice during the trial; and the lack of evidence to sustain the verdict. It will likely be several months before the case can be argued.

In the meantime, a nineteen-year-old boy, in the first stages of tuberculosis, is confined in a small cell, given no exercise, fed rough food, in the same prison that once held Robert E. Burns, who wrote his prison experiences in "I Am a Fugitive from a Georgia Chain Gang." Herndon faces eighteen to twenty years on such a chain gang. He would not have one chance in a thousand to survive such a term. The Atlanta Six and hundreds of other labor organizers will face it in the future.

Young Russia at Play

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, June 26

THE streets of Moscow resound these days to the light tramp of children marching in twos to the tune of small drums and bugles. They are the "Pioneers" or Soviet boy and girl scouts going off to summer camp where they will remain for from four to eight weeks. More than 100,000 children left Moscow during the first fortnight of this month. Additional groups are now en route. Other cities too are disgorging their young generation into the fields, meadows, mountains, and seashore.

The Pioneers' vacation will be much pleasanter this summer than in years gone by. It is not so much that material conditions in the camps have improved. This change pales in importance with the fact that the children will be bothered less with politics. Their leaders and teachers will remember that boys and girls want to be boys and girls and dislike having their fun sandwiched in between two fat layers of training in the building of socialism.

A permanent feature of the summer day in camp used to be the political meeting where current Soviet problems would be "discussed." The children were likewise required to spend part of their time in neighboring villages propagandizing the adults, helping in the fields, and making nuisances of themselves in still other ways. Games often took the form of political jousts between, say, kulaks and collectivized peasants on the virtues of communism. Resolutions of party congresses were studied and sometimes memorized. And incidentally the Pioneers also went swimming when the business of life permitted such frivolities. In this respect, camp was little different from the school season. Pupils whose classes finished at one in the afternoon came home at 7 P.M. "There was a Pioneer meeting," ran the honest explanation. Three or four Pioneer meetings a week was not unusual. The children got tired and bored, and were unable to devote much attention to studies.

These perversions have now been "liquidated." Several weeks ago an official decree declared that the Pioneers were being overworked, and that political activities for children should be reduced to the lowest possible minimum. This decree was at least a decade overdue, and it is strange that the bolshevik leaders did not know about, or did not correct, a condition which Soviet parents have complained against for many a school term. But now that the reform is introduced it will be applied with characteristic Soviet thoroughness. Before the summer set in, a referendum was taken among the Pioneers as to what they wished to do in their camps, and the results of this investigation naturally conformed with the new policy. Camp directors have accordingly been instructed to give the children "Rest, rest, and rest," as well as a respite from politics. Camps situated near collectives must neither assist in harvesting nor undertake to enlighten perspiring mujhiks on Marxist philosophy.

The startling discovery that children could manage to live through a whole summer with nothing more than a few news bulletins of current events reflects a new and important trend in Soviet affairs. There is a realization here that man does not live by politics alone. Factory clubs are shortening their meetings to afford ample time for jazz dances. The theater is having more comedy, the cinema more love. Ideology is being diluted with sentiment. The newspapers, especially the official *Izvestia* under Bukharin's editorship, print more articles on scientific and "human-interest" subjects and are increasingly objective about conditions abroad. The schools, finally, have been ordered to teach geography and history.

This constitutes a revolution in Soviet education. Formerly the politics of geography was taught to the children but not geography so that, as has been pointed out in the Russian press, a boy might know that "New York is the center of monopolistic capitalism and the bulwark of financial imperialism," but he would not know exactly where New York is. The politics of history was taught but not history, so that a pupil in a Soviet school could declare that Catherine the Great was the "product" of a feudalistic agricultural civilization and furthered Russia's desire to establish contacts with the West, but could not say when she reigned or what she actually did. A Moscow boy of ten recently told me all the details of a strike in Rostov-on-Don in 1894, and yet he had not the faintest notion of Russian history during that period. The socio-political history courses, moreover, were so filled with clichés and dogmatic interpretations that primary school children, unequipped as they were with facts, became ignorant mental automatons. No premium was put on thinking or independent judgments.

When the products of this system began to grow up and enter higher institutions of learning or take government jobs there was a sudden realization—which might have come much earlier—that the young generation was loaded down with preconceived ideas but unembarrassed by excessive knowledge. Needless to say, these evils cannot be eradicated in one year or even two. The beginning, however, has been made. The old methods are being publicly ridiculed although yesterday they had official sanction. At the end of this school year special instructions were issued eliminating examinations in the social sciences despite the fact that they had been one of the chief subjects of the curriculum.

Instead of abstract, formalistic social sciences the schools will now give compulsory courses in history and geography. The decrees inaugurating this innovation were considered so important that they were signed not by the Commissar of Education but by Stalin and Prime Minister Molotov in order to make it clear to every last teacher that this new regulation has become the highest law of the land and must in no circumstances be departed from. The decree on history condemns the "abstract sociological schematicism" of the past which was devoid of chronology, facts, and the characters of individual leaders, recommends the memorizing of dates and names, orders the publication of new text books on ancient, medieval, modern, and Soviet history, and the history of dependent and colonial countries, and concludes with instructions for the establishment of five-year courses in the Moscow and Leningrad universities for the training of teachers of history. The decree on geography is equally concrete and emphatic.

The excuse that until now the bolsheviks were too busy making history to study it is unconvincing, for they are just as busy making history today. The new trend is rather a phase of that yearning for relaxation and surcease from politics which the people and the bolsheviks feel and which the bolsheviks are ready to satisfy. Hitherto, Soviet political life has been an incessant struggle against the internal enemy and against economic conditions which were, in their essence, anti-socialistic. The weapons employed in the war with these obstructions were hate, temperament, unquestioning faith, blind enthusiasm, and one-track dogmas, but not scientific attitudes, for the man with an academic mind who meticulously weighs the pros and cons of an issue is not usually a fighter.

But time has brought a change. The domestic struggle in the Soviet Union is not finished. All Soviet citizens are not pro-bolshevik. The opposition, however, is weak and puny. It has no heart; it dare not lift its head. It is leaderless and programless. It embraces a very small fraction of the population. At most it is an attitude of skepticism or mental reservation rather than a wish to overthrow the regime. The material moulds of the nation's economy, furthermore, are so uncapitalistic now, and so successfully uncapitalistic that the possibility of restoration is negligible. Under these circumstances, it becomes difficult for the bolsheviks to whip up a fiery crusading spirit against the enemy within the gates. And the danger of attacks from without is also diminishing. Today, accordingly, the Soviets' big problem is to discover and implement new means for the stimulation of public action and popular feeling.

With the floodgates of hate closing, the bolsheviks are tapping two fresh sources of social inspiration: pride and loyalty. The Cheliuskin episode, therefore, was very opportune and has been exploited to the full. The details of the two-months' stay of the Cheliuskin crew on a saucer of ice rocking in the Arctic and of their rescue by the seven hero-fliers are exciting and thrilling. This was the greatest Polar adventure of all times. The life in Schmidt Camp which was built on the floe and the safe delivery of its five score members to land were a high tribute to bolshevik organization and a triumph of the collectivist method over the individualistic which, appropriately, was recommended to Professor Schmidt by a German fascist daily. Schmidt rejected the trek over the ice by which the strong only might have reached the shore, and saved all by a masterful collective effort. The nation is proud. The Moscow street demonstration which welcomed the homecoming heroes was the brightest, best-staged, and jolliest I have ever seen here. The whole country insisted on acclaiming the expedition and its rescuers. I can think of nothing in Soviet history except the death of Lenin which has so united all Soviet citizens in one deep emotional experience. Russia was never a nation. Even during the World War, her rulers failed to arouse patriotism among the millions. The ethnic crazy-quilt and the dire poverty and oppression militated against unity and loyalty. The Soviet policy of economic and cultural autonomy for national minorities, on the other hand, proved to be an influence for cohesion, but class hostility produced the opposite effect. Today, the bolsheviks are searching for a common denominator which will close the ranks. There are still classes in the U. S. S. R. but no class exploits the other. The class war is accordingly tapering off to a skirmish. The gradual disappearance of such a disrupting element makes room for a unifying substitute. This is a development of vast sociological and political significance. It will be called nationalism. And indeed the latest Soviet slogan is: "For the Fatherland." The cry sounds queer, and when old bolsheviks like Radek and Bukharin write it —especially without the accompanying adjective "socialist" —they seem to swallow hard. The phenomenon is still young. It has been superimposed and there is no evidence that the nation needs or will accept this common denominator instead of another. Only the future will tell whether Soviet nationalism, if it strikes root, can be of a different quality than bourgeois nationalism; whether a nationalism whose chief purpose is not to divert attention from the class struggle can make a new contribution to society.

In the Driftway

SVEN HEDIN has not been captured by "bandits" in Chinese Turkestan. Instead he continues his peaceful geographical studies in presumably the most bandit-ridden spot on the earth's surface and the "brigand" who was supposed to have captured him, General Ma Chung-Ying, appears to be the same person as General Ma Chun-in who suffered defeat last week at the hands of General Shen Tsi-tsai and was driven across the Soviet border, where he and his horsemen have been interned by the Red authorities. For Hedin's sake the Drifter is rather sorry the kidnaping story turned out to be false. He is sure that the captors and the captive would have had a pleasant visit together in their tents on the lonely plains of Chinese Turkestan. For Hedin already was acquainted with the "brigand" general, having been held captive by him for three weeks in 1933. And the Drifter suspects that most "Chinese bandits" are simple people, as childlike as the Tibetan horsemen who forty years ago conducted Hedin out of the province of Jalok after his unsucessful attempt to reach Lhasa in disguise. These Tibetan cavalrymen were gorgeously dressed and heavily armed; Hedin was an unprotected enemy who had tried to reach their holy of holies; but their greatest joy on the long trek came when the "Schwed-Peling" (the Swedish European) allowed them to hold his watch to their ears and listen to its mysterious ticking. And their captive grew so fond of them that the parting at the border caused deep mutual regret.

* * * * *

THAT was forty years ago, and General Ma is said to be a hireling of Japan, but the Drifter cannot believe that any man-made harm can come to Sven Hedin. For forty-nine years he has been wandering through one of the few unmapped regions of the world. His yak-dung fires have burned in innumerable Himalayan passes; he has run the risk of death from cold, hunger, wolves, and thieves; over and over again, from one remote and desolate spot he has gone through storm and flood, through Himalayan cold and the unspeakable dirt of Tibetan villages, to reach another equally remote and desolate spot merely for the satisfaction of drawing a new line on the map of the world. His courage has stood him in good stead among the simple and impressionable nomads of Central Asia, but he has been protected most perhaps by a simplicity of his own which could be traced to his single-minded, completely disinterested passion for geography.

* * * * *

SINCE he threatens no man's vested interest, Sven Hedin will probably go unharmed to the end even in Chinese Turkestan where four Powers are now fighting for domination through their respective Chinese generals. And the Drifter is willing to believe that he has already won more victories than any of them. As to the quality of those victories and the satisfaction they have brought, the Drifter need only quote from "The Conquest of Tibet." Here is General Sven Hedin's idea of a "march of triumph":

> The cold alone pursued us and sank to —34.4°C. . . . One entire day snow swept around the marching caravan, and I could scarcely see the guide, who walked just ahead of my horse. . . . The caravan climbed up towards great heights on January 28. At the Pass Sela-la, the altitude was 18,060 feet. It was necessary to stand with legs apart to keep on our feet. It was safer to sit cross-legged while the blasts swept over the pass. . . . No human beings but Tibetans had even been here before; it was my land, I had conquered it.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Truth About the Jews

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Mr. Ernest Boyd's article The Dilemma of the Jews is both amusing and pathetic. Mr. Boyd is evidently the type of nineteenth-century liberal who has learned nothing and forgotten nothing since his adolescence. He must read the daily papers, yet he doesn't know that the Jews were kicked out of the structure of German civilization the other day because they were the most highly and effectively assimilated Jewish group in all history. He lives, I believe, in New York and he writes: "Attachment to his religion is the one thing that sets the Jew apart from his fellow-citizens." Such innocence is staggering. Do his Jewish friends sport phylacteries and a kosher kitchen and close their offices on the Sabbath? And does he pretend even to himself that they aren't Jews? I'm writing, so to speak, in words of one syllable. But I'm afraid no others can pierce these childish confusions.

"We are and we remain," in the great and final formulation of Theodore Herzl, "whether we will it or not, a historic group of recognizable homogeneity." Wherever we have been invited to assimilate we have made a profoundly sincere effort to do so. Each time a point has arisen at which it became apparent both to us and to our Gentile fellow-citizens that we cannot wholly assimilate. The effort breaks us and renders us sterile. Yet it does not satisfy the world. We grow enfeebled and corrupt and anti-Semitism re-arises in its most cruel forms.

From this dilemma arose the philosophy of Zionism, which is fundamentally the negation of the *Galuth* or dispersion in its present form as a worthy or fruitful way of human life.

I commend one final observation to Mr. Boyd. There is no virtue in tolerance if as its price you demand of any human being the sacrifice and degradation of assimilation to yourself. Tolerance means tolerance of difference, respect for other and even alien values. If Mr. Boyd will read the Thorah (the Pentateuch) he will observe the constant monitions to love, to protect, to defend the stranger, the sojourner, the *ger,* who lives in the midst of Israel. Not at the price of his conversion or assimilation to Israel, but in his specific character of a non-Israelite. This truth which we brought with us full-fledged from the Arabian desert nearly 3,000 years ago is still news to liberals like Mr. Boyd. Well, he hears the news at last.

Burlington, Vt., July 9 LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Correction

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

My attention has been called to an editorial in the recent issue of *The Nation,* commenting adversely on the New York State Convention. You state that "when a few scattered cheers greeted the announcement that there had been a 'revolution in Germany,' Mr. Waldman reminded the convention that 'this is a Socialist convention and cheers for a revolution are not in order'." None of this is correct. Your statement is grossly inaccurate. The cheers were not "scattered," but quite general and lusty. And I did not say what you quote me as saying.

Believing as I do in the freedom of the press, even where the editors are clearly wrong as you appear to be in this editorial, I cannot quarrel with your indulgence in unjust conclusions about the Socialists of New York and myself in particular. But when you purport to state a fact, I have a right to expect accuracy. Your editorial writer should have known that the statement ascribed to me by him is absolutely untrue and will not be believed even by those who differ from me. They know that I could not be guilty of saying such nonsense.

For the information of your readers, I desire to state the substance of what I did say when I was told that the riots in Germany were led by Goering. I said that "this is a Socialist convention and we will cheer an uprising in Germany made by the workers and led by the workers' representatives. We cannot cheer mere riots created by Goering and his allies."

Having published the inaccurate quotation from me and having based unjustifiable conclusions on that quotation, I will request you to publish this letter together wtih a retraction.

LOUIS WALDMAN

New York, July 18

[We are glad to print Mr. Waldman's correction and to express our regret at having given currency to and based con-

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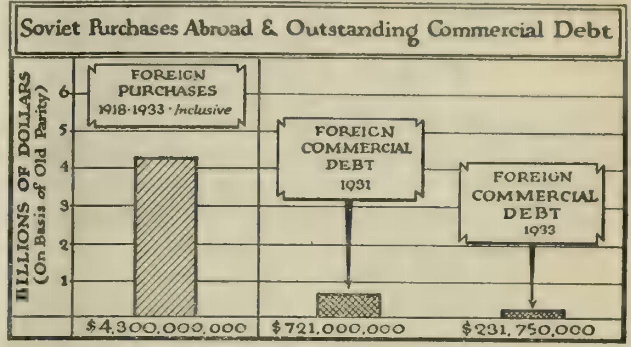

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Food and Sexual Feeling

Between food and sexual feeling there is an intimate relation. Certain foods will stimulate sexual feelings; other foods will allay sex desire. What these foods are, and how they act on the organisms, is explained by the eminent endocrinologist, Edward Podolsky, in the current issue of

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clusions upon what seems to have been an inaccurate report in the New York *Herald Tribune.* We are further informed by Alfred Baker Lewis, secretary of the Socialist Party, New England District, that *The Nation* was in error in predicting a "right" swing in the Socialist Party of Massachusetts. Mr. Lewis writes that the Massachusetts convention elected an executive committee unanimously in favor of the Declaration of Principles adopted at Detroit.—*Editors, The Nation.*]

Prize Essays

To the Editors of The Nation:

Commonwealth College, Mena, Arkansas, is offering three full scholarships for the best essays on the following topics: "The Fight Against War and Fascism," "The Farmer and the New Deal," "The Worker and the New Deal." Winners of the contest may attend Commonwealth free of charge during any quarter of the 1934-35 term. Their room, board, and laundry service will be given in exchange for twenty hours work per week on the college farm-campus.

Essays must be in the mail before September 1. Contestants should be under thirty-five and in fairly good health. Faculty members will act as judges and the awards will be made on the basis of intelligence and interest rather than literary style.

Charlotte Moskowitz, Executive Secretary
Mena, Ark., July 17

Hotel Workers Defense

To the Editors of The Nation:

Your readers were assuredly sympathetic to the cause of the workers of the recent New York hotel strike. Undoubtedly, too, they were outraged by the use of government agencies to break this strike.

May we appeal to these readers and sympathizers now for aid of two victims of the strike struggle—Harold Robins, organizer for the Amalgamated Food Workers Union, and Andre Gras, a striker. Gras was sentenced to from one to two years; Robins to from two to four years, for an alleged assault upon H. Bonnefoux, non-union baker. Both are now in Sing Sing.

There is every reason to believe that these workers were framed. Robins had been repeatedly arrested, on the flimsiest of charges, in connection with his activities during the strike. He was brought before Bonnefoux to be identified as one of his assailants, and Bonnefoux identified him. Yet, the testimony revealed, Bonnefoux knew Robins, had spoken with him prior to the assault. Why, since he allegedly recognized Robins, did he not at once accuse him? The identification of Gras was even more dubious.

The strikers had no occasion to attack Bonnefoux, it was revealed during the testimony. He was a *chef de manger,* and, as such, not eligible for their union. Both suspects had excellent reputations as sober and honest workingmen; both presented alibis. The evidence brought forward by the State, other than the identification by the victims, was of a cloudy and contradictory nature. The Robins-Gras Defense Committee, organized at the request of the prisoners and composed of representatives of various labor and sympathetic organizations, is conducting a fight for appeal. For this fight, money is needed —at once! Contributions may be sent to the Robins-Gras Defense Committee, 22 East 17th Street, Room 731, New York City.

Felix Morrow
New York City, July 13

California R. O. T. C.

To the Editors of The Nation:

Your readers will recall that almost a year ago the United States Supreme Court declined jurisdiction in the case of a conscientious objector to compulsory military training at the University of Maryland. Those of us who were disappointed in the outcome of that case because we believed it raised hitherto unadjudicated questions of Constitutional law are happy to report that a similar case is scheduled for oral argument before the Supreme Court during its coming October term.

The forthcoming case involves two student conscientious objectors who were suspended from the University of California because of their refusal to enroll in the R. O. T. C. Their defense is being briefed by an able Constitutional lawyer from Los Angeles. To finance this litigation a California committee under the chairmanship of Bishop James C. Baker is seeking to obtain funds from supporters on the coast. But additional funds —approximately $2,000—are urgently needed.

A Supreme Court decision in this case will go far toward defining the Constitutional rights of conscientious objectors to the peace-time conscription which prevails in twenty-eight of our civilian secondary schools and ninety-one of our colleges and universities. Basic civil and religious liberties are at stake. Those zealous to safeguard these—all old-fashioned Americans, those of orthodox religious views who believe the realm of conscience should be free from state domination, pacifists, liberals, and radicals alike—are urged to share in financing the defense of these conscientious objectors. Donations may be sent directly to the Reverend John Gabrielson, Box 54, Pacific Palisades, California.

New York City, July 10 Roger Baldwin,

Medical Patents

To the Editors of The Nation:

To one who is acquainted with some of the circumstances which prompt the patenting of discoveries related to matters of health, the undesirability of a protective patent is not as obvious as it appears to be to the writer of the second editorial in *The Nation* of July 18. I have no knowledge of the facts in the patent matter referred to as a bad example, but I do know that the patenting of medical discoveries is prompted at times by motives other than a desire for royalties or personal advantage and profit. Some investigators seek a patent for its licensing power in order to protect the public against the exploitation of the fruit of their research by extortion, quackery, improper and extravagant advertising, and in order to provide, if any income accrues, for continuing research.

I should be inclined to say that a valid criticism against these patents is not the occasional element of profit for an individual, but the diversion of effort and interest on the part of a trained investigator from his fields of scientific investigation to the foreign domain of business necessary in the administration of a patent. Very few discoveries have resulted in financial profit to anyone other than its commercial manufacturer. A well known example of an important medical discovery offering no direct profit to the discoverer but providing funds from a modest royalty for further research is insulin, which is controlled by the Insulin Committee of the University of Toronto, which committee, I understand, issues licenses for the manufacture of insulin under certain conditions of formula, advertising, and price to the public, all aimed to prevent exploitation.

Joseph Turner, M.D., Director, Mt. Sinai Hospital
New York City, July 13

Books and Music

To a Snake in Eden

By EVELYN SCOTT

I follow the preying, innocent eyes of you,
Nursemaid of loathing,
As you wind your monstrous wish
In the rim of the nest;
And you descend the tree unfuriously,
The young bird's heart already beating
In your iron throat.
Glide on to the next disaster,
You born so forgetful!
You have given horror its home.
You are the very bowels of a thought
Brought hideously to life by sun.
You had sunk your deep fang in my sorrow
Long before we met.
So you who are all incredulity—
—the very shape of unbelief!—
Having wounded a summer,
Slip out of Eden . . .
Purveyors of hospital murders,
Yet comfortable with the grass and silence,
Has faith itself, perhaps, been nourished
By some memory of the wavering pillar of your body
In its liquid stone . . .?

The Log-Book of a Soul

Magpie: The Autobiography of a Nymph Errant. By Lois Vidal. Little, Brown, and Company. $3.

THIS is a psychological self-portrait. When the old masters painted their own portraits they left out the defects; and it yet remains for an artist in that medium to paint himself with blemishes. Among writers the truth is more often told. De Quincey's "Confessions of an Opium-Eater" and Rousseau's "Confessions"—to name only two instances of stark truth-telling among literary artists—have in their time staggered the whole reading world. Lois Vidal seems almost to have done as much with her "Magpie: The Autobiography of a Nymph Errant." Writing under her own name the author tells the story of an intensely romantic and shock-ridden childhood. Just keeping herself this side of insanity, she went to all the excesses to which an unleased imagination can lead one. She *believed* that her brother had dug through to China; she *believed* that her apple-tree life was secret; and she *believed* that her handsome, grown-up cousin was in love with her. The exceptional thing about her is that she formulates these beliefs and the later ones which grew out of them and relates the whole with almost no reserves through a story of 400 pages. The strange adventures which form the main part of the book are the efflorescence of fantastic beliefs such as those to which she gave herself in childhood.

Miss Vidal can write. That much, at least, her family have done for her. "My writing propensities were regarded in the family as symptomatic of disorder, pathological, and in any case to be hush-hushed." She has a masterly way of creating atmosphere. Let it be a dinner-party in the shadow of Queen Elizabeth's old prison at Woodstock, or a pick-up in the pillared lounge of a Montreal hotel, or a maid-servant's choring in somebody or other's kitchen—let it be any scene from Canada to Cannes through which she has passed and with her vivid imagination she can magically restore it for you. A part of the trick is the colloquial style which allows you to see the English girl plodding through foreign and ever more foreign adventures, English to the last. She keeps her accent and her British past as intact as the neat rectitude of her dress. This and other more intangible elements give her an amazing success in the production of atmosphere.

The daughter of an English vicar, the author was born as one of the younger children—perhaps the youngest daughter—in a family of eight. Lois was one of the four only who survived into adult life. The shock of so many deaths and the mental invalidism of her father bore heavily upon her girlhood. Ambition was in the blood. The remaining family moved out to Oxford for the sake of education. There the Great War found them, called Lois forth for war work, and killed her favorite brother. His loss was, as Lois Vidal sees it, the last and final jar to her mental balance wheel. She is probably right. That she could not stick at any job more than a few weeks or months was complicated by an extraordinary compulsion to wander after this. With the failure of each employment she was off at once to some far-distant goal as if constantly and ineffectually seeking. Between jobs she would sometimes retire of her own free will to a mental nursing home for treatment. But most of the time she was on the road, "lorry-hopping" as they say in England, and meeting people in the casual and intimate fashion she calls "clicking." She seldom knew what roof, if any, would shelter her that night. "If you can't be good, be careful," said the English consul in Corsica. She was a sort of combination of George Borrow and Moll Flanders. She went out to her brother in Canada, but it was not with her brother that she stayed while there. Finally landing in the London underworld with a chap named Peter—one of the best portrayals in the book—she lived dangerously near the edge of destruction. From this time on it was very bad: the beach, or a hedge, or a traveling-van received her at night-fall. She had broken away from her family and the only helping hands extended to her now were those of professional social workers. They finally shepherded her into a Salvation Army Home where she surprised everyone by remaining, straightaway and hands down, for thirteen months.

One might deduce from the foregoing that the greatest value of Miss Vidal's book for herself was its catharsis. But it is doubtful whether this was, at any time during the five years she was writing it, her primary motive. She says herself that she began the story in Canada "partly to get it off my chest, partly as a distraction from my loneliness and pain, partly as a literary exercise." But the strictness with which she adhered to her task and the superiority of its standards would indicate that the chest was less important than the literary exercise. One suspects that Miss Vidal has long had literary ambitions. It may be further noted that in the course of the twenty years or thereabouts during which she lived the material of this book, she became a teacher of folk-dancing, a stenographer, a journalist, a teacher of small children, and a cook of sorts. Added to her literary product, these occupations enable Miss Vidal to give a very good account of herself, especially when one considers that months and even years have to be subtracted for the times when she was in the hospital with nervous break-downs.

Miss Vidal speaks once of her disease as an inferiority complex. But there is little psychiatry and less Freud in the book. The author has triumphed over sorrow and disease extraordinarily in the telling of a vivid and enthralling story.

KATHARINE ANTHONY

Facts—and Facts

The United States and the Caribbean Area. By Dana G. Munro. World Peace Foundation. $2.

THIS is official history—an account of our relations with Cuba, Panama, the Dominican Republic, Haiti, Nicaragua, and the other Central American states, in which the United States appears consistently as a wise, judicious, solicitous, and even altruistic neighbor. The World Peace Foundation, according to the preface, "operates upon the policy that the actual facts concerning international relations and official international cooperation constitute the best possible arguments for lasting peace and improved international understanding."

Of course there is such a thing as emphasis and selection of facts. For instance, Professor Munro succeeds in picturing Machado as a rather benevolent president of Cuba, deprived of electoral opposition by a series of circumstances beyond his control, and gradually forced into repressive measures by his opponents who "staged a series of riots which resulted in loss of life" and made "the situation intolerable . . . by murdering public officials." Facts that Professor Munro might have presented are that Machado not merely stamped out all political opposition in order to perpetuate himself in office, but that he began his killings just 90 days after his accession to power on May 20, 1925. His first victim was Armando André, editor of the paper *El Dia,* which was critical of his policies. The lowest estimate of his victims is approximately 1,000, and they included the finest flower of Cuban youth and of the intellectuals. The retaliation in kind of the A. B. C. did not take place until July, 1932, seven years after Machado inaugurated his terrorism.

Thirty-eight pages, some 13,000 words, are devoted to a chapter on Panama and the Canal. Yet perhaps the most essential fact in the controversy concerning our conveyance of the Canal Zone to ourselves, Professor Munro omits—the testimony of the principal in the acquisition, Theodore Roosevelt: ". . . I took the Canal and let Congress debate."

With the American intervention in Haiti Professor Munro may claim a unique familiarity. He was in the Latin American division of the Department of State from 1921 to 1925, its assistant chief for two years, and from 1930 to the latter part of 1932 United States Minister to Haiti. No man would have a better access to the facts than he. His general attitude of course is the official one: "A state of virtual anarchy in Haiti" necessarily causing "concern to the government of the United States" in consequence of which the Wilson Administration was "endeavoring to put an end to the revolutionary conditions in Haiti as a part of a broad, somewhat idealistic program for the establishment of stable government throughout the Caribbean region." A very different thesis, with which *Nation* readers are generally familiar, is that certain financial interests, in particular those of a group affiliated with the National City Bank which had secured a railroad concession, and those of the bank itself which had bought a part interest in the National City Bank of Haiti and before long was to acquire complete control thereof, were among the strongly motivating factors in our intervention and subsequent performance in Haiti.

When our navy had taken possession of Haiti, had secured the choice of a president who would agree, in advance of election, to sign any treaty the United States might submit, and found subsequently that his cabinet and the two houses of Congress refused to ratify this unexpectedly drastic treaty, Secretary Daniels on August 19, 1915, ordered the seizure of the Haitian customs houses. One of the objectives of this seizure certainly was to compel the Haitians to ratify the treaty. Professor Munro alludes to this episode as follows:

> There was also much opposition to the American intervention in the capital itself and this feeling became more intense at the end of August and the beginning of September when Admiral Caperton took over several of the Haitian customs houses, to prevent the revenues from falling into unauthorized hands and also to provide funds for public works for the relief of unemployment.

Obviously altruistic, our taking over! However, Admiral Caperton later testified that President Dartiguenave had stated on October 3 that "his government was practically without funds to meet the current expenses, the government could not continue and he would be forced to resign." As the Occupation would thereby have lost the relatively compliant president, the Navy Department authorized Admiral Caperton to state that "funds would be immediately available upon ratification of the treaty." (Page 381, Hearings.) The President, however, pointed out that he could not maintain himself in face of the strong opposition to signing the treaty "if the United States Government persists in withholding *all* funds." (Italics mine.) The Admiral thereupon pointed out that pursuant to the department's instructions "not one cent had [has] been turned over to the Haitian government for living expenses" and recommended that under the circumstances "such funds from the customs receipts . . . as he [I] might consider necessary for its support" be turned over to the Dartiguenave Government "in view of the loss of prestige of the United States should that government fall." (Page 383.) On October 5, Secretary Daniels replied:

> You are authorized to furnish Haitian government weekly amounts to meet current expenses . . . question payment back salary will be settled by department immediately after ratification of treaty.

In other words, the seizure of the customs houses was for the purpose of starving the Haitian government into submission and not, as Professor Munro states, "to prevent the revenues from falling into unauthorized hands and also to provide funds for public works for the relief of unemployment."

After the treaty had been secured, which gave not only complete financial control to the United States but pledged the Haitians to settle foreign creditors' claims, Washington deemed it necessary that foreign interests own land in Haiti. The Navy and State Department drew up a new constitution which permitted foreign ownership of land, placed the decisions of the courts martial above that of the Haitian courts, and provided that in the absence of a legislature, a council of state appointed by the President should exercise legislative functions. The Haitian Congress refused to pass the proposed constitution, although it was prepared to pass another draft without the more objectionable clauses.

Professor Munro describes what then took place thus:

> In order to prevent the approval of a constitution different from that on which he had agreed with the Haitian authorities the President dissolved the Congress on June 19. He was supported in this action by the American military authorities and the order of dissolution was delivered by Major Butler, the chief of the constabulary.

What actually happened was that on June 18, General Cole notified Washington:

> Unless contrary instructions received, if necessary to prevent passage proposed constitution I intend dissolve National Assembly *through president if possible, otherwise directly.* (Italics mine.)

General Butler, then acting on orders from General Cole, dissolved the National Assembly.

This picture differs from that presented by Professor Munro, who gives no indication of the pressure brought by the United States authorities and makes it appear that the President of Haiti was acting on his own initiative, the impression which the United States authorities sought to give at the time.

In describing the "discontent with the American occupation," Professor Munro states that the upper class found their situation more difficult than before 1915 because "with the establishment of strict control over government funds and the expenditure of the revenues on public works and other constructive enterprises, rather than for the sole benefit of the ruling class, it was no longer possible for the majority of this class to expect to obtain a living from the government."

Professor Munro apparently does not give the Haitians credit for the sentiments which would animate any people in seeing foreigners drawing salaries in their own country for government administrative work. Moreover, he does not mention the sad case of Collector Johnson, the American collector-in-chief of customs in Port-au-Prince, the third highest official in the American financial control, who during Minister Munro's incumbency, in collusion with an American importing firm in Haiti, began his peculations which reached well into six figures.

One might continue indefinitely thus to analyze Professor Munro's account. By selection and emphasis, he presents a benignly one-sided picture. That in itself may not be objectionable if the reader is aware of it and balances this book by reading Jenks's "Our Cuban Colony," Knight's "The Americans in Santo Domingo," Denny's "Dollars for Bullets," Buell's "The American Occupation of Haiti," and the reports issued during the last six years on Latin America by the Foreign Policy Association. These last are not tendencious; and they give an example of objectiveness which Professor Munro might well emulate.

ERNEST GRUENING

The Bush Negro of Dutch Guiana

Rebel Destiny. Among the Bush Negroes of Dutch Guiana. By Melville J. Herskovits and Frances S. Herskovits. Whittlesey House. $3.

THE Bush Negroes of Guiana are a unique people. They are a conglomerate of uprooted African tribes from Dahomey and neighboring regions of West Africa who, brought to the New World as slaves, escaped not only from their Dutch masters but from the fate of their brothers in the rest of North and South America. These Negroes did not lose their cultural identity, they did not take their lowly place in a civilization that neither wanted them nor managed without them. Alone of the Negroes of our continent they managed to shake off the white man's yoke and to keep themselves permanently distinct as a completely self-supporting and self-respecting folk. The old African life is not preserved in its purity, to be sure, nor have the native languages survived as such, but the influence of both is abundantly manifest today and we have the intensely interesting spectacle of a well-adapted Africo-American people which roots solidly in the Old World and has taken on numerous white and Indian traits and grafted them on the persistent Negro base. There is no serious break here between African and American life, only a gradually changing culture between two continents, with an episode of slavery to give acceleration to the change. There are great differences between the relatively primitive life of the Bush Negroes of Guiana and the superficially more civilized ways of the Negroes of the Dutch capital, Paramaribo, but also an underlying unity of sentiment and belief. "The bush," as the authors of "Rebel Destiny" happily put it, "is Africa of the seventeenth century." It combines, therefore, in its present culture a greatly changed Africa with an Africa that is more conservative in many respects than the West Coast of that continent itself. This need not surprise us, for significant culture process can rarely be phrased in terms of simple change or conservatism. In some ways Bush Negro culture is reminiscent of the culture of French Canada. Here too we find an apparently abrupt break with the Old World culture from which it stems, many local adaptations to the new environment, including a not inconsiderable Indian influence, and a strong undercurrent of provincial conservatism. It is to French Canada that one must go for the richest heritage of French folk song we still possess, it is to Negro Guiana that the ethnologist must turn for the reconstruction of the basic beliefs of the West Africa of the past, even though African culture flows on more abundantly and intricately in its proper home than in its offshoot overseas.

The book which Melville and Frances Herskovits offer us out of the fulness of their prolonged experience with Negro cultures, both American and African, is not a scientific record of their field work in the summers of 1928 and 1929 among the Saramacca Negroes of Dutch Guiana. That field work, it is to be expected, will be presented in technical form to the more limited anthropological public later on. Meanwhile the less technically minded reader will turn to "Rebel Destiny" with joy and supreme satisfaction. The writers have done a difficult and delicate task with taste, with an unfailing sense of the relative strategy of incident and description in building up a picture of the daily life of the Negroes, with a truly remarkable blend of the objective and the participating attitudes. Or rather, to speak more accurately, the book is objective throughout—coolly and delightfully so—but the writers attain their objectivity not through a studied aloofness and pretense at non-participation in the life about them, but through a joyous awareness of what was going on, both toward themselves and aside from themselves. The method that they use—for it is indeed a method, however unobtrusively so—is that of a tangential or unwitting accumulation of significant cultural insights through the accidents of personal experience. Nothing is insisted upon as important, nothing is dismissed as trivial. The unflagging enthusiasm of the writers does not exploit themselves or the objects of their study, it burns itself out in the process of observation, and leaves them free to take themselves and their readers into the heart of a culture that is as exotic as you wish and as reassuringly day-to-day as home itself.

This book, then, is neither a formal monograph nor an ordinary book of travel. It has nothing of the grimness of either type of earnestness. And—thank God—it comes back with no steamily subjective news from over there of how to learn to be happy though civilized.

EDWARD SAPIR

German Socialism Still Lives

Socialism's New Beginning. By Miles. The League for Industrial Democracy. 35 cents.

THIS secret manifesto, published under the pseudonym of "Miles" by a left-wing German Socialist, smuggled out of the country, and first published by the émigré party functionaries of Prague whom it violently attacks, is now fortunately available for English and American readers. It is a voice from the grave but it proves that what the Nazis have interred is not really dead. The manifesto is first of all a passionate reaffirmation of Marxist faith and an expression of confidence in the possibility of ultimately establishing a socialist society upon the ruins of fascism. As a declaration of faith it is a symbol of the fact that Nazi terror may have silenced the voices but has not changed the loyalties of the real Marxists of Germany.

The manifesto is, however, something more than a credo.

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It is a vigorous criticism of the policies of the Communist and Socialist Parties. It holds both parties equally responsible for the destruction of the working-class movement in Germany. The Socialist Party, it declares, departed from true Marxism long before the present crisis and even before 1914. The essence of its apostasy was its confidence in bourgeois democracy. While the manifesto recognizes the values of bourgeois democracy for a developing labor movement it accuses the Socialist Party of having been romantic in its futile effort to preserve this democracy, either as an end in itself or as an ultimate instrument of socialism. In a period of capitalist decline, it asserts, "only dictatorial centralized forms of government can last for any length of time. . . . The only question is whether these states shall be fascist or socialist."

The Communist Party is accused of another kind of romanticism. "Instead of critically analyzing happenings in the working class and in society and their own role therein, they read into the world and into society their own subjective, even if for the most part highly revolutionary, ideas. In so doing they abandon the Marxist methodology (which is materialist) in favor of idealism, that is, subjective idealism." The illusions resulting from such idealism are held responsible for the divisive and sectarian tactics of the Communist Party. Against it the words of Marx, written in 1852, are leveled: "The minority replaces a critical by a dogmatic, a materialist by an idealist outlook. For it mere will-power becomes the driving wheel of revolution instead of actual conditions." The manifesto opposes all sectarian tendencies on the part of left-wing Socialists. It is their business to remain in organic contact with both trade unions and reformist parties so that they will not forfeit their influence among the masses of workers which compose these groups. This is not merely an individual opinion of the authors. It represents the policy of a very considerable group of revolutionary socialists who remained within the Social Democratic Party. There is reason to believe that this entire manifesto is an expression of their views. Nothing is heard of them at the present in Germany because they regard the Communist acts of defiance against fascism as heroic but futile gestures which they do not care to emulate. If they are reforming their lines they are doing so very secretly.

While the policy of the manifesto is described as a purer Marxism than that of either the Communist or Socialist Party, it departs from Marx in one important particular. It does not regard socialism as inevitable and it believes that serious mistakes in strategy are derived from this error. "For Marx and Engels the proletarian revolution was an historical necessity, and all Socialists since that time have taken over this dogma. . . . In reality socialist revolution and socialist remodeling of society are not historically inevitable but are rather a great historical opportunity placed within reach of the human race."

In conformity with this revision the manifesto does not expect an inevitable upsurge of the proletarian masses under the pressure of fascism. But it does expect the inner contradictions of fascism to create new opportunities for the success of the radical movement; and for these it wants to prepare the workers by strengthening their faith and perfecting their revolutionary tactics.

Detailed tactics are not discussed except that Russia is asked to keep hands off. The manifesto regards the activities of the Comintern in the Western world as a total loss and even suggests that the two chief policies of Soviet Russia—the enforced collectivization of the farms and the too rapid expansion of productive equipment, with the resulting lowering of living standards for the Russian masses—as perils to socialism in the Western world. With remarkable self-assurance, it predicts that some of these errors will not be overcome until triumphant Western socialism can teach the Russians a few lessons. This breath-taking lèse majesté will undoubtedly result in gnashing of teeth in all those circles in which Moscow has achieved the authority of an infallible Rome.

"Socialism's New Beginning" is, in short, a document which deserves and will receive a wide reading among those who are interested in revolutionary philosophy and strategy. The fact that it is a statement of faith and an effort to reconstruct strategy coming from men who have borne the heat of the battle in an historic struggle and may possibly be the leaders of an even more important one, gives it added weight.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

Shorter Notices

Warpath. By Stanley Vestal. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

In "Warpath" Stanley Vestal has written an extended footnote to his "Sitting Bull." That chief's nephew, White Bull, never attained the fame or eminence of his uncle but from boyhood he exemplified qualities that were the glory of the Prairie Sioux, prowess in warfare and love of it for its own sake. The book was written from White Bull's spoken narrative with verifications as to historical events from military records. It is far less poetic than some of the recent biographies and autobiographies. White Bull had occasional visions, mainly of a highly useful order; he danced the Sun Dance, observed ceremonials, but he was truly himself only on the warpath; his story is harsh, astringent, bold. Now over eighty, he has been signally honored by the whites, particularly at the Semi-Centennial Ceremonies held on the Custer Battlefield. He had taken part at that battle; he may have been the warrior who killed Custer. Since the killing of a great man would enhance his own glory, he amiably hopes that this is true.

The Foreground of American Fiction. By Harry Hartwick. American Book Company. $2.50.

With remarkable and sometimes startling erudition Harry Hartwick has dug about the roots of recent American fiction to study the soil of opinion from which its stories and characters have grown. Not too acute in his treatment of individual novelists, particularly when they fall outside his categories, he barely mentions Elinor Wylie and he entirely misses the comic salt in Erskine Caldwell. He does less than justice to the part played by the Marxian hypothesis in current novels. On the whole he is not so striking in his political or social as in his moral or theological observations. His categories are soundly drawn up but uneven in execution. In Beyond Life he seems to see little difference as to merit between Cabell and Hergesheimer. In New Worlds for Old (Sinclair, Lewis, Dos Passos) he writes raggedly. He is better in Laws as Wings (Howells, Henry James, Edith Wharton, Willa Cather), where there are many cogent things to be said. He is best in The Noble Savage, which learnedly and vigorously traces the course of naturalism from Crane through Norris, London, Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, and Hemingway to Faulkner. Dissatisfied as Mr. Hartwick is with the latest "broncho excesses" of naturalism, he still cherishes its doctrines and believes that it may give up its bad habits and take on good, in a happy fusion of contrasted virtues.

Our Primitive Contemporaries. By George Peter Murdock. The Macmillan Company. $5.

Dr. Murdock has attempted to supply a gap in the literature upon primitive people, the gap between general comparative studies such as those of Fraser and Westermark, in which illustrative materials varying from a sentence to a paragraph are chosen at random from the whole primitive world, and the full-length monograph treatment of different primitive tribes. He has combed the available literature conscientiously and thoroughly and produced eighteen monotone miniature pictures in which eighteen primitive peoples of almost inconceivable diversity of social, economic, and religious patterns are treated in compact, comprehensive sketches of approximately the same length and manner. The book is an interesting demonstration of the success with which a concept like "the universal pattern of culture" can be used to blot out differences between simple nomadic people like the Tasmanians and elaborate developments like the Inca civilization. This volume falls rather under the heading of a semi-reference book in which readers may find suggestions which will lead them back to the first-hand material.

Coleridge: Selected Poetry and Prose. Edited by Stephen Potter. The Nonesuch Press. $3.50.

This volume is uniform in format and type of binding with the admirable one-volume editions by the same publishers of the prose and poetry of Blake and of Donne, the selected essays of Hazlitt, and the plays and poems of W. S. Gilbert. Like the Hazlitt volume, it runs to somewhat more than 800 pages, but it is even lighter and more compact. In order to show the many facets of Coleridge's luminous mind, Mr. Potter has presented as wide a range of selections as possible, including samples of political journalism, extracts from the notebooks and the "Aids to Reflection," miscellaneous criticism, "theologico-metaphysical" passages, the letters, and Coleridge's table talk as recorded by various listeners. The poems are printed rather fully, but the prose consists almost entirely of selections. For the most part this arrangement proves to be a happy one, and presents fewer difficulties with Coleridge than with other writers of equal rank, for Coleridge was not only very uneven, and appallingly given to digressions and irrelevancies, but full of repetitions. He had a habit, as Mr. Potter points out, of borrowing constantly from his past works "in the belief, often well founded, that nobody had read them." Yet in an edition of Coleridge of this length, it would probably have been better if Mr. Potter had included the whole of so important a volume as the "Biographia Literaria," instead of the present abridged version.

American Legal Records. Volume 1: Proceedings of the Maryland Court of Appeals, 1695-1729. Edited by Carroll T. Bond, with the collaboration of Richard B. Morris. The American Historical Association. $7.50.

This is the first volume of a series launched in 1930 as the result of the cooperation of American legal and historical scholars. It testifies to the growing interest in American colonial law, which until recently remained virtually unexplored. The reception of the English common law after the Revolution withdrew the interest of American jurists in the origins of the native legal system. They followed the opinions of the King's Bench even as American poets imitated English bards in singing of the lark and nightingale. Since the revival of interest in American colonial law the chief focus of dispute has been the extent of its indebtedness to the English common law. While it is generally conceded that in the prerevolutionary generation colonial law was substantially English, opinion is divided with regard to the seventeenth century. One school contends that colonial law bore a close resemblance to English law; another, that it was largely independent and dominated by Biblicism; and still another, that while it was substantially English it was English local rather than common law which was received; for certainly in the seventeenth century the common law was not yet a unified and centralized system but was still struggling against the local jurisdictions. The present volume of court records would seem to support, on the whole, the latter view. The influence of English law is manifest but the practice in Maryland was affected by the provision of the provincial charter which granted to the colony the considerable autonomy of jurisdiction which in the homeland belonged to the county palatine of Durham.

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Music

"The Most Faustian Art"

HARDLY had Palestrina completed his vast choral weavings, in which many voices humbly intermingle to the glory of God, than the individualistic trends of opera began to manifest themselves. In place of the ensemble of voices, none more self-assertive than the rest, we see the growing importance of the individual role; and at the same time new mechanical devices begin to show their authority in guiding the course of musical speculation. Perhaps the most significant principle of order was established when Bach, writing for the forerunner of the piano, confirmed the theory of "equal temperament" by which the ear was "rectified" in conformity with a logical dictate. Scales of precisely the same intervallic pattern could now be constructed upon any white or black key, and a contrapuntal art could be developed in easily observable systematization. The musician could select some firm sequence of notes, impress them upon the memory, and proceed to carry them through a texture of different keys and harmonic adjustments, with overlappings and transformations of the theme itself. The resultant music could gratify a very essential human concern—the delight with a kind of intricacy which is clearly constructed upon an underlying schema of order.

There followed a century or so in which this general balance of coexistent intricacy and simplicity was observed in one way or another, most notably in the perfection of the sonata form. Gradually, however, a different sort of interest began to gain prominence. If the distinctive trait of the earlier music was formal, the newer trend might be designated in general "psychologistic." With the progressive secularization of music, it had become less and less "congregational," and more and more of a "performer's art." By the time romanticism flowered we had the typical modern situation: the artists providing all the incentives and the audience merely "receiving." Romanticism seems to have attempted to reestablish communication on this new basis by stressing the emotional or passional aspect of music. Now, if one wishes to suggest states of mind—such as longing, anguish, unrest, strangeness, hopefulness—or to depict their external counterparts—such as storms, waves, processions, railway trains, and grotesques—the tonal "logic" is necessarily of a different sort. The earlier formal ideals tend to become not merely unnecessary but even positively obstructive. Perhaps Wagner's use of the *Leitmotif* may be considered the intermediate point between the thematic unity of classical structure and the "unifying mood" of post-Wagnerian impressionism.

Though the romantics generally thought of themselves as freeing music from many stodgy orthodoxies which interfered with complete musical expression, one might rather consider their movement as a definite change in the *aims* of musical expression. It is customary to pick out certain passages from earlier works, to note their "astonishingly modern" quality, and to assume that the composer was "groping" for precisely this quality and would have exemplified it throughout his work had he not been "held back" by the stupidity of his contemporaries. This is to overlook entirely the proportions which the given "modern" quality bore to the work as a whole, and to forget that a musician might have been interested in preserving precisely these proportions. It would be like finding a passage in Shakespeare that suggested Faulkner, and drawing from it the conclusion that Shakespeare was yearning to write "all Faulkner." Might we not rather consider each new "gain in musical freedom" as mere evidence of a change in the purposes to which music was put? Often, for instance, people point to the fact that a work which was once profoundly re-

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sented is now received without a qualm. The usual interpretation of this phenomenon is the assumption that we have now learned how to find our way about in the new music. Yet, *how* have we learned to find our way about? To a large extent, I believe that we have done this by learning to ask different things of a musical structure. If people are no longer "bewildered" by certain modern compositions, this fact need not signify that they have learned how to follow more intricate processes. It may also signify that they no longer attempt to follow these processes at all, tending rather to receive the music simply as a solid body of sound, precisely as they might receive a natural event or a street scene in their actual environment.

One cannot safely fix "first causes" here. One may find extra-musical factors that seem to account for the course which music has taken; or one can explain musical development solely with reference to the theory of music itself. The great influx of different instrumental textures—possibly a reflection of the "machine age" in general—might account for our increasing receptivity to dissonance: a conflict of tones is greatly lessened when these are distributed among various instrumental timbres—quite as three discordant notes would seem less discordant if one were assigned to a bell, the second were sung, and the third were struck on a drum than if all three were sounded by bells. Such freedom, once introduced, could then work by "recoil" to make us more receptive to the notes when sounded by bells alone. Again, it is quite customary to point out the stridencies of the modern city as providing a kind of "economic necessity" for our wider reception of dissonance, and dissonant music is pictured as largely an attempt on the composer's part to invent sounds which can rival in interest the accidental noises of the industrial state. In this respect, musical dissonance would merely be a tame aspect of that same movement which Griffith exemplified when introducing his noise contraptions to work upon our emotions in his "Birth of a Nation." Furthermore, however the drive toward invention and innovation may have originated, it was also doubtless greatly stimulated by the competitive conditions of an "overcrowded" art in an "expansionist" era, the great need for the artist to produce some brand of commodity which might have quick noticeability. Under such conditions, oddity, intensity, and extremity are qualities of much greater "biologic usefulness" than balance, repose, soundness, since they are more "arresting." We should expect at least as much competitive stylization in art as we find in advertising, a tendency to establish "esthetic trade names," as with soaps or automobile designs. We do not speak in a derogatory sense when we note this intrusion of chamber-of-commerce tactics into art. We mean simply that when art is highly centralized, when the artists from a hundred million standardized people must all go to one city, there to outclamor one another or to remain unheard, the natural pieties of art are necessarily confused by demands of salesmanship.

But this brings us to the subject of invention in general—and we must remember that this is the age in which the inventive man, *Homo faber,* has flowered. Surely there is no art which more clearly discloses the laws of progressive invention than "the most Faustian art," music. The slightest acquaintance with even the rudimentary rules of harmony can suggest ways of "extending" the production of sound in new directions. A mere rule of academic avoidance, for instance, is sufficient in the modern mind to suggest the thought: "Why not build a composition by intensely exemplifying the very thing which this rule proscribes?" Or any theory of scales or of harmonic development contains, for even the mildly adventurous, enticing possibilities for the "development of new resources." The main difficulty here seems to arise on occasion from the fact that the fate of production in music has paralleled the fate of production under capitalist industrialism in general: production tended to be isolated as a problem in itself, without sufficient regard for the problems of the "consumer." It is easily possible, by strictly methodical procedure, to erect a texture of sound which could not possibly disclose this same logic to the auditor. For instance: one may take a sequence of notes, invert them, reverse them, invert the reversal, modify the intervals and the rhythmic character, and then have all this going at once, with uneven overlappings—and though the construction may be perfectly methodical, the abilities of the inventive mind have here far outstripped the abilities of the receptive ear. The fields of production and consumption tend to become distinct: the speculative gratifications of the producer must be wholly different from those of the consumer, quite as the inventing of a new refrigerator may be the height of brilliance, but the use of it is 99 per cent bluntness. A kindred issue is notable in the later work of Stein or Joyce.

In any event, we now have available a range of resources so wide that many musicians are deliberately attempting to restore some modern equivalent of the older intricacy-simplicity combination. At precisely the moment when music had established its ability to wail, curse, convulse, exult, long, moon, and sorrow, we note the hankering after a principle of order somewhat like that prevailing in the eighteenth century . The issue is not clear, nor have the solutions been wholly promising, particularly as the "order" is sought precisely in those regions of sound and rhythm which would have thoroughly symbolized disorder at the time of the earlier classicism. Again, the texture of our sciences and business has been so thoroughly romantic as to suggest that neo-classicism itself is but a misnomer for one of the romantic schools. Even those who would complete the rationalization of the state are the arch-romantics of politics: the communists. The matter is further complicated by the fact that the aspects of modern life which really do contain something of "classical regularity"—such as standardization of "needs," railroad schedules, radio broadcasting, newspaper distribution, investors' graphs, and the prompt appearance of the gas bill—seem to have detracted from rationality much of the lure as human guidance which it must have had in earlier eras, before it was quite so generally embodied in the economic plant. Hence, even the "classical" phases of our living seem to call for a romantic antidote, as artists seek to provide greater and greater quixoticism for those who, despite all the upheavals now upon us, still move in a state of external quietude that permits and demands the maximum of internal agitation if they are to "be alive."

KENNETH BURKE

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AT HONOLULU, President Roosevelt made a characteristic speech even more than ordinarily full of charming and meaningless phrases. He reminded the Hawaiians that they were "an integral part of the nation," with a "fine historic tradition." He remarked on the "excellent appearance of neatness and cleanliness in the homes . . . of the islands" and noted that "you are doing much to improve the standards of living of the average of your citizenship." A touch that was not quite relevant to this local sweetness and light crept in when he added that he wished "to say a word of congratulation on the efficiency and the fine spirit of the army and navy forces of which I am Commander-in-Chief" although, of course, "These forces must ever be considered an instrument of continuing peace." The Japanese, a simple people, not quite so much given to treacle, expressed themselves as disappointed with Mr. Roosevelt's remarks. They have, so reports from Tokio declare, been trying for some time to obtain from the United States more specific declarations of amity than have been forthcoming. They would like a thought or two on Manchuria, a hint of any relaxation in our immigration policy, a mention of the naval conference in 1935. They even hoped that perhaps the American President might mention one or more of these matters when he came to Hawaii. But they deceived themselves. Mr. Roosevelt said farewell to the Hawaiians in their own language; otherwise his speech was that employed by politicians the world over when they do not wish to get mixed up in an unpleasant situation.

UNDER THE HEADING, "Dailies Helped Break General Strike," *Editor and Publisher* reveals that the publishers in the San Francisco Bay area formed a council and printed false information which incited the red hunt and the consequent wrecking of the radicals' meeting places by self-styled vigilantes. "On Sunday, July 15, the *Examiner* and the *Chronicle*," says *Editor and Publisher,* "published front-page editorials stating that radicals had seized control by intimidation and that the general strike was a revolution against constituted authority." Simultaneously William Randolph Hearst telephoned from London to announce a cable story telling how the 1926 general strike in England was crushed, and "this was published on Monday in the *Examiner, Chronicle, Call-Bulletin,* Oakland *Post-Enquirer,* and all Hearst newspapers." By this time, conscientiously reports *Editor and Publisher,* "the general public, which had generally been sympathetic to the alleged wrongs of the longshoremen, awakened to the menace which threatened citizen rights and that the general strike was 'revolution'." The brains of the publishers' council was Francis Neyland, general counsel for the Hearst newspapers, who "entered into negotiations with conservative labor leaders . . . who welcomed this help. Newspaper editorials built up the strength and influence of the conservative leaders and aided in splitting the conservative membership away from the radicals. The publishers believed that the situation might spread into a revolution that would sweep the country." Then came the vigilantes, and how those strike-breaking newspapers crowed with delight! They suppressed and falsified what happened. The *Chronicle* and the *Examiner* in particular whitewashed the police and put the blame on union labor. "Police started the raids during the morning but were superseded by an infuriated band of men, reported to be union strikers," reported the *Examiner.* And beneath pictures of demolished communist headquarters appeared descriptive lines that struck a new sadistic note in American journalism: "Here's a smashing raid on radical headquarters on Valencia Street, when aroused conservative unionists broke up light housekeeping, destroyed inflammatory literature, and helped in the swing to the right with a few right swings."

MORE AND MORE the fascist mood is creeping into news headlines and editorials all over the country. It was only a month ago that James Rorty predicted in *The Nation* that it would be a miracle if the FERA continued to feed strikers in the face of pressures generated by major strike situations. These pressures have already taken the form of belligerent demands upon the FERA at Washington that the government cease using tax money to feed strikers who reject the settlements proposed by government mediation boards. The Richmond, Virginia, *Times-Dispatch* writes: "How far should the Emergency Relief Administration go in providing food, clothing, and shelter for strikers? With the walkout of rayon workers at Hopewell now in its third week, the question is pertinent to the policy of the FERA." As might be expected, the Los Angeles *Times* is even more violent: "Merely to have fed these strikers with money collected from the very public they are trying to starve is a travesty upon civilization." Paper after paper recalls the strike-breaking heroes of the past—Grover Cleveland, Ole Hanson, Calvin Coolidge—and they predict a brilliant future for Governor Merriam. Recurrently the words "communist" and "foreign-born" are used to carry almost equal opprobium. Most forthright of all is the Indianapolis *Star,* which editorializes as follows: "Alien communists should be deported. Subversive literature should be destroyed. The need for a program of thorough-going Americanization is fully as great as it was during the war." Somewhat more subtly, the New York *Journal of Commerce* suggests that the breaking of the general strike has cost labor dearly, and that "perhaps the greatest loss will be a likely basic change in the attitude of the federal Administration toward pushing further organization of American labor within the framework of existing unions."

SIGNIFICANTLY, two news stories appeared side by side in the New York *Times* of July 29. The two headlines read: "Police Act to List All Union Leaders," and "Police 'Riot Squad' is Doubled to 1,200." One way to make trouble is to prepare for trouble, and the preparations of the police for domestic strife on the labor front are not different in animus and effect from the "preparedness" campaigns of the military crowd. According to Chief Inspector Valentine, the listing of union leaders was undertaken at the behest of the joint board of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, but officials of the Amalgamated deny responsibility for the order and denounce it as an anti-union maneuver. General O'Ryan leaves no doubt as to how these lists will be used. He said: "The purpose of the order is the more readily to enable the police, in case of labor difficulties, to distinguish between accredited labor representatives and others who claim to be representatives of the unions but are actually trouble makers." Protests against the order were lodged by the Food Workers Industrial Union, the Trade Union Unity Council and the American Newspaper Guild, and by Louis Waldman, state chairman of the Socialist Party. Such an order in the hands of the Toledo police would have provided a convenient pretext for jailing the leaders of the Unemployed League, who, by defying an outrageous court injunction, rescued the Auto-Lite worerks' strike from stalemate and brought it to a successful conclusion. Mayor La Guardia has said that there is nothing obligatory about the identification plan and second that its sole purpose was to prevent misunderstanding on occasions when union investigators checked up on employers to see if NRA regulations were observed or when there was a question about the authority of union representatives to act for the union. It may mean that and nothing more to the Mayor but the use of such an order by a fascist-minded police commissioner is something quite different.

EVEN MORE OMINOUS was the action of General O'Ryan, New York Police Commissioner, in ordering the recently organized police rifle regiment to begin drilling immediately. The new regiment will number 1,200 men—double the strength of the old "riot squad," and will consist, like a regular-army unit, of three battalions of three companies each. One company will be armed with Thompson sub-machine guns, and there is to be in addition a medical corps, a motor transport unit, and a replacement company. The order to train this quasi-military police unit followed close on the heels of the walk-out of engineers and workers in the Mid-town Hudson Tunnel which brought the threat of a general strike in heavy industries. Asked whether the regiment would be mobilized in the event of a riot, General O'Ryan said that it would depend upon the extent of the riot. By his handling of the demonstrations of unemployed and relief workers, and by his blanket approval of the increasing brutality of the New York police, General O'Ryan has repeatedly shown his hand. He is a rather typical "brass hat" in politics. If Mayor La Guardia intends to keep faith with his liberal supporters and avoid an orgy of red-hunting similar to that which now rages up and down the West coast, he should recognize that all the portents indicate General O'Ryan as Trouble-maker Number 1. In other words, the sooner New York has a new police commissioner the better. Fortunately the unions are alive to the danger confronting them. Joseph Schlossberg, general secretary of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America has declared that the organization of the rifle regiment means "a declaration of war on the unions." It is that in effect, if not in intent. As the American Civil Liberties Union points out, "Every red-baiting campaign starts with a broadside against radicals and winds up with an open assault upon all organized labor."

JUDGE BOOTH of the Connecticut Superior Court has just upheld the validity of a contract based on the closed shop. Suit was brought before Judge Booth by Peter Strong, a former member of the union, against officers of the International Union of Elevator Contractors. Strong asked for damages, charging that the officers had entered into unlawful contracts and engaged in unlawful acts which prevented him from securing employment as an elevator constructor. The plaintiff had been expelled from the union some years ago. Thereafter, whenever he found work in his craft, the union officers would notify the contractors that he was not a member, and he would be discharged. These were the "unlawful" acts complained of on Strong's behalf. As for the "unlawful" contract, it was an agreement between the I.U.E.C. and the contractors, whereby the latter pledged themselves to employ none but union help. Judge Booth's decision addressed itself to the philosophy of the labor movement. The court spoke of the attempts of wage earners, through organization, to protect themselves against "unorganized competition." The court went on to uphold the right of a labor organization to enter into contracts which would give such protection to its members. Having decided that the contract itself was lawful, Judge Booth rejected the contention that the defendants' acts, in enforcing the contract, were illegal. "The resulting damage," he held," if such followed, is an incident unfortunate but unactionable." The court's decision gives voice to a collectivistic idea with which most of our judges so far have not had much sympathy.

AS DIRECTOR of the Division of Research and Economic Planning of the NRA, Mr. Leon Henderson is supposed to hold steadily aloft the candle of statistical and economic "science," thereby illuminating the murk of pressure politics in which the codes are written, revised, and approved. How far that little candle sends its beams may be judged by Mr. Henderson's recent statement predicting an autumn rise in business, and basing his prediction on such unconventional indices as the issuance of marriage certificates, the purchase of living-room rugs, and the repayment of personal loans. Promptly the daily editorial writers, especially those unfriendly to the Administration, trained their statistical Big Berthas on Mr. Henderson and pretty well demolished him. The *Herald Tribune* could and did point out that during the past two months business, as measured by the accepted indices, has fallen off considerably more than seasonally. In fact, according to *Economic Statistics*, production has declined about 15 per cent since May. Moreover, retail trade, in department and chain stores, declined in June both in dollar value and in volume.

THESE FIGURES are real and earnest, although, of course, they do not prove that Mr. Henderson is wrong in predicting a fall upturn, or that the NRA is ill-advised to "gamble," as Mr. Henderson put it, on the prospect of such an upturn. As a matter of fact, the NRA has no choice. It is all a gamble, and a highly political gamble, based on the Administration's hope that American capitalism still retains some natural recuperative power; that the natural recovery will come along in time to save the show before the resources of the greatest showman that ever occupied the White House shall have been exhausted. For the title of Mr. Henderson's Division is obviously a misnomer. One does not plan an economy of abundance by creating scarcities, which is the avowed purpose of the AAA and of most of the NRA codes. The Division of Research and Economic Planning which, if it were what its name indicates, would be what the Gosplan board is in Russia, is merely one of the minor sideshows of the New Deal. Its function is not to plan in any genuine, inclusive sense, but to implement the struggle of the New Dealers to prevent the industrialists from greedily lapping up, under the cover of the codes, the springs of natural, unplanned recovery. Both before and after his elevation to his present position, Mr. Henderson has fought against the price-fixing provisions of the codes, and in behalf of moderately decent wage-and-hour clauses. Theoretically, the statistical muse stands aloof from such battles. Actually, one suspects that, in struggling to jam the remaining industries into codes before August 10, Mr. Henderson was tempted into using statistical blandishments; that he hoped to cajole the recalcitrant industrialists into "gambling" on the happy days to come. If so, it is not the first time that statistics have felt the influence of political exigencies.

A YEAR AGO petroleum production was rapidly increasing beyond all previous volume, this in the face of a declining market. This condition was met by an executive order of the President and a subsequent code. But ultimate control of production was denied the government by the Texas Federal Court decision of February 13 which refused the right of jurisdiction over producers not signing the code and not engaging in inter-State business. A bill providing for real regulation of oil production died in the last Congress because of doubtful constitutionality. Even the production within the scope of the code, as foreign observers remark and as the figures show, has constantly exceeded the set quota. Our stock of petroleum ending July 14 increased 95,000 barrels over the 344,092,000 barrels of the preceding week. The government, in its efforts to maintain the price level, has set a diminished quota for August; to what extent it will be observed is questionable. Yet Secretary Ickes, in reviewing the achievements of the oil administration during its first year of activity, is silent on the subject of violations as well as of the increased legal production. But he points with pride to the three-fold price increase, with the naive reasoning that "more money for less oil should encourage conservation."

THE NEW YORK *DEUTSCHE ZEITUNG*, which attained some publicity through the Dickstein investigation as the organ of the Friends of the New Germany and the officially supported Nazi newspaper for New York, carried the following headlines in its issue of July 26, the first after the assassination of Dollfuss: "People's revenge in Austria! Dollfuss government fallen. Chancellor dead of wounds. Bitterness of the people vents itself; the advance of National Socialism is not to be prevented." The lead article begins:

> In Austria the people have spoken! What will happen in the next days and hours cannot now be predicted; in any case the people have gotten rid of the hated Chancellor. . . . On going to press the situation was still too confused for any conjectures about the political consequences of the rebellion on Wednesday; nevertheless it can certainly be said that what now is preparing in Austria will finally lead to union with Germany—for Austria, if she is to live, a spiritual and financial necessity.

Even if one agrees with the inevitability of Austro-German union, this strident repetition of accepted Nazi doctrine is especially revealing now after the official German disavowal of all responsibility for recent events in Austria. What will the Leader do about the indiscreet honesty of Herr Kappe, editor of the New York *Deutsche Zeitung*? Shall we see Herr Kappe suffer the same sad fate as Herr Habicht: disavowal for continuing the doctrines of the Leader himself?

BECAUSE ONE ELIZABETH PRENDELL, some centuries back, saved the life of the little boy who was to become Charles II of England, one W. Dacre Walker, a physician of Andover, Massachusetts, will receive an annuity which he is reputed not to need. The last recipient of the King's Annuity was the late Professor Francis Walker, of the University of British Columbia. This information, which we glean from the Andover *Townsman*, is duly passed on to our readers, some of whom may have become careless about their daily good deeds. There is, however, a further thought which should be added by way of caution. The ability of potentates to reward posterity to the nth generation has become rather open to question of late. And the attitude of one's fellow citizens about this matter of rescues is also to be considered. For example, one recalls the anecdote about the plain man who inadvertently saved the Duce from the waters of the Adriatic. "How shall I reward you?" asked the dictator. "If you don't mind," replied the citizen, "I'd be glad if you didn't tell anybody that I did it."

Nazism's Defeat in Austria

AT the end of June it seemed a mere matter of mathematics to estimate the date on which a Christian Social-National Socialist cabinet would take the Austrian government out of Dollfuss's hands. But the inhuman murder of the Austrian Chancellor has completely altered the situation. The possibility of a coalition with the Nazis is definitely out of the picture.

The reason is obvious. The Austrian Nazis unquestionably had the support of a considerable percentage of the population. After the suppression and dissolution of the Social Democratic Party, the National Socialist Party was the strongest opposition group in the country, although it was generally acknowledged that it would be able to accomplish its purpose only with the active assistance of the German government and its National Socialist machine. Hitler's plan to undermine Austria by radio agitation from abroad and by an all-pervading apparatus financed by Germany at home, until such time as it would be possible with the assistance of the "Austrian Legion" to overthrow the existing administration, was frustrated by Mussolini's watchfulness. The German "Führer," recognizing the new situation, adjusted himself to it and tried to come to an understanding in Venice which would have brought him to his goal by another, more circuitous route. But Dollfuss, feeling that Mussolini had betrayed him, sought and found reassurance in France and thereupon refused to accept the Hitler-Mussolini compromise which would have encompassed his own political annihilation.

The putsch in Vienna was planned and carried out by a group of Austrian Nazis who felt that the compromise to be effected at Riccioni—whither Dollfuss would have gone on July 29 if he had been alive—would react unfavorably on their own aspirations. They recognized that the events of June 30 had weakened Hitler's position and were persuaded that only immediate action could win Austria for Anschluss and the National Socialist idea. Apparently they were convinced—and this conviction was clearly nurtured by the promises of the blundering German Minister—that the German government, after an initial period of benevolent neutrality, would permit the splendidly equipped and armed Austrian (Nazi) Legion stationed at the Bavarian-Austrian border to come to the assistance of its brethren in the mother country.

That was their great mistake. For even if Hitler were not the inveterate opportunist and demagogue the last eighteen months have shown him to be, he could have come to the assistance of his Austrian comrades only if he had been willing to accept war with every other European nation as the price to be paid. The Hitler regime could no longer count on the support of a blindly devoted majority which was the fundamental prerequisite for victory, nor could it count on the neutrality of the British against France which had been its greatest foreign asset in the recent past. In short there was nothing Hitler desired less than an uprising of his supporters in Austria at this moment. When it occurred he moved precipitously to absolve himself and his regime from responsibility. He closed the borders to the Austrian Legion on the one hand and to fugitive Austrian Nazis on the other. He recalled the stupidly indiscreet envoy to Vienna and repudiated Dr. Rieth's guaranties for safe conduct for the Nazi rebels. He threatened to arrest every refugee who came from Austria to German soil. All of which spelled defeat for the hopes of the Austrian insurgents before they had well begun.

The fight of the Nazis in Austria was lost, indeed, in the moment when Mussolini mobilized his troops for a possible Austrian invasion. These Italian soldiers, between 50,000 and 100,000 in number, would have crossed the border the moment developments in the neighboring republic indicated a possible victory for the Nazi insurrectionists. Mussolini demanded and was granted full power to act and all necessary support by the governments of France and Great Britain. Not even armed intervention by the German government could have brought victory to the Austrian Nazis. Yet in the face of insuperable odds they refused to accept defeat. It is probable that their premature attempt, coupled with the disintegration of Hitler's power in the Reich, has destroyed the possibility of a Nazi victory over the Austrian people.

Their opponents, to be sure, are far from united. The new government which, like that of Dollfuss, represents a coalition of Christian Social and Heimwehr forces, is torn by internal dissension. The Christian Social Party, whose chief representative in the Cabinet, Dr. Schuschnigg, carried the day against the Heimwehr chief, Prince Ernst Starhemberg, after a week of haggling uncertainty controls the important posts in the Cabinet despite the threat of the Heimwehr leaders that they would offer political resistance if the already appointed Starhemberg were removed. The appointment of Schuschnigg, a clerical bureaucrat with strong monarchist leanings, brings a factor into the Austrian situation which the Mussolini-Hitler issue had crowded into the background. Clearly the Vatican which, contrary to Starhemberg's protector, the Italian dictator, strongly favors a return of the Catholic Hapsburgs, has carried the day. The new Chancellor, though reactionary to the core, is less inclined than the adventurer Starhemberg to political extravaganzas and to the chauvinism which would have enticed that irresponsible blusterer into one international complication after the other. There are rumors that France and England have already given their consent to the restoration, that Italy and the Little Entente are to be persuaded to accept this solution of the Austrian problem by guaranteeing young Otto's promise that he and his government under no circumstances will aspire to or accept sovereignty over extra-Austrian territory, unless sanctioned by each and all of the partners to the agreement. The Holy See, one learns from reliable sources, has offered to act as "stake holder" in the deal. It would force Austria to keep its promise of territorial safety for the neighboring states and would insist on withdrawal of its demands for revision of the Treaty of St. Germain, condemning it thereby to a continuation of its present financial and economic dependence on Italy and France. But while this is the case there can be no solution of the Danubian question and no guaranty for the peace of Europe.

These rumors are confirmed by almost identical cables from Rome, Paris, and London reporting that the respective governments are about to present their ultimati to Berlin, demanding that all propaganda in Austria shall cease and that acceptable guaranties be given of the Reich's intention to keep its word. Other less convincing dispatches tell of insistence on reduction and partial disarmament of the SA and SS troops. But in this direction danger lies and England will think twice before it sanctions terms which Germany cannot possibly accept. Mussolini will withdraw his troops and Germany will accept any proposal which permits it to save its face before its people. The nations of Europe, afraid of what war will bring, will build golden bridges for Hitler to cross.

Labor and Industry

LABOR'S struggle for higher wages, shorter hours, and collective bargaining grows steadily more intense. According to conservative estimates American workers who still have jobs have lost at least 15,000,000 days since January 1 because of strikes or lock-outs. The United States Department of Labor reports that 1,926,035 days were lost in January. In May the figure rose to 3,477,893. And the figure for July, covering the period of the San Francisco general strike, will probably be even higher.

The central issue in most of the strikes has been recognition of the union; and the workers have grown more and more militant in their methods. In San Francisco, Minneapolis, Toledo, Montana, Milwaukee, and other strike centers, they have succeeded in bringing the life of the community to a standstill by means of a power often quite out of proportion to the actual number of strikers. And they have been able to do this only because they have had the sympathy of an important section of the community. In Toledo the strikers were supported by the masses of unemployed in that industrial city which collapsed early in the depression and has ever since been so prostrate that the unemployed worker can no longer look upon his employed fellow as a rival but only as another potentially unemployed worker. In Montana the strike of the miners has become the focus for the deep and widespread hatred of the Anaconda Copper Company that is felt in every community in the State. In Milwaukee public resentment against the power monopoly expressed itself in a picket line which was overwhelmingly composed of plain citizens who, like the electric employees on strike, had been exploited by the public utilities. In San Francisco the 100,000 people who took part in the strike were after all not only workers but members of the community. The mad red-hunts which later took place were not the spontaneous expression of an outraged citizenry. They were incited and carried out by a small minority of business and industrial interests bent upon discrediting 100,000 workers and citizens who asked only honorable working conditions.

These lawless raids upon the organizations and even the homes of workers in California are the most flagrant examples so far of another major development which has kept pace with the growth of labor unrest. This is the growth of fascist influences which are appearing consistently in connection with strikes. Throughout California vigilantes are terrorizing "communists" in the agricultural sections as well as in the industrial centers. In Minneapolis the Citizens' Alliance and the Law and Order League are active; South Jersey, scene of the recent strike at the Seabrook Farms, has its minute men. In York County, Pennsylvania, "substantial citizens" carry firearms by permission of the authorities.

The cleavage between the "haves" and the "have-nots" will grow more critical as continuing depression further undermines the security of the workers and the profits of employers. On many fronts bitter battles are being fought over wage demands as low as $12 a week. The NRA minimum which has precipitated so many walkouts does not average more than $15. Yet the figure commonly accepted as a bare subsistence wage is $1,500 a year or $30 weekly.

The Nation believes that its readers and the American people as a whole are deeply interested in the struggle through which so many thousands of their fellow citizens are trying to force decent living conditions. It believes also that the daily press, dominated as it is by those who own rather than by those who work, is giving an inadequate and distorted picture of the present labor unrest. For these reasons *The Nation* establishes with this issue a special section on Labor and Industry. Within its limited space we shall try to build up over a period of months an adequate and reliable picture of what is taking place among both industrial and agricultural workers, unemployed as well as employed. We shall give particular attention to the fascist developments already mentioned, which are so fraught with menace to a liberty-loving people. In this venture we solicit the active cooperation of men and women throughout the country who wish to see the important issues between capital and labor decided on the basis of their merit, and who feel with us that there can be no permanent labor peace until the worker obtains not only decent working conditions but the power, through collective bargaining, to control those conditions.

Too Much Weather

THE immemorial struggle between the farmer and his earth has this year taken on a peculiar intensity. From Canada to Texas, and from the Mississippi to the Rockies, the average farmer would be out all day praying for rain—except that he is too busy trying to invent ways to bring water to dying stock and parched fields. It is reported that in parts of Kansas derricks bloom as freely as in oil-boom days, but they are working day and night driving shafts into the earth to find water. Thousands of otherwise impoverished farmers are on government pay, laying pipe lines, lowering the outlets of lakes and ponds, diverting what is left of streams. Water is being pumped from sources fifty miles away to relieve the residents of Imperial Valley, California, and Lawrence Westbrook, assistant FERA administrator in charge of drought relief, reports that in one town a two-inch pipe was laid to a spring five miles away when the local water supply was exhausted and the townspeople were buying water at as high as a dollar a barrel.

What this state of affairs has done to the AAA crop-reduction program is all too obvious. Secretary Wallace is quoted as saying that, with the exception of the cotton crop, all farm surpluses may very well be wiped out by the drought. Wheat, cattle, hogs, dairy products, milk, and possibly corn—if it does not rain very shortly—will be in a state of depletion unknown for years. And there may be an actual shortage of hay, oats, and bran during the coming winter. The wheat crop averaged, from 1927 to 1931, 886,359,000 bushels. This year the forecast is for a yield of 483,662,000 bushels. In Missouri it is estimated that the corn crop lost about a hundred million bushels during July. The Missouri oat yield is thought to be about 10 per cent of the normal crop; grass for feed is about 15 to 20 per cent of normal. In Oklahoma federal statisticians reported the corn crop a failure in nine counties, and not more than 10 per cent normal in twenty-one counties—more than a third of the whole State. The Kansas corn crop declined 50,000,000 in about three weeks in July, leaving about a third of the normal yield.

It is almost impossible to compute the financial losses implied by these failures of the earth to yield its accustomed harvest. The crop damage in Nebraska alone is estimated at $156,000,000; and it would be easy to extend similar computations—to include stock as well as grain—until the total ran near the billion mark. The federal government has already allocated some twenty million dollars for the relief of the drought areas, and there is no doubt that millions more will be needed. Secretary Wallace promises that from four to seven million head of cattle will be purchased before the year is out, and will be made into canned beef to be distributed to families on federal relief. And work relief now takes the form of increasing the water supply and driving starving and thirsty cattle to ranges where food and water may be had.

This is a problem which immediately and directly involves about a third of the country—in area if not in population—and involves the rest by the threat of a limitation in the food supply. O. W. Roberts, chief of the Bismarck (North Dakota) Weather Bureau Station, who has spent years studying meteorological conditions in that area, feels that the problem is only a temporary one. That a season of normal rainfall will bring the soil back to its customary moisture. There are plenty of others who believe that much of the present drought region is gradually approaching desert conditions. The sub-surface water is sinking lower and lower. There was a time when twenty-foot wells sufficed; now the artesian wells which followed them currently run dry. In the light of this view of the situation, the government plan for the creation of a forest windbreak 1,300 miles long from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico is about to be undertaken. The project will be in the nature of an enormous relief scheme, it will take about ten years to complete, and will cost upwards of $70,000,000. If it succeeds —that is, if the trees are planted and live—there is small doubt that it will materially improve the moisture conditions of the affected regions. It may even prevent a drought similar to the one we are now experiencing. In the meanwhile we have the problem of some half a million farmers who may need actually to move from their present farms to land which they can cultivate. And we face a possible sharp rise in food prices next winter as a result of a shortage of grain and breed stock. Farming is a stern business; and in the age of the machine it is perhaps a little humbling to see how firmly it is guided by the authority of the wind and the rain.

Theology and Birth Control

MANY readers have commented by letter upon our recent editorial The Paradox of Birth Control. For the most part, non-Catholics contented themselves with reiterating medical doubts concerning the reality of the so-called "sterile period," but several members of the Catholic church have protested that we did not recognize the logic of their position. The method sanctioned by its propagandists is, they say, "natural." Contraception by mechanical or chemical methods, on the other hand, is "unnatural." Or, as an editorial in a Catholic newspaper declared, "the sterile period was created by God," while the methods advocated by the birth-control clinics "defeat God's purpose."

With the best will in the world we are unable to see in all this anything except the most trivial quibbling and we do not believe that our failure to be convinced is, as one correspondent suggested, due exclusively to the fact that we have given up all faith in God. If He ordained the "sterile period" then surely He also consented, at least, to the invention of chinasol, and we find it impossible to conceive how a chemical reality can be any less "natural" than a physiological one. Nor, if the question is theologically a question of "use" and "abuse," do we see by what means it can be proved that deliberately to take advantage of the "sterile period, is to "use" a natural fact while to take advantage of an equally natural chemical fact is to "abuse" it. If we were concerned with theology we should hesitate to assume that "God's purpose" could be defeated and we find it difficult to believe that it is wrong to accomplish with scientific certainty what it is right to attempt by relying upon a vulgar —and possibly erroneous—belief. Superstition is not somehow sacred and science somehow impious.

It is strange to find the Catholic church reviving a type of argument which we thought of as now current only in those remote communities where airplanes are still regarded as a defiance of God's law and the employment of any medicines not compounded out of "herbs" is thought to constitute black magic. One does, to be sure, still occasionally hear it said that efforts to render childbirth less painful are impious because "if God had not intended women to suffer he would not have ordained labor-pains at all." But the official attitude of the Catholic church on birth control strikes us as peculiarly benighted—almost exactly parallel to that taken a hundred years ago when Morton introduced ether. It is hard to imagine now how anyone could have seriously believed that to render a surgical patient insensible to pain was to commit a grave sin. Yet we ourselves feel very sure that, a century hence, hair-splitting discussions of the distinction between "natural" and "unnatural" methods of birth control will seem quite as fantastic.

Once it has been admitted that the number of offspring ought to be consciously controlled, it seems difficult to maintain without absurdity that this control becomes sinful as soon as it ceases to be bungling and uncertain. Whatever it is legitimate to do at all it is certainly legitimate to do in the surest and safest way possible.

Issues and Men

Robert M. LaFollette, Jr.

SENATOR ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE, JR. entered public life under difficult circumstances. He was the son and namesake of his father, a great man and a true patriot, whose wisdom in opposing America's entry into the World War has now been justified a thousand times over—even Senator Borah admits the dreadful mistake the country made. Now sons of distinguished fathers are usually so overshadowed by their sires as to be afflicted with a complete inferiority complex; the sons of great men are usually failures, or inconspicuous, or "monotonously good," as a charming and vivacious Belgian woman once remarked of her distinguished but dull American husband. Robert LaFollette, Jr., was his father's secretary and therefore all the more likely to play second fiddle. Beyond that, he was always delicate and was so ill for a long time as to be unable to go to college; instead of having a number of professors, he sat at the feet of only one, from whom he learned much that is never acquired in class-room or laboratory. The only time the senior LaFollette was ever known to absent himself from his Senatorial duties was when, for months and months, he sat by the bedside of this beloved son, fearing to lose him.

When the father died, the Republicans of the State of Wisconsin, ashamed and repentant of their treatment of him during the war, offered his place to his widow. Her undue modesty forbade, so it went to the older son. Naturally his election placed him in an extremely difficult position. He was young—barely over the legal age. He had made few public appearances; he had travelled little and knew other countries not at all. Able to address an audience easily, he was conscious of not being an orator. He was equally conscious that his every act and every speech would be compared to his father's; people were sure to say: "How much less able he is than his sire." Again, he was aware that his youth placed great restrictions upon him; the older Senators were likely to disregard him because of his boyish appearance. Four things were in his favor: He realized all of these things; he was modest and entirely without conceit; he had extremely good common-sense and knew just what he was and where he stood; and his long experience with his father had made of him an extremely good parliamentarian, familiar with Senatorial practice and the machinery of the Senate's Committees.

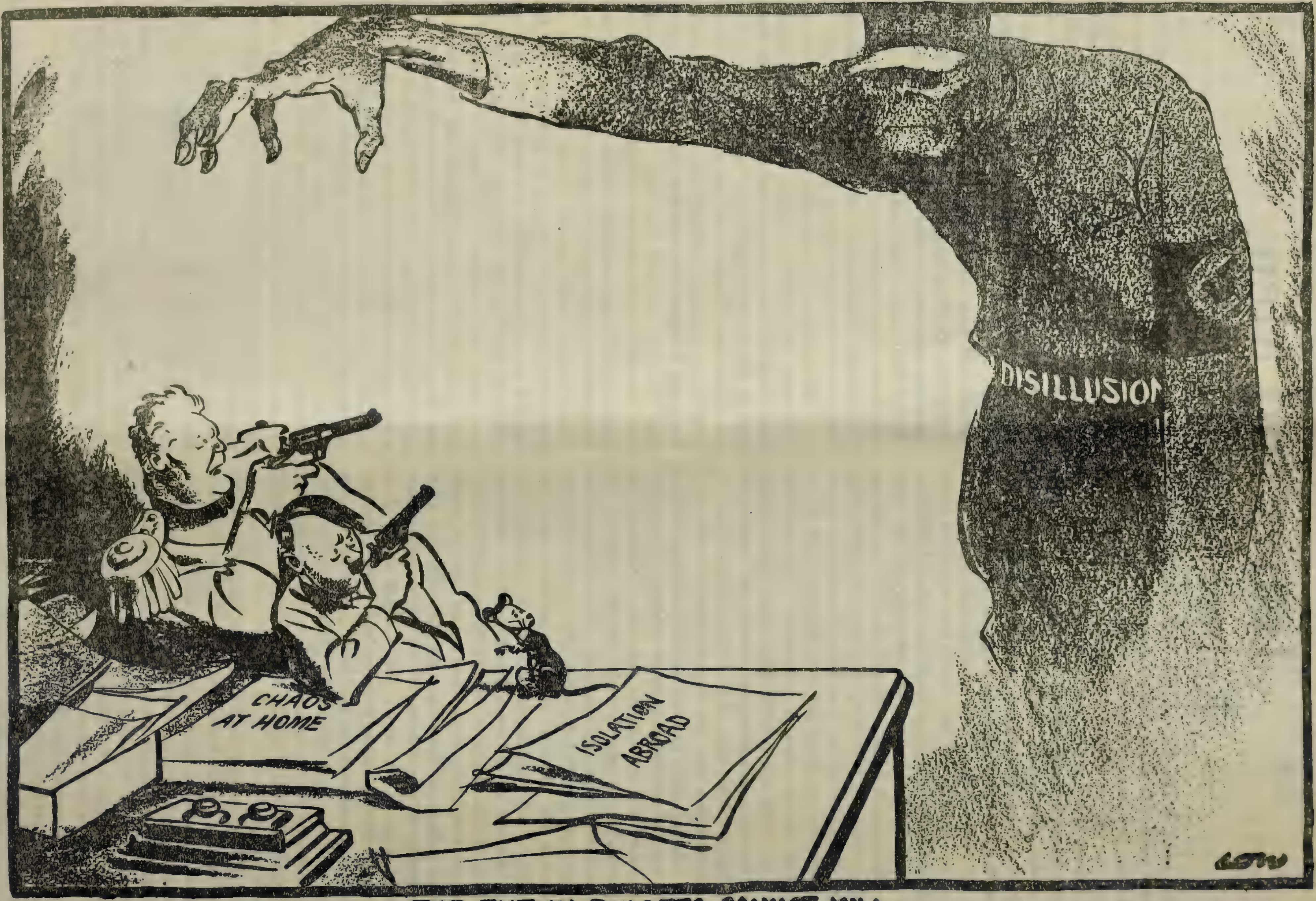
With this equipment he kept his feet squarely on the ground. The fact that he knew that he owed all to his name kept his head from being swollen. He at once began to read biography and works on government to widen his knowledge. Best of all he profited by the example of our senior Senator from New York, old Doctor Copeland, the radio-advertiser and "dinner-bell," who talks endlessly and says nothing, and others of this type. I think it was a full year before he made a real speech; he lost nothing and gained a lot by the delay. Having served for nearly two terms he is no longer the "baby" of the Senate and for years past older Senators have come in to listen to what he has to say. Not an inspired orator, his delivery has steadily improved, while his speeches are always well-documented and solid. In the committee-room, too, the other Senators have come to respect and admire him; he has warm friends among those who are diametrically opposed to his political views—friendships based upon regard for his earnestness and sincerity and his refusal to play the political game to his own advantage. In short, he has become more and more useful and valuable as his years of service have lengthened. He is now one of the veterans, for to his nine years in the Senate Chamber must be added all those years as his father's aide and assistant. No one knows Washington better. Others may be more brilliant, more spectacular, may make the first pages far oftener. This Senator is one of the steady, hardworking, creative men who form a choice minority in that body. No one calls him "wild-eyed," or sensational. He moves along a straight path, and he is lured neither to one side nor the other.

Hence it would be a public misfortune if the voters of Wisconsin should fail to return Senator LaFollette to the chamber which he ornaments and enriches. The difficulty is that, as the *Nation's* readers are aware, he has had to leave the Republican Party and set up a new standard to which honest men, disgusted with both the old parties, might repair. Long ago I urged this upon him; but, in his judgment, the time was not ripe until this year. It was an anachronism that he and his father and brother called themselves Republicans, even if they weakened the dose by calling themselves Progressive Republicans. Now the two brothers can no longer stomach what is left of the Republicans, and the Democratic Party of Wisconsin is no better. So they have decided to put themselves at the head of the growing radicalism of their State by creating a third party, the Progressives, under whose banner the Senator is running. He was quite ready for the change himself and realized some time ago that it was inevitable. Wisconsin is bitterly disappointed by many things in the NRA and its lack of enforcement, and the failure of Roosevelt to live up to the pledge to labor in Section 7-a of the recovery law. It is fed up, too, on the Democratic State Administration which is just another political gang. Of course, the Senator speaks favorably of the President and the New Deal, but, like many of us who do so, he makes his reservations and exceptions and records his dissents. The NRA does not go far enough for him and his followers.

Meanwhile his evolution is steady if slow. He still does not grasp the full significance of the part the tariffs have played in bringing about the political corruption, the privilege, the predatory wealth he has so long fought. But he will see that yet. Meanwhile I wish to help him to victory as far as I can by recording my complete faith in his rectitude, his unselfishness, his earnestness, and his devotion.

Oswald Garrison Villard

A Cartoon by LOW


DISILLUSION
CHAOS AT HOME
ISOLATION ABROAD
LOW

THE ENEMY BULLETS CANNOT KILL.

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August, 1914: a Symposium

They All Lied—and Europe Went to War

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

EUROPE, in that first half of 1914, was a serene and pleasant land compared to the Europe we are watching in 1934. It seemed so to me then, a student at the University of Freiburg, ecstatically tramping the hills of the Black Forest and reciting German poetry to the fir-trees; it seems so to me now, looking back at the structure of international intrigue which we now say "inevitably" led to the World War.

Crisis had followed crisis; yet the constantly prophesied world war had been evaded. There had been a dramatic moment in 1908, when Austria had annexed Bosnia and the Entente had threatened to veto the action, and had then backed down; there had been a Morocco crisis from which both Germany and France had emerged a little humiliated; Italy had actually waged a desultory war against Turkey in 1911; the First Balkan War had exploded in 1912, forcing Turkey to make peace with Italy; and the Second Balkan War had followed in the summer of 1913. Germany was building up her navy; France had installed three-year military service; "Berlin-to-Bagdad" and "Cape-to-Cairo" were inflammatory slogans. But the Powers, for all their hostilities, for all the inflamed passions which burst out in the newspapers, had contrived to "localize" the conflicts; world war had been staved off.

There were no unbalanced Hitlers in Europe in 1914, and no Mussolinis. There was a Kaiser in Germany, an emotional fussbudget with an exaggerated ego; but the records revealed since the war show that, silly as he was, he did not expect or want a world war. In Austria the chief of staff, Conrad von Hötzendorff, sincerely convinced that troublesome Serbia must be punished, was ready to take any risk to win his end. In France Poincaré as sincerely believed war ultimately inevitable; for years he had been working to cement his system of alliances in preparation for it, and thereby helped to make it genuinely inevitable. He had allies in the Russians Izvolsky and Sazonov; and there was a party in Petersburg which believed that a good, quick war would arouse pan-Slav patriotism and end revolt. In England the pious Sir Edward Grey wobbled, ready to go a little way in any direction, and was solemnly, virtuously ignorant what any step in any direction meant.

No one really knew what was happening, not even the statesmen. The British had been negotiating with Germany for a division of the Portuguese colonies and a settlement of the controversies centering about the Berlin-Bagdad Railway; the Germans thought that meant no British interference in a Continental war. But the British had also been permitting their naval and military authorities to conduct, with the French specialists, discussions as to common action in case of war, which naturally convinced the French that the British were definitely on their side. It was all very confidential; and a noble gentleman like Sir Edward Grey saw nothing wrong in concealing half his acts from half his colleagues, or in framing verbal formulas intended to deceive the sovereign British Parliament. "The Cabinet was never informed of these vital arrangements," says Lloyd George, one of the Cabinet members kept in ignorance, "until we were so deeply involved in the details of military and naval plans that it was too late to repudiate the inference."

"The nations slithered over the brink into the boiling cauldron of war without any trace of apprehension or dismay," says the same eloquent gentleman, looking back with less sense of personal responsibility than some of the more apologetic memoir-writers. Even in the last week of July, "I met no responsible Minister who was not convinced that, in one way or another, the calamity of a great European war would somehow be averted. . . . In looking back upon the incidents of those few eventful days . . . the impression left on my mind is one of utter chaos, confusion, feebleness, and futility, especially of a stubborn refusal to look at the rapidly approaching cataclysm."

If, looking back after twenty years, the individuals in charge of Europe's destiny in 1914 seem both less able and less deliberately wicked than they seemed, say, ten years ago, their role toward their own peoples appears no less despicable. No group of statesmen were honest to their own people. The German white, the British blue, the Russian orange, the Belgian grey, the French yellow, and the Austrian red books—all the rainbow books—were tissues of deliberate deception. They selected documents, omitted dangerous phrases, added words that were not in the originals, with as little sense of responsibility to the truth as the Hitler propaganda-sheets, which have replaced what was the German press, show today. They all lied.

The world press in 1934 is perhaps somewhat more healthily cynical toward the revelations of diplomatic policy vouchsafed the peoples by their government than in 1914. But not much. If there is no longer a Czarist government bribing, with the cynical connivance of the French Foreign Office, virtually the entire Paris press, there are international armament firms to take its place. And Hitler and Mussolini are undoubtedly less honest, more emotional, and more irresponsible today than were the Kaiser and Poincaré in 1914.

But there is one important, and really encouraging, difference between the Europe of 1914 and the Europe of 1934. There is one Great Power today which is bound by no alliances, secret or open, which is genuinely determined not to become involved in a world war which would spell defeat or set-back of a domestic program to which it is passionately devoted, a Power which all the other Great Powers in varying degrees hate and fear. Soviet Russia, of course. Soviet Russia is the chief check-rein on Western Europe today; the only encouraging feature in a sky which otherwise looks so much more troubled than the horizon of 1914. While Austria shivers under the impact of civil war, the Powers stand by, determined to prevent the re-formation of the old Austrian-German alliances—and with a respectful eye cocked in the direction of the most formidable of all European nations. In July, 1914, when Messrs. Feiler and Prévost, Read and Stearns were surveying their Europe, they had no slightest inkling of the portent to the East.

A Restless London

By LESLIE READ

MANY accounts have been written of the significant events of 1914—the comings and goings of ambassadors, the grave speeches, the fateful telegrams flashing across Europe through the hot July nights, the mobilizations, and so on. But much less has been written of the trivia of that year.

The London of 1914 is now an almost forgotten city, but to me—a young man newly arrived from what was then known as "the Colonies"—it was a strange and exciting revelation. The reason for the strangeness, of course, was obvious, but the excitement, I believe, was felt by maturer and more sophisticated persons. Almost every day a new sensation seized the interest of the public, and it is curious and significant to recall how many of these sensations, or pseudo-sensations, were used by the press to arouse and flatter the patriotism of the British public.

In May, for example, the German steamer Vaterland set out on her maiden voyage to New York, where she had considerable trouble in docking. The British Aquitania, likewise on her maiden voyage, had no difficulty whatever in New York, and so the press excelled itself in congratulations over this latest proof of Britannia's command of the seas.

At that time Germany was less sensational than Ireland, but nevertheless the existence of the German menace had been thoroughly inculcated into the consciousness of the British public, and had percolated even to the schoolboy level. While my elders had been stirred with pictures of the coming German invasion such as those contained in the play "An Englishman's Home" and Erskine Childers's novel "The Riddle of the Sands" (incidentally one of the best adventure stories ever written), my generation had revelled in horrifying stories like "The Swoop of the Eagle," a serial which ran in a very popular magazine. The end of the story, I recall, somewhat daringly described the meeting between the king and his prisoner the Kaiser after the defeat of the invasion. " 'Cousin,' the Kaiser began with an ingratiating smile. 'Sir, you have forfeited your claim to that title,' the king interrupted sternly. . . ."

But for the most part Germany meant nothing more than a vague scare, commercial travelers, and itinerant bands. Flying provided a minor sensation that summer. An odd airplane or two over the Hendon flying field invariably drew a crowd, and somebody was always flying, or trying to fly, round Great Britain. As often as not the aeronaut broke his neck, but then he was usually a Continental. On Saturday afternoons a number of large yellow balloons drifted over London, but they were too ordinary to provide any excitement.

Indeed the important things were Ireland, the suffragettes, and sport. Nobody, young or old, could escape Ireland. The names of Carson, Redmond, Bonar Law, and "F. E." were shouted from every newspaper billboard. I had difficulty in discovering what it was all about and just as I was beginning to solve the riddle a new factor appeared. This was described as the "Curragh Incident," and in blunt English it meant nothing more or less than a mutiny in the army. That was too much for me, for I knew that a British soldier (1) did or died, (2) was equal to innumerable Frenchmen, (3) thundered into the jaws of death without reasoning why, but never, never disobeyed an order.

The suffragettes, on the other hand, were simpler. In a sweets shop one day I saw a row of hideous dolls, dressed in felt hats, white blouses, and check tweed skirts. At their feet was a card with the words, "We are the suffragettes. Votes for women." In short, they looked very much as the *Times* described them: "Fanatical and irresponsible creatures who did their own cause nothing but harm." The idea of slashing a beautiful painting shocked me as much then as now, however worthy the cause of the slasher might be, but later when I chanced to see a policeman dragging away a woman, who looked no less a lady than my own mother despite her bleeding face, and heard her jeered at as a suffragette, it illogically flashed into my young head that there must be more to these "fanatical creatures" than the mutilation of the Rokeby Venus or the burning of country houses.

But as for sport, a child could understand that—and did. Even now I doubt whether all the post-war sporting booms of one kind or another ever equalled the sheer craziness of that era. It was not necessary in that year for the press to whip up sporting excitement; the public did it themselves. Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht Shamrock IV, which was "certain" to bring back the America's Cup, became almost a symbol of imperial greatness. As regards polo, one Sunday morning from the top of a bus I read a newspaper poster roaring of "England's Smashing Polo Victory," and although I did not know whom we had "smashed" I was patriotically elated. There was cricket galore, there was lawn tennis, and above all there was boxing. Another Sunday morning in the park I was in the midst of a sudden rising of men and shutting of ladies' parasols to behold the awful progress of a huge and resplendent Negro, who was accompanied by a rather frightened-looking white woman. There was a murmur as the legendary name was pronounced, "Jack Johnson." But it was not so much the heavyweight champion of the world, who made boxing what it was, as the French "White Hope," Georges Carpentier. Nobody who wants to give a true impression of the London of 1914 can omit a reference to the French boxer. I believe in France he was vaguely confused with Joan of Arc, and in England he was at least a national character. As Carpentier had recently disposed of the British champion in very few seconds, the honor of England demanded that Carpentier himself should be humbled. Accordingly, amidst immense excitement a British amateur boxer went over to Paris, and there in a secret rendezvous did in fact hold off the Frenchman longer than had the British professional champion. The amateur, who remained conscious, I believe, well into the third minute of the first round, was carried shoulder high on his triumphant return. But Carpentier himself was popular (was not France somehow vaguely sworn to friendship with us?), and so when he came to London about the middle of July to fight the American, Gunboat Smith, he too had a passionate welcome at Charing Cross. Even the *Times,* which its noble and magnanimous owner had recently placed within the reach of all by reducing its price to one penny, admitted that "London had gone fight mad." Other papers shrieked of "the climax in the boxing boom," hawkers sold Carpentier's picture in the streets, and shortly the whole thing was described as a "fiasco." Mr. Smith had punched, or was alleged to have punched, M. Carpentier while the latter was on the floor, and consequently the fight was awarded to the Frenchman on a foul. Like millions of my countrymen, I anxiously awaited the exhibition of the film to decide whether or no Carpentier had in fact been fouled. The capital was divided into two camps over that historic punch, and the controversy lasted for the greater part of the twenty-odd days which remained of pre-war England.

Apropos of the cinema I recall seeing about this time what must have been a very early example of a talking picture. It was short, I believe it was in color, and it showed a number of young men singing to the accompaniment of a banjo. Some of the popular plays of the summer were "Potash and Perlmutter," "The Belle of New York," "Broadway Jones," and "Kismet." My family went more often to Covent Garden, and I constantly heard the name of Caruso.

As for London's outward appearance, the women wore long tight dresses and huge hats, and many of the men wore straw boaters. It was still possible to find a horse bus in South London, and it was not possible to avoid drunken people in any part of London. After twenty years I retain a clear picture of the horrible junction of the Harrow and Edgware roads one Saturday night with a screaming mob of drunken women, most of them pushing perambulators.

But at about the time the newspaper posters found a new sensation in the trial of a certain Mme. Caillaux, and the King was once more being worried by the Irish business, my parents unexpectedly returned from the Continent and said there was going to be a war. Carpentier and his foul suddenly—and disappointingly—yielded place to a thing then known as "Servia." On a Saturday morning—it must have been August 1—I went to the City with my father, and stood near the Exchange watching a long queue of people outside the bank while all about were excited murmurs of "a run on the bank." The following day I was in Whitehall amid a great crowd which had assembled to watch the arrival of Ministers for a Cabinet meeting—on Sunday! Of the Monday I remember nothing whatever, but on Tuesday afternoon, August 4, I was playing a little friendly cricket with some young cousins and others on a private lawn. Near by were a group of people, mostly friends of my parents, who were talking with much animation and excitement. They were presently joined by a young man known to me as "Archy." I immediately left the field to induce Archy to join the game. Besides being a good bat he was a painter, and it seemed that he had just arrived home from the Continent, where he had been painting at a town called Ypres. Like the good fellow he was, Archy came and played with us. Next day he came along and told us gleefully that "he had taken the King's shilling."

We were immensely excited. It was August 5, and we were at war. Britannia ruled the waves, the Irish had shaken hands, gallant little Belgium (or Servia?) had defied the world's greatest bully, we yelled "Vive la France!" (and Carpentier!), and "God save the King" above all. The *Times,* with commendable promptitude, was good enough to begin a series of articles on "How to Be Useful in War Time," and just seven months later my friend Archy was blown to pieces—oddly enough at the town of Ypres.

Paris Settles to a Siege

By JEAN PREVOST

On that particular August 1 one might well wonder what the people of Paris were going to do. Where government and generals were concerned it was a satiric and mocking people; it hissed parades and it loved peace. The orator that it most liked to hear was Jaurès, the Socialist and pacifist, and Jaurès was assassinated July 31. Germany was already in a state of siege. According to the calculations of the military chiefs, 10 per cent of the potential soldiers was expected to desert in case of French mobilization.

During the day two posters covered the walls; the first denounced the murder of Jaurès and declared: "The assassin will be punished." The other poster, appearing toward evening, was the order for general mobilization.

The Parisians snatched the morning and evening papers; crowds stood in front of the offices of the important ones (especially that of the *Matin* on the Boulevard Poissonnière). The emotion was so great that the police had to forbid wandering newssellers to shout the news. A government proclamation declared: "Mobilization is not war," but that very evening the crowd, glancing at the papers, spread instantaneously throughout the city the news of the declaration of war between Germany and Russia; everyone was convinced that a general war would follow. Though the newspapers tried to veil and minimize it, a terrible apprehension aggravated the fever: England had not yet announced her decision. The next morning it was learned that the first German patrols had entered French territory—in the zone ten kilometers wide left unoccupied by the French troops. The evening papers published the news that German troops had entered Luxembourg.

Now came the first day of mobilization. The average number of deserters was not more than one in seventy-seven instead of one in ten. The crowd began to surge toward the Gare de L'Est; those who were not accompanying mobilized members of their family got provisions which they distributed to strangers. That day and the days following, the population amiably helped in requisitioning trucks and drivers; the theaters contributed the military costumes of their supers to dress the auto drivers and impromptu soldiers. The equipment and personnel of the railroads were insufficient to move the troops. There was also some apprehension concerning the attitude of railroad employees who, during the last forty years, had played a large part in general strikes. But the mechanics and engineers disposed of all initial difficulties by working forty-eight to seventy-two hours at a stretch.

On August 3, the windows of the German Embassy were broken and Germany's declaration of war came at 6:45. The public, however, still did not know that Berlin had demanded the return of Toul and Verdun as guaranties of French neutrality. The Ambassador, de Schoen, who was taken to Switzerland in a private car, had not transmitted this demand, but the cause of the declaration (French airplanes over Nuremberg) drove the crowd into a fury.

On the morning of August 4 a great wave of joy broke over the city again: England entered the war.

Compulsory circulation of bank notes had been declared; to Parisians, accustomed to gold and silver as the only form of money, were distributed the first "coupures" of ten francs; they were accepted without dispute. A great many women, disturbed and remembering the siege of 1870 with its famine, hastily laid in provisions of rice, flour, and canned goods: this panic did not last. The Parisians readily became accustomed to receiving two official communiqués, one in the morning, one in the evening; the circulation of the evening papers, which had been small for fifteen years (except when some important trial was on), grew greatly and continued to prosper throughout the war.

From this moment on Paris unanimously followed the movement of the army. The government, making a gesture of confidence, burned the list of suspects; revolutionists showed themselves the most enthusiastic patriots. A great wave of joy greeted the first success of France in Lorraine—soon followed, alas, by a defeat the circumstances of which were not well understood. The invasion of Belgium aroused, during the first few days, more indignation than fear; Parisians grew enthusiastic over the resistance of Liège. But on August 15 commenced a great trial for Paris, harder to bear because the first enthusiasm had been so great.

The refugees from Belgium and from the Ardenne commenced to cross Paris. This reflux of peoples was a clear evidence of the invasion. But above all, the refugees, worn out with fatigue, terrified (especially the Belgians who have not the tradition of 1870) by the violence of the invasian, spread rumors and thus magnified the legend of German atrocities.

Between August 24 and the end of the month, half a million Parisians, largely women and children, left the city. Nevertheless the morale of the rest of the population remained firm. Hope was based partly on a false idea: that of the invincible power of the Russian army, the "steam roller" as the newspapers called it, which was bound to overwhelm Germany in the east; but it was supported, besides, by a very sensible trust in England. On the other hand it was known that the French flanks had been turned; nevertheless people were convinced that this yielding was not defeat. The first bombardments from German airplanes, which cut off the leg of a little girl, had been received with anger but also with curiosity; the police were obliged to advise against going into the street or climbing onto the roofs when the alarm was given.

On August 26, Gallieni was named military governor of Paris. At this moment Paris expected a siege; the General wrote in his diary: "No provisions, no munitions, no soldiers, and in eight days we may have the German cavalry before Paris." But Gallieni, the same day, went to work; if the last days of the month were to bring Parisians the worst tidings of the entire campaign, nevertheless their morale rose high.

On August 30 the rumor spread that a battle had been won at Guise (it was this one which enabled the French troops to straighten their lines). Confidence in the French cannon, the seventy-five, began to counter-balance the alarm which had been created by the heavy German cannon, victors at Liège and capable of crushing Paris. In addition, Gallieni mobilized all the resources of Paris as a fortified city; light fortifications would prevent that penetration which took place at Liège; trenches would reinforce the antiquated fortifications of Paris.

That habitual amusement of Parisians, a change in ministry, at this moment passed almost unperceived. Though Millerand had been attacked by the extreme right and the extreme left, his reputation for energy made him welcome at this moment. Nevertheless, neither the army nor the government seemed to have confidence in Paris. On August 25 the quartermaster-general contemplated a retreat to the Loire; during the last days of the month the government prepared to move and organized an evacuation of the Banque de France and the museums. Nevertheless the terrible communiqué ending "our positions remain the same from the Somme to the Vosges" created no panic in Paris. If the American ambassador prepared posters to protect Americans from menaces and requisitions, if a prefect of the police gone mad had prepared arm bands in German colors for the policemen, the city seemed to have received too much bad news to be troubled by more. It considered itself completely mobilized for the care of the wounded and for the spontaneous reprovisioning of troops in transit. On the thirty-first Paris did not yet know that the German right-wing was moving toward the east; in foreign countries the fall of Paris was regarded as inevitable. The city itself, nevertheless, was not disturbed; it was ready, the following week, more completely than it had been three weeks before, to cooperate with its garrison in preparing for a victorious offensive. Paris had removed its mask and taken on the qualities of the French peasant: patience, tenacity, silence.

Germany at a Low Ebb

By ARTHUR FEILER

GERMANY entered 1914 in a seedy mood. The preceding year had produced ostentatious jubilees—the hundredth anniversary of the war of liberation against Napoleon and the twenty-fifth anniversary of Wilhelm II's accession to the throne. These festivals were pompous and mechanical, as all festivals were during the reign of this monarch—an abundance of gala uniforms and bombastic orations; the emperor, surrounded by his paladins, wearing his cuirass and his silver helmet with the eagle on its top. But in the words of a contemporary writer, "there was no fire flying through the streets, no contagious gladness among the people in the streets, the spirit stopped and we remained poor." Moreover, it was during these months of officially prescribed happiness that the impoverishment of Germany's political institutions was once more strikingly revealed. The emperor, who had so often excited public opinion by his irresponsible speeches, once again antagonized the people. In an agricultural meeting he introduced himself as an agriculturist, delivering a talk in which he proudly recorded the magnificent achievements in a manor owned by him in Pomerania. He had expelled an incapable tenant; he had begun to cultivate a quite unknown variety of rye with marvelous results; now all the farmers of this province were scrambling for his rye seeds in order to increase their

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harvest. So he said. As a matter of fact the story was nothing but bluff. Every sentence was wrong. The famous new kind of rye had been cultivated throughout the province for twenty years. The contemptible tenant was a highly esteemed leader among the farmers of the community. And he had not been expelled but had gone to court to fight for his tenancy and had returned victorious. Germany laughed, but the laughter was bitter and full of humiliation.

Also the emperor's eldest son, at that time thirty-two years of age and already flattered by special groups as "the Emperor of the Future," began to compete with his father in such extravagances. He publicly applauded pan-German propagandists, even when the responsible German government was strongly opposed to their aspirations. During the centenary he compelled the Magistrate of Breslau (the capital of Silesia) to stop the presentation of a play written by Gerhart Hauptmann, at that time Germany's most famous poet, because this play gave the honor for the liberation of 1813 not so much to the princes as to the German people. And when at the end of 1913 the Zabern case excited Germany, he exhibited his martial feeling by sending a provocative telegram to the general involved. This Zabern case was itself one of the significant events of that time. A young lieutenant in a small Alsatian garrison attacked a civilian who he believed had insulted his uniform. He was backed by his superiors. From this incident developed a serious struggle between the military and the civilian administrations, revealing the whole unsolved problem of the army as a state within a state.

Because of this struggle the German Reichstag, half a year before the war, voted lack of confidence in the government, with a majority composed of the parties of the left together with the Catholic party. But this procedure only demonstrated the inadequacy of parliamentary rights in Germany. The imperial government did not even consider resigning. It depended on the confidence of the monarch, not of the parliament. The government was backed by the Prussian Diet, where the old Prussian conservatives, led by the big estate-owners, represented the real ruling classes, whose power was based on the three-class franchise which had proved impossible to abolish in spite of all attempts. Moreover, the opposition majority in the Reichstag wanted only to demonstrate, not to rule. It was satisfied by its own courageous vote, and did not expect anything serious to come of it. The same was true of the general political mood. There was a lot of criticism in the press, in public meetings, in private circles. Jokes about the emperor circulated even in the highest ranks of society. Sometimes a courageous speaker, a courageous writer, displayed the emptiness under the splendid surface, and sometimes such a disclosure succeeded in making an impression, at least for a time. But generally all this criticism consisted merely of talk.

This was especially true among the bourgeoisie. The more progressive part of it was at that time organized in the so-called "Hansabund," and the president of this organization very aptly characterized the prevailing mood as one of "comfortable despair." There was, indeed, a kind of despair in this urban middle-class of manufacturers, bankers, overseas merchants, and so on. They regarded the great German economic development of the past decades as their accomplishment, and with sulky discontent they saw that their rapidly growing importance in German economic life brought with it no increase in political influence, that for the old rural aristocracy even the biggest captain of industry remained the "Industrie-Klempner." But this despair was entirely comfortable. It was accompanied by the satisfaction of growing profits, of growing wealth, of growing economic power in the growing fields of economic activity. Satisfied in this way the well-to-do middle class could easily put up with their political insignificance.

Even in the labor movement this mood became more and more prevalent. The Social-Democratic Party and its trade unions increased immensely in membership—the elections of 1912 brought 110 deputies of this party into the Reichstag—but the revisionist element overwhelmed more and more the original revolutionary idea. Eventually the party grew content to avert the worst things, to attain step by step a little progress for the workers and help them to get their part of the general prosperity. And even this became increasingly difficult. At the peak of the business cycle the masses of the employees suffered more from the high prices of commodities, especially food, than they enjoyed from the nominal increase in their wages and salaries. In 1913-1914 a depression set in, but the decline remained relatively small.

During these last peace years in Germany there were some tendencies in the direction of a new attitude toward life. The feminist movement tried "to secure to the woman the free development of all her forces and her full participation in the cultural life." The youth movement, setting in at that time and making evident the separation of the generations, claimed for the younger generation the right of developing their own lives in their own way, not bound by the conventions, the rules, the forms of life of the older generation. And this was allied with new forms and methods in education, represented especially by the new movement of the *Landerziehungsheime*. All these movements were more or less individualistic in their roots, aiming at a greater freedom, a freer development for the individual. But at the same time there was a deep desire, wide-spread and strengthened by the memory of 1813, not to remain permanently a single individual, but to be one of a united people.

Such was the situation in Germany when war broke out. Germany had increased her army in 1913 with enormous expenditures, just as in the same year France had prolonged military service from two to three years. There was a pan-German nationalistic agitation in Germany, just as there were imperialistic and nationalistic agitations in other countries. But also in Germany as well as in other countries many of the best men and women were fighting against the brutal senselessness of war, fighting for a common understanding of the peoples and for peace. In the early summer of 1914 nobody in Germany believed that war was possible, nobody acknowledged that war was imminent. Even after the murder of Sarajevo it was weeks before the German people realized the impending catastrophe.

All this is now twenty years behind. War went through the world, changing the features of the nations, destroying men and material wealth in unthinkable measures, degrading humanity, leaving consequences still unsolved. For Germany these twenty years have been one coherent sequence of passion—the war, the defeat, the inflation, the economic crisis, the National Socialist revolution. Only the few years from 1925 to 1928 gave a little rest to the tormented people. This fact must be borne in mind in order to understand how far back pre-war Germany is from the Germany of today, so far back that actually it is difficult to remember these old events. Nevertheless, even these old forgotten times held some of the roots for what has happened since in Germany. Now even after these terrible twenty years the German passion is not yet ended. There is at least a lesson to be learned from that experience.

America Walks by Itself

By HAROLD E. STEARNS

WELL, I also remember pretty vividly July 1, 1914—just twenty years ago. I was a young man, only a year out of Harvard, and I was on the ocean going towards England and France for my first trip abroad. The fox-trot, the "X-ray skirt," and the music of "Sari" were the thrills of a New York then reading the satire of Don Marquis, under the caption of The Almost Perfect State in the *Evening Sun,* while Doris Keane in Edward Sheldon's "Romance" represented the last word in histrionic ability, unless it was John Drew in W. Somerset Maugham's "Jack Straw" or Ethel Barrymore in the same prolific playwright's "Lady Frederick." The general intellectual and social mood was that of an almost hysterical optimism and self-assurance. Progress and continued prosperity were accepted as axioms; dire poverty had been abolished; war—an historical anachronism in that enlightened age, we were told—was swiftly being so; our present was amusing, and our future glorious. To be "liberal" meant in essence to be a person of good-will, and (outside, perhaps, the few spectacular "robber barons," as Mr. Josephson has termed them, whom we would have missed had they not been there, if only because they were a foil to the otherwise almost universal mood of social service) pretty much everybody was precisely such a person.

It seems difficult to believe now, but the prevalent popular notions about Europe were tinged with an amiable contempt, a kind of carry-over of the laughable experiences of Mark Twain with a French barber, such as he describes in "Innocents Abroad." From the then American point of view, European militarism was simply barbarism—a picturesque barbarism, if you wish, but a real barbarism nonetheless. *We* were enlightened; *we* knew the blessings of peace (the Civil War did not count, of course; that was our own private quarrel); *we* should never have arrogant officers, conscription, and the drill-sergeant; *we* had cast the temptations of imperialism far from us—did not Cuba prove it? Of course the monarchist, Czarist, and peasant-minded European populations might be expected still to linger in the shadows of superstition—for us, the wide open spaces, two oceans which guaranteed us immunity from invasion, and a free democratic spirit that would never tolerate tyranny or "the man on horseback." Besides, we were having pretty good luck with our democratic experiment, not merely politically but economically and scientifically. (Though we were still, to be sure, a bit self-conscious about our own literary and artistic efforts; still, that did not count for much—we could always import that, when necessary; we could even buy a whole castle, stone for stone, as one ambitious and successful merchant in actual fact did.) Europe could "stew in her own juice"—that was the mood then, precisely as it is a mood recommended on a large scale today by a not unfamiliar popular publicist.

That I do not exaggerate (indeed, almost understate) will be readily agreed to by anyone who happened, as I did, to be "caught" in Europe when the war came. The instinctive turning homeward was carried out not merely with a sense of relief that we were not involved—it was much deeper than that, I think. It was the conviction that we could not be involved. We were "different"; we were pacifically-minded; we were Americans. And for the first time many people became almost sentimentally aware of that last truism. It is nowadays almost a cliché to remark—I have been guilty of saying it myself—that we became a nation in 1917, when the first boat-load of "our boys" sailed for "over there." But if we must set a date for this new, post-Civil-War nationalistic self-consciousness, I think a better one would be an earlier one, that of August, 1914, when Europe gave us a dramatic demonstration that she was still the Old World—and we, of course, the New. During those historically momentous last five months of 1914 not merely were we proud of our isolation but we were, too, relieved because of it. Gladly we snuggled in our new-found protective nationalistic blanket of isolation; with new-found historical fervor we re-read Washington's advice about "entangling alliances," and from a popular point of view our early neutrality was instinctive and honest, so that we did not regard it as at all surprising when President Wilson asked us to be neutral not merely in overt acts, but in thought as well. The earlier Roosevelt might affect to despise this pussy-footing, but if one looks at the record today, "Teddy's" detestation of a Wilsonian peace at almost any price was of much later growth, that is to say, it was a subsequent political hot-house plant rather than any flower of the native American prairie. Go back and read the headlines of those months of 1914 in the newspaper files—the tone was of a great show in a lunatic asylum; and I shall never forget a newsboy crying out at five-thirty of a late September afternoon, 1914, in Times Square, "Extra! Giants and Germans lose! Extra!"

But I remember even more vividly the Saturday afternoon in Paris, only a few weeks before, when the Order of General Mobilization was posted up all over the city at four o'clock in the afternoon. I had arrived in Paris (and my first trip to the Continent, too!) Thursday afternoon from Ostend, where I had spent a couple of days with Walter Lippmann. That evening Jaurès was assassinated, and—my first evening in Paris—I went through the streets of the city joining with the crowds that were demonstrating and singing the "Internationale." It had looked as if the pacifist and working-class forces might stop the war—re-read Brand Whitlock to obtain an idea of how strong the movement was in Belgium, too. All day Friday was one of tension, tremendous heat, and wild rumors. Saturday at noon I went out to the Pavillon Bleu at Saint-Cloud, coming back by one of the little Seine river boats, alighting at the Concorde Station I should say around quarter past four. I walked up the Rue Royale and followed a crowd to the outside of a small postoffice building on the walls of which was posted up that fatal "Order of General Mobilization of the Armies of the Land, the Sea, and the Air." It was war! I knew it, despite the phrase towards the end, which said, "Concitoyens, n'oubliez pas, la mobilisation n'est pas la guerre." But all around me I heard the phrase I have never since forgotten: "Ça y est! ça y est!"

The newspaper stories from Paris that day were hysterical. But the citizens were not—never let anyone persuade you of that. There were "demonstrations" again that night—patriotic ones this time, with "C'est Alsace et la Lorraine" sung to the plaintive tune of "Under the Bridges of Paris"—but they were sad and subdued "demonstrations." There was a sense of relief from long waiting and tension, but there was no hilarity, no joy. On street-corners you saw fathers kissing their sons goodbye; the railroad stations were jammed, of course, but I didn't hear much singing. You felt that these people knew what this war meant—death for many of them, perhaps death to the whole civilization they had learned to love. I was glad to get out of Paris the next day; for once in my life I was glad to set foot on English soil on Monday morning, August 3. I had talked with people—mostly English, with a sprinkling of rather hysterical Americans—both on the train from Paris to Dieppe, on the crowded Channel boat, and on the train going up to London. For most of them it was like the end of the world, and I think they meant that, too. There was a sense of foreboding and disaster.

That is why the next day—or rather the next evening, for the ultimatum to Germany expired at 11 o'clock (and newsboys ran through the streets of London shouting, "England at War with Germany")—I was not able to understand the curious quality of the English "demonstration." People in the National Liberal Club, of course, sat around weeping and wondering—but why didn't they go into the streets? For, quite unlike Paris, London was gay and drunken and festival-like that evening of August 4, 1914. Taxicabs would scoot down Charing Cross Road, girls on the roof, with their dresses above their knees, singing. I was a young man; I had only read about "Mafeking Night." I thought the demonstration—especially its insane, carnival-like quality—was just another proof of English "insularity," and perhaps I was right. For the very next day, all over London, blossomed forth those signs that a bit later were to seem so ironical: "Business as Usual."

If the war had been a short one—as everybody I then talked with in London either believed, or wanted to believe—those signs might have later been solemnly brought forward by historians as proofs of the fact that the English do not easily become rattled, instead of being cited, as now, as confirmations of obtuseness. But at the time they really expressed something else—the deep desire for stability, for an orderly world, where wars were merely "continental adventures," designed to preserve the balance of power. Certainly the bulk of French people didn't want any war in 1914—the way they acted in Paris convinced me of it. Certainly the bulk of English people wanted to ignore the war in 1914—the way they acted in London (remember always I am speaking of before the Battle of the Marne) convinced me of it. How the Germans felt, I don't know; as Mr. Will Rogers says, "I only know what I read in the papers." But it struck me as strange and hateful—I remember a wave of helpless rage that flooded over me a Sunday or two later at Saint Albans, where I saw youngsters drilling—that the political and international structure of the civilized world was such that two normally pacific nations could be caught in the toils of a great war, when I knew that the ordinary citizen in both countries had as much immediate interest in the quarrel as he had in that of the bloody differences between two brigands in Corsica.

New Deal Balance Sheet

By FREDERICK R. BARKLEY

Washington, July 27

EVEN before he was nominated, although the incident seemed generally overlooked at the time, President Roosevelt had voiced an insistence on the redistribution of the national income which heartened those grown weary over talk of prosperity reappearing around that still unlocated corner. In a speech at Oglethorpe University in Georgia in which he referred to the failure of wages during the boom period to "rise proportionately to the reward of capital," he said specifically that the need was for "a wiser, more equitable distribution of the national income."

Any idea that this was only campaign palaver—for that thought had found lodgment even in the minds of some captains of industry—should have been dispelled when the President spoke out as recently as last March 5, a year after his inauguration. Then, extemporaneously addressing several hundred unenthusiastic code-authority officials summoned to Washington by General Johnson, he was still more specific.

"What we seek," he said, "is a balance in our economic system—balance between agriculture and industry and balance between the wage earner, the employer, and the consumer. . . . The methods and details of that reorganization [of "a disintegrating system of production and exchange"] may and will change from year to year, but it is very certain that the American people understand that the purpose of the reorganization was not only to bring back prosperity. . . . The reorganization must be permanent for all the rest of our lives, so that never again will we permit the social conditions which allowed vast sections of our population to exist in an un-American way, which allowed a maldistribution of wealth and power."

This was even more heartening, and it gave validity to the Oglethorpe diagnosis of 1933. But were these promises fulfilled? The first great hope, of course, was from the NRA, probably largely as a result of the unrivalled ballyhoo which General Johnson built up around that mushroom organization. The ballyhoo may have been of some psychological benefit—there had to be some quick tricks while possibly sounder plans were being studied—but if the NRA has transferred any current income from those who have too much to those who have too little no one has ever collated the figures or raised any paeans about it. Probably it has been more successful in "sharing the work" than the still-born Hoover-

Teagle scheme, and that, in a day of desperation, was something. Probably it set effective wage minima in certain industries, although such shockingly low ones that the mind sickens in contemplating them. Probably it gave some encouragement to labor to go out and try to beat wages higher than these minima out of their employers, but when one reads of the recent action in the Harriman mills case the encouragement pretty well disappears. In sum, the NRA's accomplishments seem to have been to create higher prices to go with allegedly higher wages, with a dubious prospect that the wages will ever catch up with the prices, let alone pass them. The General called on God to inspire the employers to keep prices down, but not with much success.

The AAA, brought into being at about the same time but with much less fanfare, has been more successful. According to the latest figures, it has collected $385,000,000 in processing taxes, of which something more than $200,000,000 already has gone to the farmers in benefit payments, land rentals, and surplus purchases. The curtailment of production coupled with these payments undoubtedly has played a part, too, in bringing higher crop prices. Total farm income, including the benefit payments, has increased 25 per cent, or at the rate of a billion-and-a-half dollars, in the last year. Much of this increase naturally has come from increased consumer purchasing power, some probably from depreciating the dollar. The rest represents real "redistribution." But when it is noted that the index of farm purchasing power—which does not include the benefit payments—has risen only one point since June, 1933, it can be seen that the "redistribution" is limited pretty much to that paltry $200,000,000 in benefit cash. The farmer is still getting a far smaller return than he did twenty years ago. And the benefit cash—despite the wails of the processors—is obviously coming mostly out of the pockets of the small wage earners who need real "redistribution" nearly as much as the farmers do. Certainly no one on the heavy side of the unbalanced system Mr. Roosevelt referred to is giving up in these processing taxes any appreciable amount of income.

Scraping around among other New Deal agencies produces a few more figures, but not many. A billion dollars' worth of farm mortgages have been refinanced under the Emergency Farm Mortgage Act at an estimated saving to farmers of $15,000,000 a year in interest. Several million more has been saved the farmers, the Farm Credit Administration experts believe, through additional legislation requiring reduced interest rates on other farm mortgages, and through the fact that Government-refinanced mortgages do not have to be renewed every few years at a 1 or 2 per cent premium—a hoary scheme for jacking up the legal interest rate. The New Dealers have also induced farm-mortgage holders to scale down mortgages to the amount of $40,000,000—another pittance to be added to the right side of the redistribution ledger. They believe, too, that the Government's lower rates have compelled private mortgage lenders to cut their demands, although perhaps they would have had to anyway.

Another $15,000,000 in interest, plus unestimated savings in mortgage-renewal charges, has been saved urban home owners by the Home Owners' Loan Corporation, its experts believe. They also think that government competition has induced private lenders to reduce their charges to some extent. Another pittance for the right side of the books.

This $270,000,000 about exhausts the figures, although there are some more items—encouraging in their trend but dubious in their weight—which may be jotted down in the redistribution ledger. The Securities and Stock Exchange acts, for example, may result in preventing the transfer of some of the income of small investors from their own pockets to those of sundry brokers, speculators, and promoters—if the "investors" do not find new wheels on which to stake their little surpluses. The Tariff Trading Act may bring the reduction of a few tariff gouges, although it is hardly safe to start spending the possible savings. The first hearing on a trade treaty last week produced a modicum of improvement in tariff-making procedure. The Civilian Conservation Corps, if made permanent, should do something in transferring to jobless youth some income which it is hoped will come partly out of great fortunes made in looting the public domain the corps is now trying to rescue.

The Tennessee Valley Authority and other public power projects of the New Deal are obviously going to keep more money in the pockets of power consumers and put less in those of the power trust. Some of the valley communities are already cashing in through purchase of T. V. A. power, and it seems likely that many of the "voluntary" rate reductions throughout the country in the last year have been owing to the T. V. A. and other public "yardstick" threats. Senator Norris once estimated that the power interests were receiving $700,000,000 a year in excess profits. If the New Deal can cut this 10 per cent, it will mark a measurable redistribution of income. The T. V. A., in fact, is one of the most encouraging "redistribution" agencies of the Roosevelt Administration. Perhaps there should have been included among the figures the $10,000,000 the New Deal has saved the taxpayers by cutting down air-mail subsidies. Perhaps a line should be granted also to the Electric Home and Farm Authority, subsidiary of the T. V. A., which promises to sell electric appliances to public-power users at smaller profits.

With all this properly allowed, there remains in the "redistribution" picture only what prospects may be seen in the President's "social-security" and tax-revision programs to be tackled by Congress next winter. Not a few New Dealers, who themselves have been disappointed at the paucity of redistribution accomplished so far, are now looking hopefully toward these two programs. In his message to Congress, the President dealt pretty vaguely with the first, his chief specification being that funds for social insurance—unemployment and old-age pensions—"should be raised by contribution rather than an increase in general taxation." The other elements of the social-security program are better urban housing, and land reclamation coupled with shifting of stranded community groups. These policies may lessen the ferocity of the effects of maldistribution, but if there is any measurable amount of redistribution of income involved it is not readily apparent. Industry, however, is regarding with alarm the tax-revision study now being made by the Treasury Department, fearing it means heavy increases in taxes on corporation profits and large incomes to meet the cost of New Deal beneficences. If the fears are sound—and the action of the last Congress in plugging tax loopholes and raising surtaxes a bit may indicate that they are—some measurable redistribution may be accomplished by the clumsy, inequitable, and expensive taxation method.

Thus, all in all, the amount of Rooseveltian redistribution already begun or definitely planned is pathetically small. It is easy to become enthusiastic about the trend because it marks such a tremendous reversal in federal public policy. Mr. Roosevelt's pledges are brave and heartening, and it may be he is moving as fast as public opinion will let him. But is it fast enough? Can it be made to go fast enough to prevent a limping economy from bogging down into uncontrolled inflation or into a wallow of bureaucratic ineffectiveness that may lead to a fascist purge?

To my mind—although I realize it is generally considered unsporting, or something, to bring the matter up—the President unconsciously put his finger directly on the reason for failure of his redistribution aim in his social-security message. "In a simple and primitive civilization," he said, "homes were to be had for the building. The bounties of nature in a new land provided crude but adequate food and shelter. It was always possible to push back the frontier, but the frontier has now disappeared. Our task involves the making of a better living out of the lands that we have."

Indeed! The frontier may be gone, but the lands are still here in all their richness, coupled with far greater human skill in exploiting them. We have made a better living out of them before, and every authority agrees we can make a still better living out of them now than we ever have made. But we don't—and shall not—in the mass, because they are not "our lands" as they were largely when the frontier existed. Instead, they are the possession, so far as prime values and uses are concerned, of an increasingly small group who collect billions yearly for letting us live on and use them—and without returning an iota of service or goods to the national income pool for those billions.

Let Mr. Roosevelt and his New Dealers find some means of halting or checking that maldistribution and his goal of an enduring and real prosperity may come into sight.

In the Driftway

It has often been said that the newspapers do not make the news. They merely reflect the attitude and prejudices which are prevalent among their readers, and by emphasizing these attitudes and prejudices they attract more readers who share them. Thus crime news would never receive front-page prominence if the reading public as a whole did not devour every word of it. It is interesting to note that the only thing which drove the details of the Dillinger case off the front page of a New York tabloid newspaper of large circulation were two-and-a-half-inch headlines which announced the likelihood of another European war. But it is fair to say that Dillinger was already three days dead when this happened, and the real test of the news value of the two stories would have come if Chancellor Dollfuss and America's leading bank robber since Jesse James had met their fate during the same twenty-four hours. They would undoubtedly have had to fight it out in 180-point type on the same page.

* * * * *

EVERY once in a while this influence of public opinion—if it may be dignified by any such name—comes out very clearly. The *Golden Book Magazine* for August prints such an example, and the Drifter offers it as food for thought to all newspaper editors. It may make them humble, and may exalt their readers to an unseemly pride in their own power. But at least it leaves no doubt about who writes the news. The Paris newspapers faithfully reported in their headlines from March 9 to March 22, 1815, the march of Napoleon across France on his return from Elba—and incidentally on his way to Waterloo. His progress was described as follows:

March 9
The Anthropophagus Has Quitted His Den
March 10
The Corsican Ogre Has Landed at Cape Juan
March 11
The Tiger Has Arrived at Cap
March 12
The Monster Slept at Grenoble
March 13
The Tyrant Has Passed Through Lyons
March 14
The Usurper is Directing His Steps Toward Dijon
March 18
Bonaparte is Only Sixty Leagues from the Capital
He has been fortunate enough to escape his pursuers
March 19
Bonaparte is Advancing with Rapid Steps, But He Will Never Enter Paris
March 20
Napoleon Will, Tomorrow, Be Under Our Ramparts
March 21
The Emperor is at Fontainebleau
March 22
His Imperial and Royal Majesty
arrived yesterday evening at the Tuileries, amid the joyful acclamations of his devoted and faithful subjects

* * * * *

AMONG whom, the Drifter has no doubt, were the editors and headline writers of the Paris press, who had not neglected to send up a special prayer to Heaven that His Imperial and Royal Majesty had not had time to read the news on his triumphal march from Anthropophagus to Emperor.

The Drifter

Correspondence

Was the Trial Misconducted?

To the Editors of The Nation:

This letter is prompted by what appears to the writer as a rather unfortunate clouding of the issues at stake in the article headed "The Crawford Case: An Experiment in Social Statesmanship," published in *The Nation* for July 4. The record of the defense as stated by Messrs. Houston and Ransom, when considered in the light of the article by Helen Boardman and Martha Gruening, takes on the aspect of serious self-condemnation, in view of counsel's failure to deal with the vital questions raised. The latter part of the article by the attorneys for the defense, which seeks to justify their action on the basis of social expediency, indicates an apparent ruthlessness toward a man who, cowed, perhaps betrayed unwittingly by his own blood, fell into helpless submission to the necessities of the larger ends of a "social experiment" of dubious value.

Why, it should be asked, did not counsel investigate the rumor that Mrs. Ilsley and Mrs. Buckner were killed by a white man? If they did, and found it had no basis, surely so primary a point deserved explanation in their article.

Why, "if the N. A. A. C. P. is in the fight to stay until every Virginia Negro enjoys all the rights, powers, and privileges of every other citizen of the Commonwealth," was the defense deterred from examination of Paul Boeing merely because his friends said he was "unnerved"?

Counsel stated that they can hardly be held responsible for the failure to see two of the Boston alibi witnesses. Why can they not be held responsible? Just what is the nature of a "misunderstanding" that justifies this supreme error? Miss Boardman and Miss Gruening were able to see these witnesses, and they had not the responsibility vested in them as was in the case of counsel. Surely this "misunderstanding" is worthy of detailed description.

Counsel studiously avoid mention of Crawford's confession, "fully and freely" to his attorney. Yet the article states that "Crawford had received justice in fact, if not in law." Their opinion that the accused is guilty is abundantly evident. But even assuming his guilt, does that justify the defense in acting like prosecutors?

New York City, July 5 H. VAN VLECK GEIGER

Is This Legal Lynching?

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I, too, was shocked and bewildered by the outcome of the Crawford case, and therefore read the recent exchange in *The Nation* with great interest.

Mr. Houston and Mr. Ransom are in a different position from Miss Boardman and Miss Gruening: they are out to justify procedures which have been subjected to criticism. One is reminded of this when they fail to answer details of this criticism; one has to bear it in mind when their statement is contradicted by Miss Boardman's and Miss Gruening's. And this quite apart from the fact that Miss Boardman and Miss Gruening have probability on their side in some instances.

Consider this one: Counsel for Crawford decided not to use his Boston alibi because of testimony that he had been in Virginia (instead of using the alibi against the testimony). They say: "It has been suggested that these witnesses were under duress; but they certainly did not appear to be under any duress," et cetera. Against this there is the following in Miss Boardman's and Miss Gruening's article: "The circumstances as explained by Mr. White were that shortly before the opening of the trial Mr. Houston had interviewed Bertie de Neal . . . in the jail where she was detained as a material witness for the prosecution. Though very reluctant to speak at first, under prompting from the sheriff she admitted that she knew Crawford was in the vicinity of Middleburg the day before the crime was discovered." And what we know about the testimony of Negro witnesses prompted by Southern sheriffs leads us to accept as more probable the contention that in this case the testimony was given by "frightened and helpless Negroes who were rounded up and held for questioning."

And in this matter of the appeal Mr. Houston and Mr. Ransom use similar tactics. "It was his case and his life. . . . If he was unwilling to gamble with his life to challenge further the issue of jury discrimination in Virginia, quite frankly that was his business." But are they really frank? The case was concerned not with Negro juries but with justice for Crawford; nor was jury discrimination the only reason for his conviction and the only ground for appeal. Counsel themselves list four grounds for appeal, among which is the admission of the Boston confession—"unsigned, repudiated by Crawford, and obviously obtained by illegal methods," as Miss Boardman and Miss Gruening put it. Apart from this confession, they contend, "the State had evidence of nothing more than Crawford's presence in Virginia. It had no eye-witnesses to the crime, none who could place him at the scene of the crime within seven or eight hours of it, no finger prints to connect him with it, no bloodstained clothing, murderous weapon, or recognizable loot found in his possession." And the decision of counsel not to appeal must be considered in the light of their flabbiness in the conduct of the trial itself.

New York City, July 5 B. H. HAGGIN

The Crawford Interview

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Both of your articles on the Crawford case, that by Helen Boardman and Martha Gruening and the reply to that article by Charles Houston and Leon Ransom have referred to the interview with Crawford published in the Norfolk (Virginia) *Journal and Guide* of February 10, 1934. We were informed from a source connected with the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People that a high official of that organization has said the interview was faked; in view, moreover, of the misleading brevity of the mentions of the interview in your two articles, and the skepticism implied therein, we feel that a statement of facts surrounding the interview is due us.

We assigned our regular Richmond correspondent to interview Crawford following a tip from a salaried employee of the N. A. A. C. P. that if we did interview Crawford we would get a story which this source indicated would be something of a sensation. Following an exchange of letters and telegrams, we assigned our man to see Crawford.

The Henrico County jail warden—Crawford was then in this jail, following his first conviction—said we would have to get the permission of Prosecutor Galleher and Defense Counsel Houston. Necessary permission being obtained, after several days our correspondent, accompanied by another employee of the *Journal and Guide,* visited the jail and was permitted to interview Crawford. A jail guard was present. Our correspondent took shorthand notes and sent in his story.

Crawford, as is well known, declared he was innocent, had been framed, suggested he was not entirely satisfied with the conduct of his defense, and denied all knowledge of "Charlie Johnson," named by the defense as the real killer, whose identity could never be established if Crawford, the only man who could do so, were electrocuted. This interview came just a few days before Crawford was arraigned for the slaying of Mrs. Ilsley's maid, Mrs. Buckner. At this trial the interview was introduced into the record, discussed by the court and attorneys, and repudiated by Crawford. Nevertheless, Crawford's counsel as a result of the interview and the statements made in it by Crawford, refused to take the responsibility of pleading for Crawford, with the court's permission. Crawford pleaded guilty, "of my own free will," and received another life sentence—only, the judge told him, because he believed Crawford did know Johnson and could identify him. But for this the judge said he would have given him the death sentence.

The correspondent who wrote the story had been in the employ of the *Journal and Guide* for many years, and his accuracy and honesty in reporting has never been questioned. He was fully cognizant of the significance of the statements made by Crawford, took them down through shorthand as rapidly as

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made. His story was given a new lead by our managing editor, and was subjected to the usual editing, but not a word of a single direct quotation was altered, nor was the import of anything reported in his release to us changed.

When Mr. Houston wrote us following the publication of the interview and the imposition of the second life sentence upon Crawford, we gave his communication front-page prominence equal to the Crawford interview, and ran on another page a statement from our correspondent who obtained the interview concerning the circumstances surrounding it. He vouched for it and restated our claim of entire authenticity. In this he was corroborated by the other *Journal and Guide* employee who accompanied him and heard the entire interview. Neither the jail guard nor anybody else has ever contradicted this interview with anything factual or otherwise, except Crawford. Crawford was told why they had come and that they were reporters.

By the testimony of Crawford's own attorneys he is a colossal liar. He led them to believe almost up to the hour of his trial that he was innocent. Then he confessed privately to his attorney that he was guilty. Then he gave us an interview, and subsequently for reasons best known to himself denied having made some of the statements attributed to him. He never denied the visit and questioning of the reporters, whom he said he knew to be newspapermen at the time.

It has come to my attention that the wisdom of Dr. Charles H. Houston, leading counsel in the defense of George Crawford, in abandoning appeal on the jury issue and permitting Crawford to plead guilty to the Buckner indictment has been questioned in some quarters.

I have had occasion to discuss this case with several judges, prominent lawyers, and the editors of leading newspapers in the State, and almost without exception, I found that they had followed the case closely and were of the opinion that the manner in which it had been conducted by Dr. Houston gave them a most favorable reaction to the proposition of removing barriers to jury service upon the part of qualified Negroes. Especially were they impressed with the extraordinary legal ability displayed by Dr. Houston and his associates, and this seemed to have heightened considerably their respect for Negro lawyers.

Since the trial, Negroes have been called to jury service in several places in the State. The judge who tried the case summoned fifteen colored men to serve as petit jurors during the last term of his court. I have seen no unfavorable newspaper comment, nor heard by word of mouth any criticism of Judge McLemore's action. I take this to mean that the outcome of the case had a decidely beneficial effect upon race relations.

Norfolk, Virginia, June 15 P. B. Young, Sr.,
Editor-in-Chief, Journal and Guide

From the Presiding Judge

To the Editors of The Nation:

Dean Charles H. Houston of Howard University has asked if I would give my impression as to the conduct of the trial and results thereof in the Crawford case, intimating that he had been criticised because of the manner in which he had handled the case and especially in failing to appeal the constitutional question growing out of what was termed "discrimination against Negro jurors in Loudon County."

My very decided opinion is that, with the facts in this case, there was no hope of an appeal being successfully terminated. I think it was highly improbable, in the face of the testimony of the judge of that court and of the jury commissioners, to have had the proceedings set aside in the higher court.

I am decidedly of the opinion that the case, as made out by the defendant's counsel, has directed the attention of the courts to this particular question with the same practical results as though it had been appealed; probably with more favorable consideration to the Negro in making up jury lists than if the case had been appealed and the appellate court had failed to set aside the conclusions of the court in the Crawford case.

What will be the effect of placing Negroes on the jury lists in those counties where there is a large Negro population and whether it will redound to the betterment of the race and to a more cordial relationship between the races is certainly open to honest differences of opinion. In my nearly thirty years on the Bench, I have so frequently seen the Negro get the better end of a controversy at the hands of a white jury because he was a Negro, that I am not prepared to say that his rights will be any better protected than at the present time. The race question is a very delicate one, and where they have lived together as they have here, about equally divided, so many years without a racial conflict or clash, I am not prepared to venture the opinion that the recognition of their legal rights would add anything to the spirit of good-will which I believe prevails in this part of the State.

I may say in passing that Dr. Houston and his colleagues handled this case in excellent taste, with a display of very decided ability and in a manner that, I think, presented the cause of the Negro as well as it could have been presented, certainly better than I had ever heard it presented before. Dean Houston presented his arguments with great ability, with excellent self-control, and left nothing undone within the bounds of propriety in order to win his case, and especially his points on the constitutional assembling of the jury. I say this out of justice to him.

Suffolk, Virginia, June 16 James L. McLemore

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Labor and Industry

War in Minneapolis

By HERBERT SOLOW

Martial law was established in Minneapolis on July 26, a day after this article was written, when the employers refused to accept the terms of settlement proposed by the federal mediators and approved by the workers. As we go to press the deadlock continues.

Minneapolis, July 25

THERE are about 5,000 trucks in Minneapolis used for general goods transport. Ordinarily each moves three loads or part-loads daily. An average business day means some 15,000 truck movements. The Citizens' Alliance of Minneapolis yesterday boasted that twenty-seven trucks had moved. The city, to use a local idiom, was tied up as tight as a bull's eye in flytime.

Ever since the flour-milling industry moved East, Minneapolis has been primarily commercial rather than industrial, a gathering and distribution point for Northwestern agricultural produce and manufactured goods destined for farmers' consumption. Since trucks challenged rails as a means of transport, trucking has become to a large extent a key to the economic structure of Minneapolis. Truck drivers are an entering wedge into every business and industry in the city.

When, consequently the coal drivers' successful strike of February was followed by an organization drive of the General Drivers, Helpers, and Inside Workers Union, Local 574, A. F. of L., the economic rulers of Minneapolis determined on a bitter fight. They recognized the danger to them inherent in the unionization of the drivers: the unionization of the entire city.

Forced to strike in May, the drivers tied up the industry 100 per cent, routed in hand-to-hand conflict an army of 1,500 armed and deputized thugs and gentlemen, and squeezed from the employers important concessions including de facto union recognition. On the morrow the union began to grow at the rate of twenty-five men a day. The workers were seeking a shield and a weapon. They were in miserable condition. I have met not a few who were often paid with damaged vegetables. One father of four children was getting eight dollars weekly for sixty hours' work. The workers looked to their leaders for continued struggle, and they did not look in vain.

The employers forced an issue by stalling on the question of wage arbitration and by refusing to deal with Local 574 on matters concerning inside workers—shipping and receiving clerks in warehouses, and all sorts of produce craftsmen (celery trimmers, coolers, tomato men) who had joined the union. Thus they broke the agreement which concluded the May strike. The United States conciliation agent, Dunnigan, proposed compromise. How, asked the union leaders, can we compromise? Either we have a right to represent our members, or we have not; if the bosses say we have not, we'll go out.

They did, on July 17, and the workers flocked behind them. The bosses, through a clergyman and a scab, organized a "rank-and-file revolt" against the union leaders. The anti-strike rally, as the Minneapolis press unanimously confessed, turned into a strike demonstration when the union leaders took the platform for discussion. A second "rank-and-file revolt" was arranged by the Stalinists. It consisted of a mimeographed leaflet. In the words of President Bill Brown of Local 574, "the Stalinists have not only discredited communism out here; they've discredited the mimeograph machine."

The bosses launched a campaign of red-baiting against the union leaders, quoting from the ***Militant,*** the national organ of the Trotzkyites, to prove that among the strike leaders are advocates of a Fourth International. The strike leaders hit back hard, affirming the right of a union to choose its own leaders and exposing the divisive aims of the bosses in raising the red scare. The workers refused to fall for the scare; not even news of the San Francisco raids caused them to turn against their leaders.

Next the bosses tried terror. On July 21 Police Chief (Bloody) Johannes provided a convoy of police to move a truck containing a few sacks. When unarmed pickets approached, the police, on orders from the chief, fired at point-blank range. Some fifty were wounded (mostly in the back) and one was killed. The result was a stiffening of the ranks, a rush of aid from many unions, general public sympathy. Three days later Henry B. Ness, shot by the police, was buried; the funeral cortege was the greatest demonstration in Minneapolis history, except for the long-forgotten NRA parade. When Albert Goldman of Chicago, the union's counsel, speaking in front of strike headquarters, pledged his audience to continued struggle, some 40,000 workers responded.

On the day after the shooting, the bosses wrote all strikers, ordering them back to work by July 24. They hoped that because of the red-baiting and shooting enough would return to make possible large-scale truck movements. Their threat was 99 per cent ineffective. Not a truck moved without a convoy of fifty armed cops. The city was divided into districts patrolled by cruising picket cars. A contact man in each district was in communication with strike general headquarters. When a truck shoved its nose out of a garage or crossed the city line, a truckload of pickets whirled out from general headquarters to stop it. The estimated cost to the taxpayer of moving $1 worth of general merchandise was $200. The great mass of people regard the bosses as responsible for these expenditures.

The strikers have dug deep into the populace for support. They have been joined by almost 5,000 Emergency Relief workers who demand a living wage and a thirty-hour week. Several thousand unemployed, organized in the Central Council of Workers, are helping on the picket line. Many unions have adopted resolutions of support and given support, cash, technical aid, pickets and so on. Thousands of people have signed petitions for the ousting of Johannes and his superior, Mayor Bainbridge.

In the May strike there was conflict with nearby farmers. During this strike all farmers displaying the joint permit of Local 574, the Farm Holiday Association, and the Market Gardens Association have been able to bring in produce for sale to retailers and consumers in a special strike market. In return, the farmers have picketed outlying districts to stop commercial trucks and supply food to the strike commissary. The Independent Grocers and several veterans' organizations have backed the strike. The Commissary is the show-place of working-class Minneapolis. The Ladies Auxiliary of 574 dispenses about 10,000 meals daily. The auxiliary also runs an emergency hospital and distributes relief.

Eighteen hours daily a loud-speaker fills the air at the union headquarters with orders to pickets and picket cars, news items, a steady stream of phrases voicing the workers' views, condemning the enemy, reviving flagging spirits. From 7 to 11 P. M. a crowd of about 4,000 blocks the street to listen in on "Station 574."

The strike committee of 100 publishes a daily paper, the *Organizer*. Its editions of 10,000, distributed by the newsboys' union and the ladies' auxiliary, counteract the lies and propaganda of the united boss press. Priced at one cent, it has brought as high as $3. The strikers swear by it, every union leader in town is awe-stricken by it, the employers press the county attorney to arrest the editors for criminal syndicalism, and the Citizens' Alliance (a mysterious organization with no known membership but immense power and resources), by bringing pressure on printers forces the editors to move to a new plant each day. The newspapers are inciting vigilantism, and indictments are being asked. But remarkably little jailing, for criminal syndicalism or anything else, has been done in this strike.* Not a cop has been seen within a quarter of a mile of strike headquarters since the strike began. Minneapolis truck drivers would just as soon crack a cop as drink a beer.

Governor Floyd B. Olson, Farmer-Labor idol of many workers, comes up for reelection soon. The Citizens' Alliance wants him to use the militia to break the strike. Thousands of workers hope he will use it to prevent scab truck movements. Thus far the militia remains in the barracks, reluctant schoolboys who, for all their armament, are scared to death of the redoubtable truck drivers, victors in the May battle. The federal government has sent the Reverend Francis J. Haas to mediate. First he tried to slip things by the strike leaders, but he met his match. Yesterday's epochal funeral cortege, the hardness of the strike leaders, seem to have made a dent in his consciousness. He has abandoned his efforts to sell the strikers an unfair compromise dressed up in fancy language. His latest proposition—a minimum wage involving substantial raises with possible further increases after arbitration and an election to determine the union's right to represent workers, said election to be held on a basis which makes victory for the union certain—has been accepted.

If the employers accept, 574's third strike in six months will have resulted in another step forward in establishing decent conditions and laying the basis for a city-wide unionization drive. If the employers refuse, a new upsurge of strike sentiment, perhaps involving other industries, is to be expected.

The strike leaders are not out to abolish capitalism or overturn the government by means of this strike. They are out to build a union, to get workers better conditions, to strengthen the whole Minneapolis labor movement, to teach the workers some elementary lessons not only in halting scab trucks, facing down armed cops, and tying up a city, but also as to the true nature of the capitalist government, revealing itself in this strike, and as to the need for working-class unity and militancy.

The outcome of the present struggle is uncertain. But win, lose, or draw, Local 574 will have put on a justified and an able and a glorious fight. It is making labor history in the city of Minneapolis. Its victory will be a boon to the whole American labor movement.

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* James P. Cannon, editor of the *Militant*, and Max Schachtman have since been arrested for "disorderly conduct by criminal syndicalism."

The Terror in San Jose

By JOHN TERRY

San Jose, California, July 24

MOB hysteria and vigilante terrorism have returned to this city, fifty miles south of San Francisco in the heart of Santa Clara Valley, one of the most intensive fruit-growing regions in the United States. Here, where Brooke Hart was kidnaped and murdered last fall and where 6,000 men, women, and children jammed St. James Park last November 26 to watch lynch-hangmen jerk Thomas Thurmond and John Holmes into the air, citizens have again overthrown adequate legal machinery and turned to violence—this time in the name of "anti-Communist, anti-red Americanism."

As a result, thirteen residents of this community, one of them a woman, have been taken from their homes, banished from the city, and driven from county to county as fast as deputy sheriffs could herd them along. Nine of them, according to local press reports, were beaten with pick-handles. The outrage, cruelest and most primitive of a series of hysterical anti-red demonstrations conducted during the past week by police and citizens in various central California cities in the wake of the San Francisco general strike, occurred on the night of July 19. Vigilantes (estimated as high as thirty in number, armed with pick-handles whose grip ends were bound with raw-hide thongs) seized Mr. and Mrs. Jess Tanner in their impoverished home on Stowe Avenue in east San Jose. Thirteen-year-old John Tanner was taken to county detention headquarters by an unidentified man. The vigilante mob then moved on to a nearby cottage to carry off thirty-year-old Cecil Hausler, this time leaving behind a terrorized sister and a prostrated mother.

In further visits by automobile in and about San Jose that night the vigilantes rounded up ten more persons, after failing in their efforts to locate John J. O'Rourke, candidate for the county board of supervisors in the August election, said to be a Communist.

What followed that night and on successive days remains, despite the comparative uninterest of the press, one of the most ominous spectacles in recent California history, well calculated to swell the ranks of intelligent and stupid radicalism alike. The lead of a story printed on page one of the San Jose *Mercury-Herald* of July 20 supplies part of the picture:

> Armed with bright new pick-handles, their faces grim, eyes shining with steady purpose, a large band of "vigilantes," composed of irate citizens, including many war veterans, smashed their way into three communist "hot-spots" here last night, seized a mass of red literature and severely beat nine asserted radicals.

Among the prisoners seized that night by vigilantes was one Antone Meshler. Again quoting the *Mercury-Herald,* Meshler "was asked where the reds were meeting that night, but said he did not know. A shirt was tied over his head, and fists and pick-handles were plied in an effort to freshen his memory."

Properly "freshened," the thirteen prisoners were taken by their captors to the adjoining San Benito County boundary and turned over to sheriff's officers. So far as can be learned no attempt was made by the San Benito County sheriff's office to apprehend the vigilantes for kidnaping and assault. San Benito County Undersheriff M. T. Hubler refused to answer this correspondent's questions. By two o'clock on the morning of July 20 the band of thirteen had been turned over to the Monterey County sheriff's office in Salinas and jailed on vagrancy charges on complaint of Sheriff Carl Abbott. When asked why vagrancy was charged against persons who had been seized in their homes by night-riding terrorists and driven to prison, a member of Sheriff Abbott's office replied with admirable logic, "Because they were disheveled, their clothes were torn, and they had no place to go."

Released without trial on their own recognizance on the evening of July 20 with the understanding that they would not return to Monterey County within a year, the thirteen were herded south from Salinas by deputy sheriffs through Monterey and San Luis Obispo Counties to Santa Barbara County, the authorities having proceeded on the familiar reasoning that the solution of social problems lies in hustling vagrants, alleged and otherwise, out of the community. The present whereabouts of the thirteen refugees is apparently unknown here. Neither the Tanners nor Cecil Hausler had returned to their homes by today, while reports are lacking for the others, who are Antone Meshler, Fred Bovee, John Orozzo, A. Kodick, Sam Anderson, M. Mettio, Albert Bega, Sam and Nunzio Pesco, and Ben Pesco, Sr.

Meanwhile the wave of anti-red hysteria, engendered in large degree by San Francisco newspaper stories dealing with the general strike, has swept the length of Santa Clara County, including the town of Palo Alto, seat of Stanford University and home of Herbert Hoover. Ill-defined "security leagues" in Palo Alto and Los Gatos and a "Committee of Safety" in San Jose and the county in general are enrolling several thousand citizens and creating new deputy sheriffs wholesale for such varied purposes as "combatting communism and fascism," conducting "educational campaigns," supplying the sheriff with an immediately available army in case of labor trouble in the orchards, and furnishing civil authorities with a body of citizens "ready to act in cases of emergency, such as earthquakes." (There *was* an earthquake in 1906!)

From the standpoint of civil liberties, one finds in the San Jose newspapers an attitude toward vigilante activity which is anything but reassuring. The *Mercury-Herald's* enthusiastic news story of the July 19 episode was somewhat tempered by an editorial condemning vigilante violence, but the San Jose *Evening News* has been outspoken in indorsing the recent terrorism. The vigilante mob which carried pick-handles drew from the *News* on July 20 a story introduced by the following purple lead: "The mongoose of Americanism dragged the cobra of communism through the good Santa Clara Valley orchard dirt last night." And on the twenty-first the *News* carried the following editorial commendation of terrorism:

> The citizens who accomplished that feat were doing their plain duty, the same as they are doing in San Francisco—raiding every place where they find Communists and driving them out. . . . The *News* offers its congratulations to this committee and wishes to say to them that every time they clean up a den of Communists and lead them boldly out of the county they are accomplishing a great result and will receive the commendation of the public in general.

More reassuring is the attitude of Sheriff William J. Emig of Santa Clara County. Despite anti-red hysteria he has denounced vigilante activity, has promised to exert every effort to apprehend the unknown terrorists of July 19, and has told this correspondent: "I can't go about rounding up 'reds.' And I won't. When laws are broken, I'll act promptly." Palo Alto's Security League, its secret membership said to be divided along "conservative" and "direct action" lines, already shows signs of decline. The Committee of Safety in San Jose denies connection with perpetrators of the July nineteenth outrage. In San Francisco Municipal Judge Lazarus has dismissed eighty-four Communist "suspects" and is quoted as saying that they "were not agitators but merely penniless unfortunates."

Nevertheless the "red round-up" continues in San Francisco. And in San Jose the County Detention Home, when asked what will become of thirteen-year-old John Tanner, replies: "We can't answer that. We are giving him a home and protection until something is decided. John is a good bright boy. He won't talk. We hardly blame him."

Labor Notes

Revolt in Utopia

TWO strikers were killed and forty injured in Kohler, Wisconsin, famous as a model industrial town, in a battle between 400 "special village deputies" and employees of the Kohler plant who are demanding recognition of their recently organized A. F. of L. union, the thirty-hour week, and an increase in pay. National Guardsmen have taken control of the town. The first act of the military commander was to disperse 200 of the "special village deputies." Twenty-six unions of Sheboygan County have demanded the arrest and prosecution for the shootings of the president of Kohler Village, E. R. Schuelke who led the deputies, and Village Marshal John Case.

Walter J. Kohler, former governor of Wisconsin, who is president of the company, has challenged the right of the A. F. of L. to represent his workers and has blamed the strike on "outside labor agitators." Since the strike began the plant has been so closely picketed that the 150 employees within the factory have been virtually prisoners. The blockade has been so tight that at one point the company obtained food for its beleaguered employees only by sending the packages through the United States mails. The strikers are backed in their fight by the Sheboygan Central Labor Council; 5,000 workers representing twenty unions took part on July 22 in a mass meeting at Kohler organized by the Council to demonstrate the solidarity of labor in Sheboygan County. Negotiations between the company and a representative of the Chicago Regional Labor Board have so far failed.

The Issue: $10.80 a Week

FIFTY or more persons were injured in Red Lion, Pennsylvania, on July 26, in connection with a lock-out of 5,000 cigar-workers which has turned into a strike. Red Lion is one of the quiet country towns in York County, long left undisturbed by the hand of industrial progress, which have within the past few weeks taken on the semblance of armed camps. Private guards patrol the streets, substantial citizens carry fire-arms by special permission of the sheriff, and thousands of cigar-makers picket the fifty factories which locked them out. This tense situation, as was to be expected, finally culminated in pitched fighting between the pickets and deputy sheriffs guarding the cigar plants when a truck manned by non-union workers attempted to run the pickets' blockade. The burgess of the borough of Red Lion has asked Governor Pinchot for State police, and seemingly more trouble is ahead. "York County citizens are amazed at the action of the workers in this section, a community which has been noted for peace among laboring men and women," as one newspaper describes the situation. "There is no large percentage of foreign employees." It must indeed by something drastic to stir these peaceable workers out of their somnolence, but on inspection the issue turns out to be nothing more esoteric than a $10.80 weekly minimum wage, as provided by the NRA code governing the industry. The workers demanded their twenty-seven cents an hour minimum, and the factory owners retaliated by declaring a lock-out, asserting they could not afford to pay it.

The difficulty in York County is that the NRA wage is based on conditions in the machine production of cigars, while these Pennsylvania workers, like their fathers before them, have been manufacturing cigars by hand, to be sold at extremely low cost. The employers point out that to increase wages, the price of their cigars must be raised, and the cigars, being made of Pennsylvania tobacco, simply are not worth more than the two-for-five scale predominant. In other words, they can't compete against machine-made cigars, and should not be bound by the latter's code. The argument is a tenable one, but unfortunately there is little for the worker, whichever way it is looked at. If machines are introduced, many of the old-time craftsmen will lose the only jobs they know how to do; if the old wage scale is continued (it averages about $6 weekly) they are not much better off. The NRA cigar-manufacturing code authority has appointed a cost-finding commission to learn whether the employers actually cannot afford to pay $10.80, but what will happen if it is determined they cannot is anybody's guess. Meanwhile strike-breakers have begun operations in some of the factories, at the old wage scale. Out of the tangled situation two facts clearly emerge—that the striking workers are at a decided disadvantage, and that the $10.80 scale, despite the protests of the employers, is the absolute minimum for their long hours of arduous toil. Whether they will get it, however, is another matter.

NEXT WEEK

Your Government Is a Strikebreaker

By Colston E. Warne and Leo Huberman

On Strike

The following is a representative but not exhaustive list of strikes in progress throughout the country.

BETWEEN 13,000 and 20,000 workers in twenty-four textile mills in Alabama are striking for union recognition, a thirty-hour week, a minimum wage of twelve dollars weekly, and abolition of the stretch-out and speed-up.

In Montana more than 5,000 workers in the mines, smelters, and newspaper print shops owned by the Anaconda Copper Company are continuing their strike for higher wages, shorter hours, and, in the mines, safer working conditions and the check-off system.

In New York 12,000 painters are on strike against a cut in wages; a general strike affecting 75,000 building-trades workers is threatened because of working conditions on P. W. A. projects.

In the union stock yards at Chicago 800 workers are on strike. They maintain that the Union Stock Yards and Transit Company has failed to live up to the arbitration agreement by which a former strike was settled. A general packing strike involving 8,400 additional workers is threatened.

In Holt, Alabama, 800 foundry workers are on strike for the closed shop and the check-off.

The strike of onion workers in the 17,000-acre Scioto Marshland in Ohio is now in its seventh week. The workers, organized in an A. F. of L. union, are demanding thirty-five cents an hour instead of twelve-and-a-half cents with the use of living quarters.

By a vote of 389 to 1 Omaha street-car men have gone on strike for an increase in pay.

LOUIS ADAMIC

... has written the tremendous record of social violence in America—and, by the addition of more than fifty pages, has brought up-to-date his full, dramatic history of the bloody strife which has marked the increasingly serious struggle between labor and capital in the mills and mines, on the railroads, on the docks and across the plains. Sinclair Lewis writes: "That this should not have a huge sale is a disgrace to the entire country."

DYNAMITE

The story of class violence in America, 1826-1934, first published in 1931 and now re-issued, completely revised to date, at the popular price of $2 (Formerly $3.50).

THE VIKING PRESS, 18 E. 48TH ST., N. Y. C.

Books

W. H. Auden

THE peculiarities of the depression book business in this country have prevented American readers from learning about a group of young English writers whose development is of considerable literary importance. No books of their has been published here, and only a few magazines (notably *Poetry,* the *Hound and Horn,* and the *Symposium*) have given them serious attention.

The easiest approach to these writers as a group is through two anthologies, "New Signatures" and "New Country," which include samples in both prose and verse of the ablest representatives. They should be approached as a group, for in this way we can see them to be part of a definite movement that is somewhat more than literary. Like young French writers, they publish manifestoes, and proclaim themselves. They want very much to know what they are doing.

All of them, in spite of sound Public School training, are or claim to be communists, at least to the extent of accepting, and wishing to work in their own way toward, a classless society. "I think," Michael Roberts writes in the preface to "New Country," "and the writers in this book obviously agree, that there is only one way of life for us: to renounce that [capitalist] system now and to live by fighting against it." They are all, moreover, acutely conscious of the problem of the relation of their social views to their creative writing. Indeed, their current writing is a series of experiments probing various solutions of this poet-breaking problem.

More technically, this revolution of the social spirit has, in the group, its stylistic parallels. These writers have managed to take a hurdle that has been standing for some time impassable in the literary way. They have absorbed the lessons of Joyce in prose, and of Pound and Eliot in verse, and have gone on from there. I don't of course mean that any one of them has yet shown himself the equal of Joyce or Pound or Eliot. I mean simply that whereas before them writers either didn't know what Joyce and Pound and Eliot were about and thereby belonged to a past generation or were forced to be imitators, these young men do know, and knowing go about their own business. Their newness comes out in a number of ways: in the influences they draw from —Gerard Manley Hopkins and the English eighteenth century, for example, instead of the French poets and the seventeenth century; new enthusiasms, the very willingness to be enthusiastic, in contrast to sterility and despair; a looking forward, instead of chiefly back; and, as always in a genuinely new development, the direct thrust for metaphors into immediate personal experience.

There are several promising writers by whom the group can be tested: Stephen Spender, Cecil Day-Lewis, Michael Roberts, William Plomer, Richard Goodman. So far, however, W. H. Auden is the most considerable. He has published more than the others: a volume of "Poems" (besides those appearing in the anthologies and in magazines), an unclassifiable work in both verse and prose called "The Orators," and, most recently, a kind of masque called "The Dance of Death." The sometimes startling figures, the intricate structure, and the often fascinating semi-rhymes of the early poems—

> Which of you waking early and watching daybreak
> Will not hasten in heart, handsome, aware of wonder
> At night unleashed, advancing, a leader of movement,
> Breaking like surf on turf on road and roof,
> Or chasing shadow on downs like whippet racing,
> Then stilled against stone, halting at eyelash barrier,
> Enforcing in face a profile, marks of misuse,
> Beating impatient and importunate on boudoir shutters
> Where the old life is not up yet, with rays
> Exploring through rotting floor a dismantled mill—
> The old life never to be born again?

these are frequently more accomplished than his recent verse, with its jog-trot rhymes and the attempt to translate prose rhythms directly into verse forms—an attempt that sometimes ends simply in flat verse. Indeed, oddly enough, though primarily a poet and known as such, Auden has perhaps written more successful prose than verse, a prose that at its best is colorful, swift, and flexible—

> Next the defective lovers. Systems run to a standstill, or like those ship-cranes along Clydebank, which have done nothing all this year. Owners of small holdings, they sit by fires they can't make up their minds to light, while dust settles on their unopened correspondence and inertia branches in their veins like a zinc tree.

However, the reason for Auden's uneven development is the reason why he is a writer of potential importance. He has not been content to master the technical surface, nor to fall back on a "message" and let the surface go. His social vision is for him more than the formula it has become for so many of our literary racketeers. He finds that he must reintegrate his personality in its light; and re-fuse his personality and his art. This is not an easy job for a writer who takes writing seriously.

"The Orators" marks for Auden the change and the reorientation. It is his intellectual and emotional break with the present order, his realization of the intensely personal problem this break involves for the poet, and his statement of certain prerequisites of a solution. Partly through elaborated symbols (many of them recurring in his poetry) and partly by sharply direct observation, he surveys once more the spiritual wasteland of contemporary civilization. In the longest section, "Journal of an Airman," he seems to be examining the possibilities of the romantic attitude, summed up in the figure of the airman, as a way out of the wasteland. (Nearly all this group, together with a number of the younger English novelists, in their early writing assert a romanticism in modern dress against both the neo-classicism of Eliot and the fashionable low realism of the 'twenties.) But the airman, though noble as an isolated individual and embodying certain values that must be part of the cultural solution, is inadequate, and before the end himself realizes the inadequacy ("Three days to break a lifetime's pride"). He takes off into what is clearly his last journey.

It was, I am told, just after completing "The Orators" that Auden became a convinced communist. And it should be noticed that Auden, like the others of the groups, sees in communism not a destructive force nor a mere economic revolution. They find it valuable, as poets should, "in so far as it removes the vested interests which by enforcing standardization, oppose all genuine education, the full development of the individual. . . ." It is this that concerns them.

JAMES BURNHAM

The Sough of Words

Modern American Prose. Edited by Carl Van Doren. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.75.

RATHER curiously, some of the worst writing in this anthology is by T. S. Eliot and some of the best is by Theodore Dreiser. Most fanciers of prose, I take it, would agree that Mr. Eliot is an appreciably more adroit maker of it than Mr. Dreiser, and among them I'd certainly be inclined to put myself. But here we have Mr. Eliot starting off a study of Dryden with a series of sentences so feeble and clumsy that any college tutor of English would blue-pencil them, and here we have Mr. Dreiser writing about his brother Paul in a way that is not only simple and honest, but also innocently beautiful. Did Mr. Van Doren make these selections with malice, seeking to take a poke at what is generally believed? Not having access to his conscience, I can't answer—but it must be manifest that there is a lesson in them for the judicious.

His book is confined to authors who have come into notice since 1914, and is arranged, not in the order of their ages, but in the order of publication of the writings reprinted. Thus Miss Gertrude Stein, who began to write in infancy and is still full of adolescent fire, has the first place, and Ludwig Lewisohn, who is a venerable Tzaddik in a thirteenth century kittel, comes far after her. The arrangement makes for the grotesque propinquities which so often give a raffish humor to indexes. Joseph Hergesheimer is parked beside John Reed, John Dos Passos and Ernest Hemingway are between Thornton Wilder and Glenway Wescott, and Waldo Frank and William Faulkner are cheek by jowl. But these shocking juxtapositions are only proof, after all, that Mr. Van Doren is a tolerant fellow, and devoid of prejudice. That his private taste finds delight in each and every one of his selections is too much to assume, but he is plainly aware that sound writing is a gem of many facets and cannot be reduced to a formula.

It is astonishing how many of the pieces here reprinted endure a second reading. They include some of the best short stories done in this country since the war—for example Ring Lardner's The Golden Honeymoon, Ernest Hemingway's The Killers, and William Faulkner's That Evening Sun—and they include also a great many extracts from books that seem destined to a considerable longevity—for example, Sinclair Lewis's "Arrowsmith," William Beebe's "Jungle Days," Pearl S. Buck's "The Good Life," Willa S. Cather's "The Song of the Lark," and Joseph Hergesheimer's "San Cristóbal de la Habana." It is possible, of course, that most or even all of this stuff will pass out on some near tomorrow, as the work of Henry Harland, Frank R. Stockton, and many another has passed out, but it surely does not seem likely. All of it has already outlived its immediate era, and some of it appears to be better esteemed today than ever before. There is a tumult of opposition to it in certain quarters, but that opposition is mainly puerile and much of it is not even honest. Some of the other things that Mr. Van Doren reprints look to be less durable, but not many of them are downright trash. Nearly every piece shows a serious approach to the sacrament of letters, and very few fall outside the main current of American thought in the years following the war.

The compiler has given right of place to "narratives and studies of character," and in consequence he has had to sacrifice some work in other fields that would have adorned his collection. The only contribution that will be unfamiliar to a reader in reasonably wide practice is a shrewd and charming essay on history by Dr. Carl Becker of Cornell. If Mr. Van Doren had been willing to proceed further in this direction he might have unearthed some capital writing by Dr. William Morton Wheeler, Dr. Fielding H. Garrison, Dr. Raymond Pearl, and Dr. William Allen Pusey, to name but four men of science who are also the proprietors of clear and resilient prose styles. And if he had been on the lookout for first-rate writing in fields commonly regarded as non-literary he might have found it in the work of E. W. Howe, William Allen White, and Bishop Francis C. Kelley, to go no further than the Middle West. Mr. Howe has been widely praised as a sage, but few seem to have noticed that what he has to say is much less remarkable than the workmanlike and effective way in which he says it. As for Bishop Kelley, he is kept too busy in a heathen diocese to write much, but when he seizes pen in hand he shows extraordinary skill, and if our literary scouts were more alert we'd be hearing about an American Newman.

Mr. Van Doren's collection runs to 939 pages of relatively small print, but its price is only $2.75. Apparently, the NRA has yet to do its worst to book publishing. The typographical arrangement by Robert Joseph deserves a word of praise, and so does the printing by the Quinn and Boden Company of Rahway, New Jersey. Although, the volume lifts itself clearly above the common run of anthologies. But why did the compiler omit an index? His table of contents does not answer, for it is not even arranged alphabetically.

H. L. MENCKEN

Nicolson Loses His Way

Curzon: The Last Phase. 1919-1925. A Study in Post-War Diplomacy. By Harold Nicolson. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.50.

THIS is the third volume of Harold Nicolson's trilogy intended to be a survey of the old and new diplomacy. The first volume was his brilliant and discerning life of his father entitled "Portrait of a Diplomatist: The Life of Lord Carnock," which was a study of the old diplomacy, and his second was his successful "Peacemaking 1919." This latest product of his pen is a great disappointment. It is, of course, well written and well informed, as it is by one who has himself been behind the scenes in the Foreign Office and can therefore characterize the actors in the drama with the surety of touch and the understanding which only an insider can have. Like its predecessors, it contains brilliant flashes, delicious wit, and striking descriptions of events and individuals, often with a grim touch of malice in them, as when he describes Chicherin as a "golden, although mangy, cocker spaniel liberated from the leash" and writes of Enver Pasha as a "small, ruthless, arrogant little man with the appearance of a Berlin barber and the cruelty of a Kurd." Again, he characterizes our own play-boy diplomat, Richard Washburn Child, as the maker of remarks to the Lausanne Conference "so foolish and irrelevant that the diplomats who witnessed this unhappy scene gazed at each other in bewildered embarrassment."

Despite all its life, movement, and information, one lays down the book with justified dissatisfaction with the meal spread before one. This is due in no small measure to the author's failure to clarify in his own mind just what he was driving at and how he was going to present his material. The result is that we have a work that is partly a sermon and partly a life, with a sketch of Curzon subordinated to the effort to set forth Mr. Nicolson's preachment, namely that modern diplomacy should be carried on by experts behind closed doors as of old, and then have its results as to policies revised, if necessary, and always controlled by democratic public opinion or new-school politicians. This curious thesis he sets forth finally in an appendix which he calls Terminal Essay, after having belabored it again and again throughout the book. It is a pity that this proposal was not wholly restricted to this excellent section of the book—excellent even if one cannot agree with his plan. It sounds well but is entirely vitiated by the simple fact that behind their closed doors the diplomats can maneuver any country to the very brink of war and can withhold vital information from the electorate, as McKinley did before he asked for war with Spain. Then there is no time left for reconsideration, or for the democracy to frame a real picture of what is going on. The diplomats and the executives then at once call upon the democracies to stand by them and their proposals because the national honor is at stake—precisely as the British people were told in 1914 that the secret commitments with Belgium and France involved the country's honor and their honor, and must be upheld at the cost of a million lives.

The trouble with the book and with Mr. Nicolson is that he is plainly the victim of contrary forces within himself. A liberal streak makes him desirous of ending the evils of the old diplomacy, the character of which he showed up so remarkably in the life of his father, but a distrust of democratic processes holds him back. Next he is not clear as to public opinion and its relations to the statesmen. But above all his efforts to think things through and even to be just to other peoples, towers the Britisher in him. He cannot forget that it is Britain's will to dominate other peoples when it comes to enforcing one of its fundamental tenets of national policy, such as the defense of trade routes to India. His finest tribute to Curzon is his description of that noble lord's success at the Lausanne Conference in 1922, when he completely dominated the conference and achieved everything Great Britain wanted by his ability and extraordinary knowledge, and his readiness to take advantage of every weakness of his adversaries. If he does not go as far as Curzon in the desire to have England a modern Rome regulating every inferior race, he still is all for those fundamental tenets of English policy and heartily applauds Lloyd George for, consciously or unconsciously, upholding them.

When Mr. Nicolson comes to deal with the old question whether public opinion in a democracy controls public policy, or whether the statesmen dominate, his vacillation is seen at its worst. He begins by saying that the Allied statesmen in Paris were "the victims of their own public opinion," and he attributes the break-up of the Allied front and the collapse of British diplomacy between the end of the war and 1925 to the "determination" of the democracies of Europe "now that victory had been achieved, to renounce all further physical effort. On the other hand, they expected their statesmen to obtain and preserve for them the most triumphant spoils." Anyone who was present at Paris and saw the reception of Woodrow Wilson by the multitudes in the countries he visited will not subscribe to this doctrine; there was every evidence that the masses wanted only an immediate and a just settlement and not triumphant spoils. But while Mr. Nicolson here represents the statesmen as the pitiful victims of their own democracies, to which they had lied, falsifying and misrepresenting war conditions from the beginning to the end, on page 169 he declares that at the time of the Peace Conference it was impossible for "any British statesman to foresee the almost limitless capacity for surrender" of the British public "which had lost its gift for imperialism"; which in turn explains why Lloyd George brought home such tremendous spoils from Paris! On Page 216 he explains in connection with the reparations, not that the public demanded impossible sums, but that the statesmen of Europe had "raised popular expectation to a point where it became unreasoning" and "they were then afraid to disabuse that opinion of the fallacies which they themselves fostered!" Finally, on page 220, he declares that the disastrous delay which wrecked Germany and threw Europe into chaos was in the main due to "democratic opinion in France and to a less extent in Great Britain." He then blames the House of Commons for not understanding the reparations situation although, as he says, Lloyd George, Lord Curzon, and the experts did. But was this the fault of the House of Commons or the failure of Lloyd George, Lord Curzon, and the experts to inform the House? They had no difficulty in misinforming the House when they wished to do so.

In short, Mr. Nicolson's book should have been carefully revised by a friendly hand before it was allowed to appear in a shape to do him much harm. Thus three times (pages 244, 269, 356) the reader is told that a "fortunate attack of phlebitis" confined Lord Curzon to his bed at Hackwood where "with ill-concealed delight" he observed Lloyd George's failure at the Genoa Conference. Aside from numerous misprints not worthy of a usually meticulous publisher, Mr. Nicolson places the Afghan attack on India in March, 1919, instead of in May, just after saying that it had been planned in April. But even these blemishes do not compare with the lack of coordination and clear thinking so marked that one wonders whether the author has been sincere with himself, his subject, and his public. Certainly he has not even given us the brilliant and well-rounded and absolutely frank sketch of Curzon we had the right to expect. Oswald Garrison Villard

Story of a Dictator

Rico, Bandit and Dictator. By Antonio de Fierro Blanco. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

THIS tale is less gorgeous than "The Journey of the Flame." but no less compelling and strange. The arrogance and scorn belonging to Antonio de Fierro Blanco's earlier book are here as part of his own character and interwoven with that of the figure of whom he writes. Rico, a bandit, became dictator of a province south of the Rio Grande some forty or fifty years ago. He was, supposedly, the son of an Austrian archduke, a Hapsburg who had been mysteriously exiled. His mother was an Indian woman; her father was a priest of the forbidden faith of the Crimson Bird. According to tradition, their race had first lived in Sibele, the Lost Continent, of which many legends are told. Some of these are linked with tales of the Seven Cities of Cibola. Later, ruined cities of this ancient race were found in the jungle, where the forbidden faith of the Crimson Bird was celebrated with human sacrifices.

The progress of Rico from banditry to dictatorship was accomplished under the sway of the ancient and hideous woman tyrant of Atlan, who taught him to "govern men by fear, by superstition, by self-interest, by admiration for thyself." He succeeds after brutal changes of fortune, and is guarded in his later years by the hag-ridden Ismael, who comes to him from the jungle. As dictator he knows ministers from Europe; there are allusions, for the most part disdainful, to the Great Republic to the North. He rules by fear and a diabolical tact; he never thinks twice, not wishing to permit judgment to destroy instinct. Here and there his encounters with women are described, with La Gloria, who joined him on the battlefield and whom he loved without knowing it. There was the Argentine Miss, a vengeful young Amazon who died by her own hand, cunningly seeking his death. There was his ugly secretary, La Silva, and finally the mysterious Englishwoman, with whom he may have disappeared. He was suddenly and finally lost to view at the height of his political power.

At the outset Blanco denies that this character ever existed, but he speaks throughout as though he had known Rico, as

BURLINGAME
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though his book were a labor of love and honor. If the tale is fiction, then the dramatization of apparent source materials is in itself a triumph. The intensity of the writing, the concentration of the narrative—and of the many small narratives that compose the whole—give the book its compulsion. If Rico is a mysterious figure, the writer, now an old man, is no less mysterious; little is known of him. At the beginning of this tale he briefly mentions his ancestry. He is descended from a Norseman who fought against the Moors in Spain, and also from a companion of Cortez in Mexico, who when he was seen by the Aztecs was thought from his fair coloring to be the White God whose appearance had long been prophesied. This Conquistador married the daughter of Quauhtemotzin, commander-in-chief of the last Aztec emperor.

Blanco's ancestry suggests an endless treasure-house of fact and fable. It is to be hoped that he may choose to draw upon this still farther. If in all his writing one can never be sure where fact leaves off and fable begins, this with his gift of style creates great color and dimension.

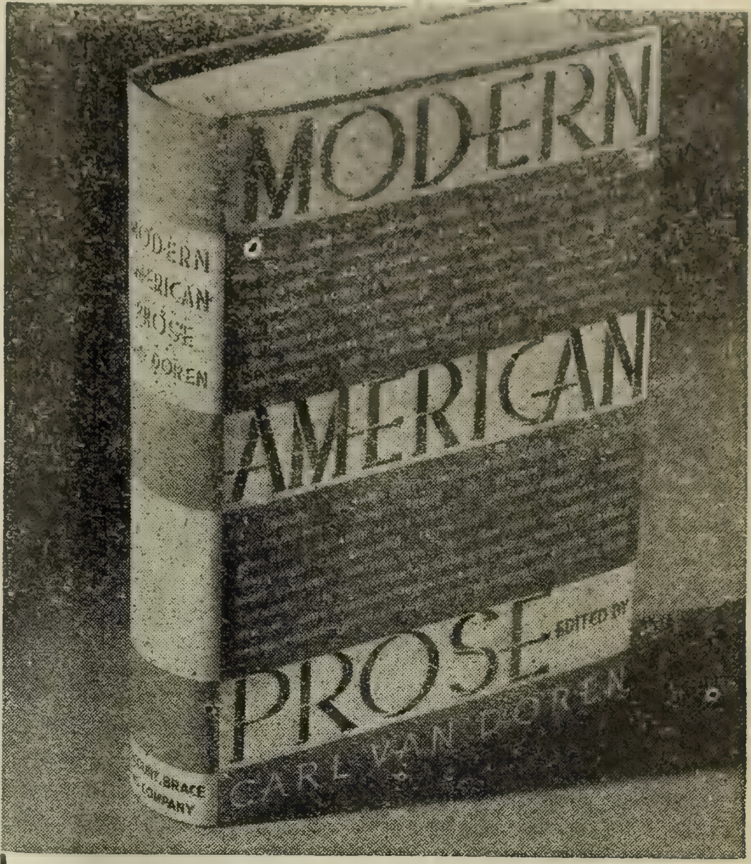
CONSTANCE ROURKE

The Old South

So Red the Rose. By Stark Young. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

STARK YOUNG's "So Red the Rose" is a study of the effects of the Civil War on a small civilian segment of the old South. Mr. Young tells of the planter society of Mississippi, a comfortable, highly developed, eccentric lot of people, and his account of them is one long, slow caress. He perhaps imagines that he has written a dispassionate account of the ways and feelings of these cultivated individuals; he does, in fact, make every attempt to be fair, to see all sides of the case. Nevertheless, his story of the McGehees of Montrose and the Bedfords of Portobello is not truly a history or a novel, but a poem of glorification. He presents us with a group of highly varied individuals, full of quirks, and full of character. If Mr. Young were to be believed, it would appear that even the bores of old Mississippi were amusing. There is Malcolm Bedford, a tipsy gentleman who amuses himself by writing obituaries of his living relatives; old Mary Cherry, virgin battleaxe, whose speech is as downright as it is vulgar; Senator Ruffin whose pompous, polished conversation seemed quaint even to his contemporaries; and finally Sallie Bedford, Malcolm's wife, indomitable but feminine, who quoted Lord Byron and the French epigrammatists freely, and even in bed of a night was ever ready with a reference to Lucretius.

The first glimpse one has of these people is tremendously exciting. For a moment, one thinks that Stark Young has been given miraculous penetration, that he will recreate a dead world in true and living terms. But it is soon evident that he is not interested in truth, but in romance. He quickly gives up the fascinating business of creating people for the more routine job of pleading their cause. After a magnificent two hundred pages, there is no development of character. The McGehees and the Bedfords stop still in their tracks, and the novel stops with them. The Civil War is fought, young men are killed, Negroes desert their masters, plantations are looted and burned to the ground, but these events are not presented with the sharp intensity of the first chapters. They are blurred, as in a dream. Indeed, the total effect of "So Red the Rose" is that of a dream—long, luscious, and finally cloying. The air, winter or summer, is heavy with the scent of camelias; the characters are seen dimly through a pastel-colored mist. Love and death are so clouded with glory and charm that their sting is never felt. Even for the final tragic dissolution of the Southern order, the



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ELINOR WYLIE

Literary Guild August Book 900 pages, $2.75

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY
383 Madison Ave., N. Y.

brash invasion of the carpetbaggers, Mr. Young has no bitterness, only a softer, more sugared melancholy.

It must be admitted at once that Mr. Young is a master at creating this lush, unreal atmosphere, and one cannot of course blame him for romancing if that is his special desire. One can only be sorry that his book, though fine enough in its way, does not live up to the strange promise of its first chapters.

MARY McCARTHY

Shorter Notices

Defy the Foul Fiend. By John Collier. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.
Brain Guy. By Benjamin Appel. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

These two novels, so completely different in temper and style, are in many respects the same story. They each describe a gifted young man who would rather do anything than earn what is described by old-fashioned persons as an honest living; the two heroes are both agreeable wastrels, in short, with no regard for their elders and betters and with an irresistible attraction for charming young ladies—the one for amateur, the other for professional whores. But not to pursue the comparison too far, it should be said hastily that Mr. Collier's novel is urbane, intelligent, and a delight to the ear; and beneath its witty and cruel casualness is a deep foundation of tradition and sober virtue, along with an ability to render the English countryside in terms that make it tender and real. Mr. Appel's novel, on the other hand, is one of the more unfortunate examples of the tough-baby, put-'em-on-the-spot, but-I'll-always-be-true-to-my-little-girl type of modern fiction. There is every reason to expect that "Brain Guy," however, will have the same sort of success, although it is not so direct or so sharp, as "The Postman Always Rings Twice." While "Defy the Foul Fiend," it is to be feared will be read only by that comparatively small group of persons who appreciate excellence, particularly when it is combined with wit. If advice from a reviewer is pertinent at this point, it might be wise to borrow "Brain Guy" from an obliging friend, and to spend the required sum to make "Defy the Foul Fiend" one's own.

The Adventurous Thirties: A Chapter in the Women's Movement. By Janet E. Courtney. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

A hundred years ago women in England were freer and more enterprising than they were thirty years later. The thirties were adventurous, the sixties Victorian. The feminist bud of that early spring was nipped by a variety of frosts, including the Queen, respectability, piety, and the swiftness of the economic change. But the women of the thirties that Mrs. Courtney portrays for us are a fine and fettlesome lot: poets and editors, publicists, philanthropists, just ladies, outspoken social critics, adventurous travelers. With the exception, perhaps, of Harriet Martineau and Caroline Norton they were not in the later feminist tradition, or indeed consciously in any, but they were all personalities, and the author delights to give us the "little realities" about them that make biography vivid. So we see them not only as links or examples but as women. And the charming portraits of some of them add to our knowledge. We like Felicia Hemans's buxom and gentle femininity and her ringlets. She wrote delightful letters and supported five small sons after a never explained separation from her husband. Casabianca supplied the family with shoes and the stern and rock-bound coast produced a crop of square meals. Caroline Bowles sent her poems to Southey and thereby became Mrs. Southey. L. E. L. wrote verses that were much admired, and mysteriously committed suicide. The travelers to India, delicately bred ladies, suffered untold hardships, or rather they were told in their letters, not too absorbingly. But it's a different matter when we come to those two real human beings, Frances Trollope and Harriet Martineau, to say nothing of Elizabeth Fry, a saint who also remained human. There are others, rich and poor, austere and worldly, pretty and plain, each with a special flavor, a fine, vigorous, pungent flavor for the most part, to recommend her. The women of 1934 will do well to become acquainted with those of 1830.

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Europe Between Wars? By Hamilton Fish Armstrong. The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

The velocity of events in Europe is too swift for the comfort of writers who poise for a moment over the scene and hope to suggest the direction of coming action. Mr. Armstrong's short and thoughtful analysis has been overtaken by the happenings in Germany. He had been a shrewd enough observer to allow for them, but naturally he did not try to leap ahead and foretell the effect of what he only vaguely foresaw. His picture of Central Europe remains generally sound. But the study is too brief to justify his title. No attempt is made to guage the influence of Russia in the regrouping of European forces, nor to estimate the trend to a temporary system of the Unbalance of Power. His canvas is too limited to include the Far Eastern crisis, probably the outstanding danger today to European peace. And he does not go into the quite cogent consideration of how an early European war is to be made. Assuming Germany is to wage it, few in Europe can believe she has rearmed enough to win against the countries who would be sure to throw themselves against her. Nor can she hope to reach this strength in her present poverty. Europe probably is between wars, having always been between them or in them. But an early war does not appear inevitable on the basis of Mr. Armstrong's facts.

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THE CALIFORNIA RED-HUNT continues, although liberals in San Francisco and elsewhere are mobilizing their meager forces to rescue whatever shreds of civil liberty are left. Barring an injection of anti-rabies serum into the veins of William Randolph Hearst, there is apparently not much chance of an early return to sanity. From Carmel, that serene haven of the arts, Ella Winters reports that Langston Hughes, revolutionary Negro poet, has been forced to leave town; that a Citizens' Internal Defense Committee of 200 has been organized to watch the John Reed Club, which can no longer rent a hall for its meetings; that bricks have been thrown into the houses of radical sympathizers in Berkeley, where liberal professors are terrorized with threats of expulsion. Meanwhile a committee of 800 liberals, with Austin Lewis, the veteran labor lawyer, acting as the chairman, has held an open-air protest meeting in Berkeley, and Travers Clement and Lillian Symes, acting for the American Civil Liberties Union, have obtained a number of conservative signatures to a statement protesting against vigilante lawlessness. But two protest meetings called by the Socialist Party were broken up by members of the Teamsters' and Chauffeurs' Union. The American Civil Liberties Union is attempting to launch an investigation of California's white terror on the lines of the Reichstag-fire investigation. Liberals will do well to give prompt and effective support to this enterprise. The California industrial, financial, and publishing interests can scarcely be shamed, but they may be scared if sufficient national publicity is focused upon the sun-kissed State.

THE REACTIONARY VIOLENCE of vigilantes and minute men in San Francisco, Seabrook (New Jersey), and other localities becomes insignificant beside the enormity of reaction just proposed by a New York citizens' association. The New York State Economic Council, claiming a membership of 50,000 taxpayers and headed by Merwin K. Hart, William Breed, and former Attorney General George W. Wickersham, has adopted a program declaring that it favors "withholding from all persons receiving public unemployment relief the right of suffrage during the period in which such relief is being received." (This because the unemployed could by their votes hinder economic recovery.) The program denounces general strikes, prohibits trade unions from requiring members to make contributions to a political fund, refuses State employees the right of belonging to political organizations, prohibits the closed-shop clause in any public-works contract, and urges court injunctions against the use of trade-union funds for the support of illegal strikes. It opposes any form of compulsory health or sickness insurance, any extension of New York's old-age security law, and the ratification by the State Legislature of the federal child-labor amendment. It demands the revision of State pension laws, and provides for a 2 per cent limit on all real-estate taxes. The council has previously opposed the housing bill. Regarding education it says, "Taxpayers are required to furnish elaborate high-school education for 36,000 pupils who can't use it." The council is not the only organization of its kind. The Public Administration Clearing House of Chicago recommends, along with educational and social retrenchment, increased police efficiency. Other organizations of "taxpayers," "investors," and "citizens" are in the field with platforms scarcely less reactionary.

THE PRESIDENT'S COMMITTEE on Economic and Social Security, appointed on June 29, has finally entered upon its studies. Professor E. E. Witte, of the University of Wisconsin, has been put in charge, under the quaint title of "production manager." The output resulting from these studies, it is expected, will be laid before Congress when it reconvenes next winter. But one must be naively optimistic to hope that the result will be a comprehensive program of social insurance covering unemployment, old age, sickness, industrial accidents, and occupational diseases. In appointing Professor Witte, Secretary Perkins declared that emphasis will be laid on "prevention of economic hazards rather than the care of its victims." "I like to think of our program," the Secretary mused, "as democratic rather than

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socialistic. And it differs from the European method in that we are seeking to prevent social-security hazards. That approach, I believe, is typical of the American mind." Miss Perkins's distinction between "democratic" and "socialistic" procedure is not altogether clear. What is clear is that if it is not possible to plan and order the capitalist economy sufficiently to achieve a minimum security for workers, then cushions of social insurance must be provided to protect wage-earners against the rearings and plungings of our economic machine. Neither alternative is socialistic in any real sense since neither disturbs the base of ownership and control on which the society rests.

WHEN WILLIAM GREEN talks socialism, then the millennium is—right where it was: at the end of a long road of militant labor struggle which Mr. Green, certainly, has done little to hearten and help. But that Mr. Green should, by implication at least, envisage a revolutionary objective for labor is significant to say the least. Mr. Green's tall talk was delivered on the eve of the annual meeting at Atlantic City of the executive council of the American Federation of Labor. It followed the publication of the August *Monthly Survey of Business* of the A. F. of L., in which the labor economists showed clearly that industry and banking are jammed in a stalemate; that production per man hour has increased 22.3 per cent since 1929; that profit-motivated business is apparently unable to operate the machinery of production and reemploy our ten million jobless workers. "Will it be necessary for society to take over the means of production?" declaimed Mr. Green. "Will the government be forced, because of industry's failure, to invite the eager and willing workers to march into the idle shops and throw the levers of the machines that will again pour out the endless amount of goods our people require? . . . Whatever may come, labor will stand on the side of complete utilization of our productive capacities. . . ." Does this mean that Mr. Green stands on the side of the militant, radical rank-and-file blocs in the unions which are trying to wrest control from the hands of Mr. Green's reactionary lieutenants and march toward precisely the objective Mr. Green indicates? Scarcely that. But Mr. Green has heard murmurs from the grass roots. He has answered with big words. The day may not be far off when he will be forced to match these words with deeds.

HOW MANY PERSONS on relief rolls are unemployable because of age or infirmity and are likely to be permanently dependent upon some type of public assistance? To obtain an answer to this question the FERA will send out 2,600 investigators into 800 industrial centers throughout the country, and for the first time we shall have reasonably approximate census data showing the total of the industrially halt, lame, and blind. The findings of this study will be turned over to the President's Committee on Economic Security now mapping out a legislative program. Carrington Gill, assistant administrator in charge of the study, is tough-mindedly ready for the worst. The findings, he is reported to have predicted, will probably be "a terrific shock to the nation." They will disclose, he is said to expect, that even a return of prosperity will not wipe the relief rolls sufficiently clear to warrant stopping future federal aid. That the FERA should devote itself to gathering data of this kind and that proposals for legislation may be expected is good news. Still more valuable would be a study of the problem of how many of the 10,000,000 currently unemployed will ever get their jobs back, assuming the return of prosperity. How many of the able-bodied and the young among the working population must the government reckon with as a permanent army of unemployed?

AFTER FIVE YEARS spent in wrecking America's school system by implacable demands for "economy," for smaller school budgets, for lower teachers' salaries, for larger classes—demands which have reduced our annual school expenditures from $2,250,000,000 in 1929 to a prospective expenditure this year of $1,750,000,000 and have closed entirely about 1,000 schools—American business has suddenly sprung to the rescue of that high, pure thing, education. The sudden change of heart, however, is not mysterious. The business men, especially the manufacturers of building materials and of school equipment, such as desks, pencils, typewriters, and the like, had it called to their attention by the school administrators that the "school is America's biggest business," and that the loss of markets consequent upon jettisoning the school system was costing them more in profits than they could hope to save in taxes. Accordingly they allied themselves with school officials in organizing a campaign to revitalize education—or at least the market for school supplies, which is perhaps not quite the same thing. The opening move will be the first National Schoolmart and Schoolview to be held from August 15 to 24 in New York City's Port Authority Building, the former consisting of exhibitions by book publishers, pencil manufacturers, typewriter manufacturers, motion-picture manufacturers, and so forth, and the latter being round-table conferences on problems of school administration and maintenance. Since PWA grants of federal funds have already "primed the pump" of school construction—the first quarter of 1934 showed a gain of 700 per cent over the same period last year—the movement may well be successful; one of its incidental by-products may be a little more money for teachers and even a little more education of a sort for children. This last seems not quite business-like. Why the children? And why the teachers? Unless, carrying commercial logic to its extreme application, the teachers teach the children to destroy the desks, books, and buildings, thus creating business for the suppliers.

BY THE TIME these words appear in print, the National Labor Relations Board may be hearing the case of John Donovan versus General Johnson and Gustav Peck. Following a conference last week with representatives of the NRA Employees' Union, and after the union representatives had agreed to abide by the board's decision, the board fixed August 6 as the date for a public hearing. General Johnson, however, has not yet indicated whether or not he is willing to be bound by such a determination; and the matter must remain unsettled until he returns to Washington. It is hardly likely that the General will draw back. If he does so, he will stand publicly revealed not only as animated by an anti-union bias but also as possessed of a conviction of guilt. The hearing before the board will probably be confined to the narrow issue: Was Donovan discharged because he was "incompetent" and "insubordinate," as Johnson and Peck allege? Or was he let out to penalize him for his activities as president of an aggressive labor organization, as his fellow union members maintain? Nevertheless, as readers of *The Nation* must be aware, the true issue is much more complex than this. The Labor Advisory Board has stood by, supine, while the NRA has done nothing to bring the benefits of collective bargaining to the vast bulk of America's unorganized workers. Donovan (like Silverman, who still remains suspended) was a gadfly who tried to stir the board into performing its most essential function. His effort, so it appears, vexed the board's trade-union members, because it embarrassed them in driving their private bargains with the NRA. And the board not only refused to protest against Donovan's discharge, but on two separate occasions has refused even to review the circumstances of the case.

THREE CONTROVERSIES heard by the National Labor Relations Board last week involve fundamental issues of collective bargaining within the meaning of Section 7-a. As soon as rulings are forthcoming on these issues, the public will have a clear idea of the board's theory of industrial relations and will be able to contrast it for better or worse with that evolved by the Wagner board. In the case of the Houde Engineering Company of Buffalo, New York, the United Automobile Workers' Federal Union No. 18839 won an election of representatives for collective bargaining by a vote of two to one. The union maintains that it is now the exclusive agent of the employees; the employer denies this contention. We have here the principle of majority rule which the old board upheld in the Denver Tramway and Real Silk of Indianapolis decisions. In the case of the National Aniline and Chemical Company, also of Buffalo, the employer does not deny the representative character of the union, but refuses to execute a collective agreement. In a previous ruling on the same case the old board held that the employer was obliged to enter into a bilateral contract with the recognized representatives of the workers. In the Tamaqua, Pennsylvania, Underwear Company case the employer has seemingly entered into a closed-shop agreement with a company union. Specifically, the by-laws of the Tamaqua Underwear Employees' Association permit the union to recommend to the management for discharge any worker who is "inharmonious." On this ground the management has refused employment to a number of workers who are members of Local No. 133 of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. The old board never had occasion to rule formally on a similar dispute. It may be noted, nevertheless, that a closed-shop, company-union policy was at the bottom of the Milwaukee Electric Light and Railway case, in which the board brought about the removal of the Blue Eagle because of the company's discharge of eight trade-union workers.

IT IS NOW the advertising agencies, those stalwart defenders of the good, the true, and the beautiful, which present themselves to the NRA for codification. Their proposed code probably marks high water in pious hypocrisy and sanctimonious pretense. They suggest that the agents themselves, the advertising media, and the advertisers confer for the purpose of working out safeguards against false and misleading advertising. (They have in fact been conferring for over a year with the object of beating the Tugwell bill and all attempts to establish government grading.) They suggest also that it be made the high crime of unfair competition for one agent to bid away the employee of another agent without first consulting the worker's present boss. The copy writers and the commercial artists will certainly be pleased by this solicitude of their masters, who would attempt to regulate the labor market on a plane of transcendental morality. But the bosses would also protect themselves against temptation. They suggest that it be considered unfair competition for any agent to split part of his commission with the advertiser. It will be interesting to observe the reactions of the Labor Advisory Board to the proposal that the advertising agents restrain themselves from making a brisk market for their hired hands.

ON THE SURFACE prospects for peace in Europe appear hardly brighter than they did twenty years ago. But the realization on the part of European statesmen that any international conflict may within a few months turn into a class war militates against an outbreak of hostilities in the near future. Both Italy and Germany are ruled by minority governments. The Fascists have successfully driven all opposition underground, but this does not mean that the Socialists and Communists have disappeared. In 1921, the year previous to the March on Rome, the Socialists were by far the strongest element in the Italian Parliament. They held 173 seats, 86 more than their nearest rivals, the Liberal-Democrats, and 145 more than the the Fascisti, who held only 28 seats. A similar situation existed in Germany before the Hitler revolution. In 1930 there were 13,500,000 German Socialists and Communists, more than double the number of Nazis. Neither Hitler nor Mussolini is so obtuse as to think that these masses of organized, class-conscious workers have been completely wiped out. A war would without doubt arouse them to open revolt. In France the government cannot possibly ignore the potential power of the Socialists and Communists, who have joined to combat their common enemies—war and fascism. In England the Labor Party threatens a general strike if it becomes necessary to prevent England's participation in any armed conflict. In time of war the general strike might easily be a forerunner of revolution. European statesmen also know that in the event of a proletarian uprising Soviet Russia would have to be reckoned with. Fear of revolution may not prevent war in Europe, for Hitler, despite his protestations, would doubtless stop at nothing in a final effort to preserve his regime. But other governments will proceed cautiously.

THE NATION takes pleasure in announcing that with this week's issue Maxwell S. Stewart, formerly with the Research Bureau of the Foreign Policy Association, joins the staff as associate editor. Mr. Stewart brings with him a wide knowledge of economic and international affairs. He spent a number of years in the East, where he taught in the Shanghai American School and in the Yenching University in Peiping. Leaving China in the fall of 1930, he spent the next eight months in Russia. He has twice since revisited the U. S. S. R. Mr. Stewart's writing for the Foreign Policy Association has been chiefly economic. He is the author of several of the association's reports on such subjects as the Administration's monetary policy, war debts, and tariff bargaining, and he has also written on these and kindred subjects for *The Nation.*

Hitler Coordinates

IN his recent communication to Dr. Frick, Reich Minister of the Interior, Adolf Hitler declared that "all authority of the state must proceed from the people and by them must be ratified in free, secret election." Therefore the plebiscite of August 19. The "Leader Chancellor" predicates his claim to the dual office he now holds on the assumption that the nation will stand unanimously behind the National Socialist regime. The coming elections will doubtless make good his boast. One hopes, to be sure, that the events of June 30 and the total collapse of the Nazi national economy will double the number of dissenting votes cast in the last Reichstag election, but it would be futile to expect more than that. Goebbels, in his capacity as election commissar, has already declared that no effort will be spared to poll a 100 per cent pro-Hitler vote, from which one may safely conclude that the next two weeks will outdo all previous campaigns in the use of both propaganda and terrorist methods.

Americans do not realize how little the German reader of the National Socialist press knows of what is happening in the Reich. Today, five weeks after Hitler's day of reckoning, he has only the vaguest idea who were its victims. The first official announcement told of Röhm's execution and that of eight other SA leaders; later the public in Germany learned of the death of Schleicher and his wife. What others belonged to the seventy-seven dead admitted by Hitler, the average German can only guess. No German paper has thus far reported the shooting of Gregor Strasser, of Bredow, of the former Bavarian Minister President von Kahr. The death of Minsterial Director Dr. Klausener became known through announcements and obituaries in the Catholic press from which every indication of the way in which he met his death was deleted. Now that all foreign newspapers in the German language are forbidden in the Reich, the German citizen must take a trip abroad to find out what is happening in his fatherland. Even the death of President Hindenburg came as a complete surprise to the nation. Eight days before the end there was a peremptory denial of the report of his serious illness. Two weeks before, Goebbels's Propaganda Ministry had forbidden newspapers and publications to discuss the possibility of a change in national leadership or the question of the presidency as an institution in the Third Reich. This prohibition was repeated when Hindenburg's death was announced. When an official communique finally informed the press of the new state of affairs it came with the suggestion that "no editorial comment be made until the *Führer* himself presents his version of the new order to the people."

These conditions make it difficult to estimate the reaction of public opinion to Hitler's latest departure. Is Hitler still master of the powers he invokes? How strong are the forces working for his overthrow?

One may accept as proved that the forces representing the industrialists and the Reichswehr demanded and won the reduction and reorganization of the SA detachments. The June 30 massacre gained Hitler the official support of the Reichswehr generals; this much is certain, since under no other circumstances would it have been possible to bind the official army by personal oath of allegiance to Hitler. He who knows the meaning of German discipline will appreciate the significance of the individual pledge which holds every last man in the Reichswehr, the navy, the state police, and the SS detachments to the Chancellor's personal service. The SA, on the other hand, has lost its significance as an independent instrument of power. It continues to serve as a defense against proletarian opposition, but the dominant position it used to hold by virtue of numbers and special privilege is gone. Today it is no longer feared and hated by the Reichswehr as the competitor of the official army. Cooperation has taken the place of distrust and rivalry. What Hitler and his associates lost on the one hand they gained on the other. Sentiment among the industrialists, who were beginning to regard the Third Reich with a coldly critical eye, is friendly once more. By sacrificing their importunate radicals, the National Socialist rulers have gained the support of those elements which hated and feared the growing power of the proletarian SA.

To a great extent this explains the boldness of Hitler's assumption of presidential power. General von Blomberg admits to negotiations between Hitler and the Reichswehr. A similar understanding with the heavy industries undoubtedly exists; the Minister of the Interior spent the last days of Hindenburg's illness in the Rhineland in conference with prominent industrialists. Two months ago Krupp von Bohlen explained his resignation as chief of the Nazi captains of industry by citing the fact that German industry had moved to the right. Since then Hitler's economic policies have moved so definitely in the same direction that nothing stands in the way of their renewed cooperation.

His conquest of the Reichswehr and the return to his camp of the nation's industrialists are Hitler's present assets and explain, in large measure, the boldness of his assumption of presidential power. But serious liabilities also exist. There is the monarchist opposition which, now that Hitler has made himself nominal as well as actual head of the Reich with the power to appoint his own successor, will move from secret to open opposition. There is tremendous and growing sentiment among former republicans for a constitutional monarchy with liberal leanings, on the basis that "anything is better than Hitler." The government is fully aware of this menacing development and will stamp out monarchist propaganda as ruthlessly as it crushed the Marxist opposition. It is not generally known that Prince Auwi, the ex-Kaiser's dull-witted son, until recently one of the most prominently displayed of Nazi leaders, was charged with treason and that only the intervention of General von Fritsch, the man who saved Papen from certain death, prevented the execution of a deportation order against all the Hohenzollern princes. In addition, the Communists and Socialists find new hope and courage in the disintegration of the Storm Troop detachments. When Hitler came to power, these parties sent Red Front and Reichsbanner fighters into the SA ranks. Hitler's anti-labor policies furnished fruitful soil for their propaganda. Never has "boring from within" been more successful. Recognition of the class-strugle idea has permeated elements never before touched by radical teachings.

Revolutionary labor will not be first to profit by a Nazi overthrow, but economic developments are moving so rapidly in the direction of a complete collapse of capitalist dictatorship that one may look into the future with an optimism that would have seemed frivolous six months ago. Germany's finances, particularly since Hjalmar Schacht has to all intents and purposes replaced the more staid and less adventurous Dr. Schmitt as Minister of Economics, will go from bad to worse. It is not likely that this man whose financial policies have suffered such unexampled defeats will acquit himself with greater credit in unraveling the tangled web of Germany's industrial and commercial affairs.

In its foreign relations Hitler's regime has been no more fortunate. Time after time it has overplayed its hand; and each apparent advantage has left it more alone, more isolated than before. Since the Austrian interlude its fascist stepbrother, Italy, has turned abruptly in the direction of France, and the old Entente—France, Italy, and Great Britain—is preparing once more to consolidate its hegemony on the Continent. German fascism is slipping. Hitler may equip himself with every outward symbol of power in the gift of the nation, but he will not escape his fate.

The Abundance of Scarcity

A FEW months ago Secretary Tugwell, with his appointment hanging fire in the Senate, was suavely telling his inquisitors that far from being the farthest left of the Brain Trust, he was a "conservative." But the required majority in Congress for which the Administration is now campaigning won't be elected by conservative votes, and in his radio speech on August 1 Mr. Tugwell wasn't wooing any of them. Instead he denounced his critics as "tories" and "reactionary obscurantists."

Mr. Tugwell's emotion seemed genuine enough, and in the following passage he came close to forthrightness:

> We felt that with industrial America controlling its production in order to maintain profitable prices, with absolute indifference to the fate of the millions who depend upon industry for a livelihood, agricultural America could not survive without corresponding measures of readjustment and self-control. We felt that under the old order America had become, economically, a house divided against itself, which could not stand unless it became all of one thing or all of the other. Either industry must prefer abundance to scarcity or it would compel agriculture to prefer scarcity to abundance.

One could scarcely ask for a clearer statement of the Veblenian opposition between business and industry; between the full use of the means of production, both industrial and agricultural, which alone could materialize our as yet hypothetical "economy of abundance," and the "sabotage" of production by profit-dictated restrictions. While remarking that "there are undoubtedly many who believe that not the farmer but the business system is at fault," Mr. Tugwell attempted to justify the scarcity-promotion measures of the Administration as temporary expedients "which could be modified or abandoned as industry attuned itself to an economy of abundance."

The last phrase is meaningless. Industry shows every intention of continuing to attune itself to the necessities of the profit system by restricting output "with absolute indifference to the fate of the millions," and agriculture under the direction of the AAA has attuned itself similarly although with compunction, manifested in the Adminstration's agricultural relief measures and in the FERA. But government, no less than industry, has promoted not abundance but scarcity. That, as Mr. Tugwell explains, was the mandate the Administration received from the people:

> We are living in a democracy and we know that the American people have given no mandate for the abandonment of our traditional business system. . . . It [the authority given] was to readjust relationships among our old institutions, to overhaul them . . . to make them work if they could be made to work . . . to modify them when they failed to function, and to demonstrate by the old method of trial and error which of these institutions could be readjusted to the new economic environment of the post-war world. . . .

It was a difficult mandate. Almost, Mr. Tugwell seems to be confessing, an impossible mandate. But for this much of frankness we should give thanks. It is Mr. Tugwell's farthest left.

Almost coincidentally with Mr. Tugwell's speech there appeared the August issue of the *New Outlook*, containing an article by Robert R. Doane, research director of the National Survey of Potential Product Capacity, entitled Is It a Surplus Economy? By the too simple device of opposing an estimated consumption requirement against the 1929 peak production of industry and agriculture, Mr. Doane arrives at the correct conclusion that in 1929 we had a deficiency of twenty-seven billion pounds of milk, as well as heavy deficiencies of meats, tomatoes, vegetables, and other agricultural products, with only a few surpluses such as flour and sugar. But it does not in the least follow, as Mr. Doane appears to believe, that the means of production were then or are now inadequate to produce an economy of abundance if utilized to their full capacity.

Mr. Doane was promptly taken to task by his superior, Harold Loeb, director of the survey and author of "Life in a Technocracy," who pointed out that "if our farmers had a market in which to dispose of their products they could supply all the milk required in a few years and the meat in at most two."

The most flagrant example of Dr. Doane's statistical irresponsibility was his statement that although our housing necessities required the building of 2,000,000 houses a year, our capacity, owing to limitations of transport and construction technology, is only 200,000 houses a year. It is a matter of record that in the year 1928 we built more than 700,000 houses; with profit restrictions eliminated we could certainly build at least three times that number.

In searching for an explanation of this nonsense, we discover that Mr. Doane is author of "The Measurement of American Wealth," and coauthor, with Virgil Jordan, president of the Industrial Conference Board, of "The American Consumer Market." It may be unjust to judge Mr. Doane by the company he keeps. But certainly the National Industrial Conference Board is not giving Mr. Doane or anybody else a mandate to recognize, or even speculate about, an economy of abundance operating outside the profit system. The editorial writers of the New York *Times* are similarly inhibited. In commenting on Mr. Loeb's rebuttal of Mr. Doane the *Times* remarks sagely, "Buying power is merely another name for income, and our national income, in its broadest sense, is merely another name for our national production." One doubts that the *Times* can be as innocent as all that. The survey that Mr. Doane and Mr. Loeb are fighting about was a survey of *potential* productive capacity, and obviously our national income under the profit system is no measure of the potential productivity of industry under a system of production for use.

"Second to None"

THIS is the new slogan of the militarists: "An air force second to none." It has just been voiced simultaneously in the United States and Great Britain, while France with its determination to hold its supremacy in the air will also not be content with a force second to that of anyone else. That Hitler and Göring are demanding equality in arms everybody knows. And Mussolini? He knows very well that Italy's future lies not on the sea but in the air; and he announced on May 26 the increase and renovation of his flying forces. That is why he has backed such ventures as that of General Balbo to the United States. So we face the fact that the United States, England, France, Germany, and Italy are all determined to have an air force "second to none." The United States, if Congress heeds the voices of Assistant Secretary of War Woodring and General Douglas MacArthur, Chief of Staff, will be "second to none in quantity of planes, pilots, and morale within two years." That is a big undertaking, and it considerably exceeds the program of the Aviation Committee headed by the ex-pacifist Newton D. Baker, which demanded on July 22 a ten-year building program to give us in that time a force of 2,320 planes. But Harry Woodring and Douglas MacArthur are quicker on the trigger. They will save eight years of precious time. They admit before all the world that of our 1,500 planes "many are obsolescent, some in stations for survey before salvage, while more than half of the remainder are regarded as unfit for combat duty"—this after all the millions squandered upon them! The 2,320 up-to-date planes in two years are to be a *minimum*.

Well, of course, if we are to have an air fleet second to none, that figure is the purest guesswork. Here is Great Britain announcing through the voices of its Air Minister and its Acting Prime Minister, Stanley Baldwin, that its present air force of 850 fighting planes is to be doubled at once—1,650 airplanes is the present goal. Mr. Baldwin, who has repeatedly warned the world that "our civilization will not survive if another great war comes," made this startling announcement of a vast geographical change in Great Britain: "Since the days of the air, the old frontiers have gone and when you think of the defenses of England you no longer think of the chalk cliffs of Dover. You think of the Rhine. That is where today our frontier lies." But while the new British frontier may be the Rhine, the immediate objective of the British Air Ministry is the air fleet of France. Its front-line planes today number 1,650, in addition to which it has, however, 1,350 other reserve or second-line planes. When Messrs. Woodring and MacArthur discover this, will they not inist on 3,000 American airplanes in two years? They must—if we are to be "second to none." True, Secretary Swanson suggests a reduction of 276 planes in his original plan to build 2,184 planes, but his present goal of 1,910 planes still represents a great increase even if it is below the treaty provisions for this country.

More than that, France is not standing still. True, the Paris press sees nothing wrong with Great Britain's building up its front-line fleet to equal France's, but at the same time it does not conceal the fact that just before its recent adjournment the French Parliament, despite the colossal budgetary deficit, voted the vast sum of 980,000,000 francs to increase further its front-line air forces—almost exactly one-fifth of the tribute it had to pay to Germany after the Franco-Prussian war. This being second to none is a difficult, if not an impossible, game! For the other fellows refuse to stand still but go on building just when you think you have caught up with them.

Here at home there is only one dissenting voice—that of the stormy petrel of aviation, General William Mitchell, former head of our army's air force. Most unkindly he denounced the Baker report and declared that "the only reason to build 2,300 airplanes is to feed hungry contractors. It's not the number of planes that counts, but their efficiency." He added that 400 completely modern aircraft would be adequate for our national defense and declared that "one modern airship could cause the evacuation of New York City and three could demoralize and destroy Japan." That in turn recalls the statement in "Hitler Over Europe," by Ernst Henri, that one of the new type German airplanes will carry, besides its terrible load of bombs, gun-turrets for two twenty millimeter automatic-firing guns and a conning tower armed with machine-guns enabling it to fight off enemies coming from all directions. He also declares that Germany can produce 20,000 such airships in a single year—Messrs. Woodring and MacArthur please take notice!

Under the circumstances, we have an important and constructive suggestion to make. Let us have another international conference at once to fix just what constitutes "second to none." Why not have an agreement that the United States, France, Italy, Germany, Russia, Japan, and Great Britain shall fix the minimum force that they all want. Conferences to set maximums have invariably failed. Let us have a majority vote as to whether the minimum for each nation shall be 2,300 airplanes or 3,500, and then let every nation agree to impoverish its taxpayers to that extent. Then all will be on an equality; there will be no rivalry; everybody will be second to none, and regular replacements can also be assured by treaty agreement. And such a treaty should also provide that anybody, like our pestiferous General Mitchell, who dares to question, in any country, the wisdom of this arrangement or the need of the number of airplanes arrived at shall be put in jail for ten years. Anyone mad enough to suggest that the countries which sign this treaty would be just as well off if they all agreed to have no airplanes and to save the cost of each fleet will, on being found guilty, be publicly drawn and quartered.

Issues and Men

Hindenburg—Patriot and Traitor

THAT Hindenburg will rapidly grow into a German saga goes almost without saying. He will doubtless be endowed as the years pass with more and more virtues and talents which he never possessed; that is the way which history has with the most successful destroyers of their fellow-men. In Hindenburg's case the process of attributing to him superhuman qualities began with his first extraordinary winning of fame in the war; and it must be said that few men have had a more astonishing career, or one that lent itself more readily to portrayal as that of a great hero, a superb titanic figure, Jovian in his power to hurl thunderbolts at the enemy and to crush him. Nothing could have been more unexpected or dramatic than the winning of Tannenberg and the battles of the Masurian lakes. Four weeks before Hindenburg was a forgotten, retired general in Hanover with his uniform so threadbare that when the unexpected call came to him to report for active duty in Berlin, he was ashamed to put that uniform on. That he, nearly sixty-seven years old, would be asked to command a group of armies and assume the supreme task of driving back the Russians who were advancing so rapidly into East Prussia, he could not have imagined when he took the train to Berlin. The sole reason for it was that he had for some years commanded in the invaded region and knew it well.

By September, 1914, he appeared a veritable military genius. But long ago the partisans of Von François, Ludendorff, and Hoffmann, the dictator of the Brest-Litovsk treaty, began disputing Hindenburg's honors by insisting that their particular hero furnished the brains as well as the strategy for the emergency. That Ludendorff deserved a lot of the credit is indisputable—Hindenburg was soon dominated by him—but there are numerous writers who are profoundly impressed by the part played by General Hoffmann, Ludendorff's right-hand man. Hindenburg was himself later defeated at Augustowo, although deemed by that time to be quite invincible. From September, 1914, on Hindenburg was the great German war god. He overshadowed the Kaiser and all his generals. But the fact undoubtedly is that the Field Marshall was a dull, routinized commander blessed only with the luck to pick, or to have assigned to him, some men of great, or passing, merit and with the readiness to accept their decisions. It is also obvious that when he and Ludendorff were transferred to the western front, Ludendorff came more and more to be looked upon as the real commander, showed himself utterly unequal to the task, and both failed. Hindenburg never seems to have lost his nerve and yielded to panic as did the younger man, but that may be because he was less sensitive, duller-witted, and more the rigid Prussian general of the old school.

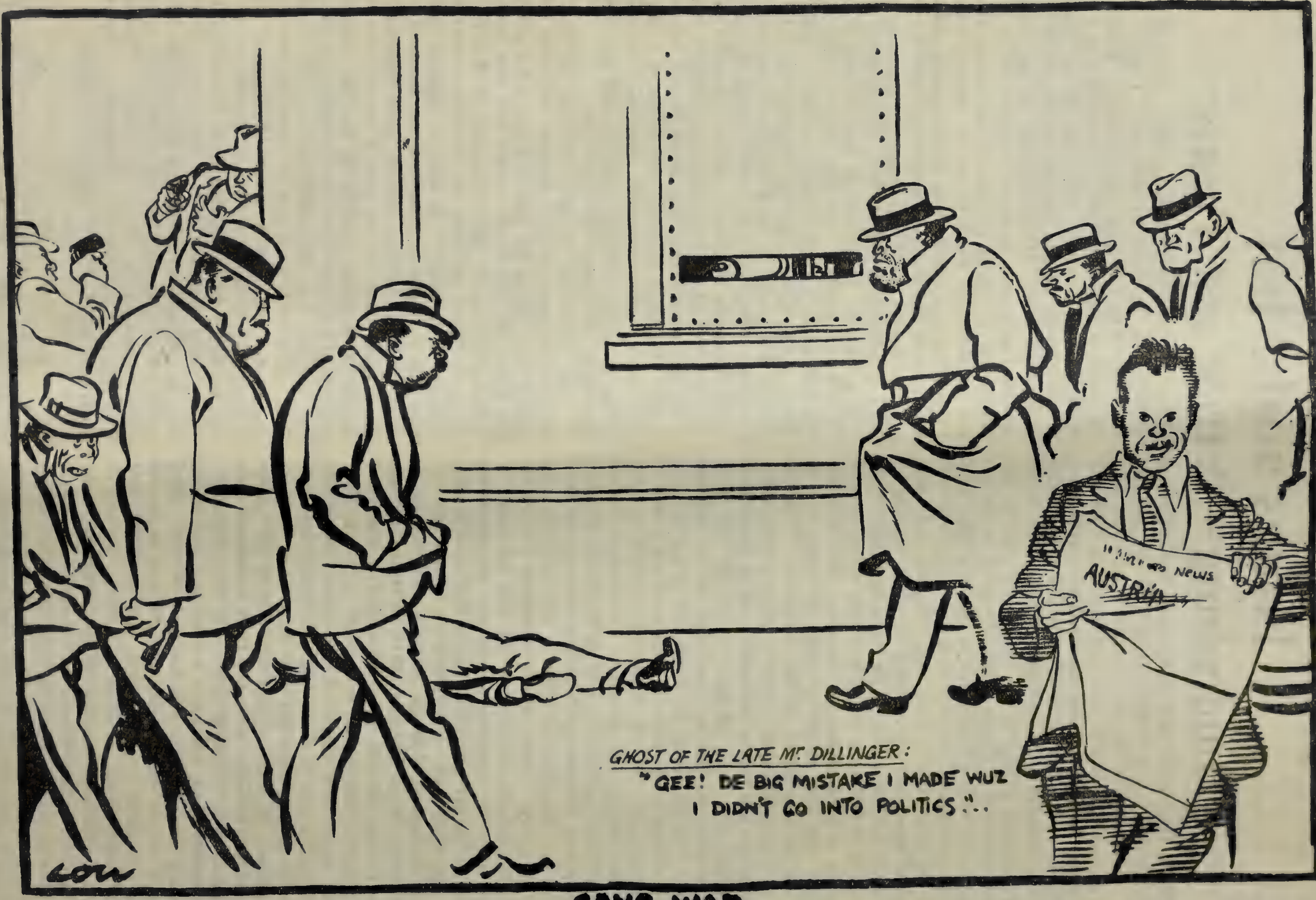
At any rate, while Ludendorff smashed his own reputation, that of Hindenburg remained untarnished in the eyes of the German people. After the war, even in retirement, he seemed to them colossal, Gibraltar-like, in days when his associates and his caste were scurrying to their holes, when many bubble reputations besides Ludendorff's burst over night. He remained dignified and aloof. He had no vision of the future; he offered no leadership. The move to nominate him for the presidency did not originate with him. But his successive elections seemed to give stability to a situation already gravely menaced. While the liberal forces everywhere witnessed his first election with alarm, he agreeably disappointed them. He seemed loyal to the republic; he *was* loyal to it until he finally yielded to Hitler. He appeared, indeed, entirely praiseworthy in his support of men and institutions to which he was by instinct, inheritance, life-long training, and his caste loyalties utterly opposed. It is a profound pity that he did not die in 1930 or 1931.

For then he would have appeared as a true patriot who lived up to his sacred oath of office. But the rest of the story is sordid indeed. It has recently been set forth in detail in "The Berlin Diaries." He sold himself for the estate at Neudeck, which was not presented to him by a grateful nation, as is alleged, but by a group of money-bags and Prussian Junkers who wished to make him more than ever one of themselves. They were successful in large degree because of the influence of his son over him; and the old Field Marshall even cheated the tax-gatherers by having the estate put in his son's name so that there should be no inheritance tax to pay. One gets in this period more and more the impression of a limited, confused mentality trying hard to know what it was all about politically and more and more being influenced by those immediately about him.

Just how normal Hindenburg's mind has been during the last two years we shall doubtless not know for some time, if ever. Berlin has been, of course, filled with rumors and stories like that which credited him with saying after reviewing thousands upon thousands of Hitler's Storm Troopers: "I did not know we still had so many Russian prisoners in Germany!" It must be admitted that there have been few cases in history—Franz Joseph in 1914 is another—where decisions of such great importance were forced upon a man as "far gone in years." His absolute reversal of his former position, his base and traitorous destruction of the republic, his abject surrender of his country and countrymen to the tender mercies of Hitler and his allies, the great business men of Germany, were probably due to other wills than his own. In November, 1932, he declared that he would not appoint Hitler because, in his own words: "I fear that a Presidential Cabinet led by Herr Hitler would inevitably develop into a party dictatorship with the evil result of intensifying still more the dissensions within the German nation, and I cannot answer to my oath and my conscience for taking such a step." Three months later conscience and oath went by the board. By Hindenburg's own act, Germany's darkest day dawned.

Oswald Garrison Villard

A Cartoon by LOW



GHOST OF THE LATE MR. DILLINGER:
"GEE! DE BIG MISTAKE I MADE WUZ I DIDN'T GO INTO POLITICS."..

GANG WAR.

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Was Europe a Success?

I. The Question Asked

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

IN an essay published some years ago M. Paul Valéry pointed his trembling finger at a map of the world and called attention to the fact that Europe is—from the standpoint of geography—merely a rather small promontory upon the vast and mysterious continent of Asia. He then went on to marvel at the predominant part which the inhabitants of this restricted area had played in the history of mankind, and expressed a fear lest its civilization should succumb in no very distant future to the merely numerical strength of those who are alien to it.

M. Valéry seemed to have no doubt as to the intrinsic worth of what his tiny fragment of mankind had accomplished. Though mere life had gone on in many other parts of the globe, it was, so he seemed to imply, useless to suppose that this could mean very much to the kind of creature which Europe had produced and of which he himself was a typical specimen. The human spirit which he knew and loved was something which could exist only in the civilization which Europe had produced, and the destruction of that civilization would mean the destruction of the only thing which he and his fellows could regard as humanity.

Doubtless the possibilities of man as a biological organism are almost infinitely varied. Doubtless that organism can survive and even flourish under an almost infinite variety of conditions. But humanity as Europe knows it cannot be imagined apart from the social order which Europe has created, the sensibilities which European art has developed, and the realm of thought which European philosophy has set in order. To the taxonomist a Hottentot or a Malay may be a representative of the species *Homo sapiens*. But he is not man as man was conceived of by Descartes, and neither is he part of that humanity which Roman law proposed to save in this world and the Roman church proposed to save in the next.

Now M. Valéry is a fashionable intellectual. There is in his writing a tinge, at least, of preciosity, and a tendency to attribute to what he calls "civilization" a certain hothouse delicacy which may perhaps belong to himself alone. Yet the fact remains that he seems here to have felt, well in advance of less delicately poised intellects, a situation which has become rapidly clearer since his essay was written. For nothing is more characteristic of much contemporary thought than its tendency to be literally "radical," that is to say, to carry its criticism on to a point where it becomes, not a criticism of certain defects or maladjustments of society, but by implication at least a criticism of the whole complex of institutions, traditions, and standards of value which M. Valéry includes within the meaning of the term "Europe"—and which is, indeed, almost exactly what is now more often referred to as "bourgeois civilization."

Most of those who make the all-inclusive criticism did not begin with anything so sweeping and many of them do not realize even now just how far its implications carry them. For the most part they began with a revulsion against some specific ugliness or some specific injustice, and discovered only after they set about to remedy it that it had its roots in a general political or economic situation. As a result of this discovery they developed from crusaders against some specific phenomenon into critics of the social order, and then, by a similar process, from "reformers" of the sort they now despise into "revolutionists" ready to make a clean sweep of the familiar institutions of government. Nor is even this all, for though many would doubtless have preferred to stop there at last, neither experience nor the criticism of their opponents would permit them to do so. Presently it began to appear possible that the social order is itself bound up either with human nature or at least with the whole psychology of the creature whose history from the rise of the Greek state to the Western Europe of today we are inclined to identify with the history of humanity. Hence the political revolutionary sometimes finds himself the enemy, not merely of government as we know it, but also of man as we know him.

More concretely, your revolutionist is usually one who began by desiring either that others should enjoy his advantages or, if he happened to be himself one of the dispossessed, that he and the others like him should share in the richer life of the more fortunate. What he wanted was essentially that all should enjoy both the material goods and the culture of the favored few. But by now he has come, whether rightly or wrongly, to conclude that anything of the sort is impossible, and he has been driven therefore to the necessity of believing that it would not even be desirable. If collectivism destroys the culture which it once planned to distribute, if what the "European" called liberty, individuality, sensitiveness are incompatible with it, then the answer is that these things are neither genuine nor desirable but are, instead, the poison and delusion of the bourgeois world. Hence the full success of the Russian project, for example, depends not only on a new form of government but also on both the destruction of "European" culture and the creation of a new man.

It involves, in other words, the end of things which M. Valéry regarded as identical with Western humanity itself, a beginning anew with the materials furnished by the human organism, and the start of a line of development which cannot possibly long continue to maintain any sort of contact with European history. The new man, if he ever actually came into existence, would be really new, taxonomically a mere variety of *Homo sapiens,* but no more than the ancient Mayan man identical with the man of European philosophy or poetry. No one can guess what his potentialities will be; they may be far richer than any we have developed. But not even the most ardent of his now living protagonists—since they are really only the last of the old line—can hope to be able to understand him.

To think of things in terms of these ultimate possibilities has the advantage of clearing the air and establishing a fundamental basis upon which the distinction may be made between a real conservative and a real radical. No one, to be sure, can say with certainty that a *via media* is impossible, and it may be that "Europe" can be saved while the political and economic basis upon which it rests is changed. But it is obvious that none can be sure that this *is* possible, and the most aggressive proponents of change are sure that it is not. One must therefore be prepared to take one's stand on the one side or the other, to say, in effect: "I am a conservative because nothing except man as I know him is worth saving," or "I am a radical because I am willing to embark upon the adventure which may consist in destroying the man I know and beginning a new line of psychological as well as economic and political development."

Stated in these terms the issue is both clearer and more fundamental than that which is commonly drawn between the various schools of political opinion, and the failure of persons equally anxious for "a better world" to agree on doctrine or tactics is usually due to the unrecognized importance of their diverse estimates of the value of the European heritage. Behind the impatience of the champions of a new beginning and behind the caution of those liberals who hesitate to abandon too quickly or too completely certain accustomed ways lie the willingness of the one to cut loose from the European soul as well as the European political system and the fear of the other that certain achievements of that soul—unique in the general history of mankind—will not easily be duplicated. Hence what the Marxian likes to term his opponent's "stake in capitalism" is not, as he prefers to imply, necessarily no more than his stake in material things or his accumulation of a hypothetical "security." It is a stake in a culture—something which includes not merely a way of life and a heritage of philosophy and art but the very sensibilities and forms of thought which made that heritage possible.

When a conservative, reluctant to jeopardize that stake, considers the "mass" art and thought of Russia, it may seem to him that, so far at least, it is actually not very different from the mass art which has frequently existed side by side with higher products in previous civilizations—that, despite a new terminology, its uncritical enthusiasm, its quasi-religious faith, its utilitarian emphasis, its stress on the common denominator, and its impatience with refinements perceptible only to cultivated sensibilities are merely the defects characteristic of thought and expression in any crude society. He might, accordingly, be inclined to suppose that the future would see a development similar to that which once took place in modern Europe, and that the art of a new collectivist society would emerge from its middle ages into a renaissance and, finally, into a modern phase, each stage being not essentially different from that which Europe knew. But he is forbidden by the more extreme radicals themselves to believe any such thing. According to them, collectivist thought and collectivist expression are to separate themselves more and more clearly from anything known in the past. What, to the bourgeois observer, seem their present defects are not defects at all but the beginnings of new virtues which he cannot appreciate, unsatisfactory only because artists and thinkers have not yet been able to free themselves wholly from European habits of thought and feeling.

Thus by the insistence of the radicals themselves one is brought back to the fundamental question of the worth of the whole complex associated with European political institutions and declared to be incompatible with a revolutionary as opposed to a continuous development of them. By the revolutionists themselves we are forbidden to suppose that only our material possessions—if we happen to have any—are threatened, or that—if we have none—there is "nothing to lose but our chains." Something else is threatened, and that something we may agree to designate by the convenient word "Europe." Is it, or was it, something so precious that the first question to ask of any proposed change is the question whether or not that change would put it in danger; or was it something so obviously defective that we may wisely take our chance of making something worse in our earnest endeavor to make something better? Was Europe a success?

If our question were so limited as to apply only to achievements in certain fields, then it would admit of only one answer. Despite the fact that we are still too much a part of Europe to achieve any adequate detachment, we are probably right in supposing that the man which Europe produced realized more of his potentialities than did the man developed in any other portion of the globe. All things considered, it is probably true that European thought and European art are superior to all others, and that the European man has been the most successful in exploring that realm of consciousness which appears to be exclusively human. Something in his institutions has favored his tendency to achieve ends which the animals cannot even conceive, and of all the cultures, the culture of Europe is probably the one which has produced the smallest amount of that suffering and cruelty which are the by-products of all civilization. It is, in fine, impossible not to share M. Valéry's admiring amazement when he considers his little peninsula, and it is impossible not to conclude that on it man has succeeded in being a more remarkable creature than he has succeeded in being in any other part of the globe. No other culture which we know anything about seems (to our perhaps prejudiced judgment) to exhibit a comparable richness or variety or to favor the existence of so flexible a creature.

And yet even Europe's success is less than moderate if judged by any standards other than those of historical comparison. There is no one of its achievements which was not accompanied by events so ghastly that whole schools of philosophers have wondered if civilization itself was not a mistake and if the "noble savage" was not more to be envied than the heir to Europe's culture. The mere outward order which law and habit establish was achieved only through a system which arbitrarily distributed wealth and power in a manner condemning the mass of every population to hardship and want, while every other human achievement was bought at a price. Not only did chivalry bring slaughter, and religion bring persecution, but the very cultivation of intellect and beauty always implied their cultivation at the expense of thousands shut out from the enjoyment of the arts or even the comfort of adequate goods. Only a fundamental pessimist could maintain that, in any absolute sense, Europe was a success, because to proclaim it as such is to accept as inevitable the fact that misery shall be the natural lot of most men at most times.

The Athenian accepted slavery because he did not see how the good things of the Greek civilization could be achieved without it, and Europe has always accepted an essentially similar attitude, not merely in regard to the political and economic subjugation of its population but in regard to the more general fact that the cost of every civilized institution is tremendous. Indeed, its boasted spirituality—its tendency to put honor and loyalty above material profit, its emphasis upon the beauty of its poems in contradistinction to the ugliness of its history, and that pride in the nobility of its cathedrals which disregards the brutality of the age which produced them—is merely an aspect of its pessimism. It is based upon the assumption that such intangible triumphs are possible only at the cost of tangible failures, and that the noblest humanity is the humanity which recognizes the fact. But it is surely only when measured by these by-products that Europe is a success, and it is less to the historian than to the poet, the artist, or the mystic that it can seem to be such. No failure could be more utter than the failure which culminated in the World War, and it may seem hard to believe that anyone could insist without irony upon the necessity of saving that civilization.

The one certain thing is that Europe's "success" was by no means absolute, that no one has a right to regard it with mere complacency, and that our original question now tends to divide itself into two. How important—or perhaps how real—were the triumphs, and to what extent must others like them be purchased at the price which Europe paid?

[*This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Krutch. The Question Considered will appear next week.*]

The Problem of the General Strike

By HAROLD J. LASKI

London, July 20

WHAT is really significant in the San Francisco strike for an English observer is less the passionate events to which it gave birth than the implications it involves. It throws a clear light not only on the Roosevelt experiment, but also upon the nature of the state itself; and its significance will have been wholly missed unless the latter implication is fully emphasized.

It is, of course, important that the San Francisco trade unions were fighting against employers as reactionary as any in the United States. But that is rather a detail which has exacerbated an inevitable struggle than one which has been the primary cause of its precipitation. Everyone knows that modern industry cannot be equitably conducted upon the principles of the open shop; as Mr. Justice Holmes said in his famous dissent in Coppage versus Kansas, liberty of contract begins where equality of bargaining power begins, and without a full recognition of trade unionism the industrial workman is in fact the slave of the employer. So that the dockers of San Francisco have been contending for the most elementary principles involved in the modern industrial relation. To fail to secure it is to make any attempt at organization devoid of meaning. Without collective bargaining there can be no effective protection of the worker's interest.

That was the underlying thesis of Section 7-a of the National Recovery Act. It emphasized the legal right of the workers, if they so wished, to bargain for their conditions of labor through the medium of trade unions. The failure of the Roosevelt Administration to secure the admission of the principle is one of the gravest weaknesses in its record. In coal, in steel, in automobiles (most notably in the case of Mr. Ford), its attitude has made it clear that the workers must count upon their own strength to implement the right granted to them by statute. The government will cajole and threaten; it will speak those winged words which remain in the impalpable air so long as they are not supported by action. But wherever the employers choose deliberately to evade the implications of the law, the government does not move seriously to its enforcement.

This is surely a case when not to act is to act decisively. A right offered on paper, however solemn its statutory form, is not a right realized in action. A government which leaves employers free to evade statutory obligations is in fact conniving at their evasion. It is leaving fundamental issues to the realm of private conflict and declaring either its powerlessness or its unwillingness to bring them within the realm of law. It therefore leaves the workers with the choice between fighting for their rights or accepting the defeat which the sabotage of Section 7-a by the employers makes the only alternative. And it leaves them with that choice in the background of the knowledge that each such successful piece of sabotage is an encouragement to employers in other industries to further sabotage of the same kind. From this angle, for the workers to accept defeat is the same thing as acquiescing themselves in the sabotage of the law.

A general strike is, of course, something more than a threat to a particular set of employers. It involves, by its very nature, the whole of the community involved within its ambit. It is a stark weapon which seeks to paralyze that continuity of services which is the heart of the modern governmental process. The government, clearly, has an elementary duty so to act as to assure the threatened continuity, since without it the life of the community is jeopardized.

But anyone who examines what happened in San Francisco cannot help a sense of amazement at the implications of the governmental process. The workers' right to strike is beyond legal challenge; and the workers' right to strike to enforce legal rights conferred upon them by act of Congress cannot be questioned by anyone who accepts the principles of constitutional government. In a conflict such as this, a government which claimed impartiality between capital and labor would really have no choice. It would decide that the source of the trouble lay with those who refused to accept the law. It would declare that the employers at the San Francisco docks, by refusing to accept Section 7-a, were the responsible authors of the threat to continuity of service, and move directly against them.

That is not, significantly, what occurred. Under pretext of maintaining law and order, the government set out to assure the continuity of essential services. It drafted troops, machine-guns, and all the implements of modern warfare into San Francisco to protect what it called "the community." It knew that such protection meant, and could only mean, in effect, nullifying the effort of the strikers to obtain their end. It knew that so long as essential service continued, no pressure on the employers was likely to be successful. It did not inquire into the incidence of fault; it assumed, indeed, that this had no relevance to the dispute. It took up an attitude which could only have the result of placing all the coercive authority of government on the side of the employers. It insisted, in a word, that what law had given to the unions of San Francisco they might only obtain by persuasion of the employers. Once that persuasion received the "sanction" of a general strike, the government, which had done nothing to uphold the majesty of law, moved over to the side of the employers. It called this acting in the name of the community. By refusing to consider the relevance of the causes of the dispute as something which should determine its action, the government offered the employers the full protection of the state in their fight to evade their obligation to the law.

The implication is, I think, a clear one. The nature of the state in a capitalist society compels the government to be the servant of the vested interests in that society. For in the performance of its function as the guardian of law and order what, in fact, it is bound to do is to protect capitalist law and capitalist order. Once the instruments of production are in private hands, the government must protect those which are essential to the life of the community; and to protect them, under these circumstances, means the use of its coercive authority to protect that private ownership regardless of the circumstances under which that private ownership is exercised. Those, accordingly, who challenge any one of those circumstances, even if, as with the strikers in San Francisco, they are seeking to realize a right conferred upon them by the law, are bound to meet the state as an instrument upon the side of their opponents.

That, after all, is the situation we confronted in the British general strike of 1926. The case of the miners was not as strong as that of the San Francisco dockers; for the former were not implementing a right conferred upon them by law. So soon as their fellow-workers came to their aid, they confronted not the owners of property but the state, which, acting in the name of the community, was in fact making the interest of the "community" identical with the interest of the mine-owners. The British general strike was defeated because no body of men can challenge a government without having the means at their disposal successfully to overthrow it. Once we assume that the community demands the continued functioning of essential services; once, further, we assume that the ownership of those essential services may legitimately be left in private hands, it is clear that the function of government becomes the protection of private ownership. To attack the latter is necessarily to challenge the government. No such challenge can be maintained in constitutional terms. A general strike, in a word, must logically become more than a general strike if it seeks the full attainment of its objective. That, I think, was the obvious implication of the British experience.

I believe that it is bound to be the lesson of American experience as well. It is hopeless to expect the state to be neutral in a capitalist society; for the postulates upon which it acts prevent, a priori, the possibility of neutral action. If it be said that the object of the San Francisco strikers was merely to obtain the recognition of a legal right, the answer is, I think, the inescapable one that the manner of obtaining it comes into direct conflict with the fundamental law of capitalist society, namely, that under a system of private ownership in the means of production it is the legal right of the owner to do what he wills with his own. And since the life of the society will depend upon the owner's ability to act in this way, the government will find itself compelled to support that ability to the full extent of its powers.

These, at any rate, are the realities of which the political theorist must take account. He cannot, given the terms of the equation, regard the state as above the battle, concerned only with the attainment of maximum social good. The state, in operative fact, is a body of men who, in the America of 1934, are concerned to attain maximum social good within the terms of the system they administer. Part of that good is assumed to be the maintenance of essential social services. Once these are in private hands, the state power is behind them because, in a crisis, it deals with a system in being and not with the assumptions upon which the system is based. In a crisis it does not inquire whether, granted the assumptions, maximum social good is in fact attainable. It acts as the protector of the status quo.

Those, therefore, who seek to use a general strike as a weapon in conflicts of this kind must realize that the power of the state is bound to be utilized against them unless, in the course of their effort, they can change the nature of the state. This they can only do under two conditions: (1) they may transform a general strike into a revolutionary act in which they themselves become the government and are therefore able, by the exercise of the new authority they thus attain, to alter the assumptions upon which the society rests; or (2) they may be able, within the existing framework of law, by reason of the public opinion they are able to evoke on their side, to obtain emergency action in their favor upon the particular issue for which they have struck.

It is obvious that the first condition has no application to the situation in San Francisco. It was not the purpose of the strikers; it would have met with little or no support from American public opinion in general. The second condition seems to me, on analogous experience outside the United States, not less unlikely. For (1) a government which has not accorded the recognition of a legal right claimed in terms of reason is not likely to accord it under the threat that a general strike involves; (2) the psychological effect of any general strike which is not revolutionary in purpose is to deflect attention away from the central issue in dispute to the challenge to law and order of which I have spoken. The effect is to unify the interests of private property, which sees in the success of such a strike a general threat to its security, and, after the first enthusiasm, to weaken the solidarity of labor, which depends upon rapidity of success for its own well-being, and has no visible and direct relation to the declared objectives of the strike. The employers, in short, under the position which a general strike creates, have only to wait in order to count upon the government coming to their aid. Once that occurs, the injection of the political aspect into the issue means that the strikers are bound to be beaten unless they take up the political aspect. But this they cannot do without changing the objectives of the struggle. For to take up that political aspect is to embark on the path of revolution.

Commissioner O'Ryan: Terrorist

By WALTER WILSON

PROTESTS from citizens of New York are flooding the desks of the Police Commissioner, Major General John Francis O'Ryan, and of Mayor LaGuardia. These protests are occasioned by police brutalities—clubbings of demonstrators, including bystanders, men, women, and children; the ruthless suppression of picketing of taxi drivers, bakery workers, and other strikers; and brutality against individuals not connected with any labor disturbances. Hardly a day passes but that one sees headlines in the metropolitan press dealing with police brutalities. Here is an example taken from the *World-Telegram* of July 13 which reads: "Police Brutality Caused Stillbirth Says Mother, Charging She Was Beaten During Relief Riot."

Police Commissioner O'Ryan surely is acquainted with and responsible for what goes on in his department. What has his attitude been toward these abuses? Let him speak for himself. In a letter to Relief Commissioner Hodson which was quoted in the New York *Times* of June 12, Mr. O'Ryan said: "We have already placed on trial several policemen for failure to use all the force at their disposal and necessary for the purpose of suppressing violence, and charges will be prepared against any officer of the department who fails to act promptly and effectively in such instances." Violence to him means strikes, picketing, demonstrating. "I don't believe in times of emergency in letting crowds collect," he said during the New York taxi strike (New York *Times,* April 10).

The Police Commissioner has just organized a special militarized unit of 1,200 picked men, a sort of military police corps. The *Herald Tribune* on July 29 gave two full columns to this important event. Its headline read: "Ryan Arms Rifle Division to Quell Riots." The subhead was: "Machine Guns Included in Police Unit of 1,200 Designed for Service in Labor Disturbances." The news story which followed said in part: "The personnel, it is understood, has been selected from men interested in military tactics or with military training or war experience. Mr. O'Ryan, himself commander of the Twenty-seventh Division during the World War, has displayed tendencies ever since he took office last January to turn the Police Department into a highly trained military unit." The story continued: "Although no accompanying explanation was issued with the organization order, and Mr. O'Ryan . . . would make no statement other than that the regiment's purpose was 'to increase the efficiency of the force,' it was learned at headquarters that Mr. O'Ryan had contemplated the move for some time in anticipation of any labor trouble which might break out in New York."

Mr. O'Ryan gave an inconsistent denial in the New York *Times* of July 31 that the new organization had any connection with anticipated major labor disturbances in the New York area. In the same denial he said that the unit would be a good protective measure and would be likely to command respect from any group of agitators "as soon as they appeared on the scene" of disorder.

What kind of man is this who has begun his term of office with a record of sanctioning brutality and who now aspires to be commander-in-chief of America's first completely militarized police force? Who is this man who points with pride to his military training? What was that training?

In 1919 Commissioner O'Ryan, then a major general, was appointed by Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War, as one of the four members of the so-called Kernan Board which investigated charges made by returning soldiers against the administration of justice in the army, especially in the American Expeditionary Force. Literally thousands of soldiers testified to the arrogance and brutality exhibited toward the enlisted personnel of the army by the officer caste. They charged that a strict, senseless, goose-stepping discipline was maintained in the army, not only during the war, but long after the armistice; that there was an unjust, autocratic system of military justice, administered solely by officers (it has been estimated that there were 375,000 courts-martial during the year prior to the armistice in an army averaging 2,000,000 men); privates were given twenty-five years at hard labor for being absent without leave for a few days (such cases occurred after the armistice) or for talking back to an officer. Several were given terms at hard labor for appearing at mess and inspection, months after November 11, 1918, with a button missing or a collar unfastened. The third degree was generously used in many of the above cases.

The places where the offenders had to serve these hard-labor sentences were literally the "chain gangs of the A.E.F." There beatings with fists and blackjacks drove some of the inmates to suicide. Prison guards admitted that everything charged was true; one sergeant testified at his court-martial trial that he personally beat up over a hundred men. They all said that the brutalities had been ordered from higher up—a general or two being implicated but never tried. Several minor officers including the infamous "Hard-boiled" Lieutenant Smith, in charge of Prison Farm Number 2 outside Paris, were court-martialed and given light sentences. It was brought out that the purpose of these inhumanities was to discipline the army and that many innocent men were sent to the prisons without trial. Ninety per cent of the prisoners had seen service at the front and many had been wounded.

This was the situation the Kernan Board, of which Major General O'Ryan was a member, was to investigate. What did O'Ryan and the other three members think about the "justice" dealt out to the private soldier in the war? They found, and their findings are a matter of public record, that the system of military justice in use in the American army during the World War had virtues seldom found in human institutions, and in effect that the enlisted man got what was coming to him; that terrorism was necessary to maintain discipline; that military justice was not to be judged by ideas of natural or ordinary legal justice and that the justice or injustice of it did not matter; that military justice cannot be regulated by law but must be left to the supreme authority of the military commander; that the military caste and not Congress has the supreme authority over the citizen-soldier and that Congress should be ignored if it attempted to exercise such authority.

These findings were not a complete surprise to some of the military associates of the board members. The man with the most experience and information about military justice, Brigadier General Samuel T. Ansell, Acting Judge Advocate General during the entire period of the war and a former professor of military law at West Point, testifying before a Senate committee, said of them: "Of course, I know these gentlemen rather well—their personalities, their habits of thought, and something of their views with respect to the military establishment. If the Secretary of War had gone out deliberately to appoint the most reactionary set of men in the United States he could not have improved upon his selection—Major General Kernan, Major General O'Ryan, Lieutenant Colonel Barrows, and Lieutenant Colonel Ogden." In *The Nation* for December 27, 1919, General Ansell again referred to the personnel of the Kernan Board: "Consisting of two regular army officers of high rank, one national army officer 'militarized' . . . and a national guard major general [General O'Ryan, of course] dependent for his success, if not his place, upon the good graces of the War Department."

Commenting upon the board's report Mr. Ansell said: "I think we all anticipated that this report would be a reactionary one, largely sustaining the present system; nobody, even on the other side, anticipated that it would be as reactionary as it is. . . . Does not the whole report proceed upon the predicate that we get discipline through terrorism?"

The Kernan Board was not the first committee appointed by the War Department to investigate the enlisted men's charges. The department first appointed a committee from the American Bar Association to do the job. Critics charged at the time that this committee and its witnesses were handpicked so as to present only the ultra-militarist viewpoint. However, in the midst of its hearings the chairman of the Bar Association committee suddenly announced that he had been converted and that he would find that the system of military justice in use in the American army was autocratic and unjust and should be thoroughly rooted out. Soon after this announcement we have the strange coincidence of the War Department's picking a strictly military committee to do the same job the Bar Association committee was to do as impartial investigators. There would seem some justification for the charges of critics who said that the Kernan Board was appointed to do a whitewashing job.

J. B. W. Gardiner, a graduate of West Point and former instructor of law there, wrote a letter to Senator James W. Wadsworth on September 11, 1919, in which he spoke of Mr. O'Ryan: "Because of the kingly origin of our military conception, we have come to regard military discipline as resting very largely upon fear, and the club which engenders this fear is the court-martial. That this is true is shown by the testimony of Major General O'Ryan given but recently before your committee. . . ."

The testimony Mr. Gardiner refers to was given by our present Police Commissioner in 1919 before a Senate committee hearing on "a bill to establish military justice."

Testifying before this committee Mr. O'Ryan said that the Kernan Board report expressed his views on the army and military justice. He repeated his stand for terrorism for the purpose of maintaining discipline when he said: "The object of courts in an army, especially during time of war, is mainly to deter the mass of the soldiers from the commission of offenses which have brought some of the soldiers to trial."

But even with a court-martial system over which he was the king, judge, jury, and supreme court, as the commander of a division, O'Ryan was not satisfied. He used another kind of terrorism. Men who went AWOL or committed minor offenses like petty theft while the army was at the front were arbitrarily punished, not by imprisonment or by reprimand, but by being sent to the most dangerous points in the first-line trenches. This is a part of the terrorism advocated and practiced by General O'Ryan which Mr. Gardiner refers to in his letter to Senator Wadsworth.

It should be kept in mind that it was amply proved in the controversy over the system of military justice in the World War that the court-martial system operates to maintain discipline and not to get facts and to deal out justice. Whether innocent or guilty some enlisted men had to be sacrificed in order to "deter" others who might be tempted to go AWOL. As has been shown by the foremost authorities on military law, Ansell, Runcie, Morgan, and others, the enlisted men had an impossible task of proving innocence or mitigating circumstances after charges had been preferred against them by an officer. We know for a certainty that many men who went through the A. E. F. chain-gang mill were innocent. Many of them were subsequently given honorable discharges with character marked excellent. Might not the same thing have occurred in the divisions whose officers made it a practice of arbitrarily sending enlisted offenders to almost certain death in the front-line trenches?

Senator Chamberlain asked General O'Ryan if he thought enlisted men should be allowed their rights as citizens to jury service and be allowed on courts-martial when in the army. Mr. O'Ryan showed his contempt for the rank-and-file soldier by his reply:

"Frankly, I do not, Senator . . . I have a firm conviction that that thing is wholly impracticable and undesirable in the army. . . . I think it is one of the most interesting things about the development of any army to note the change that takes place in the personnel . . . they [enlisted men] become in a measure children . . . so their efficiency to serve as jurors would be adversely affected, due to the narrow life that they necessarily lead."

This is a partial picture of John Francis O'Ryan, former commander of the New York National Guard, commander of the Twenty-seventh Division in the World War with rank of Major General, who was appointed Police Commissioner of New York City by a liberal mayor. This is the man who is the supreme commander of a force of 1,200 military police which was organized recently in the expectation that New York was about to experience important strikes. Recent news indicates that such strikes are imminent, especially in the construction field. What the Commissioner's views and activities will be in such an event can be seen by his attitude toward strikes and demonstrations since his installation. In the controversy with Mayor LaGuardia which arose when the Commissioner wanted to use even more force than he did use against the taxicab strikers, Commissioner O'Ryan said: "My background has been military, and my training hasn't much to do with liberalism."

Coal Price-Fixing in St. Louis

By CURTIS D. MACDOUGALL

St. Louis, July 31

FOR the evidence it furnishes of the wisdom of General Johnson's order of June 7 forbidding price-fixing in future NRA codes and of the advisability of making that order retroactive, the present situation in the retail coal industry in the St. Louis marketing area is significant.

On July 21 the coal division at Washington disapproved the minimum price list announced on May 20 by Divisional Code Authority Number 32 of the Retail Solid Fuel Industry. This unprecedented action seemed at first to have averted a serious test of the recovery program. Its immediate effect was the cancelation of a public hearing to discuss coal prices which the Code Authority had called for July 24 upon the demand of Attorney General Roy McKittrick of Missouri, who threatened to invoke the Missouri anti-trust laws and protect chiselers unless the list were revised downward.

Optimism disappeared, however, when Charles P. Melton, administration member of Division Number 32, issued a vehement defense of the list of May 20, criticized Washington severely for setting it aside, and announced a public hearing to be held August 6 to determine whether an emergency existed in the industry to justify a new price list.

Backed by the Consumers' Council of St. Louis and by several organizations of Illinois coal operators and independent coal dealers (dealers unaffiliated with the St. Louis Coal Exchange, a trade association of 134 large dealers which named thirteen of the fifteen members of the Code Authority), the attorney general has served notice that unless Washington dissuades Division Number thirty-two from further price-fixing activities, a legal battle between the federal government and the State of Missouri is inevitable. He also has demanded Mr. Melton's removal from office, together with that of Clarence C. Beck, executive secretary, and William J. Miller, president of Division Number 32.

The "psychology of the situation" before Mr. McKittrick entered the picture three weeks ago was one familiar during the prohibition era: there is no moral compulsion to obey a bad law, especially when there seems to be no likelihood of its being enforced. That attitude, shared alike by consumers, mine operators, and independent dealers, was well known to members of the Code Authority, who met scores of complaints with either a deaf ear or insulting retort.

The reasons given by the research and planning and legal divisions of the NRA in recommending the disapproval order were similar to the criticisms which were directed locally at the price list:

That an insertion in the classified-advertisement section of one St. Louis newspaper on April 1 was improper and insufficient notice for the emergency hearing on April 2, which was attended only by about 150 coal dealers, mostly large, and by no consumers.

That the basis on which the price list was prepared was faulty, inasmuch as the cost sheets of only twenty-nine companies were considered and because to the average cost of $2.75 a ton (not including cost of the coal at the mines and transportation) was added an arbitrary and unexplained twenty-three cents.

In addition, coal operators of the Belleville, Illinois, area, fifteen miles from St. Louis, where about 75 per cent of the coal consumed in St. Louis is mined, claimed that raising the retail price of that coal from $2.75 a ton, for which it sold last winter, to $5.90 a ton would discriminate against them in favor of better grades of coal from more distant points, chiefly Franklin and Saline counties in southern Illinois. The principal retailer of the latter product is the Hawthorn Coal Company, representative of the Insull-controlled Peabody Coal Company. President Miller of the Code Authority is president of Hawthorn.

The first consumer to be affected by the code price list—significantly the largest single consumer in the area—was the St. Louis Board of Education, which had advertised for bids before the list was announced. After first threatening to reject all bids, the school board finally voted unanimously to award approximately one-third of its contract to the Coal Service Company, a frank chiseler. Two days later the school board of University City, the largest St. Louis suburb, rejected all coal bids as excessive. At present all bids for coal for various departments of the City of St. Louis are being held up. Officials of the St. Louis Real Estate Exchange and of the St. Louis Building Owners' and Managers' Association have predicted that their members will patronize chiselers if the Code Authority repeats its former action.

Instead of yielding to the deluge of criticism from all sides, the Code Authority has cited legal justifications of its actions and has issued a series of orders to tighten its power. In answer to the charge that insufficient notice was given of the April 2 hearing, it has replied that the ruling defining adequate notice as meaning ten days and individual notices to all interested parties was not issued until April 24 and was not retroactive. The Consumers' Council retorted that no action of Division Number 32 became official until approved by Mr. Melton after his appointment on May 7, and that the spirit if not the letter of NRA was violated in any case.

When the Board of Education and other consumers were suspected of planning to buy coal directly at the mines and paying to have it hauled to St. Louis, a midnight meeting of Division Number 32 was held to rush through two preventive orders. One declared that anyone engaged by a consumer to truck coal from the mines should be considered a retail merchant and subject to code prices; the other sought to put the mines themselves under the retail code in case they sold directly to consumers.

The Code Authority also tried in vain to get the Belleville Group Coal Association of mine operators to guarantee a uniform and standard B. T. U. (British Thermal Unit) test for standard coal. The result of the operators' refusal to do so was that some dealers, including Code Authority members, made abnormally high B. T. U. and abnormally low ash-content guaranties, the idea being to obtain contracts and pay rebates when failing to meet requirements.

In its replies to critics Division Number 32 has taken the lofty point of view that any and all criticisms are attacks upon the government of the United States and come from "parties either entirely ignorant of the work of the Code Authority or out of tune with the times." Speaking of Melton's attitude McKittrick declared: "He seems to think he's the federal government."

To be "in tune with the times," in the opinion of Melton, Beck, and Miller, is to favor price-fixing which will "weed out" the industry for the benefit of the most strongly established dealers who "represent the backbone of the industry."

After telling the attorney general that the small dealer and consumer never can expect a square deal from men with that ideology, the chairman of a group of coal haulers expressed the attitude of the little fellow in part as follows:

"We are patriotic Americans and enthusiastic in our support of President Roosevelt. However, there has been so much chiseling since the code price list that unless some change is made, everything that has been accomplished under the NRA to improve the wages and working conditions of coal miners and laborers will be lost. We cannot stand by indefinitely and see our business snatched away from us with no effort being made to prevent the large dealers from violating the rules they themselves have set up."

That is the situation which Attorney General McKittrick stepped in to stop and which he insists shall not recur. Unless Washington again intervenes to check the activities of Division Number 32, the NRA may be faced with one of its most important tests.

What Do Women Want?

By MARION B. COTHREN

Paris, July 15

JUST "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal" were the resolutions passed by the International Council of Women in answer to the heartbreaking appeals of women throughout the world today. Presided over by Lady Aberdeen, now nearly fourscore years of age and strongly resembling Queen Victoria, 300 delegates from 30 different countries held their congress in Paris in July. They came from Europe, from Asia, from Africa, from North America; from points as widely distant as Australia, India, South Africa, China. Thirteen came from the United States. Well-known women were there: Fröken Hesselgren, a member of the Swedish Parliament; Princess Cantacuzène, of the Municipal Council of Bucharest; the Maharani Sahebi of India; Mme Maria Vérone, France's most famous suffragist. The quota from the United States included Ruth Hanna McCormick Simms, ex-Congresswoman from Illinois; Grace Thompson Seton, explorer and author; and Lena Madesin Phillips, president of the Women's Business and Professional League. Alice Paul, at the last minute, did not sail.

Their resolutions were vacuous, not because the universal plight of women was unknown to the delegates. Again and again the speeches emphasized the fact that everywhere married women are being dismissed from their jobs; equal pay is becoming a joke; in Italy and Germany women are practically barred from all fields of endeavor except that of domestic service. In Germany only 10 per cent of the students in colleges can be women. As for political recognition, even in countries where there is woman suffrage, women are not given a voice in government councils. Certainly a Frances Perkins in the Cabinet, a Ruth Bryan Owen in Denmark, a Florence Allen in the United States Court, an Anna Moskowitz and others scattered in city and State offices throughout the nation can hardly be called political recognition for fifty million women who have been voters for twenty years.

In fact, save for the right of women to choose their own nationality, that principle which Doris Stevens had inserted in the Pan-American treaty and which was made a federal law by our last Congress, the story of women's advance during the past few years was a doleful tale of ignominious retreat.

The council failed to achieve anything vital in spite of immediate compelling events. There was the fact that the German delegates, at the last minute, were not permitted to attend the congress. The *Führer* refused them their visas. Also known to many was the plight of Frau A. and Frau B. in Germany. These two women had often aided the members of the council in their work for women. Today their homes have been looted and their possessions and money seized by the Nazis, not because of race or creed but solely because they believe in peace. And yet Germany is not supposed to be at war. Added to these incidents was the news spread over the columns of the Continental press of the outrageous treatment of women political prisoners in Italy. If there ever was a direct challenge flung at a gathering of feminists, it was flung at the International Council of Women in those days from July 2 to July 12.

The council answered it by a medley of resolutions on every conceivable subject. Most of them lacked both direction and vitality. Fear seemed to hover over the delegates' heads at a time which called for courage, initiative, and clear thinking. For example, "A Charter of Rights" for mothers, married and unmarried, was introduced. The opening clause was, "The woman who accepts the sufferings and duties of motherhood is entitled to respect." But the delegates punctiliously voted out the word "respect."

There were a number of resolutions on peace such as, "We desire to dedicate ourselves afresh to the supreme task of surmounting the barriers of race, creed, caste, and nationality." These resolutions were good but not original, following closely the ideas of various committees of the League of Nations. All work for peace is tremendously needed; but after all peace today is no orphan child. Both men and women are working furiously for it. But in the light of past experience no one is going to save the women from economic and political drowning in war but the women themselves.

Lena Madesin Phillips, after much work behind the scenes, did get the delegates to indorse the idea of a woman's right to choose her own nationality. After that, merrily on marched the procession of resolutions: on suffrage, of course; also on drugs, movies, broadcasting, prisons, sex hygiene, equal pay, school budgets, and the admission of children to barrooms. Then the council passed, shoulder to shoulder with disarmament resolutions of world-wide importance, one on tonsils and adenoids. And topped them all off with a motion to save the little fishes and birds from death by the discharge of oil from ships at sea.

Fish and tonsils! When women the world over are being sacrificed in the name of the god of the economic crisis! When in a few months many women lost the things gained after their struggle of decades! The time was ripe for those crusaders from thirty different nations to hurl forth to the four corners of the earth a ringing manifesto of women's wrongs and women's rights in this year 1934. But these 300 women missed their opportunity. Small wonder that the Paris press summed up the work of the International Council of Women in a headline saying: "Women Quit Talking After Asking Lots."

In the Driftway

IT is some 442 years since Columbus first set foot on American soil. And the Drifter, climbing one step upward on his little individual Ararat as the roaring tides of chaos rise higher and higher, wonders if it wouldn't have been a good idea if Columbus when he returned to Spain had said simply: "I found nothing. There is nothing there." The Drifter will leave it to his readers to mull over what might not have happened if Columbus had just kept still about his discovery. But discoverers have always talked and even now they have not learned the wisdom of silence.

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THE Drifter is led into these reflections by a piece of news that has just come out of Australia. In the center of New Guinea a group of Australian government scientists have discovered a new "promised land," a grassy, fertile country where 200,000 "fine, healthy blacks" have been living for centuries completely shut off from the world. Ranges of high mountains, and the theory among scientists that New Guinea consisted entirely of wilderness, swamps, and jungles, guarded the blacks and their beautiful plateau from discovery until one day a group of airplanes stuck their noses over the mountains—and the game was up.

> We just rubbed our eyes [said Mr. Chinnery, one of the discoverers]. We couldn't believe what we saw. Instead of endless jungle we saw beautiful rolling country ahead of us with rivers meandering through green valleys. . . . Most of the plateau is between 5,000 and 6,000 feet above the sea and the climate is cool and pleasant.

Having discovered the land, the scientists in the planes must needs go into it on foot and explore it thoroughly. The Drifter can understand this. But he feels that in the present state of the world a scientist should have better sense than to make public the existence of a corner of the earth that is still comparatively happy. Mr. Chinnery seems to be aware of his mistake. He seems to be as sorry as the Drifter that he ever brought the matter up. "It is a pretty big responsibility," says he, "to add 200,000 natives to the British Empire and make sure they won't be exploited." "For the present," he continues, "we are trying to introduce a system of indirect rule under which one man from each village is chosen to do the government work of keeping law and order." He fails to say how law and order were kept before and why it wasn't a good system. "I don't expect trouble," he goes on sadly, "unless gold is found in the new lands. Then prospectors will pour in and it will be difficult to keep the country for the natives." And he ends on an ominous note. "Some gold has been found already. . . ."

* * * * *

IT is a tribute to the early church fathers that they recognized the dilemma in which Mr. Chinnery finds himself. For them paradise was forever beyond reach of mortal man. No rust could corrupt it, no empires could steal away its bright desirability. It was paradise, indeed, merely by virtue of the fact that man could not attain it until he had lost his human nature and become an angel. Unfortunately this does not help the 200,000 happy natives in New Guinea who have now been duly delivered into the hands of the British Empire. It is just too bad that Mr. Chinnery and his companions, when they returned from that fateful journey over the mountains, did not retort simply: "We found nothing. There is nothing there."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Help Herndon!

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The readers of *The Nation* do not need to be told of Angelo Herndon, Negro organizer of the unemployed, who has been sentenced to eighteen years on a Georgia chain gang, charged with inciting to insurrection. Actually, he led a demonstration of blacks and whites to demand relief after the Atlanta authorities had expressly invited all those who were not being properly cared for to present their grievances.

But the readers of *The Nation* may not have heard that Herndon will go to the chain gang on August 3 unless bail of $15,000 is raised first. Contributions in cash or Liberty bonds should be sent to the International Labor Defense, 80 East Eleventh Street, New York. Corliss Lamont, Robert W. Dunn, and Anna Damon will act as trustees of all funds sent in for this purpose.

New York, July 24 QUINCY HOWE

Teachers in Distress

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Again the children of New York State are being made the victims of false and outrageous economy. Under the Friedsam Act the amount of State aid required for the coming school year is $116,000,000, but the State has thus far appropriated only $102,000,000. Since the education budgets of municipalities throughout the State were computed on the basis of the full statutory quota of State aid, those communities which are unable to increase their income from local taxation now find it impossible to maintain their educational standards. New York City, for example, is faced with a shut-down of the schools and another payless furlough for teachers in December unless the full allotment of State funds is forthcoming.

All friends of free public education are urged to bring pressure immediately on Governor Lehman and Senators Jeremiah Twomey and John Dunnigan, to live up to the provisions of the Friedsam Act by providing the necessary complement of State aid.

New York, July 21 PAUL GASTWIRTH,
Chairman Legislative Committee,
Clasroom Teacher Groups

Lenin, Trotzky, and World Revolution

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The vehemence with which the Stalinists here and the Trotzkyites abroad are cursing me for my article The Tragedy of Trotzky, in *The Nation* for May 2, suggests that I told a truth uncomfortable for both of them. As for Elliot E. Cohen's rejoinder the following week, I must in the first place violently protest against the "summary" of my article with which he begins. It is as unnecessary as it is misleading.

I did not say that Trotzky's trust in the world revolution was a "heresy." I said it was a mistake. It was a mistake for a statesman to base his policy between 1924 and 1927 on the supposition that a world revolution would come soon enough to rescue the Soviet Union from the capitalist decay into which he thought it was relapsing. It is one thing to believe in the coming of the world revolution. Stalin declares that we are approaching a new "series of wars and revolutions." But for Trotzky to have set up world revolution as an alternative to Stalin's program of building socialism in one country meant that he expected an actual world revolution within a few years. Here he was definitely in error. For at no time between 1924 and the present has the world revolution been so near as to warrant a Soviet statesman in including it as a factor in the formulation of policy. Where would the Soviet Union be today if instead of trying to build socialism and to reconcile itself to normal relations with bourgeois Powers it had assumed, as Trotzky assumed, that the proletariat's relation with the peasantry could wait while it sacrificed every consideration to the prosecution of the world revolutionary cause? The Soviet Union would have suffered, but nothing the Soviet government might have done could have brought about the world revolution.

I said in my original article that "there is reason to believe that toward the end of life, seeing the likelihood of world revolution diminish, he [Lenin] inclined to Stalin's present view that socialism could be established in the Soviet Union." Mr. Cohen does not believe that there is any evidence for the assumption that Lenin took the view of socialism in one country. Here is the evidence:

In May 1923, eight months before he died, Lenin published his famous and much discussed article On Cooperation. "We are forced to recognize," he wrote, "a fundamental change in our entire point of view on socialism. . . ." "For us it is enough now to carry out this cultural revolution in order to become a completely socialist country. . . ." "For us now the simple growth of cooperatives is identical with the growth of socialism." To become a socialist country, Lenin said in his last paragraph, Russia must raise its cultural level and develop its material means of production. These are the very processes which have been pushed so intensively ever since he wrote those words but especially after 1928.

Lenin's assertion in 1923 that "our entire point of view on socialism" had undergone a fundamental change was not a sudden inspiration. It was his deduction from five and a half years of Soviet history. Prior to 1917 all Bolsheviks of course believed that a socialist regime could not be established permanently in agrarian Russia unless a world revolution came to its aid. But the moment the Soviet government was formed it became necessary to decide in each instance whether the given possibility of furthering revolution abroad warranted the Bolsheviks in taking the risks connected therewith.

When the New Economic Policy was inaugurated, many Bolsheviks asked: For how long? Lenin replied in a short speech on May 28, 1921. Naturally, he affirmed, a policy intended for many years may be scrapped if the world revolution arrives. At the moment, capitalism was somewhat more stable. Nevertheless, revolution was still possible. "We, however," he stated, "cannot resort to guesses in this matter [of the advent of the world revolution—L. F.]. At present we exert our main influence on the world revolution by our domestic economic policy." And again: "If we solve this problem [of Russia's economy] then we will have certainly and finally won on an international scale, too."

This is Stalin's present policy of furthering the world revolution by achieving economic progress at home. Lenin's advice was to push the building of socialism in Russia and not to depend on guesses regarding the imminence of foreign revolution. Trotzky did not take this view in 1924 or at any subsequent date since he did not believe in the socialization of the peasantry. He did not conceive, therefore, of socialism in the U. S. S. R. without foreign revolutions. In 1919, in a pamphlet entitled "Results and Prospects," Trotzky discussed a program of socialist agrarian reform. "But how deeply," he asked, "can the socialist policy of the working class affect Russia's economic conditions? One can say with certainty: it will encounter political obstructions much sooner than it will be checked by the technical backwardness of the country." That is, peasant opposition would prevent the socialization of agriculture, and technical progress is therefore not the way to achieve socialism. "Without direct government support from the European proletariat," Trotzy accordingly asserts, "the working class of Russia cannot retain power and convert its temporary domination into a prolonged socialist dictatorship." This is the principle of "permanent revolution," a doctrine of pessimism regarding Soviet internal developments. Trotzky felt that before Soviet industrial progress overcame peasant opposition, peasant opposition would overcome the Bolsheviks—unless the world revolution saved them. Events have proved this theory completely wrong. The world revolution is as far away as when Trotzky was expelled from the Communist Party but socialism in the U. S. S. R. is much nearer at hand. The Trotzkyists do not believe this. They reject the Soviet Union. Mr. Cohen denies that assertion. But I have read enough Trotzkyist literature to know that it is true. And I have also read Mr. Cohen's articles. "Facts mountain-high confirm Fischer's news of Moscow's repudiation of Leninism," he writes. Of course I did not say that Moscow had repudiated Leninism. That is only Cohen's "summary." It is Mr. Cohen who affirms that Moscow has repudiated Leninism. The dilemma of Rakovsky is the dilemma of all Trotzkyists. They cannot approve of Soviet policy. (Let Mr. Cohen say that he does, or let him distinguish between Stalin's program and the Soviet government.) And the world revolution on which they base their hopes is rather slow in making its appearance. Liberals and foreign Communists can afford to wait for it. But the statesmen in Moscow had to formulate a policy. The result has not always been such as to satisfy the delicate sensibilities of outside observers like myself and Mr. Cohen, who would love to see a 100 per cent observance of revolutionary mores. But this is a realistic world and it makes ugly demands on politicians. It was with Lenin's knowledge that Chicherin went to Genoa in 1922 in top hat and cutaway and bowed to a king and clinked wine glasses with the Pope's representative. It was while Trotzky was a member of the Politburo that friendly relations were established with Mussolini. The rest is a question of degree and of execution. If you must trade with the capitalists, and the Bolsheviks must, and if you want some guaranty of peace, then you must have friendly diplomatic relations with the bourgeois Powers—and they exact their price. This is very sad—but it is so. It would be much better if there were Soviets in the United States, England, and France. But there aren't.

Moscow, July 1 LOUIS FISCHER

Labor and Industry

The Kohler Myth Dies

By GUNNAR MICKELSEN

Kohler, Wisconsin, July 29

NEWSPAPERS have given their account of the Kohler strike and massacre. There is more to the story. The two men that died in hospitals shortly after the attack by a privately hired company army of not less than 500 men were shot in the back. The backs of the legs and thighs of five women were riddled with buckshot and bullets. At least fifty others were hit with gunfire. The attack and attitude of the company deputies became so savage that Father J. W. McGuire, federal mediator, known as a friend of labor, urged the governor to send troops to protect the strikers. With the evening and night of terror, the myth of the "Kohler Utopia" was smashed forever. The story behind the strike is the story of the rise and fall of America's most widely advertised venture in industrial paternalism.

For eleven days a picket line made up 90 per cent of employees and former employees of the company had patrolled the plant, with only a single minor occurrence of disorder. The strikers' committee claimed a membership in the A. F. of L. union of 1,900 out of a possible 2,500 employees. Throughout the State newspapers sided militantly with Walter J. Kohler, who issued a statement to the press charging the strike was fomented by "outside radical agitators." But newspaper reporters, in discussing the strike among themselves, agreed that they had been amazed at the type of men represented in the picket line. They were average, simple, good-natured German American workingmen who believed they were acting under new laws with the sanction and urging of a new kind of President. They were the men handpicked by the Kohler personnel experts.

While the pickets marched, the company prepared. Reporters learned from deputies stationed within the plant that the strike had been anticipated. Machine-guns had been placed at many points. Cots and food supplies for the guards were on hand. Several hundred lead-loaded billies were made in the plant. Two days after the strike began, the Kohler unit of the National Guard arrived from camp in several trucks, drove into the factory grounds, and stored their rifles and ammunition in the plant. All members of the unit are company employees. Two days before the massacre Anton Brotz, village mayor and research engineer for the company, publicly announced that trouble might be expected.

On the twelfth day of the strike the company evidently decided its preparations for the clean-up were complete. In the morning 150 armed deputies rode in steel-sided trucks down the picket line, "shaking it up." After the long period of peace the pickets were surprised at the sudden assault and made no resistance when their willow canes were taken from them and their shelters smashed. The entire situation had suddenly changed. From an atmosphere of peace, the air had become charged with apprehension and ill-will.

That evening crowds began assembling near the plant. In it were the wives and children of the strikers in greater number than before. A flung stone struck the spark that set off the disturbance. The crowd was several blocks from the center of the plant front, the office building. Pickets still marched back and forth. More stones flew. Windows broke. The crowd began to yell and cheer. It moved down the row of factory buildings, breaking windows as it went. So far there was no move on the part of the guards either inside or outside the plant. Richard S. Davis, veteran correspondent of the Milwaukee *Journal,* described this part of the event as follows:

> And then without warning it came—the angry answer of the waiting deputies . . . it was so sudden, so completely overwhelming that no one out there could do more than gasp and run. The strategy of the deputies had been well planned. The plan was not to forestall the costly attack, but to annihilate the attackers at the height of their destructive fury.

The company, the sheriff, and the mediator, each for reasons of his own, joined in an appeal for troops. The first act of the troops upon arrival next morning from Milwaukee was to disarm and disband the company army and to permit the strikers to reform their picket lines. Numerous machine-gun nests, on roofs and behind barricades, were pointed out by pickets and ordered removed by the troop commander. For perhaps the first time State troops were cheered by pickets as they marched through the town. In the face of as ruthless a slaughter of defenseless men and women as labor annals of the country can show, newspaper editorials went so far as to censure the deputies and to refer to Kohler as the "paternalistic executive" whose management of the strike situation was done "in blindness."

Kohler village deserves the praise it has got for the outward beauty of its houses and the arrangement of its streets and parks. It is not, however, as has been popularly supposed, the home of a majority of Kohler employees. Actually only about 16 per cent of those normally on the pay roll live there. Of the 400 employees living in the village, at least 150 are single men, housed in the dormitory. Most of the executives have their homes, larger than those of the workers, and in most instances removed from them by gullies or parks, in the village. Many foremen also live there, leaving but a very small percentage of rank-and-file shop employees as occupants of the model homes. In the face of these figures, the charge by Mr. Kohler that only a small percentage of the village residents were in the picket line loses all its intended significance.

In the belief that satisfied workers produce the most and the best work, Kohler began the building of a model factory village about twenty years ago. Land and homes ready to occupy, on streets that were already paved and parked, were sold to the employees through the Kohler Investment Company and financed by the Kohler Building and Loan Association. (Today foreclosure actions are pending against many of the homes.) Kohler agents met German boats at Ellis Island and urged the young and strong men

BURLINGAME
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among the immigrants to make their new home in Kohler.

In Kohler village and Kohler factory, Mr. Kohler was king. So long as business boomed, wages were average. There were few complaints, and those who made them were quickly weeded out. Within the walls of the plant itself the Kohler management ruled with no less an iron hand than the management of any other open-shop factory. Time study and the speed-up are the order of the day at Kohler. But the majority of the men upon whom the heaviest labor fell had come from countries where those things were taken for granted. Here at Kohler they had an employees' benefit association. It is true it deducted a monthly sum from their pay checks but then did it not pay them one dollar a day for thirteen weeks when they were ill, and $100 to their family if they died? It is true there was no summer vacation for shop workers, but every man Jack got a goose for Christmas if he was married, and a wallet or pocket knife if he was single. If the men in the sand-blasting department contracted silicosis in alarming numbers, that was too bad; but after all the pay of six dollars a day was good pay.

There was no doubt a sincere effort to retain men on the pay roll after the slump cut into sales, but early in 1932 there were already 225 Kohler employees and their families on the relief rolls of Sheboygan. The company has maintained that it built up large and costly inventories to keep the men at work, but no proof has been offered and the workers deny that any great stocks exist.

About a year ago hundreds of the shop employees were laid off indefinitely. Other hundreds were given but one or two days' work a week. Only a small percentage worked full time, and most of these were residents of the village. The 2,000 men and women that lived in Sheboygan and Sheboygan Falls were either on county relief rolls or lived with the help of their familes. Yet the regular dues for benefit, insurance, and athletic associations were deducted from the part-time checks. At times these deductions took the whole check. Besides, there were the fines for faulty work and breakage of machinery. It was then the men began to think. They knew, for instance, that a State law passed in 1931 made it illegal for employers to charge the men for faulty work and breakage unless gross negligence could be proved.

When the NRA granted labor the free right to organize, there was a spontaneous rush of Kohler employees to join the A. F. of L. union. One of the foremen in the plant, a village resident, was chosen president. Besides union recognition, the men wanted seniority rights in the allotment of work and sixty-five cents an hour for semi-skilled labor, which had been grouped with common labor at the forty-cent minimum rate set by the code (Walter Kohler is a member of the plumbing code authority that fixed the wages). Mr. Kohler countered with a company union and scores of those who had joined the workers' union were discharged for various given reasons. Complaints by the workers to the code compliance board had been shelved. Appeals to Washington were met with evasive answers and postponements. Recently union committees began calling upon Mr. Kohler. They were received, their demands listened to, and evasive answers given. Finally a fourteen-point demand was sent to the company. It replied with fourteen answers that were typical of all employers antagonistic to unions. The strike was called as a last effort to get the attention of Washington and compel the enforcement of Section 7-a.

Much has been said of the sincere interest felt by Walter Kohler in the welfare of his workers. Kohler is a member of the Wisconsin Manufacturers' Association, was at one time its president. As one who has often attended its meetings the writer can testify that its attitude toward workers is one of incredible enmity. One of its major functions is the lobbying for anti-labor legislation at Madison, and this work was no less vicious during the Kohler presidency than at any other time. In 1923 the Kohler Company sent a letter to all State legislators "respectfully requesting" them to vote against a "revolutionary and discriminatory measure" that proposed to reduce factory working hours from nine to eight a day. When it came to a final question of Kohler property or Kohler workers, it was gas, cracked heads, gunshot wounds, and death to the workers for the sake of the property. The crash of windows shattered on that sacred property was reason enough to loose a stream of lead into the well-loved employees.

Your Government Is a Strike-Breaker

By COLSTON E. WARNE AND LEO HUBERMAN

THE strike of the Cannery and Agricultural Workers' Union, affiliated with the Trade Unity League, on the 3,200-acre Seabrook produce farm in South Jersey, was recently "settled." Small wonder that strikers all over the country are suspicious of federal mediators and arbitration boards. The government in this instance seems to have played its usual role of effectively sabotaging a going strike while arranging for what is apparently a packed board to take up the issues in the future. Before examining the settlement as proposed by the federal conciliator, we should like to report the results of an investigation of a committee of the Philadelphia Civil Liberties Union on Saturday, July 7, when the strike was still in progress.

Identical questions were put to C. F. Seabrook and to the strike committee. The substance of the answers obtained is given here:

QUESTION: How did the strike start?

MR. S.: It's all the work of outside agitators. The strike was caused by Communists. For five years we've had no trouble whatsoever with our contented South Jersey labor. Then this man Henderson and his wife and Leif Dahl and his wife came down and started all the trouble. Henderson openly boasts that he is a Communist and I have a letter from him headed "District Organizer of the C. P."

STRIKE COMMITTEE: The strike started because Mr. Seabrook broke his April agreement with our union. Conditions had been so bad and wages so low on the Seabrook farm that we were compelled to strike in April. We won that strike and secured from Mr. Seabrook a one-year agreement to pay us thirty cents an hour, which was double our previous wage.

QUESTION: Are all the workers on strike?

Mr. S.: Most of these workers would have been laid off at this time anyway. They don't count as strikers. The workers in the cannery have not gone out.

Strikers: All of the 350 workers are out with the exception of eight or nine tractor drivers who report for work but do not work.

Question: What is the dispute about wages?

Mr. S.: I have been paying my men thirty cents and upwards an hour and the women twenty-five cents. I never did cut wages. All of these reports in the *Daily Worker* and other papers that I wanted to pay eighteen cents and even sixteen cents are so many lies.

Strikers: Before the April agreement wages averaged fifteen cents an hour for men, twelve and one-half cents for women, and five cents for children (from seven years up). By the terms of our agreement we were to get a flat rate of thirty cents an hour for men, twenty-five cents for women, no more child labor, and time and a half for overtime and Sunday work. Here is Seabrook's letter telling us that he must cut wages, and at our meeting with him he told us he would have to return to an eighteen-cent scale. He also stated in his letter that "unless you accept this offer before 6 a. m. June 25, we expect to suspend permanently all operations other than those that can be carried out largely with mechanical equipment and to make such arrangements for workers to take care of these operations as we see fit and we do not propose to recognize or have anything further to do with your organization."

Question: Do the workers live on the farm?

Mr. S.: Yes, the company has provided houses and barracks for its help. Rent is very low and in many cases it is never paid and we don't bother about it.

Strikers: The workers are divided into three sections, whites, Negroes, and Americans, with the rents for their houses ranging from two dollars a month to ten dollars. The Negroes are given broken-down sheds such as you see here, most often without water, light, or sanitary facilities. The Italians, who form the white colony, pay higher rent for better houses. The tractor drivers and sub-foremen are the Americans who live in the best houses. In the winter months, when we are laid off, rent continues just the same, only it is added up and deducted from our spring pay checks. When we are working the rent is deducted in advance from our weekly pay checks. Here are pay-check stubs to prove this.

Question: Is there also a company store?

Mr. S.: No, but there is a store on the property where most of the workers buy their food.

Strikers: It's not a company store but everything we buy there is deducted from our pay check same as our rent. We get our checks at the store. Prices of most things are a penny or two higher than in the stores further along.

Question: How do you explain the violence reported in the press?

Mr. S.: It's the result of these Communist agitators. Yesterday two men, a constable and a tractor driver, went to the hospital after being beaten and stoned by strikers. We haven't had adequate police protection. Our man Saunders has done a good job, but our loyal workers have not been adequately protected in their right to work.

Strikers: Our picketing has been peaceful. We are not armed in any way. The company has had as constable Red Saunders, a man with a criminal record, who has slugged and beaten the picketers often with the aid of other armed thugs employed by the company. We have been tear-gassed and arrested on fake charges. This morning Seabrook tried to break up our picket line by hauling the pickets one by one into his office where the magistrate was holding court. When seven of our men refused to sign statements saying they would go off the line, they were sent to the Bridgeton jail on charges of vagrancy, and assault and battery with intent to kill. Seabrook's lawyers questioned us and the judges sentenced us in Seabrook's own office. We did not beat up the tractor driver and Red Saunders until after he knocked hell out of us with his one-and-a-half-foot blackjack.

Question: We understand that yesterday morning some of the strikers were run down by a company truck driven by Courtney Seabrook. Is that true?

Mr. S.: Absolutely false. Not a single person was even bruised. I have reports from my confidential observers that at the union meetings they practice falling down in front of trucks without getting hurt—just like they do in Union Square. They fall down and shout that a cop has beaten them.

Strikers: They drove right through our picket line full speed. Here is one of our men who was taken to the hospital with a smashed ankle. These two women just jumped out of the way in time or they would have been killed.

The foregoing testimony is clearly conflicting. Some light on the veracity of the witnesses may be thrown by the facts uncovered concerning the operations of the vigilantes in the area. When we questioned Mr. Seabrook concerning the activities of the vigilantes and the Ku Klux Klan he said he hadn't spoken to the leader of the vigilantes for seven months. We later learned that Seabrook had spoken at the meeting of the vigilantes the Monday previous! Also, during our conversation, Mr. Seabrook left the room and returned saying that Dave Jaggers, leader of the vigilantes, had just phoned him offering fifty shotgun deputies for Monday morning's clean-up of the strikers. Later in the day we interviewed Mr. Jaggers at his Deerfield garage and recognized him as one of the men who had been present during our whole meeting with Seabrook!

Dave Jaggers told us that his committee was "prepared to go to the Seabrook farm Monday morning to run out of the county any strikers or strike agitators. If they aren't satisfied with their pay, let 'em get out." His efforts are backed up by the Klan, which has already frightened away the leader of the April strike by burning crosses and firing shots.

Mr. Jaggers and his vigilantes were on hand Monday morning. Our committee watched the peaceful picketing which was in progress. In spite of this, nine pickets were arrested for disorderly conduct and the use of tear gas was threatened by C. F. Seabrook. When he thought that observers had disappeared from the scene, an attack of tear and nausea gas was launched on the strikers. A wagon of beets came in from the fields. Two women ineffectively took handfuls in expression of their indignation. They were beaten by deputies who started a mass attack upon the picket line, followed by the use of the fire hose. Strikers retorted to both with shingles, sticks, and an occasional half-brick. At this point the battle cleared and the wagon of beets was rolled into the shelter of the cannery. Then the deputies started a punitive expedition on the strikers' village. Tear and nausea gas was thrown along the row of pathetic cottages behind which the workers had sought shelter. Belford Seabrook, son of the proprietor, himself threw a bomb into a house then occupied only by an Italian mother and two very small children. He had previously shouted to his men: "Get this woman; she talks too much." The bomb, hurled through the window, landed on a bed and set the sheets ablaze. The rooms were so filled with smoke and gas fumes that the place was uninhabitable for more than two days. These children, as well as a number caught unawares in other houses in the row, suffered ill effects from the dose of tear gas. At the close of the attack, twenty-four more of the strike leaders were jailed.

Basic in the Seabrook dispute are the low prices of produce and the low wage scales generally prevalent in South Jersey—generally averaging about fifteen cents an hour. The Seabrook Farms have been aided by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and the Farm Credit Administration to the tune of $200,000. The existence of this loan, accompanied as it was with government supervision of expenditures, said Mr. Seabrook, had forced curtailment of wage payments.

Other government assistance came last winter from the CWA. But just as the food, clothing, shelter, and the courts in that township are all Seabrook, so the government agency fell into line. Mark Loper, field manager of the Seabrook Farms, was made CWA administrator. Instead of taking on those workers already laid off in the slack winter season, he transferred those favored workers still employed on the Seabrook Farms to the CWA pay roll to do work on Seabrook's private roads!

This, then, was the set-up when Federal Conciliator John A. Moffett made his appearance on Tuesday, July 10. After an all-day conference with Mr. Seabrook and the attorney for the union, an agreement was evolved by which the management agreed to continue the thirty-cent rate for men and twenty-five cents for women; to take back as many strikers as possible without discrimination until all were rehired; and to care for all future disputes through a board of adjustment of five members, two to be named by the Master of the Pomona Grange, one to be the County Agent, and one to be "a public-spirited citizen" selected by Judge Leroy W. Loder; the fifth was to be the federal conciliator himself. In order to gain an idea of the impartiality of the board set up by Moffett, it is significant to note that the Pomona Grange is representative of the "substantial" farmers, who last spring in the New Jersey meeting protested that the CWA wage scale was too high to permit of profitable agriculture. Furthermore, Judge Loder has been under attack by the union throughout the conflict.

Mr. Moffett, formerly legislative agent of the American Federation of Labor, gave as his parting shot: "The trouble at Bridgeton was mainly due to the radical element, the Communists. We want to make the board a permanent institution not only to settle the trouble at Bridgeton, but to adjust difficulties of the workers and canners all over New Jersey."

Thus the government continues its role as strike-breaker. Already gross discrimination against militant Negroes has appeared in the reemployment of workers. Outsiders are being hired in place of the strikers. Clearly, Mr. Seabrook owes the government a vote of thanks.

Labor Notes

What Is News?

As American workers grow more militant in their demands and methods, the police and those who control them grow more ruthless in the suppression of labor activities. The brutality with which pickets were shot down in Kohler, Wisconsin, is described in this issue of *The Nation* by Gunnar Mickelsen. For the benefit of those who doubt Mr. Mickelsen's story of the shootings, as well as of certain other aspects of the Kohler strike, because it differs from most of the reports from Kohler that have appeared in the daily press, *The Nation* wishes to put on record the testimony of Father McGuire, member of the Chicago Regional Labor Board and one of the federal mediators in the strike. In a speech before the session of the Sheboygan County Board at which it was decided to ask Governor Schmedeman to hold the State troops in Kohler pending a settlement, Father McGuire spoke in part as follows:

> I have been in many strikes but I never saw such needless and ruthless killing by supporters of the law. . . . When it is understood that most of the people were shot in the back last Friday, the ruthlessness is evident. You don't have to shoot people in the back when they are running away! I examined a score of wounded, and all except two were shot in the back. . . . A deep wrong has been done.

We take the account of this speech from the Milwaukee *Journal*. It would seem that as a mere matter of news such a statement by a federal mediator in a violent strike warranted national publication. The New York *Times* found space for an extremely wordy "special" story from Kohler more than half of which was taken up with sentimental and sympathetic sentences about Walter J. Kohler. Mr. Kohler, it pointed out in three different versions, is not disillusioned even yet. The Kohler contention, which Mr. Mickelsen effectively challenges, that the pickets are not Kohler employees—"they do not even live in Kohler village"—was also repeated at least twice. But the speech of Father McGuire a few days later was not reported in either the New York *Times* or the *Herald Tribune*.

Eyewitnesses who were also pickets in the Minneapolis shootings have said that it was a cold-blooded attack by heavily armed police on completely unarmed pickets. They maintain that many of the victims were shot in the back and that some of them were shot in the back as they stooped to pick up wounded comrades. Such witnesses would be the last to claim impartiality but the following letter from an outside observer closely confirms their statements. It comes from E. E. Fagereng, secretary of the University of Minnesota Press, and it reads in part:

> On last Thursday and Friday the so-called "Citizens' Alliance" (an employers' organization) decided that they must break the strike, and determined to terrorize the strikers and then to throw a "red communistic" scare into the all-too-gullible public. On Friday afternoon, July 20, Father Haas called at the office of Chief of Police Johannes and had the understanding with him that there would be no police intervention until there had been time to arrive at peace terms, and he stated he had reason to believe that the difficulties would soon be ironed out. At the very moment of this conference the police were having a showdown with the strikers under orders from Chief Johannes. Apparently the employers feared that the Reverend Haas had too much sympathy in his heart for the workers and that any settlement he might negotiate would give some recognition to the workers' unions. The Minneapolis employers are fully determined at all costs to do everything in their power to break the unions and to keep Minneapolis an open-shop town. Last Friday they decided to begin moving

trucks under armed guard. Hundreds of policemen were called into action, and a test truck containing only a few small boxes was the first to be moved. Naturally the pickets sensed what was being done and gathered to resist. The "pitched battle" referred to in the local newspapers was a cold-blooded shooting into a group of entirely unarmed men. Not a single one of them carried a weapon. The first victim to die, Henry Ness, a Scandinavian World War veteran who is survived by a poverty-stricken widow and four small children, was buried yesterday. Forty of the forty-five victims are reported to have been shot in the back, some of them as far as three blocks away.

Two Blue Eagles

I

FEW incidents in the history of the NRA are so scandalous as the recent agreement by which the Blue Eagle was restored to the Harriman, Tennessee, Hosiery Mills. The Blue Eagle was removed, on the recommendation of the Wagner Board, because the company played fast and loose with Section 7-a and stubbornly refused to try negotiating a collective contract in good faith. Furthermore, the company consistently drew back from reinstating some 300 former strikers, not to speak of the thirty union workers whose discharge precipitated the strike. The NRA's agreement with the company has not a word to say about any obligation on the management to negotiate a contract with the local of the American Federation of Hosiery Workers. Provision is made, not for the reinstatement of 300 strikers, but for the rehiring of twenty-five within sixty days and of twenty-five more by January 1—if, as, and when the mill adds to the present total of its working force. Moreover, the promise of reinstatement is hedged about with contingencies which transform it into a mere scrap of paper. Naturally enough the return of the Blue Eagle under such circumstances aroused the resentment, not only of the hosiery workers' union, but also of the Labor Advisory Board, of William Green, of Major Berry, and, it is said, of Secretary Perkins. Responding to these protests, General Johnson has commanded that the Blue Eagle shall be withdrawn unless the mill rehires fifty workers "immediately," and unless the management "agrees to collective bargaining." But General Johnson is silent about the 250 remaining strikers and does not explain what he means by the term "collective bargaining." Indeed, there is reason to believe that General Johnson had a part to play in the agreement. Mr. Glancy, a subordinate who negotiated the agreement, would hardly have acted as he did on a matter of major policy unless he had authority to do so. Meanwhile the mill is operating with the NRA's blessing.

II

THE NRA code for men's clothing is one of the few codes providing minimum pay rates for semi-skilled and skilled workers over and above the basic unskilled minimum. Moreover, it is one of the handful of codes of which it can be said that the labor provisions are the fruit of genuine collective bargaining between a trade union and employers. That this particular code prescribed a wage scale rather than a bare minimum was due entirely to the skill and force by which the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America brought pressure to bear last summer upon both the NRA and the non-union manufacturers. L. Greif and Brothers, Inc., of Baltimore, second largest manufacturer of men's clothing in the United States, running open shops in some ten plants, complied with the basic minimum of approximately $15 per week, but all other pay schedules were kept below levels prevailing in plants which met the code scale in full. This brought Greif into conflict with the industry's Code Authority, which ordered an upward adjustment of pay schedules and restitution of $100,000 in back wages. The management ignored both orders, the Code Authority turned for help to the NRA Compliance Division, and there ensued proceedings which led to the recent action depriving the Greif firm of the right to use Blue Eagle labels on its merchandise. Apparently, however, the company intends to ignore the Compliance Division and continue to use Blue Eagle labels until the matter is passed on by the court this fall. The issues here are simple yet fundamental: Can semi-skilled and skilled workers expect no protection under the codes? Shall employers be permitted to level down all wage rates toward the sheer minimum? In industries where workers are organized, shall a manufacturer be permitted to whittle away the union scale?

Rubber "Settlement"

HERALDED as a victory by newspapers, including the *Daily Worker*, the settlement of the General Tire and Rubber Company strike in Akron, Ohio, was actually a severe setback for labor. The strike of 1,100 workers, which started early in June, was begun primarily to obtain labor recognition. This was not granted. Instead, the company in an eight-point program agreed to meet with any committee of "our employees" duly appointed to discuss grievances. This statement and the fact that the eight-point program was addressed to the employees were accepted as recognition by union leaders. The next day President William O'Neil of the company cleared up that point by saying that it did *not* mean recognition. Six of the eight points dealt with wage increases—minor ones at best—and provisions for seniority rights in lay-offs. No provision was made to prevent lay-offs. The A. F. of L. union leaders refused to let O'Neil add the provision that he would recognize the union when other rubber barons recognized their employees' unions. This at least would have shown the workers that the settlement which they accepted did not include recognition. This peculiar type of settlement has since been effected in two other Akron strikes—one at the Enterprise Manufacturing Company involving 200 union men, and one at an ice company affecting 50 workers. It is highly probable that other settlements in the tire industry will follow the Akron model. Meanwhile the coming of the slack season makes a real strike more difficult.

A Problem for Mr. Ickes

THE management of the second largest refinery of Andrew Mellon's Gulf Refining Company, at Girard Point in Philadelphia, has defied the order of the Petroleum Labor Policy Board that 900 men who went out on strike for wages set in the petroleum code be taken back to work. To take back the strikers, J. H. Drake, president of the company, pointed out, would mean dismissal of the hundreds of faithful men who came in—*at wages higher than the code scale*—to break the strike. Drake's admission that strike-breakers were hired happens to be at variance with the statement of his manager to the Petroleum Board that no new workers were hired after the strike was called on June 27. But aside from the question of wages, the Gulf management declares that the strikers have lost whatever rights they may have possessed because they withdrew from the stand-pat American Federation of Labor union in the oil industry and formed their own labor organization, which they call the Independent Oil Workers' Union. Mr. Ickes is here confronted with another neat problem in labor relations.

BURLINGAME
PUBLI

Books

Warning to the Good

By VINCENT McHUGH

Enmity has no color,
Neither red nor gray.
Discoverable in a knife
Or a child at play,
Or in the fair good-morning
Whereby the throat is gored,
As if it could afford
Enmity speaks the pleasantest word
The magnanimity of grace,
The latitude of the heart.
Expect no miser in the race
Of those that kill by art.

The Noble Sport of Ballad Hunting

UNMISTAKABLY it is a sport, combining uncertainty with trophies. Ballad hunters are often matched against each other, chasing the illusory line, and a code exists for them in the great Child collection. Hunting in the Southern highlands they enter a romantic preserve where they may dwell for days, even weeks, according to their tact or their kin or their introductions. They may travel picturesquely in jolt wagons, and have the pure delight of listening to the song of a people to whom song is as natural as speech and often as freely used.

In all ways the sport seems noble, and it is very unworldly. But isn't there danger that it may join in kind with falconry, archery, the collection of antique jewels, and other quaint reversions to the past? To know that the lovely patterns of the ballads have long been spread through the underply of American life is important, even thrilling; but the charting of these areas, the work of collection, is now finished in the main. We have learned that the Scotch and English ballads have been handed down not only in the South but in New England, the Ohio Valley, across the Mississippi, in the far West. State by State, tabulations have been made, and the most minute variations in phrasing have been recorded.

But it often seems to be forgotten, particularly of the ballad-singers of the South, that these people are not an enchanted folk out of an old tale. They may live on subsistence farms; just over the way are coal mines and textile mills. They are irresistibly linked with the present, and, though this has been generally denied, they have always shared in the life of their time. According to a rather pretty notion Elizabethan life has been preserved among them almost intact; the ballads are offered as triumphant evidence, with ancient tools, customs, and superstitions. But more often than not the Elizabethan ballads have been reshaped to tell of events within the memory of the singers, or within local tradition, or hearsay of a tradition from over the next ridge. Mingled with remnants of the great era are many ballads from the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries. Victorian music-hall songs may be heard. And ballads and fiddle tunes ring out for which no simple ancestry may be traced. Not every mountain dance tune goes back to "Old Mother Oxford."

Life in these coigns has had its ebb and flow; the songs prove it, and new levels of fancy have constantly appeared, with fresh fusions of form. Even in the Southern mountains the Child ballads are only part of a rich inheritance some of which has been greatly neglected. Too often, rowdy, salty native stanzas and unfamiliar dance tunes have been passed by in the search for a perfect version of "Lord Randal."

Nor are the Scotch and English ballads a highly contrasted aristocracy in our folksong, as is often assumed. I have heard an old Michigan lumberjack sing "The Banks of the Pamanaw" with the rapt, faraway air that is a classic possession of the ballad singer. The crude tale of the "loveli squaw" was set to a simple tune, unmistakably English in origin. Even with a cracked voice the old lumberjack kept that purity of musical outline which traditionally belongs to the ballad—that impersonal style which is likely to make all romantic renderings of song seem strained and coarse.

It seems high time to consider the Scotch and English ballads in relation to our other truly vast possessions in folk music: our *voyageur* songs, sea-chanteys, schooner songs of the Great Lakes, lumberjack and cowboy ballads, white and Negro spirituals, Indian chants, railroad and hobo songs, prison ballads. On all sides the record is now very large, quite large enough to justify the beginnings of a critical approach. Quirks of native idiom, characteristic metaphor and shapes of story-telling, kinds of humor and tragedy, repetitions of given musical patterns, consistent style, typical divergences from ancestral forms—these irreducible creative elements belonging to us could be made to appear.

Research of any kind into the past is likely to be carried on in a dream world, and fox-fires often lead into bogs of mere accumulation. Perhaps the noble sport must go on; it is true that ancient men and women possess rare fragments of our folksong, and they may soon be gone. But something else may soon be gone. There is a final difference between using traditions while they are still alive, and returning to them, as to some dim arcanum, when their living force is spent. Our folksongs still have a powerful hold upon American feeling; the crude renascences over the air in the past two or three years are an indication. And the creative energy which produced this music in the past is by no means a thing of the past. In remote corners of the land folk music is still taking shape. Yet the general feeling for this music may easily dwindle and vanish. In many ways the frontier, where it flourished, is as remote as the pyramids; each decade whirls this phase of our experience farther away. But in these songs lie our most widely spread musical traditions. It may even be argued that here the stream of native poetry runs deepest. Surely it is true that no music, no creative expression of any sort, has developed without use of tradition; this may be transmuted or most deliberately left behind, but it must exist for fresh departures.

Criticism may clarify these traditions and build up an outline of what is distinctively ours; but beyond this, for any living use, this music must be heard, not alone by a few musicians seeking themes or folklorists tracing origins, but by an obscure generality of people who will merely enjoy it. For the most part these songs are buried in a museum of books. In many instances the collectors have thought that only the words were important. The National Folk Festival held at St. Louis last spring gave an unparalleled opportunity for hearing native music from many parts of the country; and regional festivals like that at White Top and Jean Thomas's at Ashland make it possible for fairly large groups to hear folksongs of the South. Such festivals seem a natural uprising. Undoubtedly others will be held. Interest in this music seems to come warmly to the surface even among those who know of it only by hearsay. But festivals are only one means of making these songs known. There are others, requiring drudgery, tact, or even genius, such as grappling on a large scale with the snares of broadcasting. Instead of following the noble sport in a dream world, those who know and love this music might attack the problems whose solution may mean its life or death.

CONSTANCE ROURKE

The Mystery of the Reichstag Fire

The Burning of the Reichstag. By Douglas Reed. Covici-Friede. $3.

THIS appears too early and too late, is the thought with which the reader takes this book in hand: too early to be accepted as a historic evaluation of that dramatic episode the Reichstag trial, too late for a thrilling piece of journalism reviving the persons and the important incidents of this most important judicial drama of our times. But one need only read the first chapters to revise this preconceived opinion. This is neither history nor journalism. With admirable skill a practical journalist has taken the thousand tangled threads that made up the warp and woof of Reichstag fire and trial, assembling them in orderly precision for the reader who seeks first-hand and accurate information, and has woven them into an exciting romance of plot and personality, leaving it to the reader to find the answer.

Mr. Douglas Reed, Berlin correspondent of the London *Times,* brings to the task unusual qualification. A fortunate accident led him past the Reichstag just as the fire was discovered and he was one of the first to enter the burning building. Then and in the days and months that followed he watched the actors play their parts with first interested, then skepical detachment: the embarrassed judges, anxiously conscious of each frown on the face of the powers-that-be; Dr. Sack, Torgler's defender, one of the victims of Hitler's purging of June 30; the witnesses Göring, Heines, and Count Helldorf, who with their cracking whips dominated this three-ring circus; the four defendants who, through fifty-seven endless days of court proceedings, submitted passively or with defiant courage, according to their various natures and capacities, to the register of calumnies, lies, threat, and perversions with which the Third Reich tried —and failed—to convince the world of their guilt; and last of all the strange and still unexplained Marinus van der Lubbe.

The effect on the reader of "The Burning of the Reichstag" is the greater because the man who wrote it is not a revolutionist, not even a radical. Douglas Reed is a typical journalist, a man without political or national bias, whose job it is to report what he sees with professional impartiality. But a sensitive understanding of human nature lifts what would otherwise have been a bare record of widely publicized facts into the realm of vivid historic narrative, in which a keen understanding of psychological impulses paints an illuminating background against which two figures stand out in bold relief, the Bulgarian Georgi Dimitroff and the Dutch Van der Lubbe, the two antipodes in the Reichstag trial. About them, with excellent dramatic effect, the author builds his story. "He shambled obediently, unprotestingly," so Mr. Reed describes Van der Lubbe's last journey to the block, "like an elderly retriever, trained to heel but heavy with age, to the guillotine."

But it is the figure of Dimitroff which gives "The Burning of the Reichstag" its arresting vitality. "If the quality of Dimitroff had been more widely known," the author comments with grim humor, "the agents of the German law might have been tempted, like the schoolboy with the newt, to put him back again. Certainly they caught a Tartar when they took Dimitroff." Here, in the person of an unknown Bulgarian revolutionist, is the mighty force that will yet encompass the downfall of the Nazi horror. It is Dimitroff's voice that calls to a dormant working class, helpless in the clutch of an unscrupulous band of adventurers: "Whether I stand or fall, does not matter." Because it is a record of this man's greatness, this book will live.

All this does not detract from its value as a source of carefully verified and documented information on this period of the Hitler regime. The author has rendered a real service in giving to the public of today and tomorrow exact yet thoughtful and eminently readable source material concerning one of the most passionately discussed happenings of our times.

LUDWIG LORE

Road-Map to Chaos

New Careers for Youth. By Walter B. Pitkin. Simon and Schuster. $1.50.

DR. PITKIN is very superior to parents, teachers, authors of competing books on vocational guidance, and other "elders." They have misled "the lost generation," American youth in search of a livelihood. They have palmed off on him a "Guide Book to Yesterday." Dr. Pitkin, however, with the assistance of a research staff of thirty, plus 500 "key-men" in various fields of enterprise, offers the first reliable ("235 pages of fact; no bunk") "Road-Map to Tomorrow."

"A man named Herbert Hoover" gets a sound thwacking from Dr. Pitkin for his "ridiculous statement": "The American boy and girl have even better opportunities and chances than ever before." Dr. Pitkin then proceeds to put the boys and girls wise to the facts of life. The flush days are over. This is the Age of the Machine. Every decade, as the machine advances, jobs disappear by the million; whole industries change, are wiped out. From the top to the bottom of society there is a contraction of opportunity. This, then, is "the pattern of destiny" for Americans in the "New Era." At each level, men of the highest ability and training will win out. The others, having proved to be "unfit," will step down a peg, to force the denizens of the lower level down a further peg, or be themselves forced down again. At the bottom, the hordes of "the grammar-school crowd and the illiterates will fight it out—to see who will be the hewers of wood and drawers of water." What of the rest? These unfit millions, the permanently idle, "will live along the railroad tracks out in the wilds of the Southwest, on the beaches of the two oceans, in the green fastness of the forests."

Such is the quest for bread in the New Era. Learning, intellectual achievement, art? Forget it. "Culture is a luxury, and often one of dubious worth." Today a young man would be foolish to seek it, "unless rich and safely settled." For "these years into which we all enter will be full of hardship, adventure, experiment, guessing, migration, broken homes, wars, revolutions, and perhaps even world-wide catastrophes."

A desolate country, this Land of Tomorrow. Where in this wilderness are the promised new careers for youth? Dr. Pitkin is not America's most successful soothsayer for nothing. Suddenly the black thunderclouds of the future are turned inside out, blaze with silver linings. Wolves on the stoop become blue birds. Unemployment finds a pleasanter name, "leisure." The chaotic maelstrom of our industrial system is blessed as inevitable change; which in turn imperceptibly becomes progress. "All progress is change." "America is moving onward and upward." The machine, implacable devourer of millions of jobs, simultaneously creates—we are not told how, or how many—"new opportunities." Poverty vanishes. "The very rich and the very poor are disappearing." Great rainbows now drape the sky, and visions of untold pots of gold.

> There are hundreds of hopeful signs that you young people will live more abundantly and work in a healthier and more interesting fashion than ever your parents dreamed of. Today the storm begins to clear, and light shines through in a wholly unexpected way. While your opportunities for an ordinary, old-style job are slim, those for a career are frequently more promising than ever. . . .

So Herbert Hoover was right after all.

Alas, Dr. Pitkin cannot deliver the goods, any more than the unhappy Herbert Hoover. The 500 "key-men," summoned to the stand to report "new opportunities," are confused, vague, contradictory, and for the most part, unhopeful. Their testimonies give the book its only value. They will help few boys and girls to jobs; but they give vivid documentation of the chaos and bankruptcy of our social system and its leaders when confronted by what is after all the crucial test of any civilization: what future can it offer its youth?

The door of opportunity which 500 "key-men" cannot unlock Dr. Pitkin spends the rest of the book trying to pick with assorted whimsies, tips, and admonitions. Such pearls as: "Could everybody living in 1950 speak English, this would be the most powerful deterrent of war yet invented." Such advice as: Start a private school. Start a small factory. Start a chain of inns. But dearest to Dr. Pitkin's heart are the jobs that cluster about "Quality Service," his own invention. People who have money to live don't know how to live. A Big Business of the Future will be understanding the Art of Living, and Selling It. To train for this you must understand people. "You must spend hundreds of hours talking to strangers, noticing how they act, what they prefer as to food, drink, clothes, furniture, music, girls [*sir!*], religion, and books." "You are now ready to serve," says Dr. Pitkin, "the Forgotten Man." Who pays whom, and for what, Dr. Pitkin omits to mention.

Other inventions are apprentice jobs (where you persuade the boss to let you work for years for nothing); merger jobs (which means that the man who can't get one job should get three and merge them); and cute little Hop-lite jobs. (Remember the Hop-lite Ladies?) Baking cakes. Selling flowers to neighbors. Tending gardens. Selling your cousin oranges.

The rest is exhortation. Life is a struggle. "Success is not a flower to be plucked in passing." "It is still true you can't keep a good man down." "The fittest will survive." "Make a job for yourself."

"Make a job for yourself." This is Dr. Pitkin's ultimate wisdom. Lift yourself by your own boot straps, boys and girls.

Chorus of boys and girls: Thanks for nothing, Dr. Pitkin.

ELLIOT E. COHEN

Alexander the Eccentric

Alexander the Corrector. By Edith Olivier. The Viking Press. $2.50.

IN this, her first venture into biography, Edith Olivier reintroduces to the world Alexander Cruden, an eighteenth-century eccentric. The very name of this fantastic character has long been forgotten by the general public. He is probably remembered only by Bible scholars and text-hunting clergymen, who still find his "Complete Concordance of the Old and New Testaments" invaluable. Since his life was infinitely more lively than his exhaustive dictionary of Biblical words, Miss Olivier is to be thanked for exhuming him.

He was born in Aberdeen of a solid middle-class Presbyterian family. His conventional classical education was unmarked by any unusual incident. It was not until he fell in love, at the age of twenty-one, that he exhibited the peculiarities that grew on him in later life. The girl did not return his passion, but he continued to pursue her with dogged zeal. It was impossible for Cruden, at any time in his life, to take no for an answer. When it finally became clear that the girl, so far from caring for Alexander, was actually pregnant by her own brother, he promptly went insane, and was confined for a short time in an Aberdeen prison. He recovered, but found it more pleasant to leave Aberdeen for London. There he supported himself for the rest of his days as a proof-corrector, a tutor, a scholar, and a bookseller. He lived obscurely enough for some time, and only rose once more to absurd prominence when he became embroiled with the Earl of Derby. He got a post as French reader to the cultivated Earl, and things went smoothly enough until it transpired that he could not pronounce a single word of the French language. The Earl promptly fired him, but Cruden refused to be fired. He deluged his employer with letters, he hung about the estate, and in general made a great and silly nuisance of himself. It took a threat of physical violence at last to dislodge him.

He returned to London to work diligently on his "Concordance," which, when published, had a gratifying success with the clergy. He was on the way to making an illustrious name for himself when, disastrously, he fell in love for the second time. The lady was a comfortable, securely fixed widow, a kindly soul, but fearful of Cruden's persistent and violent attentions. She and her friends had the harmless little man confined in Bethnal Green madhouse. He escaped after quite a stay there, and was peaceful enough until his sister and some of her friends, finding him involved in a street fight, caused him to be locked up again, this time in Chelsea. He was released and brought a ridiculous and futile lawsuit against his sister and her associates. Then for a third time, he fell in love, now with a well-born lady whom he had never seen. He was as relentless as ever in his courtship, and it was a year before his terrified victim persuaded him that his suit was hopeless.

All this time, his insane egotism was growing on him. He was no longer content to display it in private life, but yearned for public honors and royal notice. He took for himself the title of the Corrector of Public Morals, and thereafter referred to himself as Alexander the Corrector. He would walk about the streets with a sponge with which he would delete any inscription he saw that seemed to him harmful to the public morality. In this character, he made a triumphal tour of England, stopping at Oxford and Cambridge to appoint deputy correctors. He wrote long letters to the King and to Parliament on the evils of swearing and sabbath-breaking, begging them to bestow on him officially his self-assumed title. He had himself nominated as a candidate for Parliament. He pelted the King's lords-in-waiting with requests for a knighthood. In a calmer spirit, he interested himself in judicial and prison reforms, and managed to save the life of an unjustly condemned convict. And throughout all these activities he kept at his scholarly labors, publishing late in life a concordance of the works of Milton. At the age of seventy-one he died saying his prayers, and was found by his servant woman, a prostitute whom he had regenerated.

Telling this absurd, pathetic story, Edith Olivier uses the same simple, childish, whimsical style that characterized her novels. This naive way of writing is not very well suited, I think, to the life of Cruden. The clear, obvious exposition, the elementary structure of her biography, are altogether lacking in surprises. Sometimes her method becomes so oversimplified that one imagines one is reading a college paper done by a hard-working, unoriginal student. Often Miss Olivier falls into the use of the biographer's stencils, the "Now we find Cruden . . .," "We can imagine how he felt . . ." sort of thing. A style more ornate, less deliberately bare would surely be more becoming to the extravagant Cruden. The biography as it stands is pleasant and charming, but I am afraid that Miss Olivier in 243 pages has done little more for Cruden than a good encyclopedia article might have done.

MARY MCCARTHY

Reactions to Our Tariff Policy

Tariff Retaliation. By Joseph M. Jones. University of Pennsylvania Press. $3.

ONE of the amazing features of the economic crisis in the United States has been the dearth of scholarly books analyzing recent American tariff policy. It is with especial warmth, therefore, that we welcome Mr. Jones's penetrating study of the repercussions of the 1930 Tariff Act. While it has been generally recognized that the passage of the Hawley-Smoot bill was the signal for a world-wide race in economic armaments, the fact that no direct retaliatory action, labeled as such, was taken against the United States has tended to obscure our special responsibility for the extremes to which economic nationalism has developed in the past few years. This responsibility becomes more apparent if we accept the somewhat broad definition of retaliation proposed by Mr. Jones, and include all cases in which the psychological or the indirect effects of America's action have served to tip the balances of governmental policy in the direction of higher tariffs. The Hawley-Smoot bill was enacted at a moment when debtor nations throughout the world were finding it extremely difficult to secure sufficient foreign exchange to meet their obligations. These difficulties were substantially increased by the erection of additional barriers to the American market. Under the circumstances it was inevitable that there should be great indignation and resentment against the United States, and that this bitterness, coupled with the necessity of obtaining a favorable balance of trade, should have led to a new wave of trade restrictions.

Spain was first to take action against American exports by passing the Wais Tariff of July, 1930. This move only became definitely discriminatory, however, in the following year when Spain concluded treaties with France and Italy granting significant tariff reductions which were not passed on to the United States. Italy met the challenge of the American tariff by shifting her purchases of machinery, wheat, and petroleum products to Germany and the U. S. S. R.; while Switzerland, unfavorably affected by the increased duty on watches, retaliated by an unofficial but successful boycott of imports from the United States. France, Britain, and Canada also adopted measures which materially curtailed American export trade.

These retaliatory steps, according to Mr. Jones, were both

Genius, Moralist, Madman
Alexander Cruden, curious little Scotsman, dreamed of reforming ribald 18th Century London, created, page by page, under a flickering candle, his great Concordance to the Bible . . .
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ALEXANDER
the Corrector

The Eccentric Life of Alexander Cruden
by EDITH OLIVIER

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JOHN GUNTHER
ON
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the result of the traditional American system of tariff making and the cause of the decay of the principles on which that system is based. American commercial policy has been based on a single-schedule autonomous tariff, insuring "special concesssions to none, equal treatment for all." But in negotiating commercial treaties the United States has sought unconditional most-favored-nation treatment, even from states possessing contractual systems of tariffs with differential rates. The principle of equal treatment became merely an "equality of negation," Mr. Jones asserts, when we raised our tariff to such a height as to shut out goods which we did not and could not produce in quantities sufficient for our needs. To make matters worse, many of the duties established in the 1930 act, although general in application, were in fact discriminatory in their bearing on the highly specialized industries of certain countries. It is not surprising, therefore, that European nations have more and more tended to reject our pious theory of equal treatment, and have refused to pass on to the United States the concessions granted in bargaining treaties with other countries.

The remedy which Mr. Jones suggests for the obvious weaknesses of American commercial policy is a program of tariff bargaining not unlike that recently adopted by the Administration. In his anxiety to present the possibilities of bilateral negotiation in as favorable a light as possible, the author is, however, surprisingly oblivious to the dangers inherent in the bargaining principle. Moreover, he ignores the clear necessity on the part of the United States of making a substantial unilateral tariff reduction if international equilibrium is to be restored. Lapses of this type mar but do not destroy the fundamental validity of Mr. Jones's argument. A better book on the subject is conceivable, but it has not yet been written.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

Shorter Notices

The Origins of Modern Spain. By J. B. Trend. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

It is a wonderful thing how easily, with what slight material, with what blithe aloofness to fundamental economic and social forces, writers of the type of Professor J. B. Trend of the University of Cambridge set out to interpret the modern history of an entire people in the light of a few casual biographies of some outstanding men of the recent past. Professor Trend calls his book nothing less than this: "Origins of Modern Spain." What he actually writes is a history of liberal education in Spain from the middle of the nineteenth century to the beginning of the twentieth, as seen in the lives and ideas of the leaders of the *Institucion Libre* movement. Within these limits, the book is nicely written and informative, useful especially to students of academic method and thought. However, it has a grave fault: the men and movements Professor Trend writes about are presented almost completely without relation to the conditions in Spain out of which they arose. Instead the author emphasizes the influence of British and German thought on their work. As history the book is not genuinely valuable. As a study of an intellectual circle and movement, it is informative, and therefore useful for names, dates, and personalities.

Prison Letters of Countess Markievicz. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.

With a preface by President de Valera, a biographical sketch by Esther Roper, and poems and articles by Eva Gore-Booth, this volume might have been a valuable tribute to a brave and interesting woman, one of the finest personalities in modern Irish history. Constance Gore-Booth was one of the leaders of the Sinn Fein rising in 1916 and was condemned to death by court-martial, but her sentence was commuted to imprisonment. An artist herself, and the wife of a distinguished Polish artist, Count Casimir Markievicz, she was born into a well-known West of Ireland family of the utmost Union orthodoxy. In her girlhood she went through the usual routine of fashionable life, but finally renounced everything to devote herself to the cause of labor and eventually to that of Sinn Fein. When the Treaty of 1921 was signed she took her stand with de Valera and the Republican irreconcilables, and from that time on her sufferings and adventures and imprisonments were many, until her death after an operation in 1926. Such a life is a dramatic and illuminating commentary on Anglo-Irish relationships, but here it is unfortunately sketchily outlined, mixed up pointlessly with the wholly different career of her sister, Eva Gore-Booth, the charming poetess, and filled out with Madame's not very important letters from prison. A labor of love, quite clearly, the book can well call for little criticism, but it will satisfy neither the friends of Countess Markievicz nor the general public. It is a regrettable fact that, with the exception of Casement, not a single Sinn Fein leader has had a competent biographer who could do justice to the extraordinary movement and the astonishing tragedies and heroisms which it engendered.

To One Who Mourns at the Death of The Emperor. By Kimi Gengo. Pilgrim House. $2.

Kimi Gengo is a Japanese woman living now in New York. Strange as it may seem, her poetry is much better when it turns from Oriental forms or ideas to the expression of personal emotions in the precise English lyric form. If this little book proves anything, it proves that a foreign girl brought up in this country writes like other American girls. Kimi Gengo is, as a matter of fact, quite expert in writing the romantic love song. She is not, as yet, a very good poet; neither is she a bad poet. She has a certain precision of language, a certain excellence of form, which indicates that she may some day write well.

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SPECULATORS AND SENATORS from the silver-producing States will rejoice in the Administration's latest silver moves. The former are now in a position to dispose of their holdings of the white metal to the government at 50.01 cents an ounce, thus realizing a tidy profit, while the latter can go before their constituents this fall with proof of what a highly organized, determined minority can accomplish irrespective of the public welfare. The rest of us will foot the bill without any clear understanding of why the holders of silver have been singled out for a bounty. Actually, of course, the effect of the whole program has been greatly exaggerated by the press. The seizure of existing silver stocks is in itself of no particular importance, although the issuance of silver certificates at double the purchase price of silver may be expected to exercise a mild inflationary influence. As in the earlier gold-buying program, however, the effect is bound to be slight as long as purchases are confined to domestic sources. Consumer purchasing power, except for the above-mentioned speculators, will be virtually unaffected, while the actual expansion of currency will be small in comparison to the credit contraction of recent years. Yet although a renewal of monetary uncertainty may tend to undermine business confidence, the most fundamental injury wrought by the new measure lies in the encouragement given to vested interests to strengthen their Washington lobbies. Not the least of the paradoxes involved, moreover, has been the announcement that the Chinese government is planning defensive measures against a step which has been heralded by its advocates as a means of restoring the purchasing power of the East.

NEGOTIATIONS for the settlement of outstanding debts and claims between the United States and the Soviet Union, which have been under way at Washington since July 25, are reported to have reached a critical stage. Little progress has apparently been made on the crucial issue of the size of credits which the United States is willing to advance to Moscow in exchange for partial payment of the claims against the Soviet government. If trade relations are to be satisfactorily developed, it is generally agreed that these credits will have to be substantial. But what is good business is not necessarily good politics. The Administration appears to fear that an agreement with the Soviet Union which would be sufficiently liberal to aid American exports would draw fire from the professional red-baiters. Perhaps an even more significant explanation of the Administration's apparent indifference to the resuscitation of Soviet-American trade may be found in the fact that Robert F. Kelley, known for years as notoriously anti-Soviet in his sympathies, has been allowed to retain his strategic position as head of the Eastern European Division of the State Department, and to play an important role in all negotiations with the Soviet Union. Mr. Kelley was in charge of Russian affairs during successive Republican Administrations, and is credited with being an important factor in delaying recognition. He is also a member of the board of the Export-Import Bank, which is responsible for the resolution withholding all credits to Soviet Russia pending a settlement of the debts. It is high time that American business men became aroused over a delay which is costing us at least $10,000,000 a month in trade and is contrary to the fundamental purpose of the New Deal.

WAR CLOUDS have once more appeared over the Far East as a result of the apparent breakdown of negotiations over the sale of the Chinese Eastern Railway. Reports from Moscow indicate that the Japanese have been conducting a veritable reign of terror against the Soviet employees of the railway in an effort to force the acceptance of terms favorable to Tokio. Within the last few weeks it is alleged that scores of Soviet citizens have been arrested by "Manchoukuo" police; Soviet organizations have been raided, and an unprecedented number of railroad accidents and bandit outrages have occurred. Despite these provocations, the Soviet government has definitely rejected all of Japan's offers to date, while Japan has similarly refused even to consider the greatly reduced price suggested by Moscow. As a result of the deadlock, Chuchi Ohashi, Vice Foreign Minister of Manchoukuo, is reported to have left Tokio for Hsinking. The situation is grave but not hopeless. It is safe to say that neither country desires war at this time, and if the new Japanese Cabinet can curb the excesses of the local military group in Manchuria, no war will occur.

THE PROSPECT of a Canadian New Deal at the hands of the Conservative Party met an untimely end when Harry Stevens, Minister of Trade and Commerce in the Dominion Government, withdrew a pamphlet which he had prepared revealing gross malpractices on the part of some of the most powerful business groups in Canada. Following a protracted investigation by a royal commission of which he was head, Mr. Stevens charged that "unscrupulous financial and business men had exploited Canada's consuming public, starved her producers, sweated her workmen . . . and left the country faced with a choice of reform, dictatorship, or revolution." But the timely intervention of Mr. Bennett, Dominion Prime Minister, has apparently saved the country from any one of these three choices. The Conservative Party is, temporarily, at least, to be held intact, and the Canadian public can only guess at the names of the corporations which Mr. Stevens had in mind. Meanwhile, the new Liberal Government in Ontario, under the leadership of a thirty-eight-year-old dirt farmer—Mitchell Hepburn—is stealing much of the limelight by a spectacular profession of interest in the forgotten man. His Attorney General, Arthur Roebuck, created a minor sensation recently when he informed a group of hunger marchers at Toronto that the only way for them to secure a decent living was to organize and make their demands effective. Mr. Roebuck has also announced that he will introduce legislation to establish industrial codes as a means of eliminating sweatshop conditions, but that price-fixing will be rigidly prohibited. Hepburn's influence is entirely confined to Ontario, however, and at Ottawa there is little to distinguish the two major parties. The new radical party, the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation, is not yet a threat in federal politics, but has run second in two recent provincial elections and might possibly obtain a balance of power in the Dominion Parliament in case the anticipated Liberal landslide fails to develop.

A HEARTSICK SILENCE hovers over the headquarters of the Friends of New Germany. "Recent events" in Germany and Austria have delivered staggering blows to those Nazi blow-hards who sought to emulate Hitler and his lieutenants over here, and to the weak-kneed German American civic leaders who submitted to their rule. In Cincinnati there is open rebellion. A new and large group of citizens of German extraction have organized as the Friends of Truth, to combat Hitlerism in America. In New York City the Anti-Nazi Federation reports a marked increase in membership. Heckling has almost completely disappeared from its street meetings, held in former *Hakenkreuz* territory. Hitler was recently hissed when his picture was flashed on the screen in a Yorkville movie theater. Truth to tell, the more sober-minded members of those German American societies which capitulated to the Nazi secret agents were never entirely content with the antics of Spanknöbel and Gissibl, the Hitler emissaries. The solid citizens, the respectable burghers, viewed with dismay the capture of their choral Vereins, bowling clubs, and civic federations by the Nazi bullies. But what could they do? There were the relatives in Germany to be considered, and the German trade connections. These considerations, which still exist, explain why the revolt against Hitlerism has not been more open. What actually has happened over here has been a "cleansing" similar to the one in Germany—without the blood bath, of course. The storm troopers here, too, have been furloughed, their uniforms stuffed away in closets without benefit of mothballs. The conservatives are in full control.

THE CONGRESSIONAL SUBCOMMITTEE investigating un-American activities moves across the country like one of George White's road shows in an atmosphere of well-conceived and meticulously sustained musical comedy. In San Diego they discovered that the Silver Shirts, armed with Springfield rifles bearing the government mark and with ammunition allegedly purchased from the North Island naval base, had planned to capture the San Diego City Hall, following a May Day demonstration by the Communists. The latter were expected to take the city by storm, after which the Silver Shirts were to stage a counter-revolutionary coup. Neither Putsch materialized, of course, and attempts to involve the German Vice-Consul at Los Angeles seem to have broken down. Trouping up the coast, the committee received the testimony of Captain William F. Hynes, of the Los Angeles police intelligence service. Captain Hynes declared as he emerged from the closed hearings that contributions to the Communist Party are coming from noted Hollywood players and that the names of these players would be disclosed "at the proper time." "Most of those who have given large sums were once poor persons," explained Captain Hynes. "They feel . . . that they should do something to help out the poor man. However, they would probably feel differently about it if their salaries were taken away from them." He added that "the studios have promised to cooperate with us," and that no immediate boycott of red stars was contemplated. Since the stars are quite within their rights in contributing support to a legal party, one hopes that they will tell Captain Hynes and the movie magnates to go to Paphlagonia.

AS A PIECE of masterly prose and ingenious logic we present herewith fragments of an editorial which appeared in a recent issue of the *Daily Californian,* official student organ of the University of California. Introducing the article with Voltaire's exemplary sentiment—"I may disapprove of what you say, but will defend to the death your right to say it"—and announcing this as "the policy of the university in its instruction and research," the editorial rather surprisingly arrives at the conclusion that college radicalism should be stepped on. "How," the *Californian* asks itself, "can we justify ourselves in suppressing radicalism?" It replies:

> The university will defend to the death the rights of its students and faculty . . . freely to discuss and study all subjects, yet it *most firmly opposes* any student action, or the encouragement of any student action, to overthrow our government. And there are methods of prevention. . . .
>
> Just as there are vigilantes in the East Bay community there will be vigilantes in the university community, *designed to blot out student Communists.* Just as action and

> force are being employed outside the campus to quell reds and radicalism, Social Problems Club members will face action and force when the regular session starts in August.
>
> That action and force will be generated by student vigilantes and will meet with the approval of the university community.

Thus the little Hitlers of California trot obediently in the footsteps of their elders, the officials of State and city and university and employers' associations.

"BOSS BILL" VARE is dead, and there is none, save family and friends, to mourn him. With his passing is concluded the most sordid chapter in Philadelphia's mottled political history, and, since he was the "last of the bosses," with him closes a significant era in the American chronology. Vare's kind of politics—the door-bell-pushing, groceries-at-Christmas, get-your-boy-out-of-jail, vote-for-me-and-I'll-take-care-of-you kind—has largely passed from the scene, crushed by social and economic forces and implications of which it never dreamed. "Practical politics," as Vare himself called it, has given way to political science, as a tenable theory at least, if not yet as a downright actuality. Yet it is interesting to recall that Vare's rise to power was absolutely in the best American tradition. He was the poor farm boy who made good. He hitched his ash-wagon to the waxing star of his native city, and as it grew he grew with it and his single ash-wagon became a fleet, busily engaged in holding a monopoly on all city contracts. He did not want the power and the glory sought by Boies Penrose; the contracts were good enough. He never outgrew the concepts of a ward-heeler; always he wanted to sit in the United States Senate to show a vague "them" that he was "just as good as they." He won his Senate seat but was refused admission. A paralytic stroke followed, and general debility. When he died, "Boss" Vare was no longer that, even in name. But "Vareism" still clouds Philadelphia—its stultifying effects, its gross waste, mismanagement, and extravagance, its political puppet shows, its identification with anti-social, anti-labor interests.

THE LONG-THREATENED aluminum strike has at last been called, to darken still further the country's labor horizon. Stung to action by the unconciliatory attitude of the management, 7,600 workers in the four largest plants of the Mellon-controlled Aluminum Company of America have walked out, demanding union recognition, a closed shop, and a wage scale with no sectional differentials. Despite its apparent hesitancy and unwillingness, the American Federation of Labor is supporting the strike, and labor leaders see in it the showdown that might have been provided by a national steel strike. The Aluminum Company is perhaps the greatest single monopoly in the country, and company officials, pointing to a three-year supply of crude aluminum in their yards, declare that they can last out any labor siege. But the aluminum workers' union, besides having the sympathy and full power of organized labor behind it, is formidable in its own right. A strike last spring in the New Kensington, Pennsylvania, plant won an 11 per cent wage increase and added greatly to the union's prestige and membership. Excellent discipline prevails and the picketing is of a model kind. The stage is thus set for a long-drawn-out battle which may have results that will affect the status of all labor.

AT THE CONCLUSION of the hearing before the National Labor Relations Board last week precious little was left of the charge that John Donovan was inefficient and incompetent. True, Dr. Peck gave testimony to that effect, to the point of stating that Donovan was on a list for dismissal some time before General Johnson fired him. But Dr. Peck was extremely vague regarding details. Donovan, he said, was "irresponsible, but you couldn't put your finger on it." To offset this impressionistic appraisal, the union presented a mass of detailed and specific evidence. It showed, indeed, that Donovan had been so highly efficient (or indiscreet?) in the matter of the pulp and paper code, as to go over Dr. Wolman's head; as a result, the labor provisions of the code are now being revised in accordance with an executive order of the President. The General's attorneys tried hard to exclude all evidence purporting to show that Donovan had been a good and faithful servant. They virtually admitted that the immediate occasion for his discharge was his conduct as president of the union. Not that the General was opposed to union activities as such, but that Donovan's activities impressed him as being annoying, impertinent, and high-handed. The union, naturally enough, sought to show that Donovan's behavior as its president and as leader of its delegations—particularly the Luke delegation of June 18—was proper, correct, and tactful. Unfortunately, General Johnson saw fit to absent himself from the proceedings. It is now up to the National Labor Relations Board to weigh the evidence as given, or to reopen the hearings if Johnson decides to appear in his own behalf.

OUR CANDID CONTEMPORARY, *Printers' Ink*, publishes in its issue of August 2 a double-page advertisement by the even more candid J. Walter Thompson Company, advertising agents. The title of the advertisement, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is encircled by the lash of Simon Legree's whip, and the text describes with extraordinary directness how the J. Walter Thompson Company uses the whip of advertising to stimulate the reflexes of lethargic magazine readers:

> If "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is not a great literary work, at least it is the shrewdest piece of selling ever written. Here was the ultimate blossoming of the Negative Appeal. The halitosis of slavery was shown in all its dreadfulness . . . unmercifully it flayed the finest emotions of its readers . . . no author since has been willing to be so inartistic—so devastatingly common and understandable. The power of advertising to influence great numbers of people depends on the extent to which the methods of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" can be used. First, the product must be associated with an idea—the idea of freedom, of sex attractiveness, of power, or acquisitiveness. . . . Then, in order to make this idea felt quickly, it must be given an emotional expression.

The J. Walter Thompson Company is one of the largest advertising agencies in the world, if not the largest. The "ideas" used to advertise Lifebuoy soap, Scot Tissue toilet paper, and Woodbury's facial soap are J. Walter Thompson "ideas," and this company can justly claim that they are successful. Admirable fellows, these literary sadists who wield the whip in the J. Walter Thompson advertising office! As Brailsford says of Hitler's use of the word *Brutalität* to express Nazi tactics, they make one feel "bruised all over." Bruised, and a little savage.

Twenty Million on Relief

SOME five million American families, or about 20,000,000 people, are receiving relief in some form from the federal government, according to official figures recently released. These figures do not include, of course, other thousands who are receiving local relief, although in most communities local funds are merged with federal as a result of the system of matching appropriations, or following the breakdown of local relief both public and private. About 60 per cent of all relief funds at present come from federal sources. Nor do these figures include the 2,000,000 farm families that are expected to augment the relief rolls as a result of the drought.

Next to the aggregate size of the FERA and the other alphabetical relief organizations, their most significant aspect is their acceptance by the public as permanent developments, and by thousands of the unemployed as a way of life, at least for a long time to come. Even among diehards the theory that the only men out of jobs are those who won't work is mouthed with an ever-waning conviction; and the necessity for relief is coming to be more and more a reproach, not upon those who receive it, but upon a system which cannot find a more satisfactory way of using and distributing the resources of the richest country on earth.

Since President Roosevelt repudiated the blind and antiquated relief policies of Mr. Hoover, the government program has grown so fast that its magnitude and ramifications have scarcely been realized by the public. For that reason *The Nation* devotes the present issue to a critical examination, by no means complete, of the forms and efficiency of federal relief. In later issues we shall round out the picture by consideration of such projects as subsistence homesteads—forty-eight are so far projected—and the CCC. These experiments, because they are picturesque, have already received perhaps more attention than their importance warrants.

By far the great bulk of relief is in the form of made work and direct doles to the unemployed. And unfortunately, in almost all its phases the efficiency of relief falls far short of its aims. This is not surprising in view of the stupendous problem with which the agencies of relief are faced. To give each needy family the quite inadequate sum of $30 a month would require the expenditure of $135,000,000 a month. Actually only about $60,000,000 is being spent by the federal government, the States, and local communities combined. To begin with, then, the river of relief is less than half the size it should be. And by the time it has run through the porous canyons of inefficiency and the muddy channels of State and local politics it too often emerges as a faint and unclean trickle inadequate to sustain life. On another page Mr. Feinstein indicates that the administration of relief is neither adequate nor just even in New York City, where a liberal Mayor is in power and the family-relief budget is the most generous in the country. At the other end of the scale are to be found such States as Huey Long's Louisiana, where 15,000 unemployables, consisting not primarily of plain bums but of "unearning mothers and those physically disabled," have been dropped from the relief rolls and thrown back upon private charity, if any, because the State legislature failed to match the available federal funds. In varying forms the same crisis in relief is to be found in almost every State in the union. And relief has come to be the dominating political issue in many States. Time was when a Huey Long or an "Alfalfa Bill" Murray could stage a "revolution" consisting mainly of personalities. Today Huey Long's revolution and Governor Langer's spectacular battle have their roots deep in the misery of the unemployed.

Every indication points to a deepening of the relief crisis, both State and national. We have already noted that where at the very least $135,000,000 a month is needed, $60,000,000 is being spent. But the numbers on relief are increasing and will continue to increase. Industry under the NRA has admittedly reemployed only about 1,000,000 men (its profits have been relatively much higher). Month by month the persons among the 10,000,000 unemployed who are not yet counted among the 5,000,000 on relief get closer to the end of their resources. And there is no doubt that the needs of a family on relief grow as the period of their dependence lengthens. Figures show that the number on relief is greater this year than last. In New York City there were 77,000 more families on relief in June, 1934, than in June, 1933. Yet reports from all over the country show that funds are being cut even as the need increases. At Greenville, South Carolina, a textile center, following the NRA order to cut cotton-goods production and therefore pay rolls, relief payments were also drastically cut. In New York City 10,000 men were recently dropped from the work-relief rolls as part of Commissioner William Hodson's "campaign to keep the cost of relief within the resources available." The relief business, like any other, is capable of being rationalized.

This cursory review of the relief problem is enough to convince the average person that relief is an expensive, blundering, and cruel substitute for the thing most people want—a job at a decent wage. It is the realization of this fact, no doubt, which causes the relief administration in Washington to assure itself and the world that its program somehow will lead back to reemployment. Aubrey Williams, assistant administrator of the FERA, has put it this way: "True relief should be obliged to do more than merely supply the minimum needs of those in want. . . . It should pull them back into the shelter of the economic roof." The trouble is that the old "economic roof," even if it did not leak like a sieve and rest on a rotting frame, was long ago demonstrated to be inadequate to accommodate the majority of Americans. Unless the economic structure is rebuilt on a functional basis, the destitute will increase, the dole will be stripped of its alphabetical finery, and ultimately the problem of relief will become so great that it will come down to a mere matter of keeping millions of Americans alive. This is a prospect that decent people like Mr. Williams and many another in the Roosevelt Administration dislike to face.

And it is true, of course, that such a situation would not last indefinitely. The masses of the people are growing more conscious of their needs and of their strength. The organization of the unemployed and of relief workers, and their solidarity with those still employed, is a straw in the wind.

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Making China "Safe"

WHEN Japan intimates the possibility of abandoning its sword-rattling, lone-wolf policy in China in favor of a joint understanding with the Powers "based on realities," as reported in the New York *Times,* there is reason for grave anxiety. In the light of the recent strengthening of the jingoist elements in the Japanese Cabinet, only two interpretations of this abrupt reversal in attitude are possible: that Japan has won all that it desires for the moment in China and is anxious to consolidate its position, or that it is faced by a threat of sufficient proportions to cause it to reconsider its former policy.

Recent events suggest that both of these considerations are operative. Within the past few weeks the Nanking government has made a series of concessions which give Japan very nearly a free hand in North China. Railway traffic has been resumed between Peiping and Mukden; tacit recognition of the independence of Manchoukuo has been given by the establishment of customs stations along the Great Wall; and arrangements are reported to be under way for lifting the postal ban against the new puppet state. Last but not least, China has announced a schedule of tariff rates which are incredibly biased in favor of Japanese products. It is scarcely surprising, therefore, that Tokio should suddenly veer toward defense of the status quo.

The dramatic appearance of the Chinese red army at the gates of Foochow is, however, probably the most urgent reason for Japan's newly awakened interest in international cooperation. For despite Chiang Kai-shek's sixth annual campaign for the extermination of the "Communist-bandits," the Chinese soviet armies appear to have taken over a large section of the province of Fukien, which the Japanese consider to be within their sphere of interest by virtue of its proximity to Formosa. On this occasion, as on previous ones when the Communist troops occupied or threatened a port city, the foreign Powers, including the United States, France, Japan, and Great Britain, have unhesitatingly dispatched gunboats to the aid of Nanking. In the past these vessels have made it impossible for the red armies to hold any important city, for the pretense of non-interference in Chinese affairs has never been extended to cover the so-called "Communist horde." Nor have the Powers allowed petty differences over the interpretation of treaties to stand in the way of joint action against the anti-imperialist challenge of the soviet districts. On this issue, at least, one witnesses such diverse and mutually antagonistic elements as the Japanese, the Protestant and Catholic missionaries, the Kuomintang "patriots," and the League of Nations working shoulder to shoulder. Even the Rajchman plan for rural reconstruction, which Japan so bitterly opposed a few months ago, was apparently designed as a foil to the growth of the Communist areas.

That the Western nations should unite against the threat of communism is perhaps not surprising. Success of the Soviet cause would remove the *raison d'être* of thousands of foreigners who are living comfortably in the treaty ports of China. But quite apart from the ethical implications of armed intervention in Chinese affairs, it is evident that to cooperate with Nanking at the moment is to play directly into the hands of Japan.

Who Owns the Air?

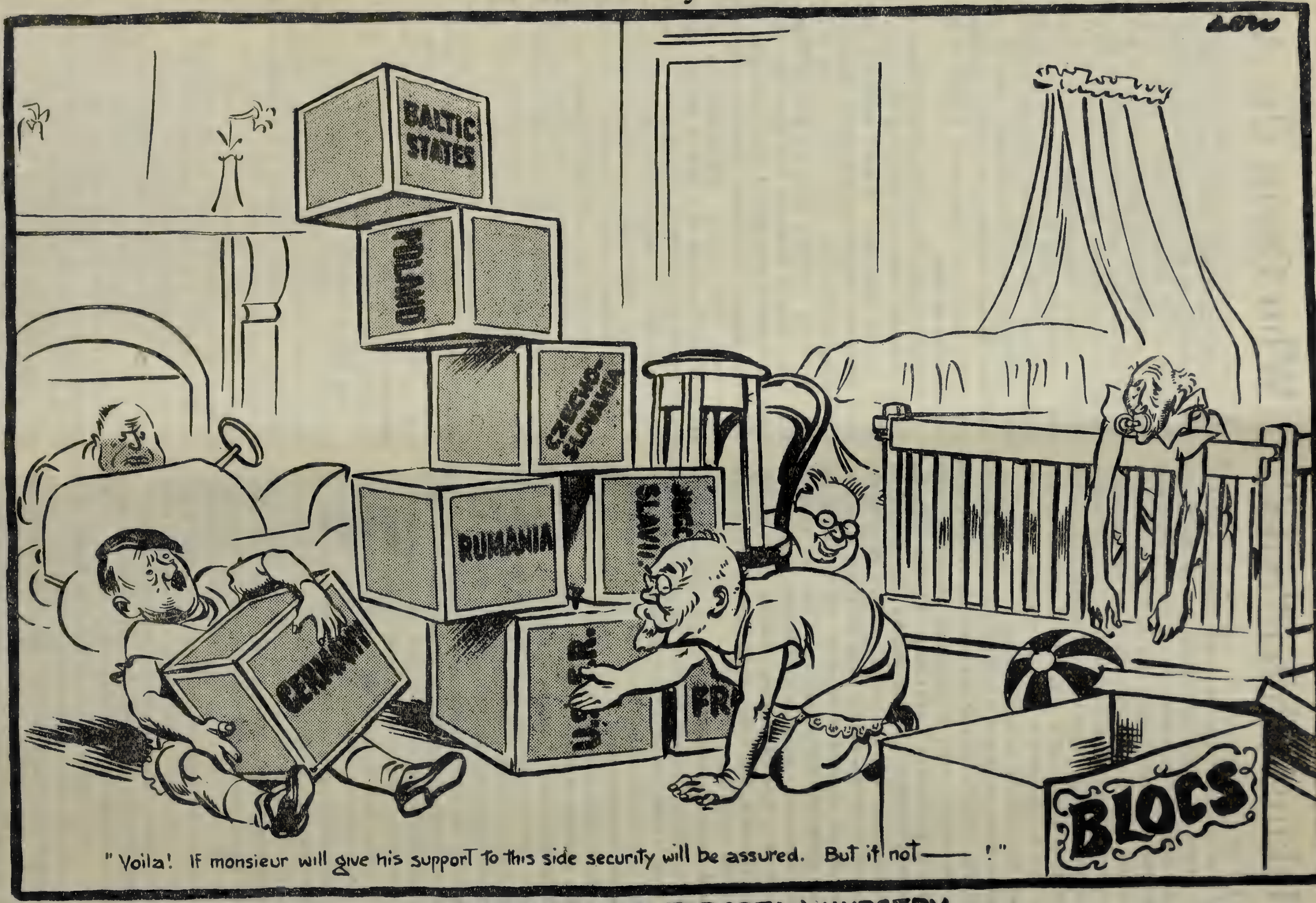
IN May of this year the National Committee on Education by Radio held a conference in Washington. The proceedings of the conference have just been published in a substantial pamphlet called "Radio as a Cultural Agency," and anyone who wishes to realize the full absurdity of the attitude into which our government has drifted is hereby recommended to glance at its pages. We cannot, however, promise that he will get much more than the realization referred to or that he will find much hope for the immediate future. The committee, obviously divided upon various fundamental issues, recommended a federal commission and passed general resolutions, but there is no reason to suppose that anything very fundamental is likely to be changed for some time to come.

Professor Jerome Davis of the Yale University Divinity School presented with vivid simplicity the results achieved by the present radio law. When it went into effect there were ninety-four educational institutions engaged in broadcasting; today difficulties put in their way are so great that many, including Columbia University and the Massachusetts State Department of Education, have given up entirely, while many of the others are rendered almost useless by the policy of the government, which always favors the large advertising enterprises at their expense. The listener has little choice. His legislators have seen to it that he will get ballyhoo for Cocomalt and Ex-Lax whether that is what he wants or not.

The problem is really a unique one, because the radio differs from all other means of communication in possessing a definitely limited number of channels. Theoretically at least, competition is free in the field of books, periodicals, the stage, and the movies. But since the possible number of radio programs is limited, the most inveterate defender of laissez faire is compelled to admit that some central authority must assign to certain agencies the exclusive right to specific air channels. Unless some such control were exercised, the ether would become a babel of voices amid which nothing could be distinguished. But it does not follow that the licensing authority should adopt, as apparently it has, the general principle that the best right to any channel is the right of the person who can make the largest profits out of it.

We are by no means certain that the English system is the perfect one. We are not convinced that the majority should not be allowed a very large measure of what it wants —provided only that the minority is not entirely deprived of its rights—and we should hate to see a government monopoly placed in the hands of a bureaucracy of educators. But since the Radio Commission is bound to exercise authority and to confer privileges, it is surely not too much to ask that it recognize the educational institution as having at least an equal claim with the advertising agency to the highway of the air. Professor Davis suggests, reasonably enough, that a tax might at least be imposed upon all time used for purely advertising purposes by the holders of government licenses. But that is not all. The government, we think, might also very reasonably insist that certain hours of certain days be reserved for non-commercial agencies and that ballyhoo should not always and inevitably take precedence over everything else.

A Cartoon by LOW


LOW
BALTIC STATES
POLAND
CZECHO-SLOVAKIA
RUMANIA
JUGO SLAVI
U.S.S.R.
GERMANY
FR
BLOCS

"Voila! If monsieur will give his support to this side security will be assured. But if not——!"

PLAYTIME IN THE EUROPEAN NURSERY.

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Issues and Men

The War Anniversary

I HAVE read carefully various articles on the twentieth anniversary of the beginning of this world's nearly successful attempt to commit suicide, and am heartened by the absence of braggadocio and by the frankness with which the loss of the war is now admitted. For example, writing in the New York *Herald Tribune,* Leland Stowe sums up the net results of our attempt to end war by more war and to safeguard democracy by mass murder as follows:

> Twenty years after the outbreak of the war "to make the world safe for democracy" 354,000,000 out of Europe's 550,000,000 people are living under dictatorships in twelve European countries, and democracy is banished from four-fifths of Continental Europe. Twenty years after August 1, 1914, Europe's political and social foundations are beset by the most serious disintegration yet recorded in the peace times of the twentieth century. Today, more than ever, Europe soberly realizes that the peace treaties have brought anything but peace.

Sir Philip Gibbs has this to say—he has done valiant service for the truth since he first announced that "Now It Can Be Told":

> Looking round the world today one sees no assurance of peace. The nations are arming again. Men who remember the last war seem to be preparing for the next. *Nothing was learned, nothing was settled, by that monstrous struggle.* The ruin of it still exists. The economic downfall of civilization is due to that and to nothing else, because of the heritage that was left in men's minds and the destruction of intelligence.

Then we have Senator Borah's frank speech of July 4:

> We went into a foreign war, a war having its roots in wholly foreign policies. We left our dead on foreign soil. Those policies of those countries remain the same. Europe is no nearer peace than before. We have our dead and crippled, our maimed and insane, our wrenched and twisted institutions, while Europe retains her bitterness, her dissension, her old balance of power. . . . The Versailles treaty was a result of the war we helped to fight—one mad round of war and vindictiveness and dictatorship and repudiation seems to be the most pronounced result of our entrance into European affairs.

But vastly more thrilling to me than this was the recent confession of a friend who was a high official in the Wilson Administration. With some trepidation I asked him if his conscience did not trouble him when he lay awake nights because of his vote to put us into the war, he having just said that "all our financial and economic troubles are due to our having gone into the war." Without a moment's hesitation he answered me with two words, "It does." Naturally I recalled to him how some of us had labored with the Administration in 1917 not to make the ghastly mistake of committing us to a European war with which we had really nothing to do, and how we were derided and accused of being pro-German for doing so. Those were tense days in Washington! Those who wanted to put us into the war were like bloodhounds after their prey. They were brutally intolerant and ready to smash anyone who opposed.

I was struck, too, by the absence of paeans to Woodrow Wilson in the articles I read. There are still plenty of his admirers; few now fail to admit the loss of the war and of its objectives but many still look upon him as a great leader whose defeat at Paris is not to be laid at his door but to be attributed to the malevolence of Henry Cabot Lodge and to Orlando, Lloyd George, and Clemenceau. How can one fail to indict Wilson's judgment when one reads Mr. Stowe's summary, when one witnesses the complete breakdown of the Disarmament Conference, the virtual collapse of the London Naval Agreement, the increased armaments everywhere? In his admirable little volume just published by Macmillan entitled "Europe Between Wars," Hamilton Fish Armstrong quotes General Tasker H. Bliss—a real statesman in uniform—as replying thus when Newton Baker, of the War Department, at a critical moment in the war asked him his view of its duration: "By the analogy of other great wars, I should say thirty or forty years. There may be a pause—an armed truce—while both sides lick their wounds and collect their forces. . . . But then the war will go on until one side or the other is obliterated as a fighting force, or until civilization ends in a chaotic breakdown." Is not this remarkable prophecy dreadfully ominous today?

The defenders of Wilson will now rise to ask how I or anyone else could possibly have expected him to read in the stars all that was to happen. "He had to judge the things as they were," is the usual phrase. Yes, but his speech of January 22, 1917, conclusively showed that he then read the stars correctly. For he declared that there must be "no victors and no vanquished," because if there were victors, there would be a dictated peace which would not last. That was a much more remarkable prophecy than the vision of General Bliss. What caused him to change his mind is the great mystery of Woodrow Wilson. I have asked a number of his intimates, but they can throw no light on the subject.

But these are backward looks. Today we face the disasters the war produced. We read of General Göring's plan to overrun and conquer all of Europe by means of aerochemistry and airplanes. Ernst Henri declares that "the new vast German aeroplane industry which has arisen in a few months in the middle of Europe . . . can turn out 2,000 machines every four weeks." These will carry 5,000 kilos of new gas which no gas mask can ward off, and also great loads of plague bacilli, cholera vibrions, pneumococci, and influenza germs, "which are being cultivated by special Brown staffs." When one reads things like this, even though they may be exaggerated, the mind stands still. Twenty years after 1914 the world plans its complete destruction!

Oswald Garrison Villard

After the Dollfuss Murder

By JOHN GUNTHER

Vienna, August 2

I SAW Dollfuss about a week before his murder. He was cheerful and bright and with his usual disarming simplicity asked how all of us, us Americans in town, were feeling, where my wife was spending her vacation, and so on. I felt a little resentment that a man whose policies I had so often attacked could be so personally charming to me. I saw him again shortly after his murder, the blood sucked from his small body, his face distorted with the terrible pain of his death. In the intervening week Europe had tottered nearer war than at any time since 1918, the Nazis had given the world yet another example of intolerable beastliness, and Austria, the heart of it all, had been—saved.

For Dollfuss dead is stronger than Dollfuss alive. Living, the little man was a serious liability to the unity of the country, because both the Social Democrats and the Nazis so hated him personally; his death allays some of the rancor of the Socialists and has united the people in a storm of bitterness and indignation against the Nazis. The Dollfuss-without-Dollfuss Government now in power would get a clear majority vote, I think. The Nazis murdered not only Dollfuss but themselves.

I do not mean by this that the Nazis are not capable of attempting another coup. Austria almost certainly faces a long, trying period of latent disorder. The Nazis are gangsters, which means that they are cold-minded and desperate at the same time, and they are irrational, which means that they are unpredictable. What the murder of Dollfuss on July 25 does show is that (a) Nazi strength in Austria was vastly exaggerated; (b) Hitler, at the decisive moment, crawled like a coward and whipped back his Austrian Legion; (c) Mussolini, enraged at Hitler, will certainly go to war if the Nazis ever attempt another Putsch. The Hitlerite assault on Austria has definitely failed and the Hitlerite dreams of a Nazi Mitteleuropa are blasted into remote fatuity.

If I had written this article yesterday I should have gone on to say that Hitlerism, even in Germany, crumbling under economic stresses, could not long survive the moral disaster of the bloodshed of June 30 and the unsuccessful Austrian revolt of July 25. But today, the twentieth anniversary of the World War, Hindenburg died, and as I write I hear that Hitler has assumed the presidency of the Reich in combination with the chancellorship. This does not make him absolutely impregnable but it enormously strengthens him, as must be obvious to a child. He is now commander-in-chief of the Reichswehr, and if the Reichswehr doesn't mutiny in about the next ten minutes it never will, German officers being what they are. An hour ago Hitler might easily have been booted from the chancellorship. Now nothing can shake him except formal revolution, I believe.

Dollfuss caused his own death. He paid the penalty for the tragic blunder of February when the Socialists were stamped out by his artillery. This maneuver, which he hoped would strengthen him against the Nazis, had the opposite effect. It deeply embittered those who should have been his allies, and so upset the equilibrium of the country as to make him more than ever vulnerable to Nazi attacks. For a variety of reasons his government was hopelessly lax against the Nazis. Time and time again it threatened to hang a Nazi terrorist; it never did. Reasons: (1) Dollfuss feared retaliation; (2) he was sabotaged by his own civil service; (3) he wanted, tragic blindness, to leave the way open for negotiations with Germany; (4) he didn't want to make martyrs of Nazi criminals; (5) he hoped to show his moral superiority to Hitler by a policy of mercy. Then, by extraordinary bad luck, a Socialist was caught red-handed shooting a policeman; the government finally had a chance to make good its threats of the death penalty by hanging a Socialist and at the same time avoiding the danger of Nazi revenge; the boy, Josef Gerl, was hanged on July 24. It is unknown whether this execution actually precipitated the Nazi revolt. Probably not. But within twenty hours Dollfuss himself was dead. He hanged a Socialist and the Nazis killed him.

Certainly one thing is sure—the manner of his death was heroic. When the message reached the Cabinet that some trouble was afoot, Dollfuss instantly, with rare presence of mind, dismissed the meeting and told his ministers, except Fey and Karwinsky, to scatter and establish themselves in their separate offices. This saved Austria. A very few minutes later the insurgents burst into the Chancellery. Had not Dr. Schuschnigg, the new Prime Minister, escaped from the building in time he could not have organized the rump government which beat down the Putschists. Dollfuss's last words, except for his appeal for peace and his whispered request that Fey look after his family, were, "Where is Schuschnigg?" The intimation contained in this query, that he wanted Schuschnigg as his successor, was decisive in Schuschnigg's subsequent appointment. Dollfuss died thinking that the mutiny was genuine and that the Nazi Putsch had succeeded, but he never yielded an inch to the terrorists.

How is it that the rebellion failed? For four hours Austria was without a government; Vienna was terrified and bewildered; the Chancellery was occupied by the rebels; their radio signal had been heard all over the country; their plans were complete; Austria, the supreme gift to Hitler, lay in their hands. Yet they surrendered without firing a shot in Vienna except the two that killed Dollfuss, and the fighting in Styria and Carinthia was quickly quelled. It is an interesting question and there seem to be several answers:

1. The population as a whole did not rise. We had been led by Nazi propaganda to believe that 60 per cent, 70 per cent, 80 per cent of the country was Nazi. I was fooled like everybody else, the Nazis themselves most of all. The Tyrol and Vorarlberg were supposed to be the most thoroughly Nazi of all the provinces; yet in these two provinces there was no fighting whatever. The people heard the radio signal; they went to the coffee-houses and laughed about it; otherwise, except in Styria and Carinthia, they never stirred. Great tribute to the decency, the moderation, the civilized pacifism of Austrians, swamped as they had been for months with the most inflaming Nazi appeals to violence. Apparently the whole of the Nazi terrorist campaign this last year

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has been the work of a few hundred professional agitators and unemployed youths, nothing more.

2. The Nazis had arms only in Styria and Carinthia. In Vienna I saw young men, easily recognizable as Nazis, wandering around the Ring, waiting—for the police and army to give them weapons! Nazis desperately appealed to Socialists to provide them with old Schutzbund arms; the Socialists, be it said to their honor, refused. In Styria and Carinthia the rising, though brief, was severe, because the Nazis had the arms of the Styrian Heimatschutz, which, under the influence of Dr. Rintelen, had turned Nazi the year before.

3. The police and army remained loyal, despite the complicity of isolated police officers in Vienna.

4. The Nazis were either betrayed by their own leaders or blundered terribly. The gang of 144 who took the Bundeskanzleramt went there expecting Rintelen to be already in office as Chancellor. They had no instructions whatever except to murder Dollfuss and await orders. The orders never came, even though Rintelen was not at once arrested. The conspirators waited hour after hour. A tragi-comic and characteristically Viennese touch is that the chief of the rebels, Holzweber, frankly told the prisoner Major Fey that he didn't know what to do, and then, as a desperate effort at solution, opened the telephone switchboard to ring up a coffee-house because a man named Kunze, supposed to be there, might tell him what further action to take. This is a pleasant *reductio ad absurdum* of the "Leader" principle.

5. Hitler, as soon as he saw the plot had failed, washed his hands of it, betraying the Austrian émigrés whom he had morally supported. He further discredited the Putschists still fighting in Styria by his transparent effort to evade responsibility in naming Von Papen as minister to Austria. This obtuse gesture failed, because the Austrian government sensibly delayed giving its consent to Papen's appointment. Hitler, incredible as it may seem, apparently believed that Austria would welcome Papen with open arms while blood was still flowing, even though he had violated all diplomatic procedure by publicly announcing the appointment without informing the Austrian government beforehand.

6. Above all, Mussolini's 100,000 men were at the border, and everyone knew before Dollfuss had been dead a day that they meant business.

The moral responsibility of Hitlerite Germany for the rebellion and the atrocious killing of Dollfuss cannot possibly be denied. There are dozens of illustrative details. The rebels were armed with German weapons. Their Munich leaders, Habicht and Frauenfeld, were ready to fly to Vienna. The German news agency celebrated the rising as "a successful nation-wide revolt" before it had fairly begun. Photographs of Rintelen, printed in Germany, were ready under the caption "Our New Chancellor." An Austrian official, prisoner in the Chancellery, was told by the rebels, "You'll hear all about this tonight on the Munich radio." The two chief culprits shouted "Heil Hitler" on the scaffold. Above all, the rebels, besieged in the Chancellery, telephoned *the German minister,* Dr. Rieth, to come and act as intermediary.

Nazi propaganda is violently active now trying to counterbalance these details. Hitler has deposed Habicht and the whereabouts of Frauenfeld are unknown. The murder of Dollfuss is called an "accident." In every way, since the Putsch failed, the Germans are trying to get out from under. Rieth was fired and the Nazis say that the fact that they have discharged him for complicity proves that he had nothing to do with it at all. Another masterpiece of Nazi logic is that Hitler stayed in Bayreuth during the crisis, unlike other Chancellors who burned the midnight oil at their desks, and therefore was not concerned in it.

The new Austrian government, headed by Dr. Schuschnigg, is half Heimwehr, half Dollfuss. No one could call it a permanently stable combination. Yet so deeply can it count on the support provided by affectionate memory of the murdered Chancellor that it may last a considerable time. Liberals and radicals in this part of the world almost always make the mistake of underestimating their opponents. They made this error with Dollfuss, and they make it now with Schuschnigg and Starhemberg. I have no special liking for Starhemberg, but it is simply silly to dismiss him as an incompetent hothead. He behaved very well through this crisis, and he has poise and brains.

Dr. Schuschnigg is a Tyrolese, stiff, dry, able, cold, and shy. He looks like an upper-class civil servant, and acts like one. He and Starhemberg are, in a sense, rivals, but for a time at least homage to Dollfuss will hold them together. Schuschnigg, an ardent Catholic and an avowed monarchist, is the organizer of the Ostmärkische Sturmscharen, another of those troublesome new Central European names that people will have to learn to remember. This organization of 40,000 well-trained and well-equipped young men was used by Dollfuss as an offset to the Heimwehr, when, before February, the Heimwehr (Starhemberg's fascist organization) threatened to bolt the government. The Sturmscharen were the SS (Black Shirts) of Austria, the Heimwehr the SA. Now they are loosely amalgamated in one organization, with headquarters in the same building, and members of both groups do patrol together, but eventual rivalry and friction between them is by no means impossible.

The Schuschnigg Government, obviously, will stand or fall on the problem of the Socialists. Let no one forget that the Socialists, in the last election Austria has had, were the largest single party in the country with 42 per cent of the electorate. It is equally impossible to ignore them, suppress them, or take them into the government, which makes a dilemma indeed. Schuschnigg has promised, in a press interview he gave only today, to undertake some measures for determining numerically the wishes of the electorate, without holding an election or plebiscite. This seems to mean exactly nothing. The reason the government cannot risk an election is, of course, that an election would give the Nazis enough votes—no one knows how many—to claim participation in the Cabinet. Schuschnigg personally deplored the February massacres, I believe, though God knows he is no radical.

The chief lesson of July 25 is of course that a Nazi Putsch in Austria means war. We have been saying this for a long time here, and I suppose now, watching those 100,000 men of Mussolini's perched on the border, people will believe us. If Italy invades the Tyrol to "protect" Austria from Germany, then Jugoslavia invades Carinthia to "protect" Austria from Italy. This would bring the Czechs in, though no one can quite figure out on which side. The conclusion to be derived from this premise is that, even if toes of your friends get stepped on, it is best in the circumstances to hope that Schuschnigg and his tatterdemalion Cabinet can hang on until the Powers as a whole show some sense, step in, and settle the Austrian problem.

The Relief Business Is Booming

By JAMES RORTY

Washington, August 7

IF one considers the government apparatus under the New Deal as a business organization, it is apparent that certain branches of the business are in the doldrums and that others are picking up. The code-making business is shutting down this week and the heart has gone out of it, especially out of the Labor Advisory Board and the Consumers' Advisory Board. The bright young men who represent the respective interests of labor and of the consumer are just as bright and just as right as they ever were, but far less hopeful. They still write energetic memoranda for the record. Off the record they tell anecdotes of the "he sez to me and I sez to him" variety; valor in a vacuum, in other words, although they do their best and can comfort themselves with occasional small victories. Meanwhile, in a less rarefied atmosphere, General Johnson accumulates new laurels as strike-breaker, and the triumphant and unregenerate hosts of the publishers and advertisers mobilize their forces and whet their knives lest anything real in the way of consumer legislation come up in the next Congress.

The state of the AAA is not much better. It has suffered not merely from the drought but from a general public revulsion against the official program of scarcity-promotion. When business refuses to move the wheels of industry or employ workers except at a profit, that is just "economics," or at least "good business." But when government plows under the cotton and slaughters the pregnant sows it is hard to make people think it is good government. The distinction is a bit tenuous, like that of the Catholic church between "natural" (safe period) birth control and the use of contraceptives, but it seems to have political importance at least.

So business is not so good in the Agriculture and Commerce buildings. One has to travel across the city to the ancient office building that houses the FERA in order to recapture the feeling of bustling conquest that characterized the earlier phase of the New Deal. The relief business is booming. Indeed, it might well be alleged that the NRA, by facilitating monopolistic trade-association controls and by raising prices more than it has raised wages or stimulated employment, has helped to make business for the FERA, whose customers, 20,000,000 strong, stand in line across the continent.

The directors of the FERA and of the FSRC (Federal Surplus Relief Corporation) see the job in the simplest possible terms and attack it with gusto. With an estimated relief load of at least 4,500,000 families who are receiving an average monthly dole of $12, the FERA sees an endless vista of consumers for the surpluses. And by an Act of God—the drought—some 2,100,000 head of cattle have been tossed into the government's lap, so to speak. Twelve dollars a month is about one-tenth of the minimum subsistence income for a family, as computed by various government bureaus. It follows, as night the day, that these people must be hungry. Secure in this conviction, which not even the most rabid tory politician is likely to challenge, the FERA is all for grabbing everything it can lay its hands on in the way of surplus commodities and passing them out as supplementary relief to these 20,000,000 customers.

So far, so good. But the logic of the FSRC business cuts sharply across the logic of private business, which runs to the effect that an empty stomach is no customer unless the owner of the stomach can pay for what he eats, and pay enough to include profits all down the line from producer to retail dispenser. These millions of customers can't pay. They are what the sage Professor Walter Pitkin calls "extra-economic" men, women, and children. However, their hunger and their raggedness do establish pressures. These extra-economic masses are not yet disenfranchised, despite the eloquent pleas of eminent tories like Attorney General Wickersham.

Hence the FSRC and the FERA operate in an atmosphere of continuous protest and conflict. Practically everything they do or try to do is violently denounced by the vested interests of private business, which see these government agencies moving steadily, and in response to overwhelming pressures, toward the taking over of whole sectors of the process of production and distribution which have hitherto been the province of profit-motivated business-as-usual. The encroachment has thus far, of course, been fragmentary and relatively insignificant. But it has been sufficient to expose again and again the breakdown of the capitalist economy in this period of potential abundance.

Take the matter of the drought cattle. Without government intervention hundreds of thousands of cattle would have died and rotted in the stricken pastures of the drought belt. The packers, it is true, would have bought some of them for a song and the price of meat would have dropped, but not enough to permit $12-a-month relief families to eat much meat. And the ruin of the farmers would have been complete. Up to July 30 the AAA and the FERA through the FSRC had purchased from 129,000 farmers a total of 1,872,000 cattle. On these farms there was a total of 6,208,000 cattle; the government has bought about 19 out of each 62 head, the poorest of the 62. About 260,000 head have been condemned and slaughtered on the farms. The remainder have been turned over to the FSRC for ultimate processing into meat products for relief distribution. Several hundred thousand head of cattle will be held on pasturage in the Southeastern States until slaughtering and processing facilities are available.

The government prices for drought cattle, averaging 500 pounds on the hoof (a good beef steer weighs about 1,500 pounds) range from $1 to $14. This of course means a loss to the farmer, but the farmers get relief; by and large the government takes the loss. It is now generally conceded that before the purchase program comes to an end some time next year, the government will have purchased between 8,000,000 and 10,000,000 head of cattle.

So much for cattle. But what about sheep and goats? There is little demand for sheep meat and goat meat. Some foreigners eat sheep meat and Indians eat goats. It has been proposed to kill these suffering, unwanted animals, dig big pits with steam shovels, and bury them. But the current revulsion against waste will work against this. Maybe the Indians will eat some of this meat. By the time the Act of God has accomplished the ultimate of its dubious beneficence, the unemployed are going to get a lot of meat. They will be conditioned to meat-eating. They will not willingly go back to beans and flour.

The dislocation of prices and markets consequent upon this slaughtering program has already made itself felt. In many of the government contracts the slaughterer gets the hides, bones, and offal, and some of the edible portions. The result has been that the bottom has dropped out of the hide market; there is also the threat of a glut in the liver and kidney market.

One more contradiction: government has had to go into the meat-canning business in competition with the packers. In July the tempo of cattle processing had reached 140,000 cattle a week. Commercial packers processed 110,000 of these; the remaining 30,000 were processed by relief labor in rented or built plants established by State Emergency Relief administrations in thirty States. The relative costs of government versus commercial processing are indicated by the experience last winter in Texas, where in one month 9,439 persons were employed in processing surplus cattle. It cost the FERA 12.87 cents a pound to process cattle, not counting the relief labor. The packers, who charged 17 cents a pound, did have to count their labor costs, but on the other hand they paid the farmers about half as much for the cattle as did the FERA. In extending its program of establishing relief-labor processing plants, the FERA points not only to lower costs but to the improved morale of workers who are employed not in "raking leaves around the stump" but in producing the food they will later eat.

It is the habit of meat-eating animals—and the unemployed seem fated to enter that category temporarily—to gorge themselves and then to sleep. Where? On what? Relief agencies testify that next to food the families on relief ask for mattresses. At present, especially in the South and Southwest, they sleep on old quilts, on boards, on the floor. So, with the commercial naivete which characterizes these innocent bureaucrats, the FERA has taken over 250,000 bales of surplus cotton and gone into mattress making. Workers on relief are now engaged in making these mattresses in 559 workrooms set up in 40 States. When they are made, relief families will sleep on them—they will be distributed as supplementary relief along with the surplus meat.

As might be expected, the commercial mattress makers are up in arms. So, in general, are all the commercial interests affected by the various production projects which State Emergency Relief administrations have undertaken under the stimulus of the FERA. These include the canning of surplus garden products, the manufacture of furniture by unemployed furniture makers, and the encouragement of local self-help cooperatives which make everything from shoes to soap.

These developments are embryonic, as yet affecting only a negligible fraction of total production and distribution. They are perhaps abortive, depending upon the degree, extent, and pace of business recovery. But they have gone far enough to challenge the failure of private business to operate the machinery of production, to employ workers, and to feed, clothe, and house the population.

Huey Long's "Revolution"

By ALEXANDER KENDRICK

New Orleans, August 13

THE "revolution" Huey Long seems always to be talking about is in the making in his own city—but not from the expected direction. And it is perhaps only poetic justice that it should have its origin in the eternal squabbling which the loquacious Kingfish carries on with anyone who is seeking argument.

The people of New Orleans are famous for their love of pleasure. They have enjoyed the antics of the Senator from Louisiana, and they have egged on the clowning. The Kingfish's latest escapade, his own private little "war," has provided as much fun as any of his previous ones, and there are very few other topics of conversation in the streets and public squares of the city. The situation is a particularly ludicrous one. National guardsmen have created a state of martial law on the first and third floors of the Soule building, which houses the city registration offices. The second and fourth floors are still under civil rule, and presumably functioning normally. Youthful khaki-clad soldiers, armed with tear gas, machine-guns, and shotguns, man every window on the two floors under their protection, "guarding" the registration offices. Across the street, in the City Hall proper, are several hundred uniformed and special police, similarly armed.

It is a good-natured war, with chaffing on both sides and an amused citizenry making piquant Southern remarks from the sidewalk. But there can be no mistaking the certainty that, if given the order, both sides would go into action prepared to do or die for either Huey Long or Mayor T. Semmes Walmsley. One observer in Lafayette Square remarked that "this thing's been going on for a long time and nobody's shot yet." But if shooting begins—and it may have begun by the time this is read—the odds against anyone being shot would not be long. Despite all the levity with which the New Orleans war is being greeted by the populace, there is an undertone of seriousness which has hitherto been absent in similar situations. Many factors are responsible for a change which has come over the "cheap and contented labor" of the South.

On the day that Mayor Walmsley lent a new note of buffoonery to the comic-opera war by calling out several hundred armed policemen to "protect" city property—the same Soule building that was being held by the troops—and incidentally to "guard" the guardsmen who were "guarding" the voting records, a mass-meeting was held across the street from the besieged area. It was called by a united front of liberal, radical, labor, and allied organizations, and it provides the key to the real conflict, which has been lost sight of in the thousands and thousands of words pouring out of the city about its small-time, cracker-box political differences. The line-up is not of Huey Long against Walmsley, or of State against city, or of troops against civil authorities; it is of all these interests and a few other important ones, like the shipping interests and the Association of Commerce, against a united front of workers—white and black, white-collar and blue-overall—who have been too long exploited. The fact that Huey Long is in danger of losing his supremacy—the opera bouffe here originated in his attempt to reelect two henchmen to Congress and his consequent seizure of the registration records to insure this—is of small moment compared with the fact that working-class elements have found common cause and may win for themselves, through what they call "revolution" down here, rights and privileges hitherto denied.

One of the first things a traveler in the South notices is the cheapness of food and clothing. To a Northern pocketbook this is very comforting, but Southern wages are scaled down in the same proportion, and, as has been seen in the making of the NRA codes, a wage differential has been established. But that is not the only thing the NRA has done for Southern labor. It has also forced an additional wage cut, as mill and factory owners, faced with minimum-wage provisions, have changed hourly wages to piece-work wages and inaugurated the speed-up system, a strange anomaly in the once lazy South.

This accounts for such wage scales as those in effect at the Lane cotton mills on the outskirts of New Orleans. These are the largest mills in the State and among the largest in the country. They employ 1,500 persons where once they employed 4,000. Before the NRA the wage rate for apprentices was 6 cents an hour and the work week was fifty-six hours. From this weekly pay of $3.36, $2 was deducted as rent for the company houses in which the mill's employees are forced to live. After the NRA a new wage scale of from 20 to 30 cents an hour was inaugurated, but the work week was cut to eighteen hours, and the weekly rent was raised to $3. Furthermore, after the apprenticeship has been served, instead of automatically receiving higher pay the workers are frequently discharged, to make way for new apprentices.

The conditions of virtual peonage existing in this and other mills brought about a strike two years ago, led by an American Federation of Labor union. It was unsuccessful, and after the defeat the union withdrew from the field and gave up its organizing attempts—"because we couldn't pay the dues," one of the workers remarked. This left the way clear for the Communists, who have entered this and several other mills and succeeded in reintroducing a semblance of united protest, which may soon have resounding repercussions.

Another situation which holds dynamite in it for Long, and Walmsley, and the Association of Commerce, and the backers of all three, the shipping men, is the three-months-old longshoremen's strike. This seems as far from settlement as ever, and the 3,000 strikers have about exhausted their patience. Their temper is such that despite the restraining influence of the conservative International Longshoremen's Association they may resort to drastic means to close the port, as was done in San Francisco, Seattle, and Portland. The entire Gulf of Mexico is concerned in this strike, and while it has not affected shipping appreciably owing to the weakness of the marine unions and the plentiful supply of strike-breaking labor, it is important because it may result in appreciable gains for the workers—and in bloody fighting such as took place on the Pacific Coast.

The strike was called by the I. L. A. in May and is still in progress, with daily rioting on the waterfront, picketing, and other strike activities, which, seemingly, the newspapers have no space to report. According to Charles Stein, vice-president of the I. L. A. local, company unionism lies at the bottom of the present strife. When the NRA gave the union its ostensible backing in organizing efforts, the shipping men of the city got together and formed something called the Independent Longshoremen's Association, membership in which they made a requirement of employment. The union walked out and was joined by the Communist-led Marine Workers' Industrial Union, which also has a fairly large membership. A few weeks later, with no progress made along the strike front and with picketing activities considerably lessened by order of Huey Long's courts, the Communists withdrew from the "united front," charging the familiar "sell-out." There was an element of truth in the charge, for the I. L. A. local blacklisted the most militant of the strikers.

For several weeks now the controversy has been in the hands of the National Labor Relations Board. What its course of action will be is doubtful, although useful precedents of dilly-dallying and half-hearted compromise, with no actual bona fide settlement, have been set in other cases. At any rate, the striking longshoremen in this and other Gulf towns, like Gulfport, Shreveport, Mobile, and Houston, are frankly impatient, and will not be kept in check long.

Another disturbing element in Huey Long's political charivari has more of a federal tinge to it. Among the curious thousands who filled Lafayette Square and the pavement outside City Hall during the past week were several small politicians from Orleans and adjacent parishes. They revealed that for almost a year Louisiana, and New Orleans in particular, has had no federal patronage to speak of, and they attribute this oversight to the Kingfish's declamatory propensities. It is a fact that while new post offices have blossomed all over Kentucky, Mississippi, and Tennessee, this reporter has seen none in Louisiana.

But more important than any of these issues, and loaded with more dynamite, is the relief situation here, with all that that term implies. Real poverty has always existed in the South, but in these days it is starker and more terrible than ever. There is little need for labor when corn and cotton growers are being paid by the AAA to cut their crops. Factories and mills are running on very limited schedules. And worst of all, relief facilities are at their very nadir. Relief allotments of from $4 to $6 a month are the average in the Southern States. In Louisiana the sum is nearer the lower of these two figures, and since August 1, 15,000 persons in the State have been staring starvation in the face. On that day relief orders were halted for these 15,000 by the local head of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, Harry J. Early, with the explanation that they were not merely unemployed but those untouchables, the "unemployable."

Where that term originated, and who issued the order cutting off the blind, the ill, and the aged from the relief lists when they are the persons who need help most, is a mystery which Early has not helped to clear up. He shrugs his shoulders and says, "The orders come from Washington." The Louisiana Legislature adjourned recently after passing a bill providing $10,000 for relief to these stepchildren of the

FERA. The bill was never signed by Governor O. K. Allen, Huey Long's alter ego, and it is presumed that if Long had wanted the measure approved, he would have ordered it approved.

This, taken in conjunction with the Kingfish's verbal sallies in favor of the "forgotten man" and his espousal of higher income taxes for the rich, was the last straw for New Orleans workers and jobless. A united front was formed, including the locals of the Socialist Party, the Communist Party, the Marine Workers' Industrial Union, the Unemployed Councils, the Unemployed League, and the League for Industrial Democracy (this student organization is extremely active at Tulane University). A mass-meeting was called for Lafayette Square, the center of the "war" area, and Mayor Walmsley issued a permit, the first of its kind. He was persuaded, it is generally believed, by hints that the speakers would turn their verbal guns upon the Kingfish, and also, it later developed, by the possibility of getting pictures of his police "guarding" Long's national guardsmen. He got some excellent pictures, and they were duly printed in all the newspapers, which by a coincidence happen to be anti-Kingfish.

The united front has already suggested that the funds used by both city and State to equip their blue-clad and khaki-clad defenders with various instruments of warfare could reasonably be diverted to relief purposes. The suggestion has also been made that the Senator from Louisiana has here a good test case for his taxing of the rich. Let the "war" funds come by taxation from those having incomes of over $5,000, say the protesters, and see how quickly an armistice is called. To give point to the tasks laid out for itself by the united front, on the same day that President Roosevelt from Glacier National Park again reassured the nation that "nobody is starving"—gave one of his "Uncle Wiggly bedtime stories," as one radical leader put it—a woman died in Charity Hospital, and the cause of death was officially noted as starvation. Many cases of malnutrition have also come to the attention of health authorities, and they make no bones about the seriousness of a situation in which 15,000 persons have been cut off utterly from any hope of food, clothing, or shelter except from organized private charities, of which there are very few in the South, or by soliciting alms, which is a field already sadly overcrowded.

Meanwhile, the Association of Commerce and the department stores, one of which owns a radio station, are doing their best to convince the world that peace and quiet reign here in New Orleans, and that business—and pleasure—are going on as usual. Daily broadcasts from the "war area" point out that "everything is quiet."

New Orleans is perhaps the largest city in the United States which has failed to provide a single penny for relief. The federal order against "unemployables" threw the onus of their care upon the parishes, and thus upon the State. Thus far nothing has been forthcoming, and from all indications nothing ever will. But if there is no money for relief, there is still plenty to advertise that New Orleans is one of the Edens of the world. The Association of Commerce recently inveigled $10,000 from the city council with which to tell manufacturers in other parts of the country that this is the "home of cheap and docile labor." It may have been so in the past. At present labor is still cheap, but it is no longer docile.

Was Europe a Success?

II. The Question Considered

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THE more naive optimists would no doubt begin by insisting that the vices of "Europe" were merely excrescences permitted to tarnish its resplendent virtues, and that what we ought to get rid of can be easily separated from what we ought, by all means, to keep. It does not, however, require any very prolonged consideration to demonstrate that the relationship between the two is not quite so simple and that, in certain specific cases at least, the one actually depends upon the other.

We hate, for example, imperialism, military pride, and the national spirit. They are things which probably must be got rid of if Europe is to continue at all, and which certainly stand in the way of its achieving a success more complete than that which it achieved in the past. But these, so a thoroughgoing conservative might insist, are essential parts of civilization as Europe has known it for a good 3,000 years, and they are essential, not merely because they have existed, but because they furnished the soil out of which its spiritual life grew. Without them it is impossible to imagine the glory that was Greece, the grandeur that was Rome, or the right little, tight little island which is still called England. They were responsible for the material conditions under which civilization developed, but that is not all. They were also very important facts in generating its intellectual and emotional atmosphere. Shakespeare would not have been Shakespeare if he had not believed "this happy breed of men" to be peculiarly the favorite of nature and hence privileged in a very special way in its relations with lesser peoples. Racine would not have been Racine if he had not accepted as God-ordained the absolutism of Louis XIV. Military aggression and class privilege—conceived of as honor and divine right—were, to put the case more concretely, part of both the material and the spiritual basis upon which the entity called Europe rested.

In other words, this thing called civilization grew up under certain conditions and flourished as a result of them. It was associated with the very tendencies which progressives as well as radicals deplore, and is now, so the conservative might insist, threatened quite as definitely by "liberals" and "reformers" as it is by radicals—the only difference between the two being that the one is slowly undermining the foundations without knowing what he is about while the other is deliberately blowing them up. The threat did not originate with the founder of the communist doctrine. It originated with the first reformer who undertook to criticize the proud confidence of that European spirit which was born in Athens, rationalized in Rome, and taken over by the Catholic church; with the first upstart who dared question in the interests of inferior civilizations or the interests of the inferior part of the European population those traditions which had justified themselves by the production of an art, a philosophy, and a science not to be compared with any other.

Moreover—so this ultra-conservative would continue—these essentially un-European criticisms could take effect only because Europe's geographical boundaries were expanded more rapidly than the Europeanization of newly admitted peoples could proceed. Formerly this had not been so. What was once only Athens became Greece, then the Mediterranean basin, then all the western part of the Continent. But as successive additions were made to the spiritual entity called Europe, the inhabitants of each were genuinely Europeanized, while those areas not so disciplined were successfully excluded from the spiritual community. All parts of the latter, paying allegiance to certain artists and certain thinkers, developed the same sensibilities and accepted the same standards of value—a fact at least as important as the further fact that the political institutions of each owed something to that Roman law out of which each had grown. Hence, though the nations might differ among themselves, they could never differ so utterly as they differed with non-European races, because they had thought about the same things and pursued the same aims too long not, at bottom, to understand one another in some workable fashion.

Unfortunately, however, America and Russia—the last two nations to be admitted to the European community—were never really assimilated, though it was, for a time, wrongly supposed that they were about to be. The latter, which had turned its eyes toward Paris for a good two centuries, was supposed to be slowly losing its Oriental character. The former, which could look only to Europe if it looked anywhere at all, was supposed to be merely in the process of taming the wilderness on a thoroughly European plan. But these orderly processes were somehow interrupted, and Europe found itself suddenly threatened by what it had regarded as docile if backward pupils. America discovered the machine and Russia discovered communism—a method and an attitude both of which Europe felt to be foreign to the European pattern and capable of disrupting it far more completely than it would have been disrupted if Mohammedism had gained a foothold during the Middle Ages and the "East" had played a role in shaping the civilization of England and France.

Superficial thinkers—our ultra-conservative is still speaking—may see Americanism and communism as opposed one to the other, but fundamentally they differ only in that one is more consciously thoroughgoing than the other. Both are fundamentally enemies of Europe because both are attacking the foundations upon which the European achievement rests. America is innocent, hopeful, and naive. It believes in amelioration and in "progress," but all its humanitarian and reformist ideas rest ultimately upon a dissatisfaction with what Europe regards as a sufficient success. It hopes to save what it calls—without very well understanding it—the European achievement; but it is not willing to pay the price which Europe paid and it is too tender-minded to admit that no lesser one will buy what Europe bought.

Some such conviction as this is implicit in the attitude of at least the more intelligent representatives of the royalist, neo-Catholic, and fascist groups. It might be deduced from the writings of T. S. Eliot or Maurras, just as it could, of course, be discovered in violent, unrationalized form in the utterances of Mussolini or Hitler. Nor is it wise merely to reject the contention without some analysis. Quite obviously certain specific aspects of the cultural life of Europe did depend upon beliefs and traditions which none except the most ultra-conservative would wish to see preserved. Many, at least, of the most exalted movements now preserved in literature and art would hardly have been possible had it not been for the presence of an arrogant sense of national or class superiority, and there can be no question of the fact that even ordinary, nineteenth-century enlightenment and humanitarianism destroy the very foundations of much that seemed, to an earlier time, part of the heroic tradition of Europe.

Certainly, in other words, one cannot buy exactly what Europe bought at any price except the one it paid. You could not, for example, have Dante without his bigotry, just as you could not—then, at least—have had Plato without the slaves who supported his society. An ameliorized Europe, a Europe of which it could not be said that its failures were as ghastly as its triumphs were impressive, would be a Europe much changed, one from which, in all probability, certain great exaltations based upon pride and a sense of self-righteousness had departed forever. But the question is not, after all, whether Europe can or ought to be changed. The question is rather a question of what is absolutely essential and what is not. To what extent could it be changed without being destroyed? What must be left to the European man in order that he may still remain recognizably himself? What characteristics of his psychology and what aspects of his sensibility are so absolutely essential that his champions would be justified in saying to any revolutionist or reformer: "These you must leave him because, once they were taken away, he would no longer be recognizable as the European man"?

The striking fact is that certain of these characteristics, each one of which appears to be a *sine qua non,* stand high in the list of those which the most radical of radicals have promised to "liquidate" and which, indeed—though perhaps somewhat prematurely—they declare to be already disappearing from the Russian character. One of them is a sense of the reality, the worth, and the sacredness of the individual, who is thought of as having in himself a value for which there is no equivalent, not merely because he seems unique to himself but because—since every man differs somewhat from every other—he contributes something unique and possibly of value to society itself. Another one is a similar sense of the importance of something which has been variously defined but always called "freedom" for this same individual.

Still others might be added. There is, for instance, the tendency to regard differentiation and variety as desirable in themselves, and a consequent tendency to stress the importance of something called "personality." There is also a disposition—very different from the collectivist stress upon the importance of the common denominator—to assume that all excellences are arranged in a hierarchy, the uppermost levels of which are not only inaccessible to most but barely if at all even visible to the best and the most excellent of

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men. The European man, in other words, has always thought of progress and achievement as a movement away from the usual, the average, the norm, the universally accessible; the new man, as described by his champion, makes, on the other hand, an opposite assumption. The highest excellence is that which is most generally accessible; progress consists in a movement toward the center, in an increasingly successful regularization and standardization of thoughts, opinions, tastes, desires, and aims about a norm supplied by the common denominator of humanity in the mass.

It must of course be admitted freely and quickly that European man neither consistently pursued the ends which these characteristics imply nor achieved them by any means completely when they were pursued. At times they were obscured by opposite tendencies, and certain of them—notably those which relate to individual freedom and the high valuation put upon what is called personality—hardly manifested themselves very strongly before the Renaissance. At other—perhaps at all—times his tendency was to assume that they applied only to the consideration of a small class which could exist only if supported upon the backs of a mass, the members of which were left to achieve for themselves whatever small degree of freedom, personality—and comfort—they could.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that each of the conceptions enumerated played a large part in the thoughts and aspirations of cultivated humanity. The fact also remains that—with what success may be disputed—the tendency was to profess a desire to see the privileges of freedom and individuality extended to a larger and larger portion of the community. In other words, democracy pretended, at least, to aim at a society which should be more equitable than any previous one by virtue of the fact that these goods upon which is set such high value would be shared by the majority. Collectivism, on the other hand, proposes that—for the present at least—the equalization shall be achieved by denying them to all alike.

Collectivism, indeed—perhaps merely to strengthen its position in debate—tends to maintain that these goods are, as a matter of fact, purely illusory—that freedom and individuality never existed for anyone, that they are merely superstitions which happen to be convenient because privilege can be defended under the pretense that not privilege itself but a sacred mystery is being attacked. The question, then, is not simply whether democracy has really succeeded in achieving a wider and wider distribution of certain goods; neither is it simply the question whether or not these goods are so precious that they must be preserved for a class if they cannot be given to all. It is, before everything else, whether or not these goods ever were real, whether freedom and the unique individual ever existed at all.

[*This is the second of a series of three articles by Mr. Krutch. The third, Some Doubts Arrived At, will appear next week.*]

NEXT WEEK

Class War in California

BY LEW LEVENSON

An Authentic Casualty List of the Victims of the Red Hunt.

In the Driftway

THE present drought has turned upon that phenomenal creature, the dry farmer, more government attention than he has had since the Homestead Act was passed in 1862, although he has suffered from drought at least six years out of every seven ever since that time. At one period in his life the Drifter learned to know the dry farmer rather well in one of his most typical habitats, a valley in southern Idaho. Two streams run through this valley, which is wide and flat, and gray with sagebrush, but they were long ago preempted by a few early settlers whose descendants have ever since jealously guarded the rights to a supply of water which in any case was sufficient only for a limited number of animal and human stock. Around the rim of the valley as it rises toward encircling hills lie the desolate windswept acres known as dry farms. There is an old quip about the Homestead Act that by its provisions the government bets the unwary settler from 160 to 640 acres of land that he can't live on it for three years without starving to death. To make the test a real one the government deprives the victim of what little cash he has by requiring that the acres be fenced and that the pioneer live on the land for a certain period each year—which means that he must build a house. He must plant a crop each year of course. (Fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately, he is not required to reap a harvest.) He surrounds his vast estate with two strands of barbed wire strung between cedar posts, builds a tarpaper-covered shack, lays in a supply of canned goods (he is fifteen miles from a store), plants his wheat and his garden. He has, if he is lucky, a cow, a couple of horses, a plow, and a wagon. He has also two barrels in which he hauls water from some distant source. Digging wells in this region has been found to be an expensive if not a futile gesture.

* * * * *

SPRING in the valley, especially among the foothills, is full of hope. Water rushes down the gullies. In a moist blue sky rain clouds often gather and the sun is tempered by a cool breeze. The new-plowed land is black with moisture, and yellow crocuses bloom. Soon afterward the sharp green blades of wheat push up and grass grows among the sagebrush. In June the delicate colors begin to fade as the moisture runs out of them. The sun grows hotter, whitening the sky and the alkali in which the sagebrush grows. The wind is hot and dry and covers the sharp green wheat with dust. Toward the end of June the prickly pear, a variety of cactus, puts forth its blossoms of heavy yellow and red, and the desert comes into its own. If rain does fall after that it is likely to come in cloudbursts that do as much harm as good. The dry farmer *may* get a crop. In any event he takes up his plow again in due season, sure that *this* will be the wet year he dreams about, a year which does come, to be sure, just often enough to keep him from giving over to the wind and dust all of his savings. Meanwhile, the only fertility that dry farmers can count upon fills the tarpaper shack to overflowing with children, who swarm out like bees from a hive when any vehicle straggles past along the dirt road.

THE Drifter does not know whether his Idaho dry farmers are even officially counted among the drought sufferers to whom government relief is being given. He hopes they are. The rumor has been denied that farmers are to be moved from submarginal land. Before it was denied, however, the submarginal farmers themselves had entered violent protests. The reports did not say which farmers protested but the Drifter suspects that the dry farmer, if he were scientifically analyzed, might show a marked differentiation from other human animals as a result of having had to adapt himself over a long period of years to living without water. It is just possible that the dry farmer, like the prickly pear, would not survive in the Land of Promise.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

"Women Who Work"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Sylvia Kopald Selekman in her review of "Women Who Work," by Grace Hutchins, in your issue of July 18, raises questions of fact which must be answered.

1. On the suspension of the night-work law in Massachusetts cotton mills, of course the very word "suspend" means to "cause to cease *for a time* from operation or effect." It is mere quibbling to criticize the omission of the period of suspension.

2. Mrs. Selekman writes that not only Governor Ely and textile mill-owners, but also the State Federation of Labor and "our socially responsible Commissioner of Labor and Industries" urged suspension. The New York *Times* of July 16, 1933, stated: "Edwin S. Smith, Commissioner of Labor and Industries in Massachusetts, expressed regret that the six o'clock law might be suspended but agreed that such action must be taken if Massachusetts mills were to compete with mills in other sections." He was not, then, as Mrs. Selekman implies, urging suspension of the law for the benefit of the workers. Nor were the "labor leaders" or Mr. Henry Kendall acting in the interests of the workers by urging suspension of the law.

I might add that Dr. Alice Hamilton of the Harvard Medical School vigorously attacked the proposed suspension of the law in January, 1933. (Federated Press, January 10, 1933.)

3. The source cited by Grace Hutchins on low wages in Massachusetts in 1933 was the American Federation of Labor's *Weekly News Service* for April 1, 1933, quoting Commissioner Smith's official statement. This referred not merely to a few mills in Fall River and New Bedford in 1932, as Mrs. Selekman claims, but also to factories in Lawrence and other cities *in the spring of 1933.* I can here quote only one sentence: "He told of factories where employers paid all of their employees less than $10 a week."

Mrs. Selekman in her review would seem to defend the suspension of an important piece of social legislation that had been won only by the efforts of organized workers through years of struggle.

New York, August 1 HY KRAVIF

Colorado Relief Standards

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In a recent issue of *The Nation* I noticed both an editorial and a letter on the standard of relief in Colorado. Since I served for a number of months as the Western field representative for the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, I am interested sufficiently to point out that the statements concerning the relief standards in Colorado are not accurate. I have before me a statement indicating the average monthly relief budget as of June 1, 1934, based on the actual expenditures as reported from sixty counties in the State. This report shows that the average relief received by a family of five amounted to $30.53; in the city of Denver a family of five averaged $60.43. This is based on the April 1 report.

In December, 1933, Colorado's average for the State as a whole was $16.23 per family, but the average for the principal cities of the State was $23.62. The statistics for January are very misleading, because in that month the FERA refused to grant any funds to the State until the legislature made necessary appropriations for unemployment relief, which it did during the last week of January.

To state that Colorado's relief average is between $5 and $10 a month is certainly inaccurate. Beginning with February there was a great improvement in relief standards in Colorado.

Milwaukee, Wis., August 3 BENJAMIN GLASSBERG

Just the Opposite

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I wish Mr. Rorty had seen my film "The World in Revolt" before describing it as "ultra-reactionary," as I am sure he would have agreed with the reviewers that it is just the opposite of what he says.

Astoria, N. Y., July 31 EMIL LENGYEL

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Labor and Industry

New York's Relief Crisis

By ISIDOR FEINSTEIN

WITHIN the greatest anthill of the Western Hemisphere the machinery has slowed down. One out of six New Yorkers depends on the dole. One out of three in the city's working population is without a job. Three hundred thousand New York families must be fed, housed, and clothed by government, and government is desperate and blundering at the task. The metropolis exhibits, in the large, all the defects of a system that leaves far too much of the relief burden on local government. Washington still declines to use its sovereign powers for a major attack on unemployment and relief. The city, as a mere municipal corporation, has only limited means at its disposal. Ordinary financial resources, despite reduction in social services and city pay rolls, are nearing exhaustion. Powerful social and political forces, planning even now to turn relief needs into profit, prevent the use of unusual methods and taxes to feed the hungry. City officials, caught between the pull of those who hold the purse-strings and the mounting strength of the organized unemployed, lose their fair-weather liberalism, grow arbitrary and brutal. And an irresponsible army officer, a Tammany protege gone Fusion, swallows reports of red plotting and uses his powers as Police Commissioner to organize a rifle and machine-gun regiment to shoot down strikers and jobless demonstrators.

In 1930 relief in New York City cost about a million dollars a month. This year combined federal, State, and local expenditures for New York's unemployed average between $15,000,000 and $16,000,000 a month—almost $200,000,000 a year, or roughly one-third of the city budget. State and city provide one-fourth of the funds, Washington one-half. The inflationary boomlet that marked the first year of the Roosevelt Administration made no permanent dent in the relief rolls. The number of those on home relief rose from 31,333 in June, 1932, to 116,949 in June, 1933; fell to 93,203 in October of that year, but rose again to 167,498 by June, 1934. During that month there were 354,153 families on work- and home-relief rolls, 77,000 more than in June, 1933. Monthly relief costs rose during that period from $9,943,267 to $15,318,196. Relief applications have risen from 900 a day last September to 1,500 a day. The estimate of the Health Commissioner that there are 150,000 additional New York families which need relief but are not getting it adds to the nightmare.

The PWA, slow in getting started, will provide few jobs even when fully under way. The $42,000,000 triborough bridge and the $37,500,000 midtown tunnel were begun last year, but the first project was giving work to only 440 men and the second to 599 men at the beginning of August. At the same time there were 717 men working on three smaller projects involving expenditures of $11,000,000. The city has applied for $175,000,000 additional in loans and grants. Some $40,000,000 has been made available, but the funds are still idle. The rest is expected to be approved. It is officially estimated that if all these projects are launched, the PWA at its peak will give employment to five or six thousand men in New York. The estimate seems generous.

New York's greatest relief crisis coincides, as in so many other cities, with a period of banker control. An attempt by the last Tammany administration to impose $25,000,000 in special taxes on the financial community led to threats of "secession." The Stock Exchange prepared, or pretended to prepare, for removal to Jersey City to escape stock-transfer taxes. The battle, more or less a sham, ended last October with the drawing up of a four-year agreement between the city and the bankers. The proposed taxes were abandoned. In return the bankers loaned the city $70,000,000 for relief, $32,000,000 of which was to repay the bankers for relief loans already made. A revolving fund was set up at what has since become an extortionately high rate of interest to provide for the city's recurring short-term needs. The city on its part agreed to limit real-estate taxes, the chief source of city revenue, and in four years to set aside a reserve of $175,000,000 against delinquent taxes. The signing of the agreement left the city neatly trussed up financially. Wall Street, which five years before had obviously preferred the Socialist Norman Thomas to the "wild radical" Fiorello H. LaGuardia, supported LaGuardia for Mayor, making sure that he would be considerably less radical than his speeches at banquets of lady garment workers.

Caught between the bankers' agreement and the rising complaints of relief organizations that allowances were inadequate, the administration has tended to move steadily to the right. In William Hodson, executive director of the Welfare Council of New York, Mayor LaGuardia picked a nationally known social worker to be his Welfare Commissioner. When Hodson was sworn in he told his aides that in dealing with a jobless client they should "listen to the story of his problems with patience and kindly understanding. If he shows irritation or impatience, remember that it is hard to be sweet-tempered when you are starving or about to be deprived of the roof over your head. . . . When you cannot do what is asked . . . give a full explanation in simple terms and with all courtesy and friendliness." That attitude was quite in accord with LaGuardia's own background, but within a few months jobless groups were calling for Hodson's resignation, the Mayor was assailing leaders of the unemployed as "yellow dogs" and "fakers," the Police Commissioner's strong-arm orders had brought about the clubbing of relief demonstrators, and Hodson was absolving the police and blaming reds for the disorders. To stave off criticism from the press, the Mayor summoned the city editors of the metropolitan press to a secret "emergency" conference. He confided to them his fears that red agitators were bent upon starting trouble, and asked them to refrain from criticism of the police. "Agitators" were dropped from relief rolls to check the organization of the unemployed. The climax was a brutal attack on demonstrators by police outside welfare headquarters on May 26.

When the Mayor cooled off, a conciliatory gesture was made with the announcement of a panel of 500 citizens to hear relief complaints. None, so far as could be learned, were ever notified. Six refused to serve. Corliss Lamont and Robert W. Dunn, two of those named, publicly declined with the statement that they regarded "the proposed panel as essentially a device of the LaGuardia administration to distract attention from the present campaign of persecution and terror against unemployed workers and organized relief workers."

The replacement of the CWA by the FERA, accompanied as it was with sharp wage cuts, intensified organization of the unemployed. Further declines in average relief allowances since have added to the discontent. In May the average monthly dole for families on home relief was $44.68. It was $44.09 in June. For those on work relief the May average, $53.93, fell in June to $51.61. Rent allowances range from $2 to $4 a week. Of 30,000 dropped when the CWA was transformed into the FERA, only about 10,000 have been restored. Work relief is now being cut down again. So is home relief. With jobs and pay rolls declining, there were 8,500 fewer on home relief in June than in May. In June less than $7,000,000 was being spent on work relief as compared with the $12,000,000 disbursed by the CWA in March. Work relief was cut a million dollars from May to June but home relief rose by only a quarter-million. As part of the "economy" drive a campaign was begun, with much tub-thumping, against "chiselers," that is, persons on both home-relief and work-relief rolls. These "chiselers," some 5 per cent of the cases investigated, actually drew the princely sum of about $80 a month.

New York, like other cities, has untried means at its disposal to alleviate distress among the jobless, but the difficulty in using them is enormous. Municipal distribution of food and milk purchased directly from the impoverished farmer is always a possibility—but not a probability in the face of hostile courts and the political suicide risked by the Mayor who tries them. Less radical methods are almost as hopeless. New York could, by the threat of special taxes on the financial community, rid itself altogether of the onerous reserve called for by the bankers' agreement, but the Mayor, after being hostile at first, then lukewarm, finally permitted negotiations that cut the reserve to $25,000,000 instead of $50,000,000 a year during the next three years. Income taxes, taxes on servants, luxury taxes, could be made to yield a good return. So could taxes on stock transfers. Relief funds could be raised in the world's richest financial district, but the Mayor is too beholden to and fearful of Wall Street to take the step. With his $38,000,000 relief fund exhausted, the Mayor called a conference of sixty-six prominent citizens to discuss steps to raise $40,000,000 for relief between September 1 and March 31. By the latter date he expects comprehensive federal machinery will have been set up to take over the whole problem. Wall Street could release this year's $24,000,000 reserve fund and bring the problem near to solution, but it hopes to use the city's distress to put over a transit tax of two cents as an entering wedge to getting rid of the hated five-cent fare. This would mean millions to the transit interests and their bankers, and they hope to succeed under the guise of humanity. The Mayor, fearful of political repercussions, still hesitates. And while he hesitates, New York continues to grapple desperately with its relief problem, reaching more and more for the club when it cannot supply the bread.

Coddling the Bums

By JAMES P. MITCHELL

WHEN the depression came, there was in operation only one major technique for relieving poverty and destitution—the case-work method as practiced by social workers. A combination of factors precipitated, first into the private charitable agencies and later into public agencies built on the model of the former, the responsibility of keeping alive the thousands of working people that our crazy economics had left penniless. Social agencies were thoroughly unprepared for the magnitude of the responsibility, for the immense number of human beings that were poured into their rather complex mechanism, but they did what they could. For no problem were there less preparation and fewer resources than for that of the transient. Public agencies were bound by the heritage of the Elizabethan poor law, which had so influenced American treatment of relief that public agencies in general would help no one who had not lived for a year in the county, or in some cases as small a unit as the township. In California three years were required, in Maine five, in Vermont seven. Other States had their peculiar requirements. On the other hand, the whole weight of American tradition was on the side of moving to the frontier. The frontier had ceased to exist, but the tradition was hearty. Single men, the most mobile element in the population, were the most numerous group among the transients, just as they were when Daniel Boone moved into Kentucky, and single men have been notoriously discriminated against, although Jesus of Nazareth was an unemployed, single, homeless carpenter, and many other valuable men, including Leonardo, Spinoza, Shakespeare, and Aristotle, would have been classified as "unattached men" by an American social agency if they had had the misfortune to apply for help, and would have been sent to a congregate shelter of a type whose standards at this date do not need description.

Many factors, of course, had their part in dislocating people from their "legal residence" (the degree of correlation between homelessness and broken homes seems very high), but the remarkable thing was that once a man was separated from that "legal residence" he could hardly return, and once "legal residence" was lost he could never hope for help. By this ingenious method hundreds of thousands of persons were removed from the rolls and the consciences of supervisors of the poor, and the country managed to build up a transient army whose size has been estimated as approaching three million. These could usually get overnight care wherever they went—communities were afraid to do less—but in the morning they must go on. Cumulatively, the possibilities of this method of giving relief by refusing to consider the need are enormous; theoretically, it would be only a question of time before everyone would be displaced from his "legal residence" and no further relief would be necessary. The coincident appearance of the Russian film "The Road to Life" with the remarkable study of homeless boys by Professor A. Wayne McMillen of the University of Chicago focused attention so effectively on the problem that a special appropriation was made to be administered through the FERA for the relief of people who needed help at a place not their legal residence. The money to be spent was entirely federal, relieving the individual communities of a burden which they were both unwilling and unable to assume. The few regulations and restrictions laid down were very sensible and valuable in the main: there was to be no time limitation on relief to transients; work relief was to be provided for everybody able to work; professional case workers were to be an important part of the program; standards were to be high enough so that no one need consider life in the box cars an improvement on federal relief.

The money was to be allocated to the States which submitted satisfactory plans. A great majority submitted plans and most have some sort of transient program now operating. The situation was so bad that any change would have been an improvement, and improvement there has been. The submitted plans bear a remarkable resemblance to the first plan, that of Professor McMillen for Alabama. In their working out there have been wide disparities. The program was necessarily experimental; to deal fairly with transients was a new concept for communities which had no intention of dealing fairly with residents; consequently much freedom was allowed. As usual everything began with the premise that since there are no legitimate jobs available it is necessary to invent illegitimate jobs.

The program has now been in operation for a year. According to William J. Plunkert, Director of Transient Activities of the FERA, there were on May 1, 1934, 259 transient treatment centers and 92 camps. During the month of March 325,000 different individuals received some assistance from the centers. The number receiving assistance at any one time is approximately 166,500; nearly 40 per cent of these, surprisingly enough, are individuals in families. Of the unattached individuals newly registered in March, 127,720 were males and 2,326 were women. More than 10,000 of these were Negroes. The number of Mexicans, Indians, and Orientals has been almost negligible. Over 17 per cent were minors. During March 138,243 cases were closed, of which about 4,500 were given transportation to their homes or to some other destination where they presumably would be well taken care of; 102,000 cases were closed because the transient was unwilling or unable to accept any plan which the service could offer. This extremely high number must represent a confessed failure on the part of an agency whose express purpose was to stabilize transients. Up to the end of May approximately $14,700,000 had been granted to the States by the FERA for the relief of transients.

There can be little question that the recognition of and provision for the needs of transient persons constituted a considerable advance in social policy. But the transient program itself is as yet far from being adequately developed. One of the most serious obstacles it has had to face is the actual hostility of many communities to relief for transients. It is hard at first thought to understand why any community should not welcome the program, but the distrust, dislike, and downright hatred of transients in the minds of many business men have delayed the program in many regions and crippled its effectiveness in others. Transients are regarded as immoral, as "labor agitators," as worthless individuals who have no contribution to make to the community. "It's their own fault," is a frequent attitude, and the conclusion is drawn that nothing should be done about them, or that they should be given overnight care and hustled away, thus removing them from the sight and consciences of more stable folk. This formula for relieving distress by ignoring it is a favorite evasion in many places. There is likewise in many communities the attitude that the transient program is too good for transients, that it is coddling the bums and thus encouraging transiency. The notion that adequate relief, with a chance to work for what is given and to earn from 50 to 90 cents a week, is too good for Americans might be funny if it did not have disastrous consequences. But it is true that the fairly decent standards imposed by federal regulations are considerably higher than the standards of relief of many local relief organizations, and not a few starving but stable families who have maintained a legal residence and many unattached men who have accepted the chilly comfort of a municipal flop-house might improve their lot considerably by taking to the road. The conclusion which sensible people might be expected to draw from this is that local relief agencies must raise their standards.

By no means all the difficulties in effective transient work have been caused by this hostility, however; most State programs have weaknesses and some are weak all the way through. The State directors and subordinate officials in many instances are not trained social workers; often they lack any real social conscience or understanding of the program. They have made some egregious blunders and established some fatal policies. One of the worst of the latter is the return to legal residence of most individuals and families for whom legal residence is verified. This is to overlook the fact that if their legal residence were a place where a reasonable adjustment could be made, the transients would never have become transients. It is true that many, especially young boys, once they have a chance to sit down in a minimum of peace and comfort without the urgency of departure facing them for the next morning, realize that their place is at home, and with skilful assistance they can be brought to face their problems and handle them. Sometimes the assistance of the home agency can be enlisted in solving the conflicts which led to transiency, and sometimes a program can be developed for the transient on his return home which will fill the gaps which made home life seem bleak and an existence in the box cars preferable by comparison. But in too many State programs this is not attempted; a simple telegram, a reply proving residence for the past year—and transportation is furnished. This provides a certain amount of revenue for the railroads, but it is difficult to see what else of value it accomplishes. If the legal residence presents the same apparently insurmountable obstacles to adjustment which it presented before transiency, those obstacles can be escaped merely by running away from them again. It would be interesting to determine how many families and individuals have been provided with transportation to their homes only to take once more to the road when home looked as bad as ever.

In States which have turned the transient program into a transportation program the standards of case work—though not necessarily of physical care—are usually very low; the workers may be competent, but they are very few, with great loads, and are stuck off in a corner of the program to collect verifications of residence and do little else. The adjustment of transients to their situation, assistance to them in gaining insight into their predicament, is hardly thought of. Frequently, in fact, any variation from the most inconspicuous behavior is treated as a good reason for denying further service, and the "undesirable" transient is pushed out on the road again, to go through the same difficulties at the next center. It is certainly clear that many transients take to the road as a way of escaping from problems which seem insurmountable, and that this is a neurotic approach to life. Many transients do have serious psychic conflicts. So far even the best-organized State programs have provided little psychiatric service, and some have not even recognized that the more difficult an individual's problems are, the more he needs skilled help. It is too easy to dismiss a transient who causes—because he contains—problems.

Dismissal is also the easy way of dealing with the radicals in the ranks of the transients. Why there are not more of these is a great mystery; perhaps the transients are too individualistic to impose on themselves the radical discipline. But the fear in the minds of many transient officials of anyone who can be labeled radical or Communist or Socialist is really remarkable, and a simple effort of a few young boys to get three rather than two blankets, or stoves to heat the bunkhouse in a camp, has been interpreted as revealing the most sinister machinations of Moscow, justifying, and even requiring, that the offenders be ejected promptly and loaded into the nearest box cars. On one occasion men suspected on the vaguest of evidence of being "labor agitators" were transferred from one camp to another under guard of machine-guns and tear-gas bombs.

Too much dependence has been placed so far on camps as the main or even the only resource for the relief of transient men. Even the best of camps is no place for a man whose standards of privacy and living have been kept high, or for the psycho-neurotic, for example. And even for the rest it is hard to see how it is possible to prepare people for normal living by adjusting them to the abnormal regimented life in a congregate camp or shelter. It is hard to see, too, why there has so far been so little interest in the development of plans by which transients might be paid for their relief work in cash in full, maintaining themselves in quarters they themselves choose. There seems to be nothing in the federal regulations to prevent this development.

Many social workers have felt that the transient program offered the most interesting field in the country for adventurous and imaginative social work. This may still be true, but so far little more than the possibilities are visible. It is impossible to stabilize the transient except by offering him something better than life on the road. We are not yet ready to face the fact that something better can only mean ultimately a social order in which he can live and work and feel the value of his work for himself and the world.

Flop-House

By DAVID SCHEYER

I'VE been working for the Civil Works Education Service, a small segment of the moribund CWA which still clings to the lush fringes of the federal pay roll. My job was to hold classes in Chicago's flop-houses—the shelters where unemployed single men are, after a fashion, housed and fed. I was to provide food for the spirit.

"Go to 758," they told me when I started to work; 758 was office slang for the Reclassification Shelter in an abandoned school building at Halsted and Harrison on the West Side. I didn't do much teaching there. But I talked to people—supervisors, drunks, case workers, bouncers, perverts, and plain unemployed men—and I began to learn something of those unknown ash heaps where Chicago throws its unemployed. At 758 I saw the picture at its blackest. Yet when later I went to other flop-houses I found that 758 was no more than a caricature of the fundamental conditions in all of them. This was a flop-house for hopeless cases or men under observation. Here the drunks were drunker and absorbed cheaper "de-rail," the homosexuals were more overt, the psychopaths a little crazier, the watchman slugged a bit harder, the hopelessness was more hopeless. But there was nothing unique about it.

Looking for potential students my first evening, I went to the "bull-pen" where most of the 1,200 "guests"—the term is officially sanctioned—spend their days and years, sitting looking at newspapers, sitting playing pinochle, just sitting. The bull-pen is a long, low room in the basement. Two bulbs furnish light for the four or five hundred men sprawled on backless benches. Along one side runs a trough used as a washstand and a urinal.

The men all looked gray. Most of them were old. Some were talking, some singing alcoholically, some sitting quietly. But they were all gray and slouched and tired. It looked, I thought, like a literal hell—a place where emptiness goes on into eternity. It was hard to talk to these people. They were tired and suspicious. Too many curious college boys and case workers had interviewed them condescendingly. But I tried. I had, after all, my duty to the CWES.

"Have a cigarette? I'm supposed to have a class here," I volunteered, not too brightly, to an intelligent-looking but pretty tight guest. "What do you think would be a good thing to discuss in classes?"

"What the hell do I want wid a class?" he said, grabbing the cigarette. "We'd all of us here be a goddam lot better off if we was dead."

I talked to other people that evening. I talked to hundreds of guests in the succeeding months. I followed that phrase—"We'd be a lot better off dead"—trying to find how general the attitude was, what conditions lay behind it, what path had brought these men to the flop-houses, whether there was any path, short of death, leading out.

Meals in flop-houses are spaced to assume an impor-

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tance far beyond their intrinsic worth. Getting up at six, the guest is greeted by thin oatmeal, bread, and coffee, varied with powdered eggs or, very, very rarely, a slice of bacon. Hymns of hate could be written on flop-house coffee. Its fundamentals are a little chicory, a great deal of water, and a heavy shot of saltpeter. There is no midday meal. Supper is served at five. Normally it is beans or hash with potatoes, occasionally cheap meat—and flop-house coffee. The dieticians of the relief commission have said that two meals a day are enough for men not working. Meals, apparently, are meals to an official dietician regardless of caliber or quantity. These meals are, frankly, a starvation diet. As a starvation diet they fulfil important functions. First, they keep life in a flop-house from becoming so roseate that the unemployed prefer it to work, an imaginary danger conditioning most shelter supervision and supervisors. Secondly, they keep the guests in a dull, bewildered mood, inactive and unprotesting. Lastly, they are very cheap. Flop-house meals cost about two and one-half cents apiece.

The guests at 758 were a dying crew. Starvation and alcohol were cutting deep into already gaunt faces; few there could walk at more than a totter. At other flop-houses with more energetic guests the meals were supplemented in one way or another. Some found work here and there for a day at a time and managed to buy lunches. Others panhandled. Still others worked on the shelter staff and were rewarded by a noon meal and a dollar a week. These last, the "staff men"—cleaners, watchmen, doormen, waiters, dish-washers, straw bosses—formed the bureaucracy of the flop-houses. Singled out as rugged individuals, better fed, better clothed, they naturally were aligned on the side of the angels. The shelter supervisors tolerated in them vicious brutalities; all the watchmen, for example, were supplied with blackjacks and used them freely on recalcitrants. "We have to handle tough people," a shelter manager told me. "We've got to use tough methods to handle them." This is true. As flop-houses exist in Chicago today it would be impossible to operate without fascist technique and the stool-pigeon class of "staff men."

Sleeping in 758 was done on army cots with a blanket apiece. Some of the other flop-houses have progressed to the point of adding sheets. But all have the barracks system of cots packed in almost solidly with the men sleeping end to end, so that every face has two pair of feet less than a yard away. Needless to say, in the flop-houses feet are feet.

The curfew rings the knell of parting day at ten o'clock. Any guest out later is banned for the night and may only be readmitted with the consent of the case worker. The outcast can sleep in the park in the summer, but in winter, if he has a dime, he will go to a "cake house." Here his dime buys a cot and a cakes-and-coffee breakfast. The cake houses are privately operated flop-houses, lining West Madison Street and Halsted Street, about nine degrees worse than the official relief shelters. They have, added to all the other disabilities, a terrific assortment of international bugs—tropical lice from Mexico and California, northern bugs from Canadian lumber camps, Oriental bugs from the harbors of New York and San Francisco, and the déclassé but plentiful domestic bedbug.

In the official flop-houses the bug problem is handled by fumigations every two weeks. This is effective, but hard on clothes. After three or four trips through the fumigator pants fall apart at the seams and shirts tatter in ribbons. Clothes replacements are handled through Red Cross donations. The guest sits in a long line of incredibly ragged fellow-guests for from three to ten hours waiting to requisition new clothes. Then, after a further wait of two or three weeks, God and the Red Cross willing, his socks or denim shirt or cotton pants appear at last.

This is the objective picture of 758 and, largely, of all other shelters. It is a dark scene, and most case workers and shelter supervisors would admit it. But they would cite the magnitude of the job, the shortage of funds, the indifference of the public, and a dozen other alibis, all of them true. Most of these people are doing the best they can. But they carry around their necks the albatross of the case worker's tradition that what they are granting is pauper relief to destitute incompetents. Like all relief the flop-house system of today is a gradual accretion. It has grown from the old municipal lodging-house, which before 1929 handled eight hundred or a thousand men, to its present proportions without any fundamental change in directives. The underlying assumption is that flop-house men are bums.

Most of the men in 758 are bums, mentally and physically decayed, almost completely unemployable. At other flop-houses a smaller though still appallingly large percentage of the guests are in the same state. But there is a long story behind each case. My first friend in 758, for example, had been a telegrapher. He lost his job in 1927 at the age of fifty-one. For a few years he worked at odd jobs—as bill peddler, receiving clerk, canvasser. For two years he has had no employment at all. He has spent eighteen months of those two years in flop-houses—the last four in 758, classified as a hopeless alcoholic. Now he is drinking "de-rail"—shots of denatured alcohol, bought for seven or eight cents a pint—and belongs to the lowest caste of flop-house bums, a grade below those who seek Lethe in moonshine at fifteen cents a pint. Undoubtedy he will die in a flop-house and quite soon. But this man is old.

At other times and in other places I talked to younger men. They had been painters, carpenters, automobile mechanics, migratory farm hands, miners, shopkeepers, clerks, tool-makers, butchers, longshoremen, railroaders. There were Lithuanians from the coalfields of southern Illinois and Indiana, bewildered Mexicans drawn north to the stockyards, Negroes, and a large proportion of 100 per cent native white Americans. Many were ex-soldiers. Now underneath young and even cheerful faces you can see foreshadowed the seamed gray lines and bleared eyes of the men in 758. Up to a month in the flop-houses the line is, "Oh, I'm just here staying out a run of tough luck. I'm getting me a job next week." The two-months men begin to look a little uncertain, begin to complain of indigestion, begin to prefer sitting on the curb to walking the streets for jobs. In three months they sit on the curb longer, take a shot of gin in the morning to clear up last night's hangover. And the months mount up and the job doesn't come and when six months have passed they are flop-house bums, stuck here, save for a minor miracle, permanently.

There are fifteen thousand men in Chicago's shelters today. Half of them can never do serious work again. And even among the other half—the younger men, the stronger men, the men who stave off "de-rail"—another year will see three or four thousand more drifting into the 758 category.

The flop-house system does not suffer from the business cycle. It creates its own customers.

Mental stimulus was certainly needed, but I became increasingly doubtful of the physical foundation for an academic life in the shelters. I talked to groups sitting in dank bull-pens or on slum curbs; talked about unemployment insurance and relief, about the business cycle and surplus value, about politics and strikes and war. Sometimes they were interested. But it was always a flagging interest; it died as I left and would not stir again for weeks perhaps. They were too tired to be excited. Even the Communists lacked stamina. (Later I discovered that whenever a really competent organizer began to make headway the authorities promoted him to a work-relief job and got rid of him.) The reds I met were only discursively vocal without any staying power for a genuine protest movement in the flop-houses. The food, the blackjacks, and the bull-pen had bitten them too.

In South Chicago a bunch of sailors did shake off the shackles of the shelters. Twenty-five lake men, on the beach at Calumet Harbor, decided they didn't like the flop-house. They protested to the shelter manager, who threatened to call the police. They took their protest to the relief commission and sat down in the commission office, promising to stay there. Lake sailors are big, brawny lads, recruited from the farms of Illinois and Michigan and Wisconsin and Minnesota, and the relief commission needed its chairs. Now the seamen have their own shelter in South Chicago, run by themselves, financed by the FERA. Any case worker who goes near it must be prepared to answer rather than ask questions.

This is part of a solution to the flop-house problem but an isolated part and likely to remain so. Men who have spent a year, two years, in the bull-pen will never discover it. Men who have eaten the lotus of flop-house food for months, men who find the way out in "de-rail," cannot emulate it. The guests in 758, the seven or eight thousand who have been submerged during these past years, the thousands who will join them in the months and years to come—they'd be a "goddam lot better off if they was dead."

Labor Notes

Section 7-a Looks Up

TWO highly encouraging decisions have been handed down by the new National Labor Relations Board in interpretation of Section 7-a. In the Tamaqua Underwear case, previously noted in *The Nation,* the board has ordered the reinstatement of sixty-one employees, members of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, who were refused employment because of a closed-shop contract between the management and a company union. The board found that the Tamaqua Employees' Association was in fact a company union; accordingly, any closed-shop contract it might have signed with the management was invalid. Incidentally, the board remarked that a "collective-bargaining agreement such as this, which provides merely for the closed shop, is an oddity in the annals of labor relations." Significantly, the board took pains to mention that its decision did not bear on the "validity of a closed-shop agreement with a bona fide labor union." In a second decision the board ruled on the grievances of the Lighting Equipment Workers' Local Union No. 19427 against Edward F. Caldwell and Company of New York City, manufacturers of ornamental fixtures. The management flatly refused to sign a collective contract with the union. Instead, it brought pressure to bear so that 100 out of a total of 150 employees were constrained to sign individual contracts with respect to wages, hours, and working conditions. The board held that under the circumstances the individual contracts were inconsistent with Section 7-a: "An employer who, having already been informed by the representatives of his employees that they desire to bargain collectively, deliberately sets out to bargain with them individually interferes with the rights guaranteed his employees by the law. . . . These contracts, which covered wages and hours, the prime subjects of collective negotiation, would, if valid, empty the employees' right of collective bargaining of all significance and purpose." In both cases the board has no doubt acted upon sound principles. Its next program will be to prevail upon anti-union employers to comply with these principles. This was the rock on which the old board was wrecked.

Railway Workers and the New Deal

I

THE railroads, 137 strong, have asked an injunction to prevent the Railroad Retirement Board from collecting assessments from the carriers and their employees under the provisions of the Railroad Pension Act which was passed by the last Congress. The carriers, as was expected, invoke the "due process" clause as well as the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution. The Railroad Pension bill, which has just gone into effect, is the Administration's only tangible accomplishment to date in the matter of economic-security legislation. Almost all the carriers intend to continue their "charity" pension plans until forced to discontinue them by judicial edict. Some of them, like the Pennsylvania, will immediately begin making the payroll deductions required by the law, but will segregate the funds pending the outcome of the suit. Holding fast to the capitalistic ethic, the railroad executives believe that retirement pensions should be a reward bestowed out of the overflowing goodwill of the employer. They cannot as yet accept the idea that the employer owes it as a legal duty to his workers to provide for their old age. More concretely, the charges imposed by the bill on the railroads represent a substantial stepping-up over the contributions which the railroads have seen fit to make under existing voluntary retirement plans.

II

DESPITE the last-minute efforts of the expiring shop-crafts company unions to organize themselves on a national basis, the National Railway Adjustment Board has been set up with solid trade-union representation on the labor side. Each of the eighteen employee representatives chosen is a member, either of one of the brotherhoods or of one of the A. F. of L. unions affiliated with the Railway Employees Department. Meanwhile, the railroad workers continue to repudiate the company union. On the Erie Railroad, the Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way Employees recently defeated the company union, 2,573 to 973, in an election of representatives for collective bargaining. Again, the firemen, oilers, and the shop crafts on the Chicago Junction Railroad have chosen by a vote of better than two to one to affiliate with the Railway Employees Department rather than remain bound to a company union. All indications point to a victory for the A. F. of L. in a like referendum, scheduled for the near future, among the shop craftsmen of the Illinois Central. After long years of subjection to the Union Pacific's company union, the workers have once more organized themselves into a divisional federation of the Railway Employees Department. Similar divisional federations have been established in the New Jersey Central and Norfolk and Western systems. The 1934 amendments to the Railway Labor Act are bearing genuine fruit.

III

ONE of the most essential of these amendments—aimed against the compulsory "check-off"—is now being tested before the United States District Court at Topeka, Kansas. It prohibits the carriers from deducting, collecting, or assisting to collect out of the wages of employees "dues, fees, assessments, or other contributions" payable to a labor organization. On June 21 the trustees of the bankrupt Rock Island Railroad dissolved a "check-off" contract previously in force between the management and the Association of Rock Island Mechanical and Power Plant Employees—a company union. Forthwith officers of the union brought suit to restrain the trustees from voiding the contract and to enjoin the enforcement of the Railway Labor Act as "unconstitutional." The court granted a temporary restraining order and set July 28 as a hearing date. In the bill of complaint the company-union officers argue that they "will be unable to make collection of dues . . . the association will be destroyed, or its effectiveness materially reduced." This amounts to an open confession that the company union will fall to pieces unless the employer helps it to raid the pay envelopes of the workers. The Supreme Court decision of 1930 in the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks' case indicated that the court has no sympathy with the company union, so far at least as it afflicts railway workers. The outcome of the present suit will be of vital importance to the future of organized labor.

Rank-and-File Revolt

PROGRESSIVE groups in Local 306 of the Motion Picture Operators, the union which Sam Kaplan, convicted labor racketeer, once headed, are house-cleaning again. Harry Sherman, former hireling of Paramount-Publix, has been removed from his $20,000-a-year job as president, and the rank and file has demanded the recall of several other officers. The progressives found Sherman's methods in office hardly less high-handed than those of his predecessor, Kaplan. A laudable program calling for a closed ballot, reduced assessments, lower salaries for union officers, strict accounting of expenditure of union funds, and elimination of racketeering has been presented by the reform group. If the International union which has taken control of Local 306 abandons its former obstructionist tactics and gives its whole-hearted support to the reform program, Local 306 will be able to make real progress. The labor czars have discredited and weakened the whole American labor movement. Rank-and-file elements in other unions would do well to emulate the example of their fellow-workers in Local 306.

Bootleg Mining

THE vigilantes of the NRA have discovered "rebellion and civil war, which only the calling out of the National Guard can suppress," in the anthracite coalfields of Pennsylvania. This is the description and solution of "bootleg" mining troubles offered by Ira C. Cochran, chairman of the Federal Coal Code Authority. Recent reports of union strife in the coalfields have served to minimize the fact that grim economic war has been and is still going on between the miners, of all unions, and the operators. King Coal's illness has resulted in the closing and flooding of many shafts, available work is given to non-union men, and the union miners, jobless and poverty-stricken, have taken to digging their own pits on company property and selling the coal thus mined for a meager livelihood. This is bootleg mining, and it is no exaggeration to say that the operators regard it as one of their most important problems, for they fear that desperate miners may also seize working shafts, drive off the scabs, and do pitched battle for possession. State police were sent in to the Pottsville area recently to smash bootleg mining, and this has further heightened the temper of the miners. Cochran's plea for the National Guard has been soft-pedaled somewhat by Governor Pinchot, who has undertaken an investigation of the situation. But meanwhile NRA enforcement agencies are upholding the sacred rights of property and are planning a vigorous drive on the unauthorized coal traffic. Hasty action on their part may precipitate bloody warfare such as has seldom been equaled. These miners will be fighting not merely for jobs but for their very lives. The situation is a serious one; it demands an understanding that NRA officials have thus far failed to show.

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Clinical Note

By VINCENT McHUGH

Sickness makes a fool of the mind:
All day in his box he crawled and whined
And licked at the sweated wall of bone,
And had no wit to call his own.
In the night, in the dark, he opened his throat
To a single soundless quavering note
That came out of him like a twanged arrow,
Out of his bowels, out of his marrow.
No one heard him. No one crept
To tap at the wall. The dead slept.

Poem

By CLINCH CALKINS

(To an Infant Born in Times of Great Change)

The white sun will grow and coarsen into flame in the west.
Stay at my breast. Stay small and beautiful.
The unabstaining moon, too, will age and fatten.
Do not restrain her. But the satin bud
Let it not disclose its heart, nor the new leaf
Show its veins and hasten into fall.
Stay at my breast,
Stay beautiful and small.

A Morality of Pointlessness

Appointment in Samarra. By John O'Hara. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

MR. O'HARA'S first book is highly readable and grossly entertaining; and it has the advantage of belonging to the most popular of present schools of the novel, the school which includes Hemingway more or less complete and such recent books as "The Postman Always Rings Twice" and "Brain Guy"; it is the school which gives provisionally permanent expression to the attitude which produces a weekly *New Yorker* and a monthly *Esquire.* Thus the dedication is to F. P. A., and the title—which means an appointment with inescapable and sudden death—is explained in an epigraph drawn from an unpublished play of Somerset Maugham's.

Because the school, not only in the content of its productions but also in its public relations, is, so to speak, becoming tough and domineering in terms of its positive but limited virtues, Mr. O'Hara's book deserves examination at a certain length. It is a segmentary novel, occupying Christmas Eve, Christmas, and the day after Christmas, 1930, in the city of Gibbsville, Pennsylvania, with various cut-backs and two postscripts. It contains a telescopic history of Gibbsville and exhibits a segmentary view, as a segmentary novel should, of many of its citizens, most often in a sexual or alcoholic but always evidently normal posture: all these in terms of the characterization above.

The protagonist is Julian English, aged thirty, of the aristocracy, who loves his wife but drinks too much. On Christmas Eve he throws a highball in the face of Harry Reilly, who is self-made, Irish Catholic, and a bore, and to whom Julian owes $20,000. This occurs at the Lantenengo Country Club. On Christmas night he gets drunk, and because his wife refuses to keep a date with him in their parked car, he takes the mistress of Gibbsville's leading bootlegger out of a roadhouse into somebody else's parked car. This occurs in front of his wife, some of his friends, and one of his employees. The day after Christmas is a bad day for Julian, with his servants, his wife, and at his office. So he beats up a one-armed friend and a Polack lawyer or two at the Gibbsville Club. This happens in front of the club steward. Then he drives round the country to cool off, back to town, and finds his wife coming out of her mother's house. When he tells her the latest she tells him she is through and calls off the big party they were to have given that night. Julian goes home, sets to work on the liquor for the party and on the female society reporter who calls for the guest list. Then, at the safety point of alcoholic stupor, he kills himself in his garage by carbon-monoxide poisoning.

The book also contains the life histories of Julian, his wife Caroline, his father the doctor, Al Grecco the bootlegger's runner; short sketches of Harry Reilly, Monsignor Creedon, Ed Charney the big shot, Luther Fliegler the normal American salesman; and thumbnail sketches or characteristic anecdotes of a score of others. Luther Fliegler, the normal man, opens and closes the book and is the only chorus for its climax. He is, I think, the author's only ironic representation, but he has no integral part in the action. Al Grecco, whose history is given at the next greatest length to that of Julian, has no integral part either; although, like Fliegler, he is apparently to suffer because of Julian's actions. Fliegler and Grecco are not so much subordinate as parallel characters. The quality of agency so far as the main story goes is reserved to Julian alone. The other characters are interesting as lookers-on and innocent bystanders, affected or injured by Julian's private and inexplicable explosion.

It is characteristic of this school of writing that its crucial gesture is inexplicable. The man kills himself without having once, before that day, thought of death as a solution, and without ever having felt death's lag or its magnetism. We are told only, early in the book, that his grandfather killed himself after having embezzled considerably. Julian is in debt, but not, with his family resources, inextricably. He kills himself, apparently, because his wife does not immediately forgive his drunken stupidity. He kills himself, so far as I can see, either pointlessly or out of back-handed good-will, out of gruff, tough, sentimental loyalty to a code itself pointless.

Part of this pointlessness is due to the segmentary character of the novel. The different groups of characters in the book, their motives and objects, are segments fitted one after another. They do not grow together, nor, I think, are they meant to. They achieve a kind of specious unity by being printed in sequence and by interrupting each other, and they further comprise a patchwork background. It is true that both Fliegler and Al Grecco act in some part as mirrors or reflectors in which we get images of Julian as a real guy, but they are not otherwise even apparently made to work into the main action. However interesting they may be in themselves, and they are interesting, as agents of this novel they are incredibly wasteful and meretricious. In short, although the book is dramatic in the sense that it is exciting, is vivid and written at high speed, is accurate and often penetrating, it is not a well-designed drama, in the sense that its parts do not supplement, bind, and enforce each other. Much of it might exactly as well be in some other novel.

But the book would no doubt repeat that it meant to be pointless and fragmentary. That is the way things are thought to happen ever since Hergesheimer became Hemingway: they are poignantly pointless to the point of sentimentality. Only, to make a book, they have to be tough and exciting about liquor and women. With these stipulations, we have the kind of craft which makes a good detective story good reading: a craft of particulars, and surfaces, and anecdotes, covering a highly artificial convention of reality: an exciting craft to appreciate while the story lasts.

In other words, however immediate and however great the claim to reality, to authority, such a book makes, we are actually reading a romance, which can have as its best merit that it entertains and thrills. The romance I mean is that defined by Henry James as experience liberated, cut loose from our sense of the way things ordinarily happen. The only fault with this sort of writing is that it pretends not to cut loose where it cuts the sharpest: where it makes a morality of pointlessness, and an action out of intoxication.

It may be, of course, that Mr. O'Hara is right. Certainly his first novel has the vigor of conception, the ear for speech, and the eye for effect that make good writing; and he has, more valuable, the facility for the immediate aspects of character. The fault of romanticism I find may be merely a failure to combine his merits with the persuasive force of style. The pointlessness may be right, at least in the legitimate field of sex and liquor. But it is certainly not a new vocation.

R. P. BLACKMUR

Assurance Through Social Insurance

The Quest for Security. By I. M. Rubinow. Henry Holt and Company. $3.50.

THIS sound and brilliantly written book appeared, by a striking coincidence, on the very day on which President Roosevelt announced to Congress and to the country that he intended at the coming session of Congress to push for a comprehensive program of social insurance. It is therefore in the truest sense an extraordinarily timely work, and one which without any sacrifice of real scholarship reads as fascinatingly as a swift-moving novel.

It shows how one of the great driving forces of Americans, as of other people, has always been the quest for security. Formerly we sought it by carving out homesteads and building up small businesses. Today those forms of security do not avail for the vast majority, who are confined as wage and salaried workers within an industrial system. The wages which they receive are, in a very large percentage of cases, insufficient to meet even current needs, to say nothing of providing a nest egg for possible future contingencies. Even the skilled do not have much of a surplus which they can lay aside. And when the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse—accidents, sickness, old age, and unemployment—ride down upon their victims, they find them with grossly insufficient reserves to meet the heavy economic losses which they must suffer. The result is that millions of families are swept into poverty and suffering for lack of protection.

But while these losses are too great to be borne by the unfortunate minority of individuals upon whom at any one time they fall, they are not too great to be borne by society as a whole. The most effective and adequate way of doing so is through the system of insurance. Most men are, after all, generally employed, and most people are relatively healthy, just as most houses do not burn down and only a comparatively few people die in any one year. Insurance has indicated the way in which these losses may be distributed. The many make small contributions in order to protect themselves against great losses, should they be the unlucky ones. It is better for a thousand householders to pay ten dollars each a year as fire insurance, and with this to indemnify the one man whose house does burn down, than for the latter to suffer the full ten-thousand-dollar loss. And they will all sleep better at night for knowing that if their particular house should burn down, they would be protected.

Americans have seen the solid sense of this in the case of fire, marine, and life insurance. They have been very slow to see it in the case of the great industrial risks, and it has really taken the depression to reveal how frail is the protection afforded by individual savings. For our wage and low-salaried workers the quest for security must, therefore, fundamentally take the form of the pooled protection of social insurance. In order to get an adequate coverage and to protect those who need it most, this insurance will have to be made mandatory. In fact, this is one of the characteristics which distinguish social from ordinary insurance, namely, that society regards such protection as so important to the community as a whole that it feels it must encourage or require its adoption. A second difference is that while private insurance cannot, in the nature of the case, distinguish between recipients on the basis of need, this is not only possible but probably desirable from the social point of view. If this were clearly realized, then the objections to providing extra allowances for dependents, and to permitting some groups to draw out more than they put in, would fall to the ground.

It is a merit of Rubinow's book that he considers, with a wealth of illustration, how accidents, sickness, unemployment, and old age should be provided for in the light of these principles. Another of its many virtues is the fair and dispassionate way in which it deals with the question whether under unemployment insurance we should follow the Wisconsin plan of separate company reserves or the Ohio plan of pooled reserves. His ultimate answer is that since the burden of unemployment is very different in the various industries, the Wisconsin plan would result in a great inequality of benefits among the unemployed, and hence be impracticable, and that the preventive features of the Wisconsin act have been greatly exaggerated. This is pointed out with a full recognition of the splendid pioneering efforts of John R. Commons and Harold Groves, which lifts the whole discussion to the high level on which it belongs.

The objectors to unemployment insurance at the present time, particularly the private insurance companies, are insisting that we should not adopt it because, since we cannot foresee how much unemployment there will be, the risk is uninsurable. Mr. Rubinow does not devote much space in his book to discussing this objection, although he has considered it in full elsewhere. The answer, however, is clear. In the first place, the funds collected will provide a far greater assurance of protection to those thrown out of work than is now the case. This is the real end sought, and I am inclined to believe that the French term *assurance* is more accurate than the word insurance, and that it would arouse less opposition if it were employed. The second answer is that we already have much more information on the past volume of unemployment than obscurantists are willing to admit, and that an allowance of an average of 10 per cent, plus a reserve for catastrophes, should, barring a complete collapse of capitalism, provide for by far the major portion of unemployment in the future. From this the average premiums can be computed according to the scale of benefits, the length of the waiting period, the duration of benefits, and so forth. It is my own judgment that a 4 per cent assessment on the pay roll can provide, on the average, 45 per cent benefits up to twenty weeks in a year, with a three weeks' waiting period, if a major business cycle is taken as the unit. Furthermore, the rates may be revised if they prove inadequate. In fact, the only way to get the complete statistical material upon which more accurate rates can be based is through the medium of unemployment insurance. It is this which makes the opposition of many of the insurance companies appear disingenuous in the light of the fact that they undertook marine and fire insurance without any very adequate statistical basis.

Social insurance, because of the President's message, promises to be one of the great political and social issues of the next few years. The citizen who wants to inform himself, and have a good time doing it, cannot do better than to read Rubinow's book. Although Rubinow is a distinguished actuary, there is not a statistical table in the book. It is brimful of shrewd and salty common sense and penetrating analysis, and it shows a thorough mastery over details. Incidentally, the Administration could not do better than to put Rubinow in charge of the formulation of its social-insurance program, which will need the careful work of experts. PAUL H. DOUGLAS

Honest Bewilderment

The Architecture of the Universe. By W. F. G. Swann. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

"THE Architecture of the Universe" is intended to present the less vulgar with the latest conclusions of physics, though to this unlearned reviewer many of the conclusions, as they are presented in this book at least, appear somewhat dubious. Dr. Swann, we discover, has a certain contempt for the ordinary judgments of mankind with respect to the primary concepts of his subject. "Old Euclid," he informs us, defined a straight line as the shortest distance between two points. Euclid, as Dr. Swann would discover if he troubled to acquaint himself with Euclid, did not define the straight line in this way. The error might be considered trifling. It is not, for it is one example out of many of his ignorance of the analyses and the doctrines of the ancients. This too might be of little importance, but the ordinary judgments of the common man to which Dr. Swann condescends are the products of those very analyses and doctrines: to endeavor to understand them without regard to the contexts and the systems in which they first occur is to understand them incorrectly. It is to fail to understand them at all.

Dr. Swann ignores a simpler question. In the beginning we are all alike innocent of knowledge; but the step from a state of complete ignorance to the perception or understanding of something is not identical with the change from a simple or incomplete understanding to an understanding more complete. In the one case there is a complete discontinuity, in the other there is not. Dr. Swann ignores the distinction. From him we shall not learn whether the ordinary judgments of mankind are proper to the state of innocence or the state of simplicity. The question is important, since in the one instance there is a mutual ground and the ground not that of contradiction between the scientist and the ordinary man, and in the othere there is none.

Dr. Swann, then, dispenses with the ancient, the ordinary judgments of the matter. In their place he discovers for us novel conclusions. He gives us no real knowledge as to the reason or the nature of their origin; but deficient in this reason and nature, they can do little more than amuse or astound. We apply mathematics to things; in consequence of this action we discover certain other things. From the facts alone, however, we cannot find what the significance of the application itself is; but with this significance absent the facts can be little more than the curiosities of the moment. That Dr. Swann intends more than our amusement or information may be inferred from the contents of the final chapter, since there he gives us a kind of theology. A theology, moreover, which is imposed on its subject from without, and so, apart from its intrinsic ineptness, of no value.

In content "The Architecture of the Universe" extends from a consideration of atomic theories to relativity; but any attempt of the reader to discover an internal ordering and reason must end in disappointment. It must be confessed that we are somewhat unfair to Dr. Swann. In terms of his endeavor his work succeeds better than many a like work on the subject. It is possible that the defect is not in him, but in the nature of the popular exposition itself. LINCOLN REIS

Baruch or Benedictus

The Philosophy of Spinoza. Unfolding the Latent Process of His Reasoning. By Harry Austryn Wolfson. The Macmillan Company. Two Volumes. $7.50.

Spinoza and Buddha. Visions of a Dead God. By S. M. Melamed. The University of Chicago Press. $3.

DR. WOLFSON'S interpretation of Spinoza is that of a student of medieval Jewish philosophy. According to him Spinoza did not contribute anything essentially new to the intellectual heritage of the West. Behind the explicit Benedictus, "who reasons according to the rigid method of the geometer," lurks the real man, Baruch, "whose thought turns along the beaten logical paths of medieval reasoning." Benedictus found his problems already clearly formulated for him by the thinkers who preceded him. And the solutions which he proposed involved no more than the courage required to draw logical conclusions where his predecessors had avoided them at all costs. These solutions Dr. Wolfson formulates as "four acts of daring," consisting in the thorough acceptance of the major implications of the principle of the unity of nature. To establish his thesis Dr. Wolfson calls to his aid an enormous erudition, which in the manner in which it is displayed amounts almost to a history of the problems of medieval philosophy. The critical apparatus is impressive, but it seems all too often unnecessarily in evidence. Quotations from medieval philosophy are overmultiplied, and the main thread of the exegesis is interrupted for the sake of discussions which, while never uninteresting, are not always specially apposite. But this is a superficial criticism not meant to detract from the solidity of Dr. Wolfson's work, from its meticulous scholarship and from the light with which it frequently floods dark passages of the "Ethics."

The resulting account of Spinoza's system, however, is extremely one-sided. Dr. Wolfson's erudition makes it highly plausible, but one wonders whether Spinoza was only one of the last of the medieval rabbis. What of Benedictus's relations to the intellectual currents of his day? These are denied by implication, and yet the modern Spinoza was not only characterized by his geometrical manner of reasoning. The only one of his contemporaries to whom frequent reference is made is Descartes. Now Spinoza may have been at heart a medieval. He kept, it is true, a studied detachment from his day. But this detachment was very specious. And there is certainly more to him than intellectual intrepidity. At least his intrepidity needs to be accounted for. Or else the traditional interpretation which makes of him the heir of Hobbes, Galileo, Bruno, and Copernicus, as well as of Maimonides and Aristotle, needs to be disposed of. Leaving out of his account Spinoza's essential modernity Dr. Wolfson also leaves out of account another very important aspect of his philosophy. The "Ethics" is not the work of a professor, nor has its appeal been to professors only. Interested as Spinoza was in technical philosophy and in its traditional "problems," and important as is this aspect of his thought, his work in this respect is more than a logical exercise because Spinoza was interested in vision as well as in technique; and this interest is written large and luminously not only on the little we know of his life and character but also on everything he wrote.

Unlike Dr. Wolfson's book, Mr. Melamed's is an impres-

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sionistic, eccentric, and even on the surface quite prejudiced essay. The reader is left extremely baffled by it. A documented criticism of it would be impossible in a short space; to examine its thesis, to disentangle the knotted skein of its thought, would require several columns at least. All one can do is merely to state one's reaction to it. In his preface the author claims to have "demonstrated" that Buddha is the "spiritual ancestor" of Spinoza. The phrase is ambiguous. Nor does it become clear in the text whether it means that Buddha influenced Spinoza either directly or through the mediation of other thinkers, or whether it means that Buddha and Spinoza are both expressions of one of the two spiritual "forces" which, according to Mr. Melamed, have shaped the history of our civilization. The latter seems to be meant in a number of passages while the former seems to be meant in numerous other passages. Of course, the two types of relationship are not necessarily incompatible, but the thesis, as presented by the author, is an extremely confused and confusing affair. One wonders, besides, in what sense Mr. Melamed uses the term "demonstration," since the nearest thing to evidence adduced by him of a connection between Buddha and Spinoza is the dubious assertion of Indian influence on Europe through Asia Minor before Christ. And, the reviewer believes, specialists consider the question an open one, for the evidence on which it is founded is extremely thin. In either case, and even granting the mystic philosophy of history on which the whole argument seems to be based, those similarities between Spinoza and Buddha to which Mr. Melamed points are chiefly of his own making, consisting as they do mainly of a distortion of Spinoza's system.

It was not, however, the novelty of Mr. Melamed's thesis or the heterodoxy of the logic through which he seeks to defend it but the intention of the book that baffled the reviewer most. Mr. Melamed's attitude toward Spinoza is too obviously personal to give the book a scientific ranking. Were Spinoza alive it would be difficult to believe that Mr. Melamed's disagreement with him was only a philosophical one. But this of course cannot be the case. Nor can the book be explained as propaganda. For if propaganda, what cause has it been meant to serve? How, then, is one to interpret it? The reviewer has no positive answer. One thing is quite clear—this essay is the vigorous reaction of a strong personality against the thought of a man who, for two and a half centuries, has either compelled the reverence or elicited the hate of all those who have approached him.

ELISEO VIVAS

Hitler and the Church

Judaism, Christianity, and Germany. By Cardinal Faulhaber. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

AFTER a momentary truce the murder of Dr. Klausener, leader of the German Catholic Action, on June 30 has caused the fight between the Catholic church and the Hitler Government to flare up with greater intensity than before. The National Socialist state insists on unconditional surrender, not only in worldly but in spiritual affairs. Besides the question of control of the Catholic youth, the rock on which the Concordat with the Holy See has come to grief, there is the important issue of Dr. Rosenberg's "Myth of the Twentieth Century," the spiritual credo of the Third Reich whose emphasis on racial instead of human and spiritual values has placed it on the Index of the Catholic church. Among those in the forefront of this fight against the political teachings and spiritual conceptions of the German regime, Cardinal Faulhaber of Munich is the undisputed leader. In five sermons delivered at St. Michael's Church in Munich during the Advent season of 1933 this outstanding figure in German Catholicism presented a believing churchman's analysis of the perversions of the Nazi state. Questions thrown into the forefront of discussion by its leaders—the Jewish heritage of Christ, the relation of Christianity to Teutonism, the uncritical deification of Germany's mythical ancestors—find vigorous answer. "Of any civilization properly so-called among the Germans of the pre-Christian era there can be no question, according to Tacitus," says this renowned cleric. "It is a mortifying fact that the pictorial representations of the ancient Germans which we possess do not come from the hands of their compatriots but from Roman sculptors who on Trajan's column in Rome depicted German prisoners of war . . ."

Specifically the book is a defense of the Old Testament and its "religious, moral, and social values," but the aggressive tone in which it is written makes it a call to arms to all men against the oppressive regime. For this prince of the Catholic church chooses his intellectual weapons from the arsenal of history rather than of religion, and deals blow for blow with a courage which even those who do not share his religious convictions must appreciate. The book has been published in Germany and has not been forbidden. But woe unto the bookseller who dares offer it for sale.

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ADOLF HITLER has little reason to congratulate himself on the results of the special plebiscite indorsing his assumption of absolute power in the Reich. While on the surface the vote of nine to one in support of Hitler would appear to be a complete vindication of his extraordinary actions during the past two months, the fact that more than four and a quarter million voters were courageous enough to risk certain retaliation by registering their opposition is, under the circumstances, sufficient to give pause even to a dictator. This is particularly true in view of the character of the campaign. No opposition candidates were permitted: the issue as it was presented to the German people was Hitler or chaos. Every trick of publicity, every form of pressure were unscrupulously exploited in an effort to secure an overwhelming victory. The master stroke of the campaign—suspiciously comparable in timeliness to the Reichstag-fire incident in 1933—was the "discovery," four days before the election, of Hindenburg's will, which by good fortune contained a paragraph in praise of the unifying effect of the Nazi movement. Whether Hindenburg himself wrote this section or whether it was the product of the skilful hand of Goebbels is, of course, unknown, but its effect as a political document can scarcely be questioned. Moreover, since the poll was conducted under Nazi supervision, with the votes counted and reported by Nazi officials, it is impossible even to estimate the extent of real opposition to Hitler's policies. The doubling of the number of "no" votes since last November suggests, however, that it is far greater than anyone would have thought possible six months ago. Already we can see the first effects of Hitler's desperate coup at the end of June.

ONE OF THE FINEST THINGS that Mr. Roosevelt has done since his return to Washington was to appoint Ernest Gruening to the post of director of the new Division of Territories and Island Possessions in the Department of the Interior. This selection is one of those acts of grace by means of which the present Administration so often redeems its political errors and disarms its critics. Liberals and anti-imperialists everywhere will be moved to overlook a dozen Farley appointments in their delighted approval of the choice of so sturdy an opponent of the ruthless policy that has characterized every preceding Administration in its treatment of our smaller neighbors and of the islands under our rule. Ernest Gruening's long fight for justice to the peoples of the Caribbean was waged for many years through the columns of *The Nation,* which he served as an editor at two different periods. It was largely through his investigations and unceasing demand for action that the first steps were taken that led eventually to the withdrawal of American forces from Haiti—a process finally accomplished only one day before Dr. Gruening's appointment was announced. The editors of *The Nation,* therefore, have particular reason to feel both pleasure and pride in their former colleague's new post and to wish him the fullest measure of satisfaction and success.

THE DEPARTURE of the last American marines and naval forces from Haiti ended nineteen years of continuous occupation. While it is too late to make amends for the wanton destruction of the lives of thousands of men and women who were the innocent victims of the juggernaut of American imperialism, the removal of the armed forces of the United States is bound to lessen tension throughout the Caribbean. But lest our satisfaction with this step make us unduly complacent, it should be remembered that Haiti is not wholly free as long as the United States retains control over the customs and finance as a security for loans advanced by the National City Bank. Under the new treaty the Bank of Haiti, which is to be acquired by the Haitian government from the National City Bank, will take charge of the service on the country's debt, and until the balance is paid, representatives of the bond-holders and of the present financial control will constitute a majority of the board of directors. In these days the power to repudiate or scale down burdensome debts is one of the most coveted attributes of national sovereignty. We can, however, find cause for honest satisfaction in the knowledge that this rather oppressive business arrangement is not backed by the threat of physical force, and that Haiti can, presumably, buy its way out to complete independence within a reasonable time.

DRIVEN by the desperation of the rank and file, especially the Southern delegates, the New York convention of the United Textile Workers of America authorized their executive committee to call a general strike of 300,000 cotton-textile workers on or before September 1, and empowered the committee to call out an additional 525,000 workers from the silk, rayon, and worsted mills. If the strike is actually called, which is doubtful, there is every reason to expect that violence will flame higher, especially in northern Alabama, than in San Francisco's general strike, with its red-baiting aftermath. Very little of what happens in the Southern textile region gets into the news dispatches. For example, New York papers recounted the abduction of John Dean, organizer of the present strike involving 23,000 workers in Florence, Huntsville, and other northern Alabama mill villages. But the dispatches have yet to mention that Dean, Gowins, and other organizers now go about their business escorted by bodyguards of from fifty to three hundred workers armed with shotguns and repeating rifles, and that without such guards their lives would not be safe. Working conditions, as attested by delegates to the convention and as described by Alexander Kendrick on another page of this issue, are worse even than the meager provisions of the code require. Practically nowhere is the $12 minimum wage observed; the stretch-out and speed-up have maintained production at the pre-code level; by a variety of devices, including unprecedented rent charges and the successive hiring and firing of unpaid "apprentice workers," the mill-owners have carried the exploitation of labor under the New Deal as far as if not farther than it was carried in any previous period.

WHEN AFFIDAVITS citing these facts are presented to the State Compliance Board, it happens by a curious coincidence that the workers signing them are shortly without jobs. Attempts have been made, in some cases successfully, to use the relief administration as a strike-breaking agency. The Huntsville Chamber of Commerce has threatened to remove any welfare worker found giving food to the striking mill workers. Lacking either jobs or the fantastically meager dole which Alabama allows its unemployed, these freeborn Americans find their ultimate refuge in the dirty hovels made of packing cases which have grown up on the outskirts of the mill villages. Women and children haunt the garbage dumps. The Southern textile region has yielded thus far what can only be described as a condition of economic and social anarchy. Like the Sabine men, the A. F. of L. leaders have walked into this battle "one step forward, two steps backward." They fear defeat and with some reason. The United Textile Workers have a total strike reserve fund of only a million dollars, whereas the estimated expense of running a strike of 825,000 workers would reach at least a million dollars a week. For many months the McMahon-Gorman leadership has been trying to establish its right to a place in the inner circle of the NRA. One stronghold has been stormed: United Textile representatives have been named to both the cotton-textile and the silk-wool boards. The next point of attack is union representation on the Code Authority. If the union succeeds, the strike will probably not be called; at least not by the international officers of their own volition, although there is no telling how violent the upsurge from below—from the desperate rank and file—may prove to be.

MASS PICKETING BY STRIKERS will hereafter be permitted, wholesale arrests are barred, strike-breakers will receive no special police protection, and police on duty must observe strict neutrality in labor controversies, according to new and admirable instructions to the New York City police which apparently emanated from Mayor La Guardia. They were sent out shortly after the Mayor had investigated charges of police brutality against strikers and decided that they were true. The new policy is probably not unconnected with public criticism of his police commissioner, John F. O'Ryan, who avowedly believes in strong-arm methods in dealing with mass demonstrations. Testimony in the Mayor's investigation lighted up for a moment at least that mysterious occurrence commonly known as a "strike riot" or sometimes as a "pitched battle," in which, strangely enough, only unarmed workers get hurt. One striker testified that when he asked a policeman why some of his fellow-workers had been arrested, he was struck by two policemen and a sergeant and then put under arrest. The sixteen-year-old son of a striker was struck and arrested when he asked a policeman if he might speak to his father, who was among the pickets. The investigation also served to bring out the obviously provocative and partisan custom, which now prevails throughout the country, of escorting strike-breakers under official guard to and from other men's jobs. The New York police, it is said, are worried over the latitude given to strikers under the Mayor's order. It is admittedly difficult for a man with a club to be neutral. But since the police are forbidden to use their clubs they might use their heads. They might reflect, for instance, that they are workers, too.

MOST DEVELOPMENTS during the past year in the field of industrial relations have centered around Section 7-a of the National Recovery Act. Section 7-b has been lost from sight in the heat of this controversy. And yet Section 7-b is of critical importance, for it authorizes the President to encourage the making of collective agreements between employers and trade unions, these agreements when approved to have the force of a code. Until recently Section 7-b had been applied only once—in the Appalachian agreement of September, 1933, between the United Mine Workers of America and the formerly anti-union operators of the region. Now it has been applied for the second time. The NRA has ratified an agreement between various bricklayers' unions in metropolitan New York, on the one hand, and a number of mason builders' and contractors' associations, on the other. The terms of the agreement, specifying a minimum wage of $1.50 per hour, double rates for overtime, and eight hours of pay for six hours of work on the second and third shifts, now become binding upon all building-trades employers of the region, regardless of individual failure to assent. The agreement, it should be noted, is supplemental to the general construction code, which expressly authorizes the formulation of regional contracts of this kind to cover the various skilled trades. At the moment, sixty such regional agreements are pending before the NRA, and 200 more are said to be in process of formation. A brief analysis of these agreements reveals them to be simplified forms of the ordinary type of trade-union contract. The wage rates which they specify, needless to say, are far above the minima set forth in the usual run of NRA codes. Part of the reason for this, no doubt, is the skilled character of the employment. An equally important factor, however, is that the agreements are the outcome of genuine collective bargaining by bona fide trade unions. If the government had at the beginning of the NRA taken a firm stand behind Section 7-b, the labor provisions of most of the codes would be less shameful to contemplate.

AS OUT OF PLACE as public remarks can be was the uncalled-for attack upon State liquor-store systems made by Joseph H. Choate, Jr., director of the Federal Alcohol Control Administration, at the recent Governor's Conference at Mackinac Island, Michigan. Mr. Choate took it upon himself to discredit the control, management, and operation methods in successful use in ten or twelve States, and blamed purchase "restrictions" for the continued survival of the bootlegger. It is perhaps merely a coincidence that this attack should come at a time when retail liquor interests are using all their resources to combat the State stores in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Michigan, but Mr. Choate is, for one in his position, not very accurate in his facts or premises. State stores buy their liquor in quantities prohibitive to the retail merchant and as a consequence undersell the retailer and effectively scotch the bootlegger. What Mr. Choate means by "restrictions" is not clear; there are no restrictions in this bulk sale of liquor except, perhaps, that some stores close at 9 p. m. Moreover, State stores provide much-needed revenue to their respective commonwealths, the Michigan system having cleared $3,000,000 between repeal and June 1, and the Pennsylvania system having proved a bulwark of emergency relief funds. That control of the commercial liquor traffic is a legitimate function of the State cannot be gainsaid. In the old days the powerful liquor lobby would have been blamed for such statements by a high public official. What lies behind Mr. Choate's attitude can only be conjectured.

A STRIKING PARALLEL between economic conditions in the United States and those of the rest of the world is suggested in a report recently published by the Foreign Policy Association. World industrial production has increased approximately 40 per cent above its low level of 1932, business profits have risen to an even larger extent, while unemployment has been appreciably reduced. But the revival has been almost entirely the result of domestic forces within each country. Little progress has been made toward a revival of international trade, without which, the report asserts, "recovery must be confined to narrow limits." Moreover, the improvement in business conditions appears in every case to be at the expense of the working class. Employment is shown nowhere to have kept pace with the gains in industrial activity. Real wages and the standards of living of labor have undergone a further decline in the majority of the leading nations, while agriculture has also suffered a loss in purchasing power. These findings appear to correspond very closely with recent statistics in this country. As indicated elsewhere in this issue of *The Nation,* industrial profits for the first six months of 1934 were more than double those of a year ago, while employment has increased at the most about 25 per cent, and is now only 10 per cent over last year's level. Pay rolls show up a little better at 20 per cent above 1933, but with the dollar volume of department-store sales in New York and other large cities running at about the same level as a year ago despite greatly increased prices, it is evident that standards of living have undergone a substantial decline.

THE MISSISSIPPI DELTA, our geography used to tell us, is so rich that anything will grow there. It has. The dictatorship of Huey Long, which bloomed in three days complete with storm troops and full control over the courts, under the very eyes of a Democratic legislature, is surely the most amazing growth this country, including California, can boast. Hitler had to burn the Reichstag to get what he wanted. Huey merely filled the legislative halls with armed men. Newspapermen were barred from the sessions; photographers were knocked down. Huey himself strode up and down the aisles gathering in the "Yes's" for twenty-seven bills which make him absolute dictator of Louisiana; through his tool, Governor Allen, he may, among other things, expand the State Bureau of Criminal Identification into a State police force, extend the governor's power of reprieve to comprise all cases, including contempt of court, and provide a penalty for any judge or other official who does not recognize the reprieve, which has the effect of a pardon revocable at will. He may even reduce a white man he does not like to the status of a Negro by taking away his right to vote. Meanwhile other growths are thriving in the rich soil of the Delta. At present 21 per cent of the population of Louisiana is on relief. Poverty is a weed that will bear watching. It may even outgrow and smother Huey.

SEVEN YEARS AGO the State of Massachusetts executed two obscure Italian anarchists. They had been convicted of robbery and murder on evidence so flimsy that for months and years a swelling roar of world protest had beaten vainly upon the deaf ears of a senile judge and a reactionary governor. Their real crime was that they were rebels and labor organizers; they had dared to challenge the exploitation for profit of the workers in the mills and factories of the Bay State. Sacco and Vanzetti endured seven years of judicial torture, during which they grew steadily in moral and spiritual stature. This, in the eyes of the Massachusetts Brahmans and Babbitts who had doomed them in advance, was an even greater crime. As a society Massachusetts has never confessed or expiated the crime against civilization which was committed the night Sacco and Vanzetti went to the electric chair. Indeed, it was only a few months ago that the police of Boston assaulted with the utmost brutality a gathering of students assembled to protest against Boston's welcome to the Karlsruhe, the propaganda ship of Adolf Hitler. Yet there were men and women of Boston and Massachusetts, some of them descended from the old Puritan stock, who were not blind to the truth and beauty that blazed in the acts and words of these proletarian martyrs, and who fought to save them. For them and for thousands of people all over the world, the Passion of Sacco and Vanzetti is an annual sacrament. They will read again that magnificent speech of Vanzetti and feel its truth:

> If it had not been for these thing, I might have live out my life talking at street corners to scorning men. I might have die, unmarked, unknown, a failure. Now we are not a failure. This is our career and our triumph. Never in our full life could we hope to do such work for tolerance, for joostice, for man's understanding of man as now we do by accident. Our words—our lives—our pains—nothing! The taking of our lives—lives of a good shoemaker and a poor fish-peddler—all! That last moment belongs to us—that agony is our triumph!

Who Owns the San Francisco Police?

THE NATION presents, on the page following this, photostatic reproductions of sections of two documents which contain circumstantial evidence that the San Francisco Industrial Association, bitter opponent of organized labor, was actively involved in the raids on radical halls which helped to break the general strike and which have continued ever since. The documents in question are in the form of eight typed carbon sheets comprising two reports headed "Strike Violence Memo" and addressed to Boynton, managing director of the Industrial Association. The carbon sheets were picked up from the floor of a crowded San Francisco courtroom. Photostat copies were transmitted to *The Nation* by persons in California known to us and thoroughly trustworthy. The documents have every appearance of authenticity.

Austin Lewis and Chester S. Williams, representing the American Civil Liberties Union in San Francisco, are prepared to produce the documents for the inspection of a properly qualified investigating committee. A check of the 172 names of persons arrested which are given on these eight sheets shows that the lists correspond to police-blotter records with 95 per cent of accuracy. The names of the regular police officers, Lieutenant Malloy and Captain Hoertkorn, and the dates and places of the raids are also accurate. P. Carr, whose typed signature is appended to the document, is not a regular police officer, but is well and unfavorably known by San Francisco labor organizations as an "operative" used by reactionary employers. A thorough investigation by a properly qualified committee is indicated, and *The Nation* strongly urges that such an investigation be made.

In the light of their records we can scarcely expect Mayor Rossi or Governor Merriam to order or conduct an impartial investigation. But the breakdown of government here indicated concerns not merely San Francisco and the State of California but the national government. President Roosevelt would be entirely justified in ordering a federal investigation on the ground that this document, if it proves to be authentic, shows that the Industrial Association actively intervened to break a strike which federal mediators were trying to settle, and that the citizens of California were deprived of their civil rights by the illegal and violent acts of officers of the law.

So far as we know this is the first time that a great and proud American city has permitted its police force to collaborate openly with labor-hating industrialists, bankers, and publishers. How else can this document be interpreted? Does not the sequence of events, falsified and distorted though they were by the San Francisco newspapers, lead directly to this conclusion? There was the radio speech of Governor Merriam, delivered the day before the raids mentioned in this document, in which he denounced "Communists" and "professional agitators," outlined the measures he intended to take, and called on "all good citizens" to aid him. "From the inception of the strike," declared Governor Merriam, "the fact has been evident that . . . destructive and subversive influences have been working against an agreement on any basis whatsoever." This was true. The "subversive influences," in our opinion, were the San Francisco Industrial Association and the Publishers' Council, and their ace card was the ineffable General Johnson, who on July 17, the day of the first raid, told the student body of the University of California that "this subversive element must be wiped out. They must be run out like rats." It was on this day, too, according to the Associated Press, that Charles Wheeler, vice-president of the McCormick Steamship line, in a speech before the Rotary Club, 'said that the raids would start soon. He intimated government consent had been obtained for the raids."

The San Francisco *Examiner and Chronicle* that same morning carried full-page editorials stating that radicals had seized control by intimidation and that the general strike was a revolution against constituted authority, and urging that trade unionists repudiate the "aliens" and "strangers." And Governor Merriam gave the clue to what was scheduled to happen when he said: "A more active and intensified drive to rid this State and nation of alien radical agitators should be undertaken by the workers themselves if they are to enjoy the confidence of the people." The next day the *Chronicle* was screaming: "Unionists Smash Radical Hangouts in Purging Move," and "Police Nab 300 in Dredging Caldrons of Discontent."

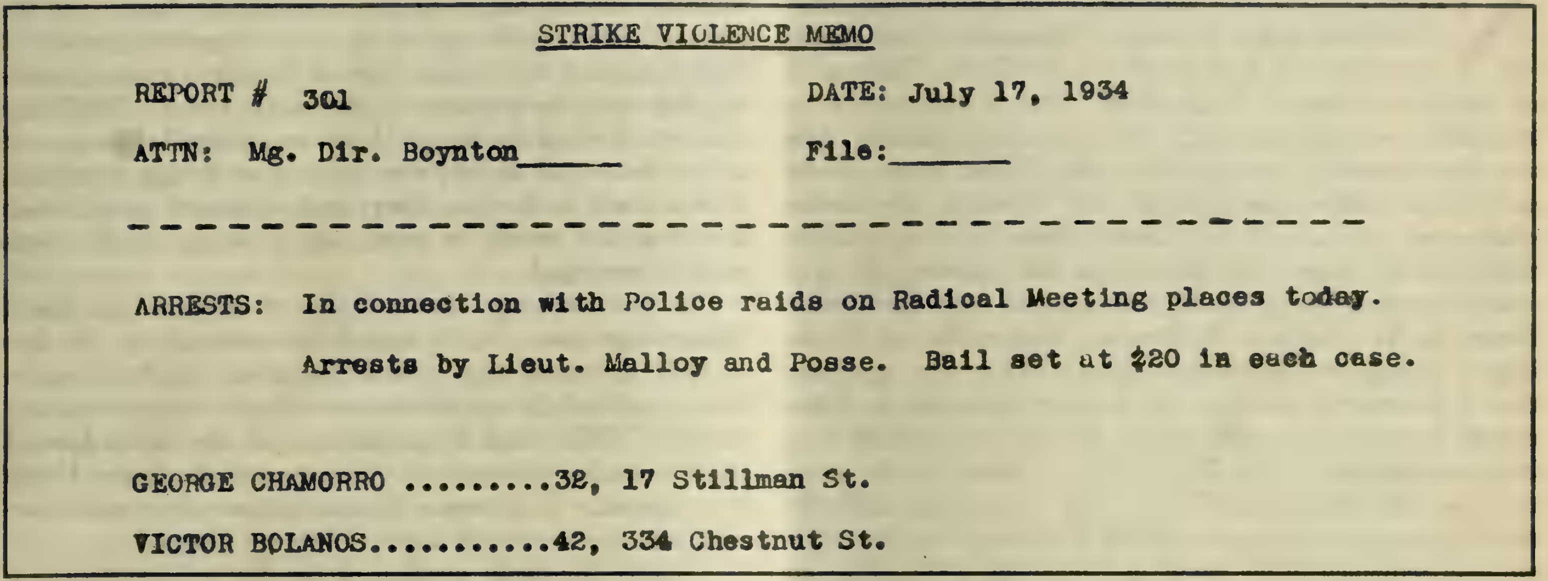
The documents do not mention "unionists." They have to do with Lieutenant Malloy or Captain Hoertkorn, "and posse," and the reports are addressed to the director of the Industrial Association. In the New York *Post* of July 18 William M. Hines, formerly publisher of the San Francisco *Bulletin,* described the Industrial Association as a super-chamber of commerce which "has organized for its anti-labor fight on a five-year plan. Funds have been solicited from members, all of whom are assured that their subscription cards will be discounted immediately by the banks and that pledges need not be paid in full until 1939."

In San Francisco, and indeed throughout California, the raiding of radical centers and the persecution of radical sympathizers continue. The casualty list which appears on another page of this issue is only a partial record of the wanton destruction of life and property, the illegal arrests, the beating and gassing and shooting that have systematically occurred in every area of industrial conflict. It is surely one of the most harrowing records of brutality to be found outside of Hitler's Third Reich.

The tide is bound to turn. The thousands of trade unionists who showed their power in the general strike will not be duped and cowed indefinitely. They will rally and begin to ask: "Who are the real rats of San Francisco?" Meanwhile all citizens who still believe in justice and orderly processes of government should join in a demand that the situation revealed by these documents be investigated promptly. We suggest that Mr. Albert Boynton be called as the first witness.

Two Records of Official Lawlessness

Photostat reproductions of reports of police raids made to Albert Boynton, Managing Director of the San Francisco Industrial Association



STRIKE VIOLENCE MEMO

REPORT # 301 DATE: July 17, 1934

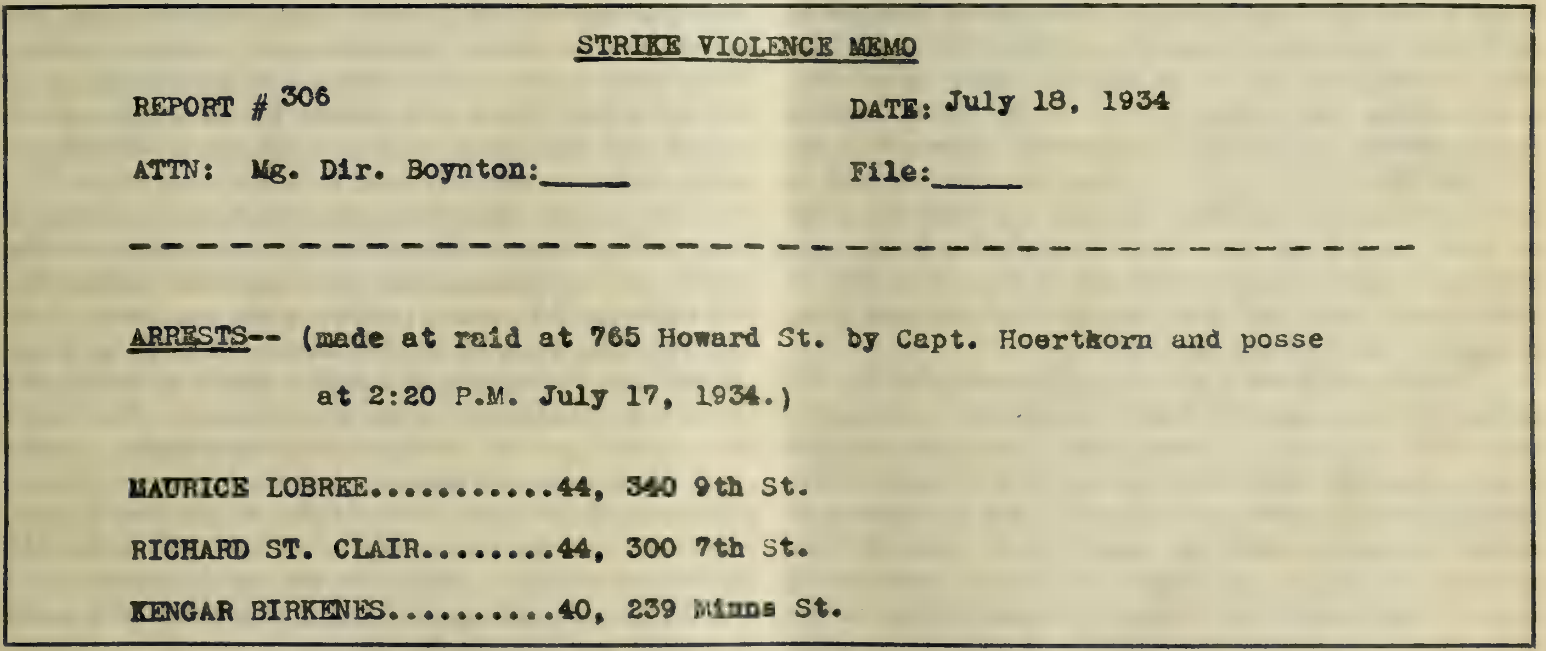
ATTN: Mg. Dir. Boynton_____ File:______

ARRESTS: In connection with Police raids on Radical Meeting places today. Arrests by Lieut. Malloy and Posse. Bail set at $20 in each case.

GEORGE CHAMORRO ....32, 17 Stillman St.

VICTOR BOLANOS...........42, 334 Chestnut St.

Facsimile of the top of the first manuscript page. There follow 94 names and addresses.



STRIKE VIOLENCE MEMO

REPORT # 306 DATE: July 18, 1934

ATTN: Mg. Dir. Boynton:_____ File:_____

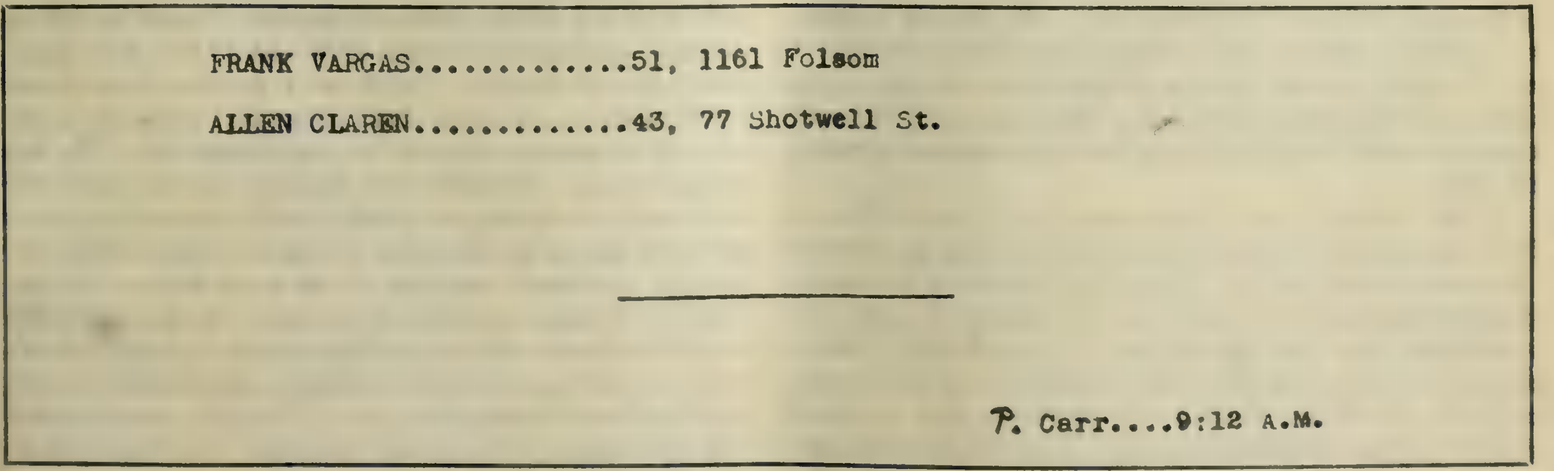
ARRESTS-- (made at raid at 765 Howard St. by Capt. Hoertkorn and posse at 2:20 P.M. July 17, 1934.)

MAURICE LOBREE...........44, 340 9th St.

RICHARD ST. CLAIR........44, 300 7th St.

KENGAR BIRKENES..........40, 239 Minna St.

Facsimile of the beginning of the second report. There follow 78 names and addresses.



FRANK VARGAS.............51, 1161 Folsom

ALLEN CLAREN.............43, 77 Shotwell St.

P. Carr....9:12 A.M.

End of the second report showing typed signature of the detective making the report.

Czarist Debts and Soviet Trade

NEGOTIATIONS with the Soviet Government over the troublesome Czarist and Kerensky debts appear once more to have reached a deadlock. Differences of opinion are said to hinge chiefly around the question of recognition of the legitimacy of the pre-revolutionary debt and the amount of credits which the United States should extend in a *quid pro quo* arrangement. Moscow very frankly challenges the basis of the United States' claims. Before their rise to power the Bolsheviks had opposed the war loans, including the $187,000,000 obtained from the United States by M. Bakhmeteff, Russian Ambassador at Washington during the Kerensky regime. They also maintain that a substantial share of the amount advanced to Bakhmeteff was never transferred to Russia, and should have been sequestered by the United States following the overthrow of the Provisional Government. According to Bakhmeteff's own records, approximately $56,000,000 of the original sum remained in his hands in November, 1917, while an additional $29,000,000 was obtained later through the sale of Russian property in the United States and the charter of Russian ships. And on the basis of these records there can be little doubt that a large proportion of this $85,000,000 was used, as charged by the Soviet press, in equipping or otherwise assisting the various White armies which invaded Soviet territory in 1920-21. A substantial proportion of the $441,000,000 claimed by private American interests is of an even more dubious character. During the weeks just prior to Soviet recognition, speculators maintained a heavy over-the-counter market for Czarist bonds at 4 or 5 per cent of their normal value, and these, among others, are now being brought forward for full payment.

The United States is not the only country that has had difficulty in persuading the Soviet Government to assume responsibility for pre-revolutionary debts. At regular intervals France, England, and other nations have pressed similar claims against Moscow without avail. But this country is unique in denying itself the benefits to be obtained from normal trade relations pending the settlement of outstanding issues. This anomalous situation is primarily due to the Johnson Act, prohibiting the extension of credit to countries in default on their war debt to the United States, and the complementary resolution of the Export-Import Bank suspending the advance of government credit pending a settlement of the debts. Despite recognition, Soviet purchases in the United States in the first six months of this year were only about five and a half million dollars, as compared with more than ten times that amount in the corresponding period of 1931.

The real danger of the situation as far as the United States is concerned is that the series of new trade pacts which Moscow is concluding in Europe will lead to a permanent diversion of trade from this country. Within the past year agreements have been reached with Great Britain, France, and Italy which have given those countries the lion's share of Soviet purchases. British sales to Russia have increased several fold in the past year, and are now five times as large as those of the United States. This is not the result of a voluntary discrimination against American products. On the contrary, Soviet trade organizations have repeatedly indicated their preference for certain types of American goods, providing they could be obtained on reasonable terms. While the time is past when the Soviet Union was compelled because of lack of industrial development to rely on foreign purchases, there is much, both of machinery and consumers' goods, which is needed and would be purchased if normal credit terms could be arranged.

A few years ago the extension of credit to the Soviet Government was a highly speculative undertaking. As late as 1931 observers who prided themselves on their realism freely predicted the repudiation of all Soviet commercial obligations. While small in comparison with the indebtedness of other countries, the external obligations of the Soviet Union were especially burdensome because of their short-term character and the exorbitant rates of interest charged.

Today the credit position of the Soviet Government is practically unassailable. Not only has it paid every cent of its obligations—including the recent repayment in full of the three-million-dollar RFC cotton loan—but it has been able to reduce its outstanding indebtedness with amazing rapidity. Three years ago the total of external obligations was nearly one and a half billion gold rubles. By the opening of the present year this amount had been reduced to 450,000,000 rubles, and at present is believed to be little more than 300,000,000. Among the most important factors contributing to this startling change in Moscow's credit position have been the shift to a favorable balance of trade—amounting to 150,000,000 rubles in 1933—made possible by the completion of the first Five-Year Plan, the marked increase in Soviet gold production, and the tapping of domestic hoards of untold size through the development of the Torgsin stores. The rise in the output of gold has been particularly spectacular. As the result of extensive mechanization and administrative reforms, production of this metal increased over 40 per cent in 1933, reaching a record-breaking total of 100,000,000 rubles. In the first six months of 1934 there has been a further rise of over 50 per cent, making the Soviet Union second only to the Transvaal in the output of gold.

Soviet pronouncements have made it clear, moreover, that the Kremlin is too wary to allow its improved credit position to trap it into an over-expansion of imports, such as Germany experienced between 1924 and 1930. It is recognized that in the long run Russia's purchases can be no greater than its sales, and that credits are a snare and a delusion if no provision is made for their repayment. The lesson is obvious. If the United States is ever to regain the share in the Soviet market which it held three or four years ago, with exports of upward of a hundred million dollars annually, it must make provision for the entry of a much larger volume of Russian goods into this country. It also must make possible adequate credits of sufficient length to make it worth while for the various Soviet economic organizations to shift their long-term buying program. To do so would be not only good business but sound economics, beneficial to both countries alike.

Social Insurance: Act I

A MOMENTOUS precedent was set when Judge James M. Proctor denied the petition of 150 railroads for an order to prevent the Railroad Retirement Board from putting into effect the recently enacted Railway Pensions law. The act against which the carriers brought suit requires the payment of annuities to all employees who reach the age of sixty-five or complete thirty years of service in the industry. The largest possible annuity—on $300 monthly pay for thirty years' service—would come to $120 a month. The current average salary of something less than $1,700 a year would produce a maximum annuity of about $70 a month. To provide the pensions, reserves are accumulated to which each employee is required to contribute 2 per cent of his pay and each employer 4 per cent of his total pay roll. The funds are deposited with the United States Treasury, and the plan is administered by a Railroad Retirement Board.

Retirement pensions as such are no novelty for the railroads. The first pension scheme ever established by an American employer was that of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in 1884. At the last count, retirement plans were in force on 90 per cent of the country's railroad mileage. Typically these plans provide for retirement at seventy years on pensions which yield substantially smaller sums than the annuities required by the new law. Thus the carriers' objections have a pecuniary basis; the law threatens their pocketbooks. But there are still more cogent reasons—partly legal, partly psychic—which explain the carriers' resistance. Under existing plans the pension is bestowed as a gratuity, out of the employer's loving kindness, and as a reward for good and faithful service. Contractual obligation being absent, the worker cannot demand the payment of the pension as a matter of legal right. The employer pays the piper and he calls the tune, a fact which, naturally enough, inhibits the individual worker, as he acquires the discretion of years, from speaking out of turn.

The new law rejects the concept of benevolent paternalism. It postulates the obligation of the industry as a whole to safeguard the retirement of aged workers. The worker possesses statutory property rights in the retirement reserve. Thanks to actuarial computations and funding operations, annuity payments are assured regardless of the whims of business cycles and the progress of technological change.

The significance of the carriers' suit—which ought to reach the Supreme Court this winter—far transcends the welfare of the million wage-earners entitled to the law's benefits. The carriers were right in their facts—even if their social premises were faulty—when they complained that the law was "experimentation" at their expense. Unfortunately, this is true: the Railway Pensions law is the one and only gesture of the New Deal Congress toward assured security for wage-earners. In the theory of social insurance old-age pensions are a mere beginning. In American practice old-age pensions—restricted so far to railroad workers—are the sum total of accomplishment. But the President has promised that a change will be wrought. Even now the Committee on Economic and Social Security is laying the foundations for a national social-insurance program. No matter how modest the actual proposals may prove to be, they will be resisted at every turn by employer groups. If pressure politics fail, the employers will swarm into the courts crying "confiscation of property" and "irreparable injury," as the carriers are in fact pleading in their suit. Thus the Supreme Court decision will provide a fundamental precedent in determining the Administration's entire program of welfare legislation in the United States.

Mary Austin

MARY AUSTIN was only sixty-five years old when she died in Santa Fé on August 13. Into these years she packed a quantity and quality of achievement that entitle her to be ranked not merely as one of the significant writers of her generation but as one of the few great women that America has produced.

In her autobiography, "Earth Horizon," and elsewhere in her writings Mrs. Austin revealed herself with exceptional fulness and honesty. The sickly, unwanted child of a Civil War captain turned farmer and a feminist mother, she suffered bitterly from the deprivation of normal family affection; wanting love, she sought, instead, justice for herself and others. The history of her formative years and of her marriage was almost unmitigated tragedy; from it there emerged, however, one of the most formidable personalities of our time. To many who did not know this history Mrs. Austin's personality and her austere rule as a kind of uncrowned empress of her adopted region sometimes seemed harsh and eccentric. But she had achieved almost incredible conquests of the will and the spirit, and inevitably she bore the scars of battle.

These scars were evident in her work as in her life. But so authentic was her genius that they marred but slightly such permanent additions to our literature as "The Land of Little Rain" and the best of her poetry and plays. She spent sixteen years in the California desert, working like an Indian woman, studying Indian lore and the nature and properties of the desert. The fruits of this study appear also in "Lands of the Sun," with its amazingly rich content of precise botanical knowledge and observation and its intuitive integration of man with his natural environment.

A passionate woman with a balked maternal instinct, Mrs. Austin made herself successively a distinguished naturalist and anthropologist, a disciplined and prolific writer, and in the end a mystic. In this last role as in her others Mrs. Austin is entitled to respect. When she turned inward it was never in retreat, but always in the spirit of discovery and conquest. One might doubt the reality of some of her discoveries, but never the integrity of the mind that reported them. It was a good mind, powerful, not sentimental and not ungenerous.

She cared deeply and selflessly about art, as about life and about people. "Woman Alone," she called herself in an unsigned autobiographical contribution to a symposium in *The Nation* some years ago, and in a sense this loneliness was real and tragic. But she filled her life with honest work; she gave love and had it in return from the Indians for whom she fought all her days. Few lives can show a comparable record of uncompromising struggle and victory over obstacles.

Issues and Men

Ernest Gruening's Appointment

NOT in all the years that I have been writing for the press can I recall an appointment which has given me more satisfaction than that of Dr. Ernest Gruening as head of the new Division of Territories and Island Possessions, which was created on July 28 by an executive order as a part of the Department of the Interior. In this position Dr. Gruening will have supervision over Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands, and it is to be hoped in the future over Guam and the other outposts now controlled by the War or Navy Department. It seems really too good to be true that this important position has been given to one who is ideally fitted for it—and in saying this I do not think I am biased by my years of editorial association with him on *The Nation,* and our personal friendship. In the first place, he is an excellent linguist, speaking French, German, and Spanish. Next, his whole career would seem to have led right up to this post, since he has been specializing in the Latin American relations of the United States ever since he first joined the staff of *The Nation* in 1920. It was his study of the Haitian situation which made possible *The Nation's* revelations of the horrifying conditions in that island during our occupation, when, according to the Commandant of the United States Marine Corps, our marines killed more than 3,000 people, in many cases, General Barnett admitted, without any justification. No one else brought to the study of the Caribbean situation such persistence and fidelity, such determination to bring about a reversal of American policy toward Central and South America, as Ernest Gruening. Sometimes he was accused of riding his hobby too vigorously. Never has a man been more justified, and few reformers in any field have lived to see such a complete accomplishment of their aims as have he and his associates on *The Nation.* The day before Ernest Gruening was sworn in, the marines finally left Haiti.

And now it has come to him to supervise the future of three of our own possessions. What he accomplishes there will have the profoundest effect upon our relations with the other American republics. Few people realize how closely our conduct toward our own possessions, as well as toward Mexico, Cuba, Nicaragua, and Haiti, is followed and reported in the Spanish American and Portuguese American press. Alaska is a new field for him, but the Virgin Islands, Puerto Rico, and to a lesser extent Hawaii have long engaged his thoughts and studies—I must not forget to refer to his book on Mexico, "Mexico and Its Heritage," which alone would have sufficed to make his name known throughout Latin America. But after all the point is that in this case the office has sought the man, and has been extraordinarily fortunate in finding one who could not be better equipped for the position, and in addition has, thank heaven, exactly the opposite point of view with respect to our attitude toward our insular possessions and our Southern neighbors to that which has ruled the State Department these many, many years, under both Democratic and Republican Presidents. So often it seems as if the men who are given the official opportunity to safeguard the welfare and advance the fortunes of our wards and our proteges were all of them lacking in two things—sympathy and a heart. Ernest Gruening has both and, in addition, understanding and knowledge, good-will and tact. Of course, he will be subject to the deteriorating effects of public office. No doubt there will be plenty of occasions when efforts will be made to bring political influence to bear on him. If he does not stand up straight, I shall never expect it of anyone. Twice to my knowledge he has resigned the managing editorship of important daily newspapers because his high sense of honor made it impossible for him to work on in those shops.

When I think of all the abuse he and I and others were subjected to when we protested against the initial wrongdoing in Haiti, in which Franklin Roosevelt played such an unhappy part, and against the outrages and murders committed in Nicaragua, Santo Domingo, Haiti, and Mexico, it seems really beyond belief that one of us has received such public recognition. Beyond that, I must take this opportunity to express again the gratitude that all Americans ought to feel toward Mr. Roosevelt and some of his Cabinet for the fine type of men they are bringing to Washington. It is hard to listen to the stupid Republican and business men's abuse of the Brain Trust, so-called. If all their criticism of its membership were true I should still be profoundly grateful for an Administration which, instead of appointing only political hacks, or pets of politicians, or young men of great wealth to positions in the government, has picked so many fine men of high ideals who ask nothing but the opportunity to serve the country. I could instance many; one of the best I am barred from praising because of kinship. The best thing about the Administration of Theodore Roosevelt was that he brought a similar type of young men into the public service. I thoroughly disliked their principles and points of view, but I recognized then as now that it was a fine thing for the country to have in its service college men of high quality, of the type that in England naturally gravitates to the public service.

Of course I am not blind to the many bad appointments made by Mr. Farley and Mr. Roosevelt. They have played the political game far too often, and it is discouraging to read that people who want positions under the New Deal must put in their applications through the Democratic National Committee. Perhaps it is one of my faults that in such matters I am grateful for a third of a loaf, but that I am. And when that third of a loaf includes an appointment as fine as that of Ernest Gruening, I cannot help voicing an enthusiasm which I suppose to many will seem less warranted than it does to me. If Ernest Gruening rises to his opportunities, these doubters will yet come to my point of view.

Oswald Garrison Villard

Alabama Goes on Strike

By ALEXANDER KENDRICK

Birmingham, August 13

"BIRMINGHAM, the Magic City," proclaim electric lights at the entrance to the city, but Birmingham's black magic of industry and labor has turned upon it, and the stars that fell on Alabama have died in mid-air.

The Pittsburgh of the South—it loathes the name and prefers to be known as a city of parks—is like a paralyzed giant. The steel mills which sprawl out to the south of it are closed or limp along on greatly curtailed schedules. Only one blast furnace lights up the night, where there were formerly a dozen. Of the city's 800 industrial plants not more than half can be working. The coal and iron shafts which form a natural circular boundary for this rich mining area stand deserted.

Jobless men walk the streets of Birmingham and fill the parks in greater numbers than in any other city of the South, speaking comparatively. Many of them have come from the cotton and the corn fields, where there is no work for them. The federal home for transients is filled to overflowing. In other words, Birmingham is like any industrial city of the North except that there is an unwonted grim tensity in the air—and there are strikes to heighten the grimness. The Republic Steel workers are out, following the company's defiance of union rights of recognition. The textile workers are out, most of them locked out after 5,000 had struck in Huntsville, and their patience is exhausted by such strikebreaking tactics as the kidnapping of their leader, and by the extreme unwillingness with which State Federation of Labor officials lent their support. Many smaller manufacturing plants—stove works and foundries—are also in the throes of strike fever. Birmingham is facing a major crisis.

In Alabama, one newspaperman declared, the three topics of greatest interest and news value were formerly politics, religion, and "literature," the latter including the important question of whether residents of the State were Alabamians or Alabamans. Now the list reads labor, the TVA (Tennessee Valley Authority), and bootleg beer. There can be no doubt that the South has ceased taking labor for granted, despite the stand-pat attitude of the steel and textile barons. Relief activities are at a low ebb, and it is apparent that if the many strikes are not adjusted, and quickly, trouble lies ahead. Added to labor troubles are the problems presented by the steady growth in prestige and power of the TVA, with the consequent waning of the influence of utility-controlled legislators and officials. There are also the important questions of wage differentials and the "Pittsburgh plus" scheme of basing steel prices.

The textile strike is not a general strike, as had been planned.* About 23,000 workers are out in twenty-eight mills—two in Birmingham, six in Huntsville, three in Florence, and the others at Anniston, Gadsden, Jasper, Piedmont, Guntersville, Albertville, Ordo, and Winfield. All these mill towns are in the area from Birmingham northward. In central and southern Alabama, where the textile industry is nearly 100 per cent unorganized, the mills are still operating, in most cases at a wage scale below the $12 minimum set in the textile code. This minimum was one of the demands made by the union. The $12 figure, because of the fight for a wage differential put up by Southern mill-owners, is $1 below the Northern minimum, but it is a rare worker in an Alabama mill who earns $12 a week. With the stretch-out system in universal use, the best he can do is about $9.50. Conversion of the $12 minimum into an actuality, abolition of the stretch-out and restoration of the jobs which it eliminated, reinstatement of workers discharged for union activity, recognition of the United Textile Workers of America, and establishment of a thirty-hour week were the demands of the union.

The strike went into effect on July 16 in a haze of uncertainty. The backing of the State Federation of Labor was doubtful, and although it was finally officially granted, the situation was not aided by the declaration of W. O. Hare, its secretary, that "the American Federation of Labor was and is against the general textile strike." Hare, speaking at Anniston, urged workers to "stay on your jobs unless conditions are extremely bad." Conditions were evidently bad, for the next day these same workers joined the strike.

Nor is the position of Thomas W. McMahon, head of the U. T. W. A., who attempted to stave off the strike, finding much favor among the rank and file of the workers. At labor headquarters in Birmingham, McMahon's advice to workers in other States not to join the walkout until the national convention of the union had passed on it was not received with very loyal support. "He killed the other strike," one worker remarked; "we're not going to let him kill this one." He was referring to the strike threat made by the U. T. W. in June, which was withdrawn following an "amicable settlement."

Picketing at the struck mills was orderly and well-disciplined, despite the provocative tactics of police and special deputies, until the blow-off came with the kidnapping of John Dean, organizer of the strike. Dean was in his room in a Huntsville hotel (Huntsville, the largest mill center of the State, is about 140 miles north of Birmingham), with other members of the strike committee, on Sunday evening, August 5, when four men appeared at the door and asked to speak privately with him. The labor leader stepped into the hall, was seized by the men, dragged downstairs, and driven to Fayetteville, Tennessee, thirty-two miles away, where he was registered by his captors at a hotel. He made his way back to strike headquarters safely the next day. One of the four abductors was recognized by those in the room as James Connor, former State commander of the American Legion. "I've known him fifteen years and couldn't be mistaken," one worker at Birmingham headquarters said. A John Doe warrant was issued in connection with the kidnapping but never served, and there the case apparently rests. The Department of Justice, informed of the abduction, reported that since this was a case of ordinary kidnapping and not kidnapping for ransom, it could do nothing about it!

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* On August 16 the United Textile Workers of America, in convention in New York, authorized their executive committee to call a general strike in the cotton-textile industry for September 1; on August 17 they empowered the committee to extend the strike to the silk, rayon, and woolen industries.—EDITORS THE NATION.

Fearing that the abduction might precipitate hasty action on the part of the strikers, the mill-owners patrolled the streets of Huntsville with armed guards, and for several days weapons of all types bristled in the mill villages. By that time spurious petitions, supposedly signed by the strikers and asking that the mills be reopened, had made their appearance, and with this sign that the mills were not averse to arbitration mediation began. Behind the scenes, however, there is a general feeling of expectancy, as the day for the national U. T. W. convention in New York draws near. Workers are hopeful that the union may take a definite stand against the general violations of the textile code's provisions all through the South.

At Haleyville, meanwhile, in the western end of the State, when a truckload of union workers and organizers from Huntsville arrived to seek support from workers of the Alabama Mills Company, they were met by a force of armed guards, who halted them with pointed weapons at the railroad tracks and would not let them enter the town. Haleyville mill workers who crossed the tracks to listen to speakers were threatened by the guards and warned against joining the union.

Although the chief activity of the strike is removed from Birmingham, all its repercussions are felt here first, and the general chaotic situation has brought into being a movement for the recall of the city commissioners and against Governor B. M. Miller—described by a newspaper editor, with a shrug of the shoulders, as "just an Alabama Power Company governor"—for what seems to be supreme indifference to what is going on.

As in other Southern States there is a breakdown of relief in Alabama. Federal aid is the backbone of the relief setup, and it makes possible a weekly relief order of 97 cents to $3 per family. Private organizations raised $600,000 in a Birmingham community drive last year—"Labor was assessed practically the whole amount," a union leader said—but this has long since vanished, and there will probably be no campaign at all this year. Here the advantage of being a city of parks becomes apparent. The parks are well occupied nightly. Another relief evil in vogue here, although not so extensively as in North Carolina, is the practice of arranging credit at company stores for jobless workers instead of providing relief orders, and of demanding chattel mortgages on the debt, thus establishing virtual peonage.

But if the Chamber of Commerce is perturbed by the labor situation and the general let-down of industry, it is no less troubled by the recently renewed agitation over the "Pittsburgh plus" plan. For several decades the steel industry has used the basing-point price system, which fixes the price of steel in any part of the country by taking the Pittsburgh price and adding the freight charges to Pittsburgh from that point. Birmingham was exempt from the freight-charge scale, and the price here was the Pittsburgh price plus an arbitrary $5 per ton. This despite the fact—or because of it—that through natural advantages, with coal to the south, iron to the north, and limestone in between, Birmingham could produce steel more cheaply than any other place in the country.

The freight-charge system has now been dropped for the country as a whole, and has been replaced by a fixed differential which is added to the Pittsburgh price. This is $3 at Birmingham as against only $1 at Chicago. It might naturally be supposed that the Birmingham steel men, with their lower labor and manufacturing costs, would appreciate this added profit, and no doubt they do, since they are all connected with plants in the Pittsburgh area, but the small manufacturer, the Southern business man, and the consumer are protesting, pointing out that the extra price simply reduces volume and is an unfair discrimination against the South. That they are not consistent was readily admitted by several merchants, "speaking unofficially." They not only want the benefit of lower prices and greater volume by the abolishment of Pittsburgh plus, but they will fight to the last ditch to keep the wage differential, by which they gain at the other end of the scale by reducing costs. That the Pittsburgh plus plan does deprive the South of trade and industry it would otherwise have there can be small doubt; that it is a potent factor in the general unrest prevalent here is no less certain.

Another factor contributing to the general restiveness is the real threat of the TVA to private interests. In Alabama—as in so many other States—the utilities are firmly intrenched and extremely powerful, particularly the Alabama Power Company. They make no bones about their opposition to this nationalized power project. The coal and iron mine operators also are girding for "a fight for life," as a broadside by the National Coal Association puts it. There is genuine interest throughout the South in the TVA, and columns upon columns of newspaper material have appeared, but to a large extent the social implications are lost sight of in the prospect of "local benefits." Newspapers which are opposed to the TVA "in principle" favor it because of what it will mean in the way of increased business and higher living standards.

These are the elements which make the Magic City's legerdemain a trifle unsteady. But labor is awakening, and may prod the lethargic South into consciousness. If it does, that will be a greater feat of necromancy than any that has gone before.

Pari-Mutuel

By VINCENT McHUGH

Comrades, gentlemen or sirs,
I give you death. The stakes are run
Before the dwindling of the sun.
Meet in the paddock, walk, converse
Of points and trials. We take space
To mark the end of time. Now lay
Your bets on roan or black or gray,
Filly or stallion. Win or place,

Each man must wager, each man must
Put up his life and see it break
From the post in a lash of bodies, make
The stretch a maddening slow dust
Of time. You will not question then,
Whatever horse comes home. Your mind
Will open like the lips of the blind.
I give you death, gentlemen.

A New England Trotting Meet

By HAROLD E. STEARNS

Rockingham, New Hampshire, August 11

THIS is the final day of the ten-day trotting meet, which began eleven days ago—and when this appears, the trotters, the crowds, and the whole entourage will have shifted to Goshen, New York, where the famous Hambletonian Stake is the big feature. Eleven days, I carefully said, and a ten-day meet; for New England is still God-fearing enough to frown on Sabbath sports—at least some of them. Professional baseball has won its right to a place in the Sunday sun, but horse-racing is still forbidden. However, New Hampshire, like Rhode Island, has turned sufficiently away from the strict, moral Puritan path to permit open, shameless, and State-controlled gambling on these races—and this through the most convenient medium, the "Tote," or "mutual" betting, or the *pari-mutuel,* to employ the term that describes it in the country from which it came, France. Furthermore, with prohibition now but historic memory, one can have real beer as well as the ancient county-fair, holiday soda pop.

These things are facts. As to probabilities—well, just as Sunday baseball at last won its fight for a legal and respectable position in the community, so it is not unlikely that Sunday racing will, in a short time, do precisely the same thing. And then, pray, what will distinguish a rural New Hampshire Sabbath from a Continental one except geography? Horse-racing, liquor, legal gambling! The stern and rock-faced founders must be turning restlessly and fuming in their graves—if, possibly, they are not smiling. Because it has always been the transplanted New Englanders—the descendants of the restless, Westward-trekking individualists to Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois—who have, oddly enough, backed "moral" campaigns of all kinds, from emancipating the slaves to prohibition and anti-tobacco legislation; whereas the stay-at-homes of New England have become more and more tolerant, even "loose as ashes," to employ a Yankee expression.

Now the Rockingham trotting park—to be used in September for the "runners," or thoroughbreds, too, for the track has a firm subsoil, is scrupulously looked after, and can serve both trotters and runners almost equally well—this trotting park is situated just over the New Hampshire border, Lawrence to the south being the big town where the owners and trainers foregather (owners and trainers who may be, and often are, the actual drivers as well—something inconceivable with the thoroughbreds, where a jockey must be a freak or a specialist in undernourishment, as Ring Lardner once put it). They foregather, I hasten to explain, when they are not at the track itself, which is only about five miles out of town. Almost everybody has a car of some sort; for those few who haven't there is a bus line from Lawrence. Also a special race train from Boston pulls in just before two o'clock, every day of the meet, at the track itself; it leaves again a few minutes after the last race has been run. In spite of the competition of the "runners" at Narraganset in Rhode Island (special trains from Boston making this trip, too), where the "regular" meet was in progress at the same time as the trotting meet at Rockingham, fair-sized crowds came to see the trotters—on the "good" days as many as 15,000. Trotting enthusiasts, whether rich or poor, are loyal to their own sport, and at Rockingham any day I could have introduced you to a dozen people who had not seen a "flat," or "running" meet, for years and would have evinced very little desire to see one.

Nor did I choose the adjective "rich" lightly—even though by tradition and farmer custom to own a fast trotter is the privilege of a man in modest circumstances—for the Hanover Shoe Farm is famous for its stable, and the W. N. Reynolds stable of Winston-Salem, North Carolina (the same family which makes the cigarettes you would walk a mile to get, as the old advertisements used to say), has had its equine representatives on our trotting tracks for years; Dick Reynolds was the name of one of its colts this season, and a very good colt he proved himself to be, too. It is curious, this linking of certain forms of wealth or of manufacture with the possession of a trotting stable—curious, I say, for on the "regular" track anybody with enough money can have a stable. And I suppose one could have a trotting stable, too, if one had plenty of cash. But it doesn't in fact work out that way—in France, for instance, champagne growers traditionally keep up trotting stables (the Olry-Roederer stable has a representative in five out of six events at Vincennes very often); in our own country it is shoe manufacturers and tobacco merchants who keep up the big stables. Don't ask me why, either; I don't know. It is just another example of what Thorstein Veblen had the habit of calling "use and wont."

There is another aspect to trotting races about which it is easy to become sentimental (anybody who saw Will Rogers in the movie of "David Harum" will recall readily enough how in the "big" scene the horse was the hero), though I shall try to avoid that. The more easily, I think, by pointing out one or two facts too often forgotten, the principal one being, perhaps, the fact that trotters are "standard bred," not thoroughbred. (In France they call them, rather graphically, *demi-sangs.*) Now you can make out of this next generalization what you please, but certainly with horses, as I suspect with other animals, the more highly and carefully bred they are—the more aristocratic, so to speak—the more nervous, finicky, high-strung, and temperamental they also are. And they have the traits that go with their temperament: they are subject to disease, demand perfect diet and the purest water and careful exercise if they are not to become ill almost overnight; and they are not very affectionate, as we say of a dog. A thoroughbred is often hard to handle; trainers speak quite naturally of such-and-such a colt having a "mean" or "nasty" temper; and grooms are sometimes actually afraid of certain horses. But a standard-bred trotter has neither the physical conformation nor the high-strung temperament of a thoroughbred. He is certainly more intelligent, and he even shows definite signs of real affection toward his groom, his "handler," and his driver. Dogs will sometimes get into the stables, and the trotter will let them sleep or play peacefully—I once saw an ill-visaged little mut curled blissfully around the front left hoof of a trotter, who stood patiently in his stall without moving, so that he would not disturb or accidentally hurt his uninvited, but apparently not unwelcome, guest. The chances are that the ordinary thoroughbred would have "gone after" that mut the instant he became tired of, or bored with, his company. And always near the trotting stables I have seen cats walking in and out of the stalls without the slightest trace of fear of the horses —and had there been any occasion for fear you could bet ten to one that the cats would have been absent, for no cat in the world will run any unnecessary risk about anything.

On the gambling aspect of the meet, about $75,000 was the "handle" of the "Tote" each day—roughly, a $15 average for every bettor, of which there were, say, some 5,000, or one-third the number of people at the track. If you ask, "How many bet?" the answer is not easy, for with eight or nine races during the afternoon the same individual may make that number of bets. If a man wins, he is likely to go on betting, hoping to increase his winnings; if he loses, he will try to make up what he lost on his first plunges and at least leave the track even—though, of course, he may leave it "broke" instead. The State takes a small percentage of the total turnover as a tax, but nobody notices this or cares; and for the very good reason that if you win, you don't mind, and if you lose, your money is gone anyway and it is a matter of indifference to you whether it goes to another individual or to the State. I think the tax is 4 per cent (in France it is 11 per cent); multiply this by nine, the number of races, and it is easy to see that what goes into the betting booths on a single average race is the amount on which the State takes a neat profit of 36 per cent. I don't know what the older moralists would think of this partnership of the government in what they are pleased to call a "vice," but certainly at Rockingham everybody accepted it as quite natural and fair and honest. Satisfaction in the way the "Tote" worked was general, and despite the "wise birds," who solemnly told everybody that the "Tote" would ruin "long"—that is, outsiders'—prices, some winners returned their backers as much as $34 and $46 for every $2 invested. (I had only one of those "long" prices, I am sorry to say; I was always backing horses I thought would be outsiders, but which, after the betting was over, turned out usually to be even-money or odds-on favorites.) Occasionally, too, there were betting "freaks"—I mean, when a horse would pay more to "place" or come in second than to win, simply because everybody was backing him to win and not bothering to put any money on him to do less, that is, either to "place" or to "show." In "Tote" betting, in a word, prices are determined solely by the money put up—never by logic, or reason, or sentiment.

The human side of the picture, too, would probably horrify any early "founding father"—the whole mood was gay and festival-like. Every afternoon there was a band, which played whenever—and it was most of the time—the horses were not actually racing, and on the big days there were two bands. Women enthusiasts certainly matched the men in numbers as they did in gambling propensities, too. The bar served good lunches and beer, and only once did I see an intoxicated gentleman in the grandstand—outstanding by contrast, so to speak—though in the old prohibition days drinking was often quite heavy. Everybody seemed to have a good time, whether they won or lost or didn't bet at all but just watched the races. Before each event there would be a good crowd out at the paddock to see the trotters harnessed up and the riders get into their sulkies—riders who, as I have said, are the antithesis of the run-of-the-mill jockeys on a "regular" track. When a race was finished, the winner would parade before the judges' stand, and the loud speaker would bellow forth, "Introducing Mr. Harry Brusie and Una Direct, winner of the last race—give the old man a big hand, boys." If Mr. Brusie won the next race, he and his horse were introduced all over again—and got an even bigger hand. And of course it is part of tradition that you must applaud the winner, even though you lost your proverbial shirt on some other horse.

The men who "follow" these trotting races professionally—the grooms, the riders, the stable boys, and the rest—constitute a welcome and colorful group in our sometimes too drab civilization. They lead a nomadic life: Rockingham this week, Goshen next week, Cleveland next month; then Sturbridge, Massachusetts, and in the winter down at the training and breeding towns in Kentucky or Florida—though sometimes they "stable up North" during the winter. They live close to reality, to animals of flesh and blood that have to be cared for and watched over and trained, to the small town and the small community, to the farmer and the breeder. Modern industrialism passes them by almost completely—and they don't seem to miss it a bit. They are shrewd and kindly and quick-witted. They eat well; they live in the open air; and their only "occupational" disease is a possible accident in a race, when sulkies brush together and the driver is thrown out or dragged or even stepped on, though horses, even in a panicky mood, try to avoid this, as every steeplechase jockey knows. There are "scandals" and gossip, of course, within this little world, but it is not malicious and it has none of that terrible ingrown venom of the small town—the small town, I mean, from which you cannot escape. Like all men always on the move they are tolerant toward human weaknesses—they are always lending the camp follower a little money, always trying to "help so-and-so out" because he has had a bad break, always "looking the other way" when anybody indiscreetly brings up sexual gossip or tale-bearing. They don't criticize and they don't complain. They enjoy life; they like their horses and their racing; and when they become successful they don't put on any airs, even with the humblest stable lad.

It always makes me feel better and cleaner and a little prouder of my origins when I go up for a few days to the trotting races in New England. I learn all over again that there is nothing the matter with these people—they are sound and decent and intelligent. They will never "let us down," as the phrase has it, and in any national emergency we can count on them to be on the right side. But industrial New England is a far different story—a different story of immigrant blood and exploitation. At first, up in Lawrence this trip, I was shocked to see all the mills closed down. But I can't honestly say that I was wholly displeased. I wish the worst features of modern industrialism would die out in New England—forever. I should like to see it a small garden and country section of the nation; the kind of New England I see when I go to the trotting races, the kind of New England I dream of and now, in my middle age, want to go back to and live in.

Was Europe a Success?
III. Some Doubts Arrived At

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THE answer to the question posed in the previous article—whether freedom and the unique individual ever existed—like the answer to most others, depends largely upon the way in which it is defined. Certainly freedom, for example, never existed in any absolute sense for any man whatsoever. But it is perfectly obvious that if freedom is unreal as such, *freedoms,* in the sense of liberties to do or refrain from doing certain specific things, are real enough, and it is obvious still further that these specific freedoms are the only ones of any real importance. Few people ever cared very much about freedom of the will in the theological or the metaphysical sense. That—as Schopenhauer said—we can do what we will but cannot will what we will will, never troubled anyone greatly. What we have set a value on is merely a certain field of possible activity within which we may do what we will without hindrance from some power outside ourselves. This field is small enough at best, and undoubtedly we are often compelled to narrow it on one side in order to enlarge it upon another. But one of the characteristics of the European man seems to have been a tendency to stress increasingly the importance of certain parts of this field—on the one hand that part which includes the specific liberty to express opinions, on the other that which includes the liberty to indulge daily and often apparently trivial habits. As a result of this, he is almost equally restive under regulations which forbid him to utter publicly his opinion on important topics and those which tell him what time he shall go to bed or, to take a slightly more important example, under what conditions he can travel or cross the borders of his native land.

Perhaps most collectivists know all this. Sometimes, at least, they are probably disingenuous in beclouding the issue with metaphysical arguments concerning the nature of freedom. What their opponents resist is not the destruction of freedom but the tendency to encroach upon just those specific freedoms to which they have been in the habit of attaching great importance and which, for the reason about to be mentioned, actually are important to the existence of that special creature now under discussion, European man. Ultimately, then, the question is neither a question of the metaphysical reality of freedom nor of the extent to which the freedoms actually exercised are either trivial or illusory. It is, on the contrary, a question of the large part played by the idea of freedom and the sensation of being free in the mental and emotional life of the European man, whom, indeed, we can hardly imagine without them. To give up both the very ideal of and the very aspiration toward these freedoms would inevitably be to evolve a new psychology and to make the experience of living a quite different thing.

It has been suggested by Mr. Gerald Heard in his interesting volume of speculation, "The Ascent of Humanity," that man's development takes place neither in an ever-rising curve nor in a mere circle, but in a kind of spiral which carries him upward while, at the same time, it repeatedly carries him back through stages similar to those through which he had formerly passed. According to this theory the fact that anthropologists have, during recent years, begun for the first time to understand something of the difference between the communal consciousness of the primitive man and the individual consciousness of the modern is actually a symptom of the fact that modern man himself is about to enter that portion of his spiral which corresponds to the redevelopment in a higher form of this communal consciousness which is, in primitive man, some sort of substitute for the European's vivid sense of his own individual existence. Many radicals appear to look forward to something of the sort, and it may very well be argued in the abstract that the development is desirable. But neither they nor Mr. Heard can deny that their newly emerging man would be essentially different from the old, and comprehensible to us only in the dim fashion that a primitive man is comprehensible. The beginning of his story would certainly be the end of ours. Thus the attempt to understand the meaning of what has been called freedom soon involves the attempt to understand also the meaning of individuality—of our peculiar sense of the uniqueness and value of the simple separate person.

On purely tactical grounds one might well question the wisdom of those champions of the proletariat who love to disparage the value set upon this sense. It is a notorious fact that society's concern for the lowly developed *pari passu* with the growth of the tendency to regard the individual as having value and possessing certain rights merely by virtue of the fact that he is an individual. It is commonly believed, at least, that slavery became impossible as a social institution because of it, and that the Roman, for example, saw nothing shocking in slavery because he had come to assert the value of the individual only in connection with the members of a class or those who demonstrated some particular virtue, instead, like us, of thinking of it as inhering in the simple condition of being a man. To discard this conception in a collectivized state might seem to remove the only protection against the tendency of that state to oppress great masses of individuals in its own interests, just as former states oppressed them in the interests of a capitalist state. Unless, in other words, some sense of the worth of the individual as such is retained, a soviet republic might often find nothing repulsive in the idea of sending thousands to die upon the battlefield or thousands more to endless toil in mines or factories if, by so doing, it seemed to be benefiting in some way the community as a whole.

Our first consideration is not, however, collectivist tactics but the meaning of the idea of the individual to the integrity of European man, and here again the situation is much the same as it was in regard to the idea of freedom. This man has tended increasingly to have his being in a world of thought and feeling largely conditioned by his belief in the importance and the reality, not only of the individual, but also of something which exists in endless, fascinating variety, and which he calls "personality." Perhaps, indeed, nothing else is quite so central to the character of his consciousness as his sense of the vivid separateness of the "I" and of the existence outside it of innumerable "you's," each different from him in important respects and each, like him, the center of a separate consciousness and a separate history. This "I" is his ultimate refuge and as such much more important, even, than his freedom, because even when he is deprived of the latter he still rules, or seems to rule, over his own separate consciousness. Stone walls do not a prison make. But if they do not it is only because this "I" has still either its freedom or the illusion of it.

Revolutionists are often exasperated by what seems to them the stubborn gullibility of those whom they would convert. Just as the pauper exhibits a ludicrous but maddening tendency to stand up for the sacred rights of property, so the wage slave who seems, in nearly every moment of his life, bound hand and foot by the economic necessities of his position is ready to kindle to the idea of freedom and, if need be, to go forth to die on the battlefield in defense of "his liberties." Perhaps the reason is that even he senses dimly the psychological importance of certain ideas to the kind of creature he is or would like to be; that even he feels obscurely that to give up hope of realizing them in some measure and of living with them in the fastnesses of his individual consciousness even if nowhere else, would make him cease to be a man as man is conceived of in that European civilization in which he has little more of a place than that which consists in being dimly aware that the civilization exists. In any event, this fear of losing everything by losing the only kind of conscious life he knows anything about most certainly has a good deal to do with the reluctance felt by many privileged intellectuals when invited to join revolutionary movements. Their stake in the complex called European civilization is more precious to them than their stake in any material wealth, and they are unwilling to jeopardize it.

Such an intellectual has, moreover, something else not quite identical with either freedom or individuality which he is loath to lose and which may perhaps best be suggested by saying that the whole intellectual atmosphere of revolutionary movements is saturated with its antithesis. It is, one may add, something upon which he came to set a very high value during his experience with the World War, when he saw it so generally flouted and destroyed. At that time he was told he must willingly sacrifice it—temporarily—in order that democracy might be preserved; now he is told that he must sacrifice it again—temporarily—in order that something better than democracy may be created. But he neither relished sacrificing it before nor, even if he surrendered it then, is he convinced that by so doing he helped accomplish anything worth accomplishing. This something is, of course, the privilege of making free intellectual judgments, of discriminating between the true and the false, the just and the unjust, or the right and the wrong, upon some basis other than a purely partisan one. It is, in other words, the right to the fair-mindedness or detachment which has been properly described as a luxury and which, undoubtedly, does become more and more difficult to maintain as any struggle approaches its climax.

Certain revolutionists, to be sure, appear to deny that it ever existed in any degree. To them all judgments—except, perhaps, those made by the collective mind of a triumphant proletariat speaking through the mouth of its dialectically appointed dictator—are the result of rationalized self-interest, and "detachment" is merely self-deception when it is not pure hypocrisy. Such arguments are, however, themselves obvious examples of the kind of principle which is invented to accomplish a purpose, since the arguments merely lead the way to the proclamation: "Whoever is not with us is against us." One may, moreover, answer them very much as one answered the argument against the reality of freedom—one may, that is to say, appeal either to personal experience or to history and, forgetting for the moment purely logical arguments, ask if there is not some kind of reality behind the difference between the intellectual habits of various persons; whether, to take a concrete example, the judgments passed upon Germany and its citizens by various writers during the war did not differ significantly according to the extent to which those who uttered them did or did not possess to a greater or less degree that quality which is conventionally described as fair-mindedness and detachment. Do not, to take other examples, individual radicals and individual conservatives differ among themselves in the degree to which they possess it; is there not some difference between an argument conducted as the present one is, and an oration against the menace of the reds as S. Stanwood Menken used to deliver it? If the differences exist, then they may conveniently be attributed to differences in the degree to which detachment and intellectual honesty are practiced, and there is no occasion to discuss metaphysically the nature of either of these qualities.

Liberalism usually defends the value which it sets upon detachment by assigning it a pragmatic value, by saying that, in the long run, even the partisan best serves his own cause by retaining the capacity to "see the other side." This may possibly be true, and it is not certain that the most intransigently "loyal" of present-day radicals are radicalism's most valuable champions. Yet the fact remains that detachment is, as Bernard Shaw once said, primarily a spectator's virtue and that the battle may sometimes go to those who find in bigotry the strength of ten. In any event, detachment is not being here defended as a tool having pragmatic value but as one of those civilized luxuries the pursuit of and indulgence in which constitute essential elements in that complex which we have been calling Europe. To threaten it, to ask that we abandon, temporarily or permanently, both the struggle to attain it and the very belief in its existence, is obviously to threaten once more something vital to the continued existence of the intellectual life of man as we have known him. Nor are we, for the moment at least, concerned with the contention that detachment, like other intellectual luxuries, is doomed already, and that the only choice we have left is the choice between blind partisanship on one side and blind partisanship on the other. We are concerned only with the fact that to abandon it, by choice or by necessity, would imply the abandonment of a whole complex way of living and thinking. A European man who had lost all belief in the reality of "freedom," in the importance of "personality," and in the possibility of "detachment" would simply have ceased to be a European man at all.

[*Owing to exigencies of space, Mr. Krutch's third article has been divided into two parts. The concluding section will be published next week.*]

A Strange Strike in Jugoslavia

By LOUIS ADAMIC

MY native Carniola or Slovenia, as I have had occasion to say in another place, is one of the loveliest parts—to me, *the* loveliest part—of Jugoslavia. The tiny, garden-like province is largely agricultural. Only here and there one finds a town with an important industrial enterprise. This almost invariably, like many industrial enterprises elsewhere in Jugoslavia, is directly or indirectly under the domination of foreign—notably French, English, Swiss, and Belgian—finance capital, supported and protected by the terroristic rule of King Alexander's dictatorial government in Belgrade; and such industrial centers, as one visits them, tend to spoil considerably the impression that Carniola is a paradise inhabited by a people, the Slovenians, who by and large are worthy of it.

Economically the richest and socially the most horrible place in Carniola unquestionably is the so-called Terbovlyé coal-mining region, which includes the towns of Terbovylé, Zagoryé, and Hrastnik. I visited it two years ago when I was in Jugoslavia, and found there conditions beside which the worst conditions in West Virginia and Alabama coal towns stand in favorable comparison. The seven or eight thousand miners and other workers and their families have lived in extreme poverty not merely for years but for decades. Even under the Austrian regime, when the capital invested in the mines was largely controlled from Vienna, the Terbovlyé proletariat was probably among the worst-exploited in the world. This exploitation was especially severe during the war.

Soon after Jugoslavia was created at the conclusion of the war, and the Slovenian people were liberated from the Hapsburgs, the rich Terbovlyé properties came into the hands of native Slovenian and other Jugoslav capitalist-racketeers and French money-imperialists, who, not long after the establishment of King Alexander's dictatorship in 1929, became the dominant element in the enterprise, as they did, along with English and Swiss money-imperialists, in many other industrial enterprises in Jugoslavia. This was brought about by a simple process: blocks of shares in the various companies were distributed among the ruling politicians and generals—I call them protection gangsters—in Belgrade.

The exploitation of workers in Terbovlyé which began under Austria was systematically continued under the new Jugoslav government. And consequently, in 1932, I found there thousands of people who were mere skeletons physically and full of all sorts of agonies mentally and spiritually. Since the beginning of the world-wide depression in 1930 the miners' wages, never high, had been reduced three or four times; I visited families of five and six who lived on less than the equivalent of a dollar a week, and I was told that there were hundreds of others in the same circumstances.

There was, of course, some degeneration of character and personality, and a good deal of disease, especially tuberculosis and various miners' occupational illnesses, and I saw children whose thinness gave the weird impression that they were transparent; but, amazingly, most of the workers, especially the young men, were intensely, fiercely, intelligently class-conscious, proletarian in the strictest, fullest Marxian sense of the word. Although practically starving, almost every one of them had books and pamphlets in his house. Ten or a dozen workers pooled their resources to subscribe to one of the mildly Marxian magazines allowed to be published in Lublyana, the capital of Carniola. Most of their unions and societies had been outlawed by the Belgrade government, but they maintained underground organizations. Gatherings were largely forbidden, but I heard that workers were meeting secretly in spite of the large detachments of gendarmes stationed in the towns. Their leaders were in prison; some of them had been tortured and killed by the sadists in Belgrade; but under the circumstances the workers needed no leaders. Strikes, which required open leadership, were not allowed; neither were demonstrations. All the miners and their families could do was to keep up their spirit—"and we can do that," one of them said to me, "without listening to speeches, for the resentment against these conditions you see here roars in our souls and in the souls of our women and children, and can never be quieted until we and the workers throughout the world succeed in bringing about a new social system." Now they could only wait and, off and on, secretly chalk up signs on the walls of public buildings: "Long live the Soviet Union!"

This, as I say, was the situation, roughly, in 1932. It was typical of several other industrial centers in Jugoslavia and, I am sure, of many more in Rumania, Bulgaria, Austria, Hungary, Slovakia, and Poland. It continued through 1933 and into 1934. In the last year and a half two more wage cuts were put into effect, although the mines were producing almost regularly and the company was paying dividends; for most of the coal used on Jugoslav railroads comes from Terbovlyé and a good deal of the Terbovlyé coal is also exported to Italy and other countries.

Then, on July 1 of this year, the Terbovlyé Coal Company, whose head offices are in Lublyana, announced another cut. A friend of mine who is a young Slovenian mine worker in Terbovlyé told me of what followed in a letter dated July 10. Here is the story in his words:

> The announcement almost stunned us all for a day. We had heard a rumor of a possible further reduction, but some of us thought the company wouldn't dare. Some of the families were actually starving, slowly but surely. There was much whispered, half-panicky talk, especially among the family men. . . . The second day everything was quiet. Those of the men who were employed went into the pits. At the end of their shifts they peacefully returned from the pits. Everything seemed normal.
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> In the evening, suddenly, word got around: "Tomorrow everybody into the pits, employed and unemployed—everybody! Hunger strike! Don't talk about it! It is better we die of quick than of slow starvation!" Nobody knew where the order originated, but everybody agreed to obey it.
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> Early on the morning of July 3 hundreds of miners who were not working at all and thousands of them on the regular morning and afternoon shifts went into the pits. The night shift didn't come out. The guards at the shaft entrances didn't

realize what was going on till it was too late and around five thousand men were in the various pits—all on strike—hunger strike! "Don't touch a tool!" was the command, which, again, came none of us knew whence, but which we all obeyed. It was as though the command came from the agonized soul of all of us; we were both those who commanded and those who obeyed. "Don't touch a crumb of bread!"

It was awful and wonderful. We sat around, five, six, seven hundred meters below the surface of the earth: five thousand workers stretched in the endless holes we and our fathers had dug out. Women and children were practically alone above ground. Most of them knew that we were on a hunger strike. Signs had been nailed over the shaft entrance: "We, workers in these mines, decline all food until the latest wage reduction is rescinded. We prefer quick to slow starvation. Our families will not be much worse off without us." Over some of the shaft entrances black flags had been hung. These signs and flags were presently removed by the guards and the gendarmes.

We sat on piles of lumber, on damp rocks, in small groups, some in complete darkness. We talked very little. Most of us were fairly sure the company would rescind the reduction order, but who could tell? It was certain, however, that in case it was not rescinded, most of us, perhaps all of us, were ready and willing to die, and would die. The gendarmes could not forcibly remove us from the pits. There were too many of us. Five thousand. Besides, most of the gendarmes would be afraid to come down. The pits were our domain; we could hide. "If they don't rescind it, the world is going to hear of this." Such were some of the remarks.

In the afternoon some newspaper reporters came down. They obviously were on our side, even those on pro-regime journals. They asked us questions. We answered, "Better to starve to death quickly than slowly." One reporter asked a worker within my hearing, "Do you think this is the only way to fight?" The worker answered, "Fight? Whom can we fight? Where would we get in an open, regular strike if we struck alone? This is 1934. Would other workers strike with us? How could they? Their unions, like ours, have been made ineffectual. How can we agree among ourselves when to strike? Whom should we fight? The superintendents? They're only employees like ourselves. The directors in Lublyana? How can we get near them and what shall we do to them? The gendarmes? They have the guns and are but poor devils like ourselves. The King? How can we get to him? They say he has a bodyguard of 40,000 soldiers. The share-owners? They're scattered all over the world. . . . Fight? We are fighting by quietly sitting here in the pits, not touching a crumb of bread, not touching a tool, ready to die—and maybe we will die just as those men, our comrades, died in Vienna last winter, only not by bullets, unless they send soldiers down here to shoot us—but they probably won't."

Some of the men slept. A few prayed to themselves. There was less and less talk. It was a little cold below. A friend of mine scratched a sign on a board, "Long live the Soviet Union!" On another board he wrote, "Long live Dimitrov!"

On the morning of July 4 the reporters came down again. They were all very sympathetic. They told us that entire Slovenia, entire Jugoslavia, knew about what was going on in Terbovlyé and the people were generally sympathetic to us. In Lublyana nobody talked of anything but our hunger strike. The reporters thought the company would rescind the order for the cut. The government would force it, for the big people in Belgrade wanted the hunger strike to end at once. It was too dramatic. It might get into the papers in foreign countries. The government in Belgrade didn't want such publicity in the big world. It might frighten the foreign investors, make them uneasy, for the Belgrade government is supposed to have the social-political situation well in hand.

In the afternoon word came and rapidly spread through the pits that the company had rescinded the reduction order. We won, but most of us, as we came out, were too weak to feel triumphant, to celebrate. In another few days we might have begun to die. . . .

The letter concludes:

Otherwise everything is more or less the same in Jugoslavia as when you were here; economically, perhaps, a little worse. Peasants here and there are probably much worse off than a year ago. Even in Serbia there is acute discontent. Our underground literature reported that in the middle of June more than two thousand Serbian peasants invaded the King's ancestral estate in Topola and destroyed the gardens. The few gendarmes on duty there did not dare shoot. Have you heard of this in America? It is absolutely true. . . . There have been wholesale arrests lately in Montenegro. . . . You know, of course, about the student riots in Belgrade and Zagreb last May. . . . Bulgaria is said to be on the verge of a Communistic revolution. The question is: How long can the new regime keep it down? . . . Economic and social conditions are reported to be much worse in Austria than even in Jugoslavia. Industrial workers are said to be actually hunting for cats and dogs in the various cities. Do you hear of this in America? . . . We talk a lot about what is going on in Hitler's Reich. Weren't you delighted with Hitler's "blood purge"? . . . Mussolini's Italy is slipping economically and terror is reported to be increasing there, too. . . . There is, as always, much war talk. . . . Things are developing rapidly as we Marxists expect and want them to develop; still not rapidly enough. It is hard to be patient when there is poverty and agony all about you and you feel—every once in a while—as if you were in a trap, although the sun shines and the mountains are green and the river Sava quietly flows on.

In the Driftway

THE DRIFTER, as you may have suspected, is a person of irreproachable ancestry. Some of his forebears are alleged to have taken passage on that incredibly over-populated vessel, the Mayflower. Others fought, after a fashion, in the American Revolution. So that occasionally a kind of atavistic homing instinct leads the Drifter back to Boston. On one such occasion the Drifter, by a set of curious chances, found himself walking along Beacon Street between a brace of burly plain-clothes men—South Boston Irishmen—who insisted that he visit the local jail, the reason being the objection of the authorities to the Drifter's admiration and sympathy for a couple of unfortunate anarchists, one of whom reminded him strongly of Thoreau.

* * * * *

IT was years before the Drifter could bring himself to repeat the visit. But last week he found himself standing before the Old North Church and attempting, by an effort of the imagination, to recapture some sense of his origins, of his identity as an American; to reconstruct some idea of the conviction and purpose that had animated the founding of the American colonies. Lost in such meditations, the Drifter was for some time unaware that he was being addressed. But the drone of a small voice continued, and finally the persistent twitching of a small hand at his coat sleeve caused him to look down. A very dirty and very determined Italian urchin was reciting, with gestures:

> One, if by land, and two, if by sea
> And I on the opposite shore will be
> Ready to ride and spread the alarm
> Through every Middlesex village and farm,
> For the country folk to be up and to arm.

Another urchin joined him and then three more. They recited in chorus. A fifth, who had memorized the patter from some Chamber of Commerce guidebook, set up a competing recitation, but was driven off with primitive childish violence. The Drifter emptied his pockets of pennies and departed in search of other shrines. Somewhere in the maze of narrow streets and alleys of the Italian quarter, buried beneath foul and lightless tenements, is the home of Paul Revere. The Drifter found it and again his meditations were interrupted. This time at least a score of ragged boys and girls collected in no time. They chanted, singly, and in an eerie, dissonant chorus. They refused to accept the Drifter's plea of pennilessness. In desperation he gave them a large bag of California grapes, a pocket knife, and two pencils.

* * * * *

WELL, the Drifter reflected, America has achieved a culture. Boston has slums almost as foul as those of Naples and child beggars almost as persistent. But that, surely, was not the Idea. Was it an Idea that settled Boston, or was it just an accident? Or was it, perhaps, an idea that centuries later turned out to be a Big Mistake? What would have happened if Paul Revere's horse had broken a leg? Would it have been better, worse, or much the same? The Drifter is not a serious person, but he has one serious worry about recounting the episode. It is that Boston, as a matter of civic pride, might feel obliged to Do Something About It, and that the something might be to set a policeman to chasing these children. That, he feels, would also not be the Idea.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Congress Against War and Fascism

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Cynically, methodically, the world drifts toward another war. Statesmen have abandoned their glib talk of disarmament and permanent peace, remembering the lessons of 1914. They are absorbed by the grim business of armament races, military alliances, and the other accoutrements of the years immediately preceding the last conflict. Any historical analysis should demonstrate that we are on the verge of catastrophe. Any realistic estimate of the world scene should draw the penetrating, if disconcerting parallel. Men and women, students and teachers, should be keenly aware that it is time they began to fight for their lives. Unfortunately, there is a tendency to fight only when the forces of death are arrayed in insuperable lines. The anti-war movement learned that in 1917. It is attempting to capitalize upon that experience today, to organize before war breaks out.

The Youth Section of the American League Against War and Fascism has called a nation-wide Congress to be held in Chicago on September 28, 29, and 30. It is, I feel, imperative that this congress should draw a genuine cross-section of America—from schools, factories, shops, and farms, from every area where the victims of the next war are today at work. It is natural that a militant organization such as the American League should be branded "red" by its enemies; that is the oldest weapon of finance and reaction. I am convinced that the American League offers a firm basis for a "united front" of resolute, effective action. I am convinced that the Communists in it are sincere, energetic, and fearless opponents of war. I am certain that they are ready and have already demonstrated their ability to work side by side with conservative elements—so long as these remain sincere and courageous.

To prevent war, to smash its ally—fascism—in its incipient stages, demands immediate, widespread action. It means mobilization along non-political lines. It is time that the young men and women of America took up the challenge to their lives. It is time they decided to make a serious fight for their own welfare. It is time they realized that they have to look out for themselves. The League of Nations won't look out for them.

New York, August 13 JAMES A. WECHSLER,
Editor Columbia Daily *Spectator*

Unionism at Stake

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The Minneapolis truck drivers have been striking for over four weeks, during which period two workers have been murdered and fifty wounded. The Central Labor Union recognizes that in this strike, in which the workers face the united opposition of the employers and the forces of the State, the fate of all Minneapolis unionism is at stake. Financial help is badly needed. Send contributions to the Strike Committee of One Hundred, 225 South Third Street, Minneapolis.

Minneapolis, August 18 HERBERT SOLOW

Finance

"Lack of Confidence"

THE mounting hysteria of big business, euphemistically described by its spokesmen as a "lack of confidence," has reached proportions within the past few weeks that offer a suggestive commentary on the difficulty of imposing an effective check on profits as long as the sources of economic power remain intact. This hysteria has also emphasized again how thin is the line which separates the superficial conservatism of American business leaders from the tactics of outright fascism. "Lack of confidence" is generally ascribed to the fear of owners of capital for the continued sanctity of the profit margin. It is contended that increases in wage rates, taxes, and other costs have so imperiled the profitableness of business as to destroy the incentive for new investment and for the new undertakings essential to a real recovery in business activity.

At first glance, those who are untouched by the psychology of big business would have difficulty in finding evidence to corroborate these fears. For example, in a composite group of fifty-six representative corporations, the largest cross-section of American industry for which the necessary statistics are now complete, the reports for the first six months of the year show that, instead of a curtailed profit margin, the earnings of these concerns increased 175 per cent over the corresponding period of 1933 to a grand total of $128,000,000, while their volume of business increased only 53 per cent to $1,700,000,000. In a country which still numbers its unemployed at at least ten million such a showing not only would appear to be sufficiently consoling for the most nervous business man, but would seem an ironic commentary upon the success of the New Deal effort to expand mass purchasing power faster than prices and profits.

But any such interpretation of these facts is, of course, unacceptable to big business. Instead, it is pointed out that in the second quarter of this year, profits, as shown by the available *complete* reports, increased only 24 per cent over the same period in 1933, while the volume of business increased 50 per cent. Nor is the alarm with which such a trend is greeted modified by recognition of the fact that the comparable quarter of 1933 was affected by the inflationary business boom, and that profits were increased by the deflated scale of wages and other costs attained through the ruthless industrial retrenchment of the preceding three years.

However tenuous the justification for the fears of capital may appear, the existence of those fears is undeniable. There is no greater mental torture for the capitalist than to watch his volume of business increase at a faster rate than his profits. The reality of the "lack of confidence" has been reflected in the recent doldrums of the stock market. Its repercussions have been felt in Washington, where even Dr. Tugwell was recently impelled to deliver a lukewarm indorsement of the profit principle as the "reward" for "services and for investment of time, effort, and foresight." And Joseph P. Kennedy, chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, more forthrightly assured his friends in Wall Street that "there is not the slightest thought of eliminating or restricting proper profits."

But these assurances have been offset in the minds of business men by President Roosevelt's refusal to lift restrictions against business and thus commit the political error of repudiating his professed allegiance to the common welfare as opposed to the interests of monopoly capitalism. In the absence of such a saving stroke, the alternative solutions suggested by business leaders cover a wide range. As an example of naivete, E. F. Hutton, head of a large Wall Street brokerage house and chairman of the General Foods Corporation, recently proposed that the "enthusiasm for business to proceed" be restored by the creation of a consulting board of business leaders which would be officially designated to advise the President and Congress on all legislation having a bearing on business, and which, in effect, would constitute a gigantic business lobby under official sanction. The opposite extreme of pragmatic action is illustrated by Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., president of General Motors, who recently declared that the impaired "profit margin of industry" should not be accepted as a permanent condition but "should be looked upon as a challenge and an incentive to regain what has been lost, to establish even higher standards of operating efficiency." In other words, what meager gains workers have extracted from the aggregate of industrial revenues must be recouped by the speed-up, by the stretch-out, and by intensified displacement of labor through technological improvements.

The divergence of these panaceas gives no clear indication of the course which capital would follow if further concessions to labor should actually endanger its profits to an important degree. A clue may be found, however, in the excited reaction of capital to recent labor disturbances, particularly to the radical strikes in San Francisco and Minneapolis. The increased frequency of the old demand that the Communists be run out of the country can be attested to by all who have frequent contact with business representatives. And this tendency, together with the eager efforts of big-business spokesmen to couple communism with the regime in Washington, confirms the suspicion that the professed distaste of American capitalism for the methods of fascism arise from its confidence in its continued control of democratic politics rather than from an inviolable regard for constitutional liberties *per se*. Even so staid a Republican as Silas H. Strawn recently converted a radio address on constitutionalism into a plea to the American people to "awake to a realization of the danger of permitting the experimentalists in Washington to bring about socialism or communism in our country." But the premier performance in hysterical red-baiting and confusion of issues was reserved for Colonel Robert R. McCormick, editor of the Chicago *Tribune*. In a recent radio address under the sponsorship of the Crusaders, the Colonel charged the Roosevelt Brain Trust with an alliance with the Communist Party and called on "Crusaders and Legionnaires" for direct opposition to radicalism before the "torch of civilization" has been "finally extinguished."

PETER HELMOOP NOYES

R H
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THE SPIRIT OF THE U.S.S.R. IS CONCENTRATED IN MOSCOW
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Perhaps no one symbol of the U.S.S.R. is more forceful than the tremendous parade through Moscow's Red Square which marks each anniversary of the Soviet Union. It is an immense and inspiring review of achievements. Moscow and the U.S.S.R. at all times offer scenes of unusual vitality to men and women who must see for themselves . . . but Moscow on November 7 presents an intense concentration. You may visit Moscow and Leningrad for as little as $5 a day special class and $8 a day tourist class, meals, hotels, sightseeing and transportation on tour in the U.S.S.R. included. The Soviet Union is one country where the travel dollar is practically at par. Round trip steamship fares from New York to Leningrad are as low as $176. Consult your local travel agent or write for Folder NA-8, to
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Labor and Industry

California Casualty List

By LEW LEVENSON

A CASUALTY list in the grim class war in California must necessarily be as incomplete as if it were a record of dead and wounded in a major military campaign. Both sides conceal their true losses. The police record only such casualties as are inflicted upon themselves and their allies, the strike-breakers, vigilantes, private shock-troop squads. Many workers conceal their broken flesh and bones in fear. Literally thousands, including many noncombatants, have been gassed, had their skulls cracked, been trampled upon, and shot. Countless homes have been entered. Private property has been ruthlessly destroyed. The following list is limited, too, by the destruction of records during the general strike. Thus San Francisco casualties before July 1 can only be estimated.

The class-conscious workers of California are living in terror today. Except in Los Angeles their movement has been driven underground. They are listed, photographed, studied, harassed, and constantly attacked by their enemies. They have no protectors, no newspaper in which to appeal to public opinion. When they attempt to win better working conditions, they are met with special clubs four feet long, gas bombs, iron pipe, billies, and bullets.

In the Imperial Valley, during the strikes this year, police, private armies, and vigilantes committed every crime in the calendar upon their victims, who comprised the migratory workers and their allies, labor organizers, lawyers of the Civil Liberties Union and the International Labor Defense. Hundreds were arrested; gas, water, and fire were used to terrorize the unfortunates, some of whom were working for thirty-five cents a day. No one knows who the injured were in the Imperial Valley engagement. Stockades held prisoners of war; chain gangs were improvised to punish them; all roads were blockaded against either food or moral aid for the victims.

In Los Angeles the unbelievably sadistic Red Squad goes ahead merrily cracking skulls. It is aided by many squads of private shock troops, who use everything from whips to pick handles upon their victims. Concerts, lectures, plays, even a track meet for children have been broken up.

In northern California the red-hunt was hardly a hunt. It was a war. Minor skirmishes took place for weeks between small groups of strikers and strike-breakers. The city police entered the fray and shot innumerable workers *in the back*. Encouraged by statements of Governor Merriam, Mayor Rossi, Chief of Police Quinn, and minor mayors in the Bay cities, vigilantes under many names—"safety committees," Minute Men, White Guards, Silver Shirts, Ku Klux Klanners—roamed the highways at will, acting in much the same manner as their German prototypes, the Brown Shirts. The list here given does not include those arrested in the huge drive which netted 600 prisoners of war. Whether these latter were beaten and to what extent is not yet known. Many of them are still in jail, lacking bail, which was set at $1,000. Their leaders and their lawyers are hampered in every way by arrests, beatings, and the antagonism of courts.

Every name in this list is taken from a duly accredited report, usually that of the police blotter, hospital admission card, daily newspaper report, or direct statement of the victim, either personal, by affidavit, or from his accredited representative. The list is only a partial enumeration of those who received medical attention and of course includes the names of no policemen, strike-breakers, or shock troopers.

ALAMEDA

July 2. W. Dacey, 126 Maitland Avenue, beaten by mob, back injured.

BERKELEY

July 19. Mrs. B. F. Sandow, 1730 Francisco Street, cut by glass when brick, with anti-red warning attached, was hurled through window of home. Numerous minor injuries sustained by workers during raids on Comrades Hall, also known as Finnish Workers' Hall, 1819 Tenth Street and on Communist headquarters, 2600 San Pedro Avenue.

July 20. Philosophers Club in the First Congregational Church raided during lecture. Several injured. Furnishings damaged.

BRAWLEY

January 10, 11, 12. Meetings in Azteca Hall raided by police, deputies, American legionnaires, and vigilantes, with tear gas and clubs. Hall demolished, typewriters and furniture smashed, building flooded by Fire Department, 150 arrests, 350 injured. Prisons filled and stockades erected to hold those who could not be jailed. No individual list of casualties available.

July 30. Tony Solorzano, laborer, released from road camp for radical prisoners on Superstition Mountain on July 23, beaten by eight vigilantes, rendered unconscious, and thrown across bed where his three terrified children lay. In sworn affidavit declares he recognized W. F. Aycock, nephew of A. J. Jack, head of the growers' association, as leader of the vigilantes.

COMPTON

June 20. Mrs. Nellie Bongye, of Southgate, hit in the head during riot at schoolhouse when police attacked meeting with clubs.

DECOTO

July 8. Benny Santiago, Henry Rodriguez, Anthony Cunha, all of Hayward, arrested, beaten in jail, given ten-day sentences.

EL CENTRO

January 23. A. L. Wirin, Civil Liberties Union lawyer, kidnapped, beaten, robbed, clothes torn, automobile driven over embankment. Grover Jones, International Labor Defense lawyer, assaulted at courthouse. Many other unrecorded beatings of radicals.

HAYWARD

July 7. Elwood James, Communist candidate for supervisor, attacked by vigilantes. Laceration on head and shoulders. George Chase, 623 Poplar Avenue, attacked by vigilantes, hit on head with monkey wrench. Frank James, Cannery and Agricultural Workers' Union organizer, pulled from car by vigilantes and beaten.

July 15. Communist headquarters raided, furniture demolished, desks dragged into streets and set on fire. Several minor injuries. Scaffold erected in front of City Hall with legend, "Reds, Beware!"

LOS ANGELES

(Not including the waterfront)

Radical and vigilante raids in Los Angeles, including all surrounding cities except San Pedro, have been too numerous to mention. The police constantly break up radical meetings. Vigilante groups are well organized and carry clubs, whips, and so forth.

June 1. Riot at relief headquarters where six radicals attempted to present petition. They were attacked by police and aides. Arthur H. Milton, fractured skull, broken arm, broken left leg, internal injuries, still in hospital. James McShann, head beaten in street riot; at police station, arms twisted, testicles badly smashed. Earl Tennery, beaten. James Toth, beaten. W. T. Sessoms, beaten. Harold Hendricks, beaten. John Saunders, beaten. All of the above arrested for resisting officers, inciting to riot.

July 12. Police escorted strike-breakers to Mission Knit Hosiery Mills. When strikers picketed in front of gate, police attacked. John Sborski, strike chairman, 205 East Sixty-sixth Street, head cuts. Martin Hodsall, 318 West Thirty-eighth Street, beaten on head and shoulders, concussion of brain. Gus Kusiske, 245 West Eighty-second Street, slugged on head. Roy Couser, 215 West Forty-first Street, beaten. Francis Anderson, 5857 Grand Avenue, beaten.

MERCED

July 23. Gus Sartoris, beaten. Home raided by vigilantes, who had police arrest him for urging men to go out and organize unions.

MODESTO

July 18. Raid on street meeting by 150 Minute Men armed with clubs. No record of injuries, but many persons beaten.

July 22. Raid on radical headquarters by vigilantes. Every piece of furniture in place smashed. G. C. Nutter, beaten with club while asleep. A. R. Perry, beaten with club while asleep.

NILAND

Ernest Besig, attorney for Civil Liberties Union, attacked and beaten. General Glassford ordered warrants sworn out for assailants, who were well-known vigilantes.

OAKLAND

July 12. John Carolo, 1712 Fifth Street, beaten by police. Marion Kayser, of Oklahoma, basal fracture of skull. Douglas Duncan, striker, stabbed in abdomen by deputy. John Gofess, thirty-five, 660 Rhode Island Street, fractured skull, attacked by vigilantes; refused admission to emergency hospital, taken to distant hospital instead.

July 17. Raid on 645 Twenty-second Street. Two women, nine men arrested and beaten, names withheld. Furniture smashed. Raid at 1020 Broadway. Police smashed furniture and office equipment. No record of injuries. Seventeen arrests.

RICHMOND

July 17. Photograph studio of W. J. Prater entered by vigilantes, furniture and equipment smashed, Prater warned not to associate with radicals.

July 22. Series of vigilante raids. Mrs. Violet Orr, 440 Santa Fe Avenue, not at home, furniture smashed. Andrew Bartolovich, 2512 Main Street, home entered, beaten, later arrested. William Selles, 1734 Chancellor Avenue, raided, beaten, arrested. George Selles, his son, arrested. C. T. Moore, 1325 Twenty-fourth Street, home raided, partially wrecked, beaten. Accused of appearing at City Council meetings and demanding relief. E. H. Crooks, 303 Ohio Street, home raided, automobile overturned and fired.

July 23. W. E. Anglin, 2205 Spaulding Street, beaten, left in dying condition. Second raid on home of E. H. Crooks, 303 Ohio Street. J. O. Jones caught, beaten, and arrested.

SACRAMENTO

July 19. Vigilante raids resulted in the mistreatment, beating, and arrest of nineteen persons.

July 20. Joe Ferraria, of Oakland, died from injuries received in raid. Vigilantes moved "with the precision of the lynchers of Walter Hart's kidnappers" in raids on radical headquarters. Pat Chambers and Caroline Decker, union organizers in cannery and agricultural industries, jailed.

SAN DIEGO

May 14. Chester Williams, executive head of International Labor Defense, warned to leave town following address before the Hammer Club.

June 27. Lee Moore, John Fillette, Edwin Miller, arrested while driving in car, shots fired at them, then beaten.

July 2. Louis Simonov and Walter Hein arrested for showing revolutionary motion picture. Tear gas thrown at crowd which attended their hearing in court.

July 16. Ray Walters, organizer International Students' League, and Paul Shapiro, his assistant, arrested and clubbed in raid on meeting on lawn of East San Diego Library.

July 20. Cornelius Killeher, Frank Bosket, George Harpon, Frank Jackman fired at by police on Broadway. Shots missed but police arrested men, clubbing them.

July 25. Raid on Communist headquarters. Angus Dryesdale, librarian, beaten and arrested.

SAN FRANCISCO

Violence in San Francisco was constant from the beginning of the strike. No attempt is made here to give any complete list of casualties, the following being those reported by the police only from July 1 to the end of the strike:

July 2. Harry Zacchi, 174A Hanford Street, lacerated lip.

July 3. Eugene Dunbar, clubbed. Walter Kroft, clubbed. Frank Webb, strike leader, clubbed. Caesar Clementi, clubbed. John Peterssen, gassed and clubbed. Harold Odion, clubbed. Five unidentified strikers, scalp wounds. Argonne Riley, of Los Angeles, seaman, clubbed, skull fractured, died in Harbor Emergency Hospital. George Roberts, Seabord Hotel, broken nose. John Suggmich, 1316 Stockton Street, broken nose. Van Stanton, 130 Steuart Street, scalp lacerations. Peter Macrides, head injuries. George Carlson, 115 Steuart Street, lacerations of scalp. Sam Carl, lacerations of chest caused by stabbing. These were only a few of the many injured in this battle in which the police attacked pickets. Many others ran away in order to avoid further beatings at the hands of the police.

July 5. A general battle between police and strikers resulted in approximately 500 injured and three dead. The police reports are the only ones available. Howard Sperry, died from bullet wounds in back. George Coundourakis, died from bullet wounds in back. Richard Pisnach, shot in arm. Eydind Norman, longshoreman, shot in thigh. Leslie Haskell, machinist, Oakland, shot in arm. Ivan Peterson, 68 Burlinghame Street, trampled by mob. Albert Ludborg, both legs broken. Robert Chambers, baker, back injuries. Steve Hancock, clubbed, head wounds. Albert Simmons, fractured skull from clubbing. Joe Cammarato, head cut open by gas bomb. Steven Kirele, gassed. Nils Larsen, head wounds from clubbing. John Krice, shot in neck. John Williams, seaman, shot in left knee. Paul McDonahue, seaman, gassed. Joe Silva, seaman, deep scalp wounds. George Williams, seaman, lungs affected by gas, cut by glass. John Plikoss, lacerated scalp. Thomas Henderson, seaman, shot in arm. William Warren, seaman, shot in chest and arm. Ernest Hay, striker, shot in leg. Richard Pressack, shot in left arm. Al Anderson, shot in back and arm. Phillip Palmeros, seaman, clubbed on head. David Del Fosse, 69 Langdon Street, beaten by gang, skull fractured, died. George Colvin, shot in arm. James Engle, seaman, skull fractured by gas bomb. Gene Olsen, striker, shot in head and back. Edward Hodges, unemployed, shot in stomach and right hand. Jim Morales, stevedore, shot in back and abdomen. Nick Nocholas, striker, skull fractured by gas bomb. Clayton Minor, striker, shot, critically wounded, assailant released. Jerry Hart, 909 Guerrero Street, shot in leg. William Wilson Cook, 920 Montgomery Street, shot in hip. James O'Reilly, 755 Varemes Place, shot in back. Leslie Steinhardt, 582 Grove Street, shot in head. John Sullivan, shot in ankle. Joe Beovich, 343 California Avenue, shot in neck. Vassih Zahkaroff, 1377 Ellis Street, knocked unconscious by police. Steve Hamrock, 82 Market Street, head battered, arrested. Baccaro Beals, cook, head gashed by police.

July 8. Milton Weber, striker, 1200 Treat Avenue, cut when bricks were hurled into windows by vigilantes.

July 9. Cressel Cole, 2756 Vallejo Street, shot by guardsman. John Manacelli, striker, 359 Fred Street, routed out of bed by armed vigilantes, taken to Golden Gate park, beaten with clubs and brass knuckles, ribs broken, head bruised. John McGuire, 820 McAllister Street, home raided by vigilantes, kidnapped, taken to Thirty-third Avenue and Fulton Street, beaten, tossed out of machine, numerous bruises, cuts, etc.

July 16. Raid at hall, Eddy and Fillmore Streets. Many injured by police and vigilante clubs. Report says at least one man was known to have injured shoulder. No names on police report. James Detour, beaten. Emil Blix, beaten. Carl Kelstrun, beaten. Dick Sanchez, beaten. Robert George, 1278 Webber Street, beaten in front of Embarcadero. Harry Smith, newsboy, 735 Howard Street, beaten. Frank Erwin, 1160 Pine Street, beaten. George

Mason, seaman, beaten, fractured skull. Alfred Jewell, beaten. Ernest Campbell, beaten. Edgar Meldowney, beaten. Frank Mitchell, beaten.

July 17. General vigilante raids on the *Western Worker*, Grove and Larkin Streets; Ex-Service Men's League, 765 Howard Street; Workers' School of Industrial Defense Branch, 1223 Fillmore Street; hall at 637 Linden Avenue; Mission Workers' Neighborhood House, 741 Palmero Street. Four hundred arrests made. No records of injuries received in raids, which extended to hotels, private dwellings, etc.

July 18. Raids of police, vigilantes, and National Guard continued. In raid on Marine Workers' Industrial Union and the International Seamen and Harbor Workers' Union, Howard Conway, seaman, Raymond Peters, seaman, and Ponciaro R. Yeban, seaman, were arrested on suspicion of criminal syndicalism, beaten, and released. In vigilante raid on Workers' School, twenty-five men seized and kidnapped Jack Bishop, caretaker.

July 19. Harry Jackson, organizer Marine Workers' Industrial Union, home raided, beaten, arrested on charge of vagrancy, although at home. Others caught in raid: James Wilson, district secretary, I. L. D.; Elaine Black, local secretary, I. L. D.; John Roger, sailor; Harry Provost. John Rohe, 37 Clay Street, beaten, severe lacerations of head and scalp. John Metseranda, beaten and arrested in raid on Communist hall, Sixteenth and Castro Streets.

July 20. Clinton L. Scott, student, 447 Eddy Street, beaten, lacerated scalp. Frank Salet, 391 Thirtieth Street, basal fracture of skull. Lyle Pedlar, beaten. Craig Joy, beaten. Louis Fonseca, contusions, chest injuries. Arthur Duart, bruises. Porfirio de Diaz, beaten. Charles Lyman, 32 Sacramento Street, beaten. Paul Timma, knife wounds. Allen Hicks, knife wounds.

San Jose

July 20. Vigilantes, acting with expedition, raided numerous homes in a search for John O'Rourke, Communist candidate for supervisor. O'Rourke was not found. Thirteen persons, including one woman, were kidnapped, beaten, and expelled from the city. For several days they were moved from county to county in a trek south toward Mexico. Confined in jails overnight, they finally stopped at Santa Barbara. All were injured. The more seriously abused were: Anton Meckler, teeth knocked out, choked, clothing torn, struck with fists and pickhandles. Fred Bovee, Spanish war veteran, beaten. Aaron Koteck, junk peddler, beaten. Sam Presco, Jr., dragged from home, beaten. Sam Presco, Sr., beaten. Jess Tanner, farm hand, beaten. Josephine Tanner, cannery worker, beaten. Others in party were beaten but have failed to give names publicly for fear of reprisal.

San Pedro

May 14. Los Angeles police, led by the Red Squad, aided by 600 special policemen and innumerable private strike-breaking guards, attempted to drive strikers away from the pier. Many casualties resulted. Dick Parker, 329 O'Farrell Street, shot through chest by guard, died instantly. His assailant was arrested, arraigned, and released. John Knudsen, no address, shot through heart, died immediately. Clifford S. Pugh, 264 Third Street, shot in right foot. Leo Weber, 1517 Island Avenue, shot in left leg. Ronald Pidgeon, 420 Sixth Avenue, shot in left leg. Robert Miller, 213 Seaside Ave., Terminal Island, head injuries. Jack Dempster, 5628½ Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, head and body injuries. A. F. Vello, 721½ East First Street, Los Angeles, head and body injuries. L. F. Foster, 2516 108th Street, Los Angeles, badly beaten. E. F. Morris, 1817B Bellevue Street, beaten. Orville Gilbert, 654 Tenth Street, beaten and bruised. Glenn Rex, 2401 East First Street, fractured skull.

May 22. R. Dyer, beaten. R. McElroy, beaten. Art Grogan, beaten. Joe Filari, beaten. Louis Sheffield, beaten. William Fraser, arrested by police in raid on United Seamen's Union hall, beaten in police station, then released. John Chapman, arrested for selling *Daily Worker* in front of hall, beaten, released.

June 1. A. Jolly, arrested by Red Squad for disturbing peace, taken for ride in police car, beaten, released.

June 9. Raid on United Front Committee for Seamen. Duncan McDougal, rib broken at point of spine. Arthur Jenkins, of Wilmington, arrested, beaten in police car, taken to police station in Wilmington, beaten, taken to San Pedro police station, beaten, kicked in face, released.

June 11. Raid on radical meeting. James Ryan, left arm broken, arrested. Harry Ashmore, 727 Sepulveda Street, beaten, arrested. Harold S. Hamilton, 208 West Fourth Street, beaten, club wounds on head and face, arrested. Charles Silvany, 407¼ South Beacon Street, beaten, arrested. Archie Crawford, 521½ Harbor Boulevard, beaten, was refused medical attention, arrested. Arthur Ayres, 101 Harbor Boulevard, beaten, arrested. Many others were injured in this raid but names are not available. In a subsequent battle the following were beaten and arrested: Hans Johannsen, 257 West Seventh Street. Charles Sanbul, 25626 Narbonne Avenue, Lomita. Henry J. Hunt, 25611 Narbonne Avenue, Lomita. Many others were injured in this battle but names are not available.

June 13. Melvin Doughty was waiting for a street car when four men in a car picked him up, saying they were going to the union hall. He was beaten. Later he was arrested on suspicion of kidnapping the four men. He is still in jail.

June 16. H. Lyons, arrested, beaten, given thirty-day sentence for battery. Dick Crawford, arrested for disturbing peace, beaten so badly he was sent to hospital.

June 19. Jess Shapiro, San Pedro, taken for ride by police, hit in face, taken to jail, beaten, struck on ear with club; later, five men entered room, slugged him, then he was taken to another room, beaten for ten minutes. His left ear is deaf from beating. No charge was made against him and he was released. Ray Dyer, picked up by police at Fifth and Beacon, hit in stomach with club in police car; later, at jail, hit in stomach with club and beaten about head. John Fraser, striking seaman, asked to become police stool pigeon, refused, beaten. Han Johannsen, asked to become stool pigeon, hands and back twisted, testicles squeezed, beaten about body. E. Kornberg, taken for ride, beaten by police. I. Wooden, arrested for distributing leaflets, beaten, released.

June 26. Rodrigo Ramos, arrested, beaten three times. J. Abbey, arrested for disturbing peace, beaten three times, released. George Green, kidnapped, beaten. Alec Bernard, arrested, beaten, released. J. Sheffield, arrested, beaten, released. John Lavelle, arrested, beaten, released. K. Augustina, arrested, beaten, released. William Brooks, arrested, beaten, released. Tony Tagomeri, arrested, beaten, released.

A miscellaneous group of strikers, arrested and beaten during the month of June, is as follows: R. McElroy, arrested on suspicion of unlawful assembly, beaten with club on toes. James Ryan, beaten, removed to hospital. K. Karlson, arrested and severely beaten. H. Darby, arrested, charge of concealing dangerous weapon, beaten, released. Joe Fraser, arrested, beaten, released. Lloyd Wheelander, arrested, knocked down, kicked in face. Manuel Flores, arrested, beaten, released. James Lacey, arrested, beaten, released. Lacey is correspondent for the *Western Worker*.

July 10. John D. Popovich, 710 Santa Cruz Avenue, arrested, beaten. Frank Connolly, 257 West Seventh Street, arrested, beaten. Mel Welander, arrested, beaten. James Ramy, arrested, beaten. Fred Czarnetsky, arrested, beaten. Conrad Johannsen, arrested, beaten. Herman Poslgin, arrested, beaten.

July 11. Frederick North, 779 West Twentieth Street, beaten. Arthur Jenkins, badly beaten.

July 16. Raid on street meeting. B. Donohue, beaten, arrested, released. John Pritchett, arrested, beaten, released. Raid on Union Hall, Benito Garcia, beaten, held in jail five days, released. Britt Webster, leg sprained in beating received in jail, held. J. Figueroa, ankle twisted in beating received in jail, held. Raymond Peters, arrested, beaten, released. Thomas Sharp, arrested, beaten in police car, knocked down in jail elevator, beaten on leg with club until his shin bone received compound fracture, subsequently beaten until shoulder bone was broken. In hospital for two weeks, released and sent to jail bull-pen with casts on shoulder and leg, still in jail. James Gallop, cuts on face and head. Approximately 500 arrests were made in San Pedro. In addition to above cases, many other people were manhandled. This list does not include beatings, too numerous to mention, administered by vigilantes.

Walnut Creek

Dewey Mosher, arrested on complaint of neighbors for preaching communism. Beaten, then given sixty-day sentence.

Watsonville

July 22. Six Communists, names not available, attacked by vigilantes, beaten, and driven out of the town.

PU[illegible] LIBRARY

JOHN T. FLYNN'S

Security Speculation

ITS ECONOMIC EFFECTS

By the author of INVESTMENT TRUSTS GONE WRONG and GOD'S GOLD: JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER AND HIS TIMES

This is the first comprehensive analysis made in this country of the mixed results which flow from security speculation to our whole economic society — to business, to industry, to banks, to workers, to credit, to money, and to the hundred million people in the country who never speculate.

Mr. Flynn examines the history of numerous stocks and bonds and the corporations which issue them; uses numerous facts recently brought to light that reveal the inner workings of the speculation system; concludes that speculation is a destructive force in our economic society; that, while a market for legitimate stock and bond issues must be maintained, the machinery of security speculation must be dismantled in the interest of a stable society.

Essentially a fundamental book, the volume also has an extraordinary timely interest, because Mr. Flynn, who aided the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, analyzes the results of the investigation and the Securities Act of 1934.

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY
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Books

The Sage of Potato Hill

THERE are doubtless plenty of small-town Philistines undisturbed even today in their complacent provincialism, but they do not succeed in attracting the favorable attention of the very people to whom their ideas should be anathema. An exceptional phenomenon is E. W. Howe, of Potato Hill Farm, Atchison, Kansas, whose "Story of a Country Town" was praised by Howells in the eighties, and who owned and edited the Atchison *Globe* from 1877 to 1911, when he retired. Then his fame with the unorthodox intellectuals began, with the publication of *E. W. Howe's Monthly,* a four-page newspaper consisting of comments on all and sundry, written entirely by himself. H. L. Mencken was so fired with admiration for him that twenty years ago he presented me with a subscription to this sheet, and in 1919 he edited an anthology of Mr. Howe's philosophy under the title "Ventures in Common Sense."

In the light of the past five years some quotations which I shall make from Mr. Howe's works take on an added idiocy, but their fundamental falsity has been obvious to every thinking person since the beginning of the Industrial Revolution, at least. They have been chosen because they are characteristic and may be found repeated *ad nauseam* in the files of the *Monthly,* in "Success Easier than Failure," and in "The Blessing of Business." Since many of them and others like them are included in the semi-official anthology, "Ventures in Common Sense," they do not maliciously misrepresent him:

> Of living creatures, business men are nearest sane; their philosophy is as accurate as their multiplication table.
>
> All should have ideals they cannot quite reach; all should be a little high-minded, and accomplish some of the greater good; but it is business men who know these things may easily be made professional and mischievous.
>
> In thousands of years there has been no advance in public morals, in philosophy, in religion, or in politics, but the advance in business has been the greatest miracle the world has ever known.
>
> I believe the most useful man who has ever lived is John D. Rockefeller.
>
> The earnings of no statesman are as fairly gained as the 5 per cent of the packing houses or the railroads.
>
> The surest way to make money is to be industrious, polite, temperate, and honorable.
>
> There is exactly the same reason for believing in religion that there is for believing in socialism: both doctrines are appeals to big chiefs for favors.
>
> Most men who want to do good, want it done at the expense of others.
>
> The most useful men the world has ever known have been well-to-do, with very few exceptions.
>
> Many geniuses have been idlers and drunkards, and become famous over night, but no idler or drunkard ever succeeded in business.
>
> A writing man is something of a black sheep, like the village fiddler.
>
> There may have been a time when employers were overbearing, but they are not now; they have been punished so much.
>
> There is trickery in every human transaction.
>
> I know nothing in which the majority is habitually wrong.
>
> Every great thing in the world's history has resulted from men working for profit.
>
> Investigate the men in the bread line, and you will find this is the trouble: short hours of work and long hours of dissipation.

As one copies out these choice specimens of "common sense," one has the uneasy feeling that perhaps they are too common, in every sense of that adjective, to merit serious discussion. Yet the Sage of Potato Hill Farm has had—and for all I know may still have—the indorsement of many who would revolt at such piffle if uttered by a Congressman, a popular preacher, or a public-relations counsel.

When he is not denying the existence of almost every fine character in history by asserting that profiteering is the only motive for human action, when he is not sneering at altruism and idealism as forms of lying trickery, when he is not defying the palpable evidence of history by denying moral and intellectual progress, his statements take on a particularly ludicrous form of ignorant egomania. He will dismiss Goethe on the ground that he, E. W. Howe, never heard of him until lately and has not read him. This is a typical remark: "One of the noted men of the world is George Brandes. I only know he is noted; I have never read a line he has written." This is apparently an attempt to suggest that fame is a fleeting and relative matter. Samuel Johnson, however, appears to be more famous because, though Mr. Howe does not like him and has never read him, he remembers that Johnson was once invited for breakfast and stayed twenty years. Such is fame at Potato Hill Farm. "Did Shakespeare," he asks, "or Goethe, or Whitman, or Buddha, or Tolstoy, or Confucius, or Rousseau ever teach you as important lessons as you learned from your parents, from your worthy and intelligent neighbors, from the leading men of practical affairs in your own country and age? *They did not,* and you know it."

Whether E. W. Howe is a Republican or a Democrat, I cannot remember, but his hatred of professors reads today as if it had been written by any one of our anti-Brain Trust fanatics. "It is proper for the professors to tell the facts they encounter in their studies, but they should permit the people to draw their own conclusions." In a word, the capacity for interpreting facts does not require any education, and professors have no right to hold opinions. "Anything too big for the people to understand doesn't make any difference. I do not understand Greek; very well, I have no use for it." That pretty well disposes of the whole of classical literature and all science!

When Anatole France said that the law in its impartiality condemned the rich man and the poor man alike if they were found sleeping underneath a bridge, he expressed with humorous truth what E. W. Howe says with misleading humorlessness when he writes: "There is not now, and has never been among us, a general disposition to impose on the poor; there are no laws in the United States discriminating against them." The measure of a fine mind and a mediocre one lies in the contrast between these two statements of the same fact. One of the quotations above, with its reference to being "a little high-minded"—only a little, mind you!—gives the clue to the entire personality of E. W. Howe. What one of those languages he has no use for called "the golden mean" becomes in his mind a mean of more sordid metal. Never do anything heterodox, conform to every convention, always get the best of a bargain, and indulge only in the safest and sanest gestures of idealism, those that pay and make a good impression, without too much risk. Suspect everyone who is disinterested, and sneer at every achievement of man inspired by any other than the profit motive.

It would seem, on reflection, that we have met E. W. Howe before, in line rather than in print. He is Caspar Milquetoast, propped up by a country newspaper until he has acquired in print the courage of a *mouton enragé*.

Ernest Boyd

Class War and Violence

Dynamite: The Story of Class Violence in America. By Louis Adamic. The Viking Press. Revised Edition. $2.

THE American class war has always been and still is more violent than that of any other industrial country—excluding revolutionary struggles. In addition to the violence of the state, employers have used and still use private police and gangsters of their own to crush the workers. Wholly in the American tradition is the fact that during the first seven months of 1934 the class war resulted in the killing of 26 strikers and the injury of more than 700 other strikers.

Louis Adamic's study of class violence throws considerable light upon the subject. Much of it represents patient original research; many crannies in the history of the labor movement are illuminated. Particularly well done is the story of the McNamaras, one of whom is still in prison. All the major episodes of violence are covered. The causes are sketched, although not fully analyzed: the American tradition of violence, the brutality of the employers, the weakness of unions in their struggle against massed capital. Yet the picture as a whole is distorted.

Many aspects of the labor movement are more significant than its resort to violence. True enough, as Adamic says, his book is not a history of the labor movement; but the more important aspects should have been woven at least into the background, in order to indicate clearly the relative significance of violence.

The resort of labor to violence, moreover, is exaggerated. (Most of the violence was used by the employers and the state, but this is not sufficiently emphasized and there is no full story of the employers' technique of violence.) According to Adamic: "Dynamite—'the real stuff'—became a definite part of the policy and tactics of the American labor movement, including, indeed especially, the A. F. of L." Again and again he uses the phrase "Dynamite . . . that's the stuff." But as a matter of fact dynamite was little used by workers. The anarchists of the 1880's talked hysterically about dynamite but did not use it; the Haymarket bomb was an act of provocation. Some unions, notably the metal miners and the building trades, used dynamite, but they were in the minority. Dynamite was not used by most of the A. F. of L. unions, nor by the railroad brotherhoods, nor by the I. W. W., despite its philosophy of violence: the greatest I. W. W. strike, the Lawrence strike of 1912, was a marvel of peaceful struggle and solidarity.

Still more important, Adamic makes no evaluation of violence. A militant labor movement neither accepts nor rejects violence "in principle." It may reject dynamiting but use other forms of violence—precisely as the Russian Bolsheviks rejected assassination but used mass violence to wage the revolutionary struggle. There is violence and violence; and, in addition, varying conditions and objectives. Yet Adamic lumps all violence together—dynamiting, resistance to attacks by police and soldiers, coercion of scabs, the violence of labor racketeering. By this process the militant mass action of the workers in the great strikes of 1877—which Adamic styles the "great riots"—becomes indistinguishable from the violence of gangsters in "labor wars." Thus the working class is deprived of some of its finest traditions.

This confusion reaches its climax in the discussion of racketeering. With the organization of the A. F. of L. in the 1880's, according to Adamic, "the labor movement became a racket." This is obviously false. Racketeering in the labor unions arose after the World War; it must be fought, but it is limited to a small minority of unions. The A. F. of L. was conservative, it limited itself to promoting the craft interests of its members, often at the expense of other workers, its leaders were aptly characterized as labor lieutenants of the capitalist class; but to designate it as a racket is to distort its character and significance. Yet Adamic goes farther, as appears from the following:

> In the Molly Maguires we have the first beginnings of "racketeering" in America, especially labor racketeering. . . . The Haymarket bomb is the Adam of the "pineapples" that go off nowadays . . . in the cause of all sorts of rackets, as well as the cause of organized labor. . . . Gangsterism was a vital early factor in the American class struggle, first on the capitalist side, and then on the side of labor; and its history is inextricably bound up with the history of organized labor.

This is bad history and worse sociology.

What purpose does it serve, moreover? It may sound terribly revolutionary, but it is not. It does not help in the struggle against the conservatism of the unions and the corruption and betrayals of their leaders.

"Dynamite," first published in 1931, reflected to a large degree the pre-1929 cynical and muckraking attitude toward a labor movement in decline. Adamic has changed considerably since then, with the result that he has made a few, but not enough, revisions. His new attitude appears most clearly in the new chapter at the end dealing with developments during the depression; it is positive, radical, suggestive. The whole tone of the chapter clashes with the tone of the earlier chapters—an indication of the extent to which Adamic has changed. But the fundamental defects of approach and analysis remain.

Lewis Corey

Signature of Spring

American Song: A Book of Poems. By Paul Engle. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $1.75.

THIS young poet, taking a good deal from Whitman, something from the platonic Shelley, a bit from Rupert Brooke, sets out to contradict the whole Waste Land school of poetic thought and to reaffirm the values of the heart. His is the poetry of sheer physical exuberance couched almost entirely in literary language. Whether or not he has felt the identification with nature which he expresses, he tends always to state this identification, not in images springing from personal experience, but in images reminiscent of other poets. His is the bravery of youth, of the strong body. True American men have always been brave, he argues, and thereupon turns to pioneer history for confirmation. Without any real examination into the causes of the defeat so often stated by the Waste Land school of writers, he dubs them all cowards. Apparently this young poet has been carefully protected from economic and social problems. He remains the vaunting individualist sure that men may claim their place in the sun, asserting the biological desire for life.

All this is very well. But the fact remains that we are not, in America, any longer pioneers. Man cannot very easily move westward and rule his own domain. The heart as the instrument of experience, the expression of purely personal emotion, is not enough for modern poetry. Paul Engle has not gone, in thought or in poetic imagination, one step beyond the romantics. Whitman's America is not the America of today. And Whitman presented the same series of ideas much more logically than does the young modern. Whitman's prophetic vision had, at least, some roots in reality. Paul Engle's command that America return to its adolescent faith in individual bravery and conquest is just a little absurd. What good will rehearsing the history of our forefathers do us now? How can we become so pure in heart, so uncritical, as to see the life-force flowering freely if only people will deny the mind and believe in adolescent delight?

But a poet may say what he pleases if he says it well. Paul Engle, however, has much to learn in technique. His blank verse is often very blank. Many of his lyrics are completely undistinguished by beauty of phrase or image. There is altogether too much of him. He is wordy, literary in the use of adjectives. He has not learned restraint, the use of the right word and only the right word, the perfect simplicity which might very correctly express his ideas. He steals phrases and rhythms even from the very Waste Land poets he attacks, especially from MacLeish. He has, of course, a certain power. He is completely free of the disease which affected all the minor Waste Landers, the desire to be precious, cerebral in use of image, complex and intellectual in thought. He writes with abandon and exultation. Moreover, it is always a good sign when a young poet needs paring down. So many of them lack something to say, lack words with which to say anything at all. Paul Engle has a thesis, whether it be true or not. He has such a flow of language as comes from much remembered reading plus a good deal of young experience—travel, spontaneous awareness. If he is not overpraised, if he learns his art and its instruments, if he grows intellectually as well as emotionally, he may come through as a good poet. This particular volume is an efflorescence of romantic delight in living, very young, very uncritical, not very distinguished.

EDA LOU WALTON

Mr. Priestley Discovers England

English Journey. By J. B. Priestley. Harper and Brothers. $3.

MR. PRIESTLEY'S novels are pale imitations of Dickens, filled with a Dickensian sentimentality but lacking the zest for the absurdities of human nature and the indignation against the cruelties of English civilization which made Dickens a great novelist. "English Journey" begins in the same vein. During his explorations of southern England Mr. Priestley meets characters whom he considers to be odd and whom he describes at inordinate length, and he travels from town to town in a condition of bovine good humor. The last two-thirds of the book are more interesting. Mr. Priestley goes north and visits in turn the woolen mills of Yorkshire, the potteries, and the areas dedicated to the three shattered industries of cotton, coal, and shipbuilding. Not even Mr. Priestley's good humor is proof against the blatant ugliness of the industrial towns and the misery of their inhabitants. He drops his pose of whimsicality; he is honestly, and naively, surprised and appalled by the discovery that he lives in a country which, after allowing its working classes to grow up in surroundings not fit for human habitation and after becoming rich and powerful as a result of their labor, is now wasting their lives and breaking their spirits with the stinginess and humiliation of the dole. He denounces the whole system with a vigor, a sincerity, and an eloquence which make this book far superior to anything which he has ever written before.

When his emotions are aroused, Mr. Priestley is a superb reporter. Even when he describes the details of a complicated industrial process, he can still hold the interest of his reader. "English Journey" should be a useful irritant to the English conscience, particularly to that of the complacent and comfortable professional classes which enjoy Mr. Priestley's novels. It will remind Londoners, who govern, and think for, the whole nation, that the prosperity which they see under their noses is merely a local phenomenon. Yet unless this book results in a little serious mental exertion, it is likely to do more harm than good. Mr. Priestley professes himself to be incapable of understanding economics. He is content merely to record what he sees; he does not attempt to discover what are the underlying causes of that condition or how it may be remedied. He realizes that there are symptoms of disease and he wants to destroy them, but he has no conception of how to set about a scientific diagnosis. Unfortunately, to arouse a mood of incoherent indignation is only too liable to play into the hands of any quack who promises a safe and speedy cure—in this instance, of Sir Oswald Mosley. More necessary even than indignation is a radical and ruthless investigation of the causes for England's economic plight. Unless they abandon their belief in the efficacy of "muddling through" and learn to use their own intelligences instead of relying on those of their distant ancestors, Mr. Priestley's fellow-countrymen must expect either a steady decline to poverty and impotence or catastrophic destruction in another world war.

H. B. PARKES

Small Town

The Second House from the Corner. By Max Miller. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

"HE came around while my house was being built. He is ninety-three, and he was my first visitor. He walks where he goes, and he is always going. He lives about four miles from here in a converted chicken-house."

Even the careless reader might be caught by these first sentences in Max Miller's new book, "The Second House from the Corner," even if by no more than the fact that he has been reading an almost uninterrupted succession of one-syllable words. If he notices that, he is likely to notice something else—that the simple words have made a picture as single blocks build a house, and that in some queer way his imagination is stimulated, his curiosity aroused, by something seemingly as artless as breath itself. I am inclined to think that Max Miller's writing is artless writing—really natural writing, the free-flowing expression in pictorial words of objects or people or events that have left their impression. Which means that it is at once a gift and a danger. The gift is that it flows free as a river; the danger is that it may become lost in the sea; has not, like the sea, its boundary and frame.

In this new autobiographical book the author builds his first house and becomes a small-town citizen and married man. The very old man who is his first visitor has built five, seen them go, and is living now in his last one—a chicken-house. The sketch—like all the sketches here—is of the slightest and homeliest, yet it takes in the fullest span of human life. "At the far end of the street he waved his cane. . . . The gesture either was one of goodby or one of greeting. But I rather believe the gesture was one of greeting, a fraternity gesture, signifying that I by now was on the same road with him."

From this beginning the other sketches—there are thirty-four of them and most of them of the briefest—depict the various small aspects of small-town life: the town gossip, the mailman, the church janitor, the distinguished visiting tourist, the summer people, the Woman Who Knows, the night the town saved the boat, Mrs. Anderson's dinner, the hospital. And every now and then there drops into this book, under the light guise of sketches, small patches of *selected* dialogue before which we open our eyes, since, generally speaking, the dialogue in American fiction is a national disgrace. This book, to be sure, is not fiction, but neither is it literal autobiography; and the author's sense of selection in some of his dialogue argues better, to my mind, for his future than his facile ease in sketching the trivial and giving a certain universal significance to it.

EDNA KENTON

China's "Renaissance"

The Chinese Renaissance. By Hu Shih. University of Chicago Press. $1.50.

THE students of the University of Chicago who listened to Dr. Hu Shih deliver the six lectures embodied in this small volume were most woefully cheated. For not even one-tenth of the facts connected with the struggle of the Chinese people for a new life are here related. The lectures reveal nothing but aspects of value and of interest to Dr. Hu and the small class of which he is part.

The first lecture on Types of Cultural Response is filled with nothing but words and more words. These are at times interesting, at other times they shield facts. For instance, Dr. Hu, apologist for capitalism in China, never once mentions the capitalism or imperialism that has subjected China; he refers only to the "new Western civilization" which he considers so desirable. He speaks of the masses as "the ignorant populace," and tells us that "the masses follow the upper classes just as the grass bows to the wind." Dr. Hu is badly out of date if he does not know of the masses who fought through the Russian Revolution, who are fighting in the Chinese revolutionary movement today, or the mass struggle throughout the world. In fact, he does not even mention the existence of the Chinese Soviet Republic, where the Chinese masses have created a new, progressive culture and are defending it with their lives.

There is one lecture on the history of religion in China—a subject of no interest to anyone interested in the new life of China. Dr. Hu is merely rehashing one of his older books and making an impression on unknowing Americans. One chapter tells of new developments, such as the break-up of Chinese families and the new divorce laws of the Nanking Government. We learn that Chinese women may own and control their own property. But for the millions of toiling Chinese people divorce is not the most important problem; and the number of women who own more than the rag on their backs is confined to the small class from which Dr. Hu comes.

If one were to believe this book, it would seem that China today is in the midst of a most glowing renaissance. The facts are just the opposite. Under the reactionary Nanking Government all that is new and progressive and creative in China has been crushed or driven underground. Hundreds of schools and colleges have been closed and the money used for new wars or to build up the private bank accounts of the Nanking officials. All new theaters, the new literature and art have been smashed and their creators imprisoned, tortured and killed, or forced into hiding. Dr. Hu gives us not one breath of these facts. He speaks of his "friend, Professor Chen Tu-hsiu," one of the 1918-20 leaders (with Dr. Hu) of the intellectual awakening. He speaks also of Dr. Yang Chien, organizer of the National Research Council of China, as a renaissance leader, but he carefully avoids mentioning that Professor Chen has been sentenced to eleven years' imprisonment in Nanking, and that Dr. Yang was murdered in Shanghai on June 18, 1933, by the Kuomintang because he fought the fearful reaction in China.

In China Dr. Hu does not enjoy the same reputation as in America. He is associated with some of the most reactionary leaders of the country, including Dr. V. K. Ting, former Mayor of Shanghai under the old militarist Sun Chuan-fang. He was adviser to General Chang Hsueh-liang, militarist dictator, drug addict, despoiler of girls in Peking, and traitor to China. He can walk freely in and out of the prisons of Nanking, visiting his friends. Perhaps his friends, like Thoreau, ask him: "You ask me why I am in jail. I ask you why you are not."

AGNES SMEDLEY

Shorter Notices

Sweet Land. By Lewis Gannett. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

Amiably, casually, the feel of American country, American talk and food and habit, slips into Lewis Gannett's brief record of an automobile trip: New York, Niagara, Chicago (World's Fair), and west to California and the Navajo country. It is an unpretentious book, useful as a guide, pleasant reading as a travel record, more like a friend talking about his trip—what clothes he wore, what the food was like, the queer or charming people he ran into, and the things that annoyed him—than like anything intended for print between formal covers. Gannett talks with affection of the kind of homely discoveries that can be made by people in an automobile in not too much of a hurry, and not determined to stick to the smoothest, fastest main roads. It is to him an exploring trip, romantic especially in the West, among the things and peoples of ancient America. Gannett is a good reporter, and he sees and tells more than most of the many thousands riding American roads might; so it is a pity that he puts down only a few running notes, but in a way that makes you think you'd like to take that trip yourself sometime. The book ends as most vacation discovery trips do—"Didn't see enough, want to go back and stay longer." And there is enough in "Sweet Land" to make a second and longer trip, and a second and much fuller book, worth Gannett's doing.

Labor Fact Book II. Prepared by the Labor Research Association. International Publishers. $2.

Like its predecessor, this is a handbook intended to be of service to the Communist expounder, propagandist, and organizer. As the authors explain, it "attempts to provide a ready arsenal of facts for use in the current struggles." In terms of this objective—persuasion rather than illumination—the authors succeed. They bring together a mass of carefully culled statistics and historical materials, all woven into the orthodox fabric of Third International concepts. The reader already converted to the Communist *Weltanschauung* will thus discover ready-made and skilfully contrived proofs of his favorite theorems. The disinterested reader, however, will be perplexed by logical doubts: what is a fact? He will be asked to take as "facts" quantitative data selected from chaste official sources: Federal Reserve Board, Department of Commerce, Bureau of Labor Statistics. He will also be constrained to regard as "facts" assurances that the New Deal is a snare and a delusion, which deliberately lowers the workers' living standards and prepares the way for fascism and imperialist war. Finally, the Marxian diagnosis of capitalism's organic diseases—the ripening of in-

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ternal contradictions and the imminence of revolutionary crisis—will also be put before him as "facts." But only the confirmed victim of the bourgeois illusion of objectivity would be foolish enough to approach "Labor Fact Book II" with such doubts in mind.

The Woman Who Had Imagination. By H. E. Bates. The Macmillan Company. $2.

H. E. Bates is one of the best of the English short-story writers. A perfect technique, taste, subtlety in the registering of atmosphere, great beauty of detail, and a tendency to make each sketch symbolic are his chief merits. His stories are not tales of action but character studies. And old Uncle Silas, very old but very vigorous and healthily vulgar, is the best character in this book. We see him in his old cottage, at the marriage of his son, where he is more truly the bridegroom than is the feebler young man, and we see him die. He dies in character even as he lives, still very much his earthy self. For him the lily whom he addresses as "she" is symbolic of beauty and youth. The title story is a story of adolescent awakening to beauty. The woman who had imagination stirs the dull boy from a rebellious lethargy. But she herself is imprisoned in an impossible marriage. Margery Latimer would have handled such material more expertly. One remembers, after reading this book, not action—there is very little—but ironically interesting people in unforgettable settings.

Blood and Tears. By Balder Olden. D. Appleton-Century Company. $2.

Any fictional portrayal of Nazi Germany must follow a formula and awaken certain fundamental reactions. Yet Herr Olden's book, which reads like a cruel fairy tale, as do all books on the same subject, has a difference that is important. His protagonist is the National Socialist Party, and interest centers about Hans Rumelin, an ex-lieutenant of the Reichswehr, and Schnierwind, a fictional Goebbels, Minister of Propaganda and a cynic who believes neither in his Leader nor in anything other than the stupidity of the masses and their desire to be deceived. The story opens with a young girl waiting at a prison's gates for her fiance to be released. The reader is interested in these two healthy young people whose love for one another and alive faith in their party and their country have not been affected by separation or political chaos. But then the reader discovers that the year is 1932 and that Hans and Gerda believe passionately in Hitler, whose star at the time is low. The story of their disillusionment when the party comes into power, particularly that of Hans, is moving and convincing because it is told dispassionately, cynically, and yet with fervent undertones. The victims and their situations are credibly drawn, as are the Nazi chiefs, *Fehme* murderers, storm troopers, and hangers-on; and because the accent is so definitely on the latter group, which seems to be presented fairly, this book is a valuable addition to the many that have been written about Hitler's Germany.

Holy Deadlock. By A. P. Herbert. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

A. P. Herbert's new novel is a pleasant, easy-going satire on England's antiquated divorce laws. John Adam and Mary Eve are a married couple who find themselves unsuited to each other and wish to part amicably. John has discovered a schoolmistress who fits his quiet, retiring temperament better than his wife, who is, in public life, Mary Moon, the noted actress. Mary is in love with a radio announcer, a more dashing man than her husband. When the two set out to obtain a divorce they find themselves in a thicket of legal difficulties. One or the other must commit adultery in order to prove to an English judge that they are no longer fitted to live together. The announcer's position with the B. B. C. will not allow him to risk notoriety as a correspondent, and the school teacher's occupation puts her in the same case. Consequently, John Adam must take a stenographer to Brighton and spend a good deal of money while pretending to commit adultery with her. The adultery, however, does not "take," and John tries again, this time with a comfortable governess of advanced views. Since the judge believes that John has successfully committed adultery, the divorce goes forward. But it happens that Mary had once been guilty of an indiscretion with her love before the nisi decree was given, and the English law is such that if both parties have committed adultery, they are condemned to continue in the married state. Mary's slip is brought to the attention of the King's Proctor, she is shadowed by detectives, and in the end the judge refuses to grant the divorce. "Holy Deadlock" has not the inventiveness of Mr. Herbert's earlier novel, "The Water Gipsies." A great deal of the satire here is routine stuff. Still it is interesting and competently done.

The Great Doctors. By Henry E. Sigerist. Translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul. W. W. Norton and Company. $4.

The author of this book has recently come from Leipzig to assume the post of professor of the history of medicine at Johns Hopkins University. His writings have always been characterized by a breadth of understanding that allows him to correlate his special subject with the political and social history of the different periods that he discusses. In this volume he writes the history of medicine from a unique angle, by presenting brief biographies of representative doctors from different ages. The history so presented takes on a fascinating, personal significance. The book is scholarly and reserved without the obvious efforts at sensationalism that characterize so many popular histories, but it does not on these accounts lose in interest.

Contributors to This Issue

ALEXANDER KENDRICK, a Philadelphia newspaperman, has been making a tour of the South studying industrial and labor conditions.

HAROLD E. STEARNS is the author of "Rediscovering America."

LOUIS ADAMIC revisited his native Carniola two years ago after nineteen years in America. He has described his visit in "The Native's Return."

LEW LEVENSON, formerly a feature writer for the New York *World, Herald Tribune,* and *Times,* is now writing for the motion pictures in California. He will publish a novel, "Butterfly Man," this month.

ERNEST BOYD is an editor of the *American Spectator.*

LEWIS COREY has just published a new book, "The Decline of American Capitalism."

EDA LOU WALTON is the author of "Jane Matthew and Other Poems."

H. B. PARKES is an English critic now living in the United States.

AGNES SMEDLEY has lived many years in China. Her new book, "China's Red Army Marches," will be published shortly.

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The Nation

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THE STATISTICS presented by Donald Richberg purporting to show huge economic gains under the New Deal bear the earmarks of careful selection. It is obviously unfair, for example, to take March, 1933, when all the banks of the country were closed, as a basis upon which to chart business advance. Eliminating such comparisons, what do we have? Mr. Richberg reports an increase of 2,000,000 in employment between June, 1933, and June, 1934, and a 37½ per cent increase in weekly pay rolls. Adjusting for changes in employment, this indicates an increase in per capita wages of 8 per cent, which is somewhat less than the reputed increase in living costs. This is not so serious, but had Mr. Richberg chosen July instead of June as a basis for calculation he would have found that the indices of industrial production are running about 20 per cent below those of a year ago, and that employment is already nearly 5 per cent lower than in mid-spring. If we should take the period from Labor Day to Labor Day, there would most certainly be no gain in production or employment, and there would be a substantial decline in living standards. Other aspects of Mr. Richberg's interesting report will be examined in some detail in an early issue of *The Nation.*

WE REGRET that we cannot join unreservedly in the popular acclaim of the new Cuban reciprocity pact. While usually we accept tariff reductions with no questions asked, this particular agreement strikes us as somewhat inequitable. The United States has agreed to reduce its duty on Cuban sugar by six-tenths of a cent a pound, and to make substantial concessions in the duty on leaf tobacco—the two most important Cuban exports. But in both cases import quotas are to be imposed restricting Cuban sales to a specified amount. Under the circumstances it is an open question whether the Cuban producers will be in a position—by organization or otherwise—to profit by the tariff reduction, or whether it will result in lower prices. The only indisputable concessions obtained by Cuba are a lowering of the duty on rum and a seasonal tariff on vegetables. In exchange for these somewhat dubious advantages Cuba has agreed to cut the tariff on American products to an amazing extent. The duty on lard is to be reduced from $9.18 to $2.73 a hundred pounds; that on vegetable oils from $4.36 to 88 cents per hundredweight. Increased preferences are to be granted to the United States on cotton manufactures and textile goods, and important concessions made on a long range of other articles. These reductions should benefit the Cuban consumer as well as the American producer, but they do little toward restoring the necessary balance in American foreign trade. The failure to make provision for a substantial increase in purchases from Cuba must of necessity mean that the market for American exports will continue to be much more limited than it would otherwise be. The pact indicates, in other words, that equality of bargaining power is a myth, and that despite the warning of economists the United States remains export- rather than import-minded. But whatever its merits or demerits, the agreement is scarcely a fair test of the Administration's new tariff policy. The United States has maintained special reciprocal relations with Cuba since 1902, and the concessions granted are therefore not to be extended to other countries under the most-favored-nation clause. We must await agreements of a more general character before passing judgment.

IN WASHINGTON the discussion of the Russian debt has reached a point which leaves fairly clear what the compromise must be if negotiations are not to fail altogether. The most important Soviet thesis has long been conceded by the State Department. The debt is to be repaid, not in capital, but by adding about 2 per cent to the normal interest charge of new credits to Russia to be granted in America. Now the issue is whether these shall be long-term credits or short. When this has been threshed out, the further question remains of how large shall be the actual capital figure which settles American claims in full. The Soviet Union wants twenty-year loans but probably would take some of the credits for ten and fifteen years. The State Department, accurately gauging American prejudice against loans to foreign governments, is not willing to sanction loans for more than five years. The Soviet Union does not feel it can wisely increase its short-term indebtedness. A debt settlement on the American basis sets a precedent for like settlements with Britain and France, whose claims are larger than ours. Russia has outstanding short-term credits in both countries, and both might require payment of supplementary interest for the benefit of their own holders of Russian bonds. Germany, too, has advanced short-term credits without asking a debt settlement, but under the Rapallo treaty, in which she renounced debt claims, is entitled to reconsideration if more favorable arrangements are made with other countries. If Britain, France, and Germany start collecting debts in this way America's share in the limited purchases to be made by Russia abroad would be cut down.

THE SOVIET POLICY in any case is to reduce short-term indebtedness. Most of it was contracted under the emergency of the Five-Year Plan, and at a time of expanding world trade. Now Russia is able to build most of its own industrial plant, and world trade is at its lowest ebb. Soviet economists consider it folly to plan an increase of exports to support an expansion of short-term credits. If the State Department looks upon these debt negotiations as an ordinary commercial transaction, the Soviet arguments can be ignored, long-term credits can be refused, and the settlement can go by the boards. But a settlement of this kind is political, and compromise is in order. Moreover, the Soviet Union is waiting to make substantial purchases as soon as credits can be opened. The amount naturally depends on the final figure fixed for the debt to be repaid. But around $50,000,000 in oil machinery, spare machinery parts, railway equipment, and copper would be spent almost at once, with more to follow. This consideration will weigh heavily with the State Department. As to the final debt figure, various sums have been mentioned ranging from $50,000,000 to $200,000,000. Here the Soviet government labors under the handicap that any recognition of a large amount of the American loans to Kerensky will be hard to justify to Soviet workers, since much of the money was employed to finance the Kolchak counter-revolution.

BY RAISING THE BOGY of national defense, President Roosevelt has dispelled any hope that the Administration might support Secretary Wallace in his forthright attack on ship subsidies. Pointing to the undeniable fact that foreign countries can only pay for American products in goods or services, Mr. Wallace suggested that it would be to our economic advantage to concentrate on the development of our natural resources, leaving the carrying trade largely to foreigners. Instead of aiding the farmer, as the shippers have always claimed, he indicated that a subsidized American merchant marine is in reality a hindrance to the restoration of agricultural exports. Needless to say, Mr. Wallace's suggestion threw the shipping interests into a veritable panic. Senator Fletcher charged the Secretary with holding the "idealistic" theory that imports and exports should balance, and thereupon proceeded to adduce a series of somewhat threadbare arguments as to the folly of turning over our trade to foreign ships. The extent to which shipowners and their paid propagandists have been able to deceive the public regarding the fundamentals of the shipping controversy is brought out in two provocative articles by William Adams appearing in *The Nation* this week and the week following. Stripped of verbiage, it is evident that the shipping game has been little more than a gigantic racket in which a few powerful individuals have mulcted the American people of tens of millions of dollars. A thorough investigation is called for, and it is to be hoped that the President's statement does not indicate a closed mind on this important issue.

THE COLLAPSE OF THE WHEAT PACT illustrates once again the inherent difficulty of international planning. Frightened into docility by the specter of a huge world carry-over, the wheat-growing nations agreed a year ago to restrict the export of wheat in accordance with specified quotas. Unfortunately, however, little allowance was made for the vagaries of nature. During the past year Argentina had a bumper crop, while in Australia, Europe, and North America drought greatly curtailed production. As a result the Argentine exceeded its export quota by 34,000,000 bushels, while many of the other countries fell considerably short of their allotments. With prices up and world stocks considerably reduced, the Argentine representative on the wheat advisory committee at its recent meeting in London stoutly refused to consider further restrictions which would apply to his country or to make any adjustment in next year's quota to compensate for having exceeded the amount set for 1933. Unable to reconcile the differences between Canada and Argentina, the committee adjourned without establishing quotas for the coming year, thus leaving the agreement practically inoperative. This setback does not necessarily mean that world planning is impracticable. Despite Argentina's intransigence, it must be admitted that the pact has served its purpose during the past year. With greater flexibility, provision of means of storing surpluses, and the creation of machinery for representing consumer interests, it would be possible to eliminate most of the difficulties which have been encountered in these early experiments. Failure to meet this challenge will inevitably lead to a return to conditions such as the world faced prior to 1933.

CONTRASTING "eating under capitalism with starvation in Russia," the New York *Times,* in an editorial published July 15, quoted with approval a statement recently made by John W. Davis to the effect that one of the achievements of capitalism is that it has "fed and housed and warmed and clothed" the population of the Western world. The Soviet Union, on the other hand, was said to have "failed no less than three times in the elementary duty of providing the people with bread—even at half rations." Five days later a dispatch from Walter Duranty declared that in total volume this year's harvest in the Soviet Union will be no less than the record-breaking one of 1933, although the wheat and rye crops may be somewhat less. And then, on August 23, there came a further dispatch telling of an increase of 36 per cent in the volume of retail trade during the first six months of 1934. Production as a whole was 20 per cent higher than in the corresponding months of 1933, as compared with an increase of only 9 per cent in the previous year. The output of heavy industry was up 29 per cent, that of light industry slightly more than 10 per cent, and there was a considerable increase in production of handicraft articles on the collective farms. We are not cruel enough to propose that these figures be compared with corresponding ones in this country; we merely suggest that the *Times* work out a better system of coordination between its news and editorial departments.

IN ORDERING THE REINSTATEMENT of John Donovan the National Labor Relations Board sharpened justice with courage and tempered the law with wisdom. Had the board wished to temporize, it would have been easy to find some technical pretext upon which to justify General Johnson's discharge of the president of the NRA Employees' Union. But the board held fast to the simple question: Was Donovan dismissed because of his activities as president of the union? To this question it gave a straightforward answer: ". . . we are satisfied that the controlling reason for Donovan's discharge was his conduct as the head of a delegation of union employees which met on June 18 in the anteroom of General Johnson's office, pursuant to a noon appointment with the General." According to the strict letter of the law, the NRA itself is not subject to the obligations established by Section 7-a. Nevertheless, in appraising Donovan's conduct, the board applied the standards of that section, explaining that "when the NRA is engaged in compelling employers to observe strictly the provisions of Section 7-a, it should, in dealing with its employees, carry out the purpose of that section with even more scrupulous care than might be expected of ordinary employers." Despite its sovereignty, the state is not above the law; when the government sets forth to clean the stables of private industry, it should first take care to preserve the decencies in its own domain. The board's decision does more than safeguard the right of collective bargaining among public employees. It demonstrates that the National Labor Relations Board is a fit instrument to carry out the labor mandate of the Recovery Act.

NEWSPAPERMEN, none too comfortable in their new role, are on the picket line again. A month ago their right to organize was challenged by E. I. Newhouse, publisher of the Long Island *Daily Press,* who discharged nine of his editorial employees for joining the Newspaper Guild. The vigorous picketing and boycott campaign conducted by the guild forced Newhouse to capitulate and the discharged men were restored to their jobs. Defeated in the Battle of Long Island, Newhouse established secondary positions in Staten Island, where he owns the only local newspaper, the *Advance.* The first shot was fired when that paper discharged its news editor for joining the guild. The reasons assigned were "incompetence and incompatibility," but A. L. Crosby, the discharged editor, had been with the *Advance* for five years and prior to joining the guild had received a substantial raise in salary. The guild promptly responded by establishing headquarters in Staten Island to wage there a campaign similar to that which had gained victory for them in Jamaica. Pickets were stationed at the *Advance* plant and at the entrance to the Staten Island ferry, and the borough was deluged with leaflets urging the residents to support the guild's stand. As a result civic leaders and organizations have publicly given approval to the men. The guild asserts and the *Advance* denies that its circulation and advertising are declining. The issue involved is an important one, for the very existence of the guild is at stake. Newspapermen see behind Newhouse the threatening shadow of the Publishers' Association, which has been fighting the guild in typically underhand fashion. Pressure of the association is also blamed for the peculiar position taken by Roy K. Howard toward the guild unit of the New York *World-Telegram.* Howard permits his employees to join but will not negotiate with guild officers in the matter of collective bargaining. Company unionism is the issue, clearly recognized by both sides, with Roy Howard, who has publicly opposed the company union in the past, now insisting upon it in his own plant.

BY JOINING the International Labor Organization, the United States has aligned itself with fifty-eight other nations in the common task of improving working conditions throughout the world. Under a competitive economic system it is difficult for any one county to initiate a fundamental program of social reform without the risk of having its products undercut by the output of nations possessing a less enlightened labor policy. The I. L. O. was founded specifically to deal with this problem, and in the fifteen years of its existence it has worked out, in a restricted sphere, a technique of action which might well constitute the basis for a far more extensive form of international cooperation. While no startling reforms have been carried through, the International Labor Conference has adopted some forty conventions dealing with such subjects as social insurance, the regulation of child labor, limitation of the hours of work, and the establishment of labor exchanges. Half of these conventions have been ratified by from twenty to thirty governments, and the remainder—including many of restricted application—by a smaller number of countries. With the prospect that Soviet Russia will join the I. L. O. as well as the League in September, but one important country will remain outside the fold—Hitler's Third Reich.

THE EXPULSION of Dorothy Thompson from Germany can best be explained as the self-defeating act of a ruler whose vanity is insufficiently tempered by discretion. Miss Thompson's chief sin appears to have been her assertion in an article published in *Cosmopolitan* two years ago, which later appeared in her book "I Saw Hitler," that it required less than fifty seconds "to measure the startling insignificance of this man who has set the world agog." The order requiring her to leave mentioned "innumerable anti-German articles in the foreign press," but Miss Thompson's inability to be impressed by *der schöne Adolf* was clearly the main count in the indictment. Her insensitiveness in this respect appears to be shared by most of the foreign correspondents in Berlin, including the correspondents of the New York *Times* and the *Herald Tribune.* Students returning from Germany report that their copies of the *Times* and the *Manchester Guardian* are continually being borrowed by their German colleagues, who are avid for news about Germany but are unable to get it from the censored German press. On arriving in Paris, Miss Thompson declared that she believed her expulsion was "evidently the beginning of a campaign of terrorism against foreign correspondents." Such a campaign would only intensify the isolation of Germany and furnish new ammunition to the enemies of the Nazi regime. The fact that Hitler is incapable of understanding this tends to support Miss Thompson's impression of him as a man and a statesman.

Saving the Good in the NRA

THE important aspect of the reorganization of the NRA, now under way in Washington, is not the administrative form finally chosen, but the simple decision as to what part of the Recovery Administration is worth salvaging and what part is to be dropped altogether. The choice will not be illumined much by mere administrative changes. Whether there is to be a full-time board, or a new body coordinating the work of the NRA and the AAA, or a new division of responsibilities along army lines, is not what the public cares to learn. To the public the NRA is not an administrative scheme but a strange mixture of good and bad social intentions which ought not to be made permanent until the contradictory thinking within it has been reconciled.

Before defining the good and the bad, it is well to refresh our memories of the origin of the NRA. It is not a concoction of the Brain Trust; it is not a regimentation of business forced upon industry by the President. What regimentation there is was conceded to business in response to its own clamor. Indeed, the worst features of the NRA, price-fixing and the evasion of the anti-trust laws, came in this act as the fulfilment of a dream long-cherished by big business. Those who believe that the NRA was a device for regimenting the country forced on it by the President would do well to read John T. Flynn in the current *Harper's Magazine* on Whose Child Is the NRA? He supplies an invaluable notebook for historians on the actual drafting of the national-recovery legislation.

The good in the NRA, as we see it, is the protection it promises labor. It contains both a recognition of the right of collective bargaining and the implication that no industry is entitled to survive which cannot support certain minimum standards of wages and hours. The minimum-wage and hours provisions, in particular the abolition—in theory if not in fact—of child labor, are now on the way to becoming a part of the changed American system.

Industry accepted the new protection of labor in return for the right to fix prices and escape the anti-trust laws. The concession not only is too expensive, but is one of the elemental obstacles to recovery itself. If the continuation of the NRA means the perpetuation of this bargain, we should advocate scrapping it altogether. We do not believe there can be a recovery under the capitalist system without a more normal working of a price economy, and we do not see that the consumer can possibly be safeguarded against exploitation by the price agreements which the NRA sanctions. Scrapping the NRA would not mean that the codes would have to go. They could be administered by the Federal Trade Commission with enlarged powers. And the Department of Labor could resume its sole supervision of the conduct of industrial disputes.

But we are not convinced that the disappearance of the NRA is called for so much as a clarification of thought. Indeed, there was a gain in having the protection of labor assigned to a fresh agency which embodied the energy and spirit of the times and commanded fresh prestige in the country. But unless the NRA can serve, as was originally conceived, as a fair arena for orderly conflicts between capital and labor, it can enjoy no fresh prestige. On the contrary, this summer has been a story of repeated stultification.

If the NRA is to be continued, it must be without price-fixing and the grant of monopoly privileges, and it must be accompanied by a clarification of the right of collective bargaining. When we come to this theme we reach one of the most obscure passages in the records of the Administration. One must assume that the President considered it essential that labor should be fortified in protecting itself. But he has remained aloof while General Johnson has played fast and loose with the principle of collective bargaining, and has let the nation be thrown into the jitters by the spread of strikes which have been not ordinary industrial conflicts but strikes for the recognition of the rights which the NRA bestowed.

The Johnson era has now reached its climax in the censure of the General by the ruling of the National Labor Relations Board in the Donovan case. The reinstatement of Donovan and the integrity of an organ of the NRA in overruling the czar of the Recovery Administration give one hope that the muddle in Washington is not past redemption. What is amazing is that the General did not immediately offer his resignation. The Donovan case in itself is a secondary affair, and Donovan may not make an ideal martyr, but the trial was not of an individual but of a principle. And the verdict was that General Johnson, who is responsible for having the principle accepted by industry throughout the country, failed to apply it in his relations with his own subordinates. That the General should go is the kind of truism which would be obvious to a five-year-old child but which can be lost sight of in the mist of a political capital.

We do not minimize the difficulties of the Administration in getting the right to collective bargaining recognized. The very idea is repugnant to many industrialists who do not know that the nineteenth century has closed. And the difficulties have not been lessened by the fact that the American Federation of Labor is not yet organized to wear comfortably the mantle of representation for all labor. There is bound to be confusion and delay before collective bargaining can emerge on a sound footing. But what is incontestable is that the President has added to his natural difficulties by his open indulgence of General Johnson, and by maintaining a delphic silence in moments when a few emphatic sentences would have cleared away the mist.

Whatever the reorganization of the NRA, the President will be judged, perhaps more than he realizes, by the faith he shows in fulfilling this particular pledge of collective bargaining. It is not enough to rely on the luck of finding suitable administrative agents and agencies. Some of the bad luck of General Johnson has been offset by the services of Lloyd Garrison as chairman of the Labor Relations Board. But if the General goes, and if the country is to rely not on personalities but on principles, the first task of reorganization is to make clear the principles according to which the Recovery Act is to be administered.

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All for Liberty

WE are glad to welcome the new non-partisan American Liberty League headed by Jouett Shouse, anti-Roosevelt ex-chairman of the Democratic National Committee, and such eminent advocates of liberty as John W. Davis, Irenee du Pont, Alfred E. Smith, Nathan L. Miller, and James W. Wadsworth. We do so not only on the ground on which President Roosevelt is said to have given his blessing—the necessity of criticism. Our hope is that the league will wax sufficiently strong to be the instrument of that division between conservatives and liberals, or radicals, for which *The Nation* has been hoping for so many years. Times without number we have pointed out that there was, at least until Franklin Roosevelt's arrival in Washington, no essential difference between the Republican and Democratic parties; that there were conservatives and progressives in both, and that there was no cleavage between them on a single issue; that for years past every important bill voted in Congress has been supported by Republican and Democratic votes and opposed by Republicans and Democrats. If the Liberty League means that the hour for a genuine showdown is at hand, we are ready for it. Sooner or later the division is bound to come. Even if this new league means the beginning of an organized fascist movement, we shall not be frightened. That challenge was certain, given conditions as they are.

We are, of course, under no illusion as to what these eminent men have in mind when they use the word "liberty." Their language is clear. They promise in their preliminary statement, first, to uphold the Constitution of the United States. Second, they will teach the necessity of respect for the rights of persons *and property*, "as fundamental to any successful form of government" (Russian newspapers please copy). Third, they will teach the duty of government to encourage and protect individual and group initiative and enterprise, to foster the right to work, earn, save, and acquire property, and to preserve the ownership and lawful use of property when acquired. There we have it quite plain. Despite the passing slight reference to the "rights of persons," this is an organization to secure to capitalism the power to live and do business as heretofore. Its conception of liberty is the right to maintain the old, discredited order, the liberty to continue an inequitable division of the products of labor, the liberty of some men through special privilege and government favoritism, or by the absence of government control, to build up large fortunes while millions of others—even during our boom years—approach nearer and nearer the starvation line.

When our jails are full of men arrested and often beaten for striking for their economic rights—rights guaranteed in many cases by the NIRA itself—this new Liberty League has nothing to say except that there is a "necessity to respect the rights of persons." When personal liberty is abridged by men in office and authority as never before, the Liberty League fails to cite a single one of the literally thousands of cases of official lawlessness, of official siding with the employers as against the employees, to make people believe that it places human rights above property rights. And of course it does not. What persons are violating the Constitution of this country oftenest? None other than officials solemnly sworn to uphold that Constitution and our every law. Who are defying the government of the United States in its efforts to uphold the right of collective bargaining but the United States Steel Corporation and the aluminum trust and other corporate clients of John W. Davis and ex-Governor Miller? Who wants liberty for the great corporations to dominate absolutely and autocratically the lives of the workers? Why, none other than the group represented by most of the men who are the founders of this league. Not liberty *for all*—that is not what this group wishes, but liberty to block that reorganization of our social and economic life without which we shall continue to go from one crash to another, from one "cycle" into the next.

Well, as we have said, we are glad, and Mr. Roosevelt should be glad, that this non-partisan group has raised the banner of property rights first. Perhaps Al Smith and Mr. Davis, both once Democratic Presidential candidates, will now furnish the leadership the Republican Party craves and so sadly lacks. Mr. Wadsworth is being groomed for the Presidency; his joining the league shows that he expects, and so do we, that it will grow as rapidly as the association against prohibition. As men in political life join it, we shall all know precisely where they stand. It will help us to re-form ranks, to choose our flag and be known by the company we keep.

The Menace of "Education"

AMONG the numerous skeptics who have arisen to challenge the methods and accomplishments of American universities and colleges, there has been none quite so rash as to suggest that the whole vast business, involving the expenditure of innumerable thousands of dollars every year by hundreds of thousands of college students, is a failure. Yet some such conclusion emerges from the six-year study financed by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, which is described by John R. Tunis in the current issue of *Scribner's Magazine*. The study was directed by Dr. William S. Learned, with the cooperation of the Association of College Presidents of the State of Pennsylvania and of the State Department of Public Instruction, and covered forty-nine colleges and sixteen public-school systems. As in most such studies the conclusiveness of the findings rests on the validity of the intelligence tests and other tests employed. In this case, the questionnaires were so skilfully prepared and the scale of the study so large as probably to cancel most of the factors of error.

The most impressive table is that showing the relative scores of freshmen, sophomores, juniors, and seniors in six colleges. As a result of four years of college instruction, the seniors improved their score on the intelligence test from 56 to 58, but apparently lost ground in spelling, grammar, vocabulary, English literature, history, and social studies. The average senior in six colleges recognized only 61 out of 100 words "in familiar use by educated people." One-fourth of the college population, seniors about to graduate, achieved scores lower than those of 30 per cent of the high-school seniors four years younger. The high-school seniors in Reading, Altoona, Elkins Park, and Wayne were ahead of the average for all the college sophomores in the State.

The findings with respect to different types of students were no less remarkable. In general the students preparing for the teaching profession ranked lower than the others, and the students of "business administration" were among those making the lowest average gain as a result of their college instruction. The student who topped the entire list of 2,800 proved to be a boy who, except for a high mark in history, had failed or received D's in the rest of his courses for three years and had been demoted from the junior to the sophomore class; whereas in another college a young woman about to receive a *magna cum laude* failed miserably in the tests, standing fifth from the bottom in a class of forty-eight and in the lowest 10 per cent for the State.

Mr. Tunis interprets these disheartening findings to mean that there is something wrong with the methods of college instruction—particularly the credit system. Undoubtedly this is so, and it is probable that the "honors," or divisional, idea which is now being tried out in Princeton, Harvard, Chicago, and elsewhere, represents a considerable improvement over the traditional method of instruction, which frustrates the individual interest of students and puts a premium on "credit hunting."

But this is not the whole story, nor did this study, in our opinion, go far enough. We should have liked to see the teachers subjected to similar tests so that we might learn whether teachers are more or less bright after two, four, and ten years of immersion in the academic routine. We are inclined to suspect that the present version of the "higher learning" is dis-educational for the teachers as well as for the students. In addition it would be interesting to follow these students into the business and professional jobs which they take, if any are available, after graduation. Is the experience of business and professional practice educative or otherwise? Is a first-year Rotarian brighter or stupider than a veteran juggler of pink balloons, chocolate eclairs, and paper hats?

There are other and even more basic considerations. It would seem from Mr. Tunis's summary that Dr. Learned and his associates examined the educational apparatus as a thing in itself, to determine whether or not it is functioning. But college training is merely one element, and a rather minor element at that, of a total cultural process which either functions or doesn't, which is creative or stultifying, educative or dis-educative. Ideally, the processes of a functioning culture are educative in and of themselves. In primitive societies education takes the form of apprenticeship: of children to parents, of youths to their elders. The phenomenon of formal education in our complex modern societies is to a considerable extent an inflated and adventitious excrescence upon a culture which has lost its organic, self-functioning quality. This has become particularly apparent during the depression when we send children to college and keep them in college and in graduate work because society cannot find serious tasks for them to do.

But it is unlikely that the Carnegie Foundation will enter into such untrodden fields of inquiry and speculation. They are reserved for those irresponsible laymen who by hook or by crook—frequently by cutting classes like the Brightest Boy of Pennsylvania already referred to—managed to escape being "educated."

A Denial from California

WE have received from Albert E. Boynton, managing director of the Industrial Association of San Francisco, a telegram characterizing as "grossly untruthful and libelous" the article and documents published in *The Nation* last week on the connection of the Industrial Association with the police raids in and around San Francisco. Mr. Boynton denies that anyone in his association "had any previous knowledge or connection with any of the arrests in the strikes or in either the police or unauthorized raids on Communist quarters." The article under question appeared in *The Nation* for August 29; this issue was on sale in New York on August 23 but had not reached the Coast by August 24 when Mr. Boynton dispatched his message. The protest of the managing director of the Industrial Association was therefore based upon a press release announcing the article and not upon the article itself. Mr. Boynton assumes that "some irresponsible propagandists" forwarded one of "our strike-violence news reports which we furnished daily" to the newspapers of San Francisco. These reports were, he says, based on police records of arrests in Communist raids and all other arrests in connection with the longshoremen's and general strikes from July 3 to the end. He demands that *The Nation* "retract its conclusions and implications in regard to the Industrial Association of San Francisco and Albert E. Boynton, its managing director, manifest in this article" and offers for the inspection of "any authorized agent" the "full files of these reports." *The Nation* has accepted this offer while recognizing its insufficiency for the purposes of a full inquiry; it has asked the A. C. L. U. to act as its agent and will publish its findings.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Boynton had only a press release upon which to base his denials. The reproductions in *The Nation* of parts of the "Strike Violence Memos" do not suggest news reports either in appearance or substance. The "irresponsible propagandists" so cavalierly dismissed by Mr. Boynton are officers of the American Civil Liberties Union who checked the documents' authenticity for *The Nation.*

The Nation suggested in its editorial that the activities of the Industrial Association, as revealed in the documents published, together with the whole record of official terrorism in California, be made the subject of a federal investigation. We reiterate our belief that this should be done. The breakdown of orderly government in California, the lawless acts of officers of the law, the violence of irresponsible bodies of citizens, all demand the intervention of the federal authorities. Meanwhile, we are glad to support the proposal of the American Civil Liberties Union, made in a telegram to Mr. Boynton, that the Industrial Association open its "complete files dealing with the general strike to examination by an impartial national inquiry commission of outstanding citizens." *The Nation* believes that such an inquiry into the whole question of private and official lawlessness would be an invaluable preliminary to a federal investigation later on. If the Industrial Association will extend its offer to open its files to the body suggested in the Civil Liberties Union's proposal, *The Nation* will gladly accept and publish the findings that result from such an examination and will publicly modify or maintain its position in the light of the full data.

Issues and Men

The President's Greatest Opportunity

I SUPPOSE that everybody thinks that he knows just what are the greatest opportunity and duty before the President. Well, I too feel very strongly that there is one duty above all others which he ought to perform. It won't bring us any economic relief or bring prosperity any nearer, but I believe it will do more for the soul of America and the preservation of our institutions than anything else the President can do. I refer to the necessity of his lifting his voice against the ever-growing official lawlessness in this country, the readiness of men in office everywhere to consider themselves above and beyond the law, with the right to decide which citizens shall and which shall not obey any given statute. I have particularly in mind also the way the local law-enforcing authorities, whose duty it is to be absolutely neutral, continually side with the employing class. The depth of my feeling on this subject comes from the fact that my long years of experience have made me realize that the failure of our officials themselves to respect and obey the law has more to do with our general lawlessness than any other of the many reasons for it.

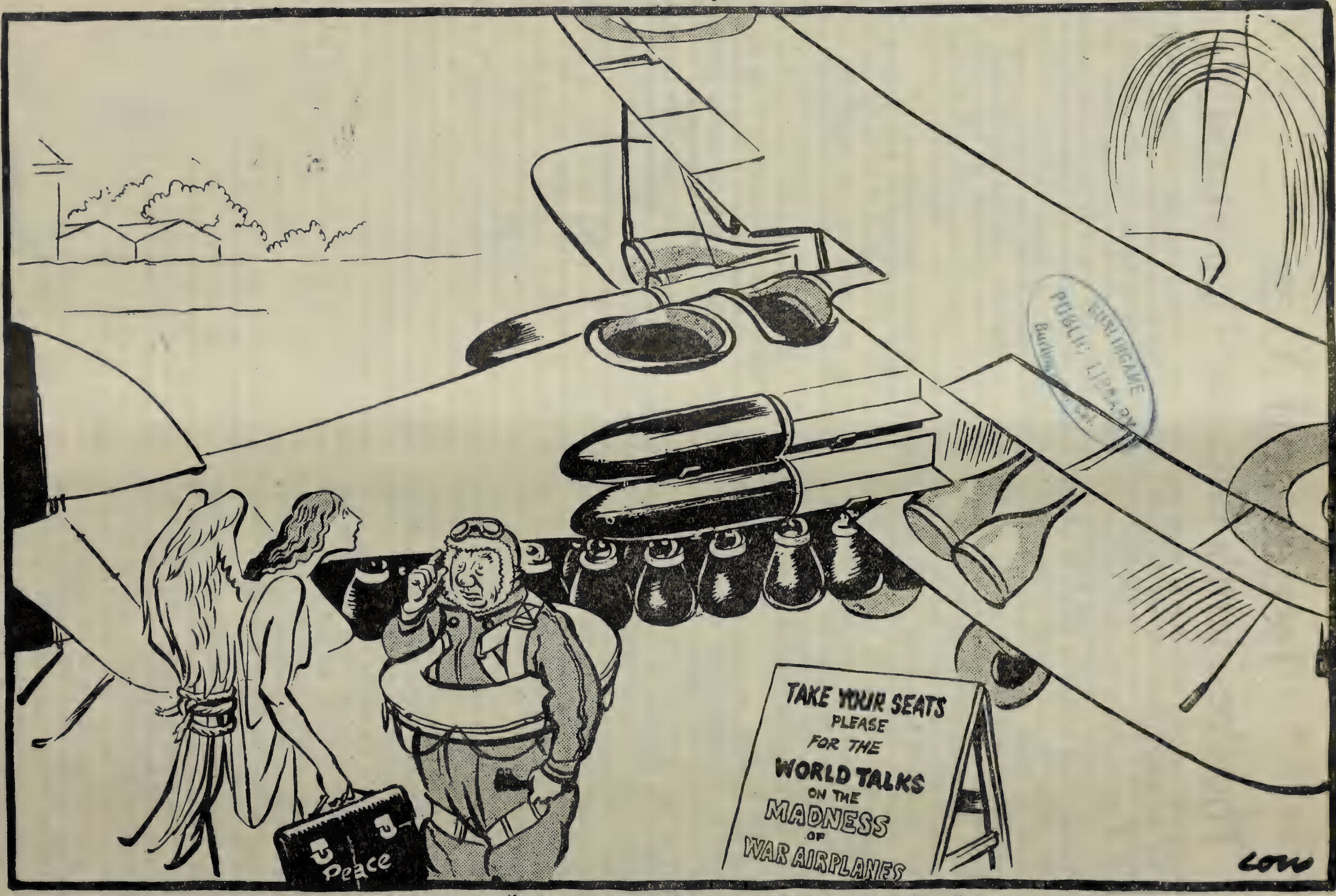
The most important happening along this line has been, of course, General Johnson's conduct in San Francisco, where, after denouncing the shipowners because they had failed to give the right of collective bargaining to the striking longshoremen, he proceeded to say that those who were engineering the general strike constituted "a threat to the community," "a menace to government," "civil war," "bloody insurrection," "a blow at the flag of our common country." He then said: "If the federal government did not act, the people would act, and it would act to wipe out this subversive element as you clean off a chalk mark on a blackboard with a wet sponge." This was all that the vigilantes needed. That day they began their raids, which have since turned out to be really police raids, undertaken probably at the instigation of the big-business interests of San Francisco. The casualty list published in *The Nation* last week provided only a partial record of the brutalities inflicted during those illegal raids. Yet the victims and the men against whom General Johnson fulminated were well within their rights, were doing nothing illegal, and had jeopardized the success of their undertaking by opening the road for food supplies and other necessities to reach the population. No one can measure the effect which such incitement to lawlessness has upon the country.

Nor can anyone measure the effect upon the plain people of the United States of seeing police lawlessness and brutality at close range. They behold the police entering homes without warrant, subjecting innocent people, as well as the guilty, to the illegal third degree, and beating up unarmed prisoners whenever it suits their convenience. They know that in strike after strike the police side with the employers; it is rare, indeed, that they sympathize with the strikers, as was the case in Toledo. What happened in Hardin County, Ohio, a few weeks ago is characteristic. Peaceful picketing is lawful in the United States by the decision of the highest courts, but when Jerry Raymond, an organizer for the Socialist Party, headed a picket line in the town of McGuffey, a truckload of deputy sheriffs ordered the pickets to disperse. Being clearly within their rights, they refused. The deputies attacked them with clubs and knocked Raymond unconscious. When he recovered, Raymond was tried twice on the charge that he had been guilty of "assault with intent to kill." The lawyers for the onion growers, against whom the workers were striking, twice prosecuted Raymond, who was sentenced to ninety days in jail and to pay a fine of $75. It was a blow at the government of the United States itself, this conviction. It was a worse act than any single Communist could possibly have perpetrated.

I could cite literally hundreds, if not thousands, of similar cases which are happening all the time all over the country and are being multiplied as the struggle between capital and labor grows bitterer because of the impulse to unionization given by the NRA, especially by Section 7-a of the NIRA. I cannot understand how President Roosevelt can stay his hand under the circumstances—if he has any realization how the whole legal structure is being undermined, how the masses are losing all faith in laws and our constituted authorities. He must know that the average well-to-do American reads these things and says: "It serves the damned Socialist right. To hell with him." He knows that our patriotic societies are willing to stand behind the authorities in denying all legal and constitutional rights to Socialists and Communists, to labor leaders, even if they are of the most conventional stripe, when they threaten business, as in San Francisco. The President ought to realize that he alone can turn the tide effectively. Thus he might have sent for the policeman who arrested the Reverend A. J. Muste in Belleville, Illinois, and later swore in court that he thought he had the right to overrule the Constitution of the United States and violate Mr. Muste's constitutional privileges whenever he thought there was an emergency, and have lectured him in the White House before the press representatives as to what constitute the duties of a police officer. He should have publicly rebuked General Johnson; the country would have acclaimed him if he had. He could well have voiced his opinion of those police justices of Hardin County, and demanded the release of Jerry Raymond. Above all, he could have made it clear that he himself will never connive at any violation of any United States statute, no matter what the crisis. I repeat that I know of no greater service the President could today render to his country and his countrymen than to continue to pound away upon this line, to uphold the sanctity of the Constitution and of all law, and to rebuke the faithless officials—many of them faithless through their complete ignorance of both our laws and the Constitution.

Oswald Garrison Villard

A Cartoon by LOW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"MY LADY, THE CARRIAGE WAITS."

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The Hitler Terror Mounts

By EVELYN LAWRENCE

A YOUNG German told me this story at an underground group meeting in a small cafe in Berlin. Illegal gatherings in the Third Reich are not held in dim cellars, lit by guttering candles. They are conducted in the open, cloaked only by the naturalness of everyday events. I have been to meetings in restaurants, in private homes, and in the open air, where we sat on the bank of the Rhine in bathing suits.

Here five of us sat at the table. We spoke in the whispers that are the voice of Germany today. As the young man told his story, a typical Nazi love-and-unity newspaper lay on the table. A black headline blared across it: "Schlagt die Reaktion, wo ihr sie trifft" (Beat reaction wherever you meet it).

"Three months ago they arrested a man in East Prussia," he said. "They found my address among his papers. The next morning I was in a concentration camp. The SA asked me what I knew. I said that I hadn't participated in revolutionary activity since such activity became illegal. That was an 'unsatisfactory' answer. So they beat me for three hours until I crumpled up on the floor. Then they took me away from the concentration camp to a special station for torturing stubborn prisoners. I was carried into a small room with only a bed in it. The door to the main room was slightly open. I could hear the wails and screams of a man who also was 'stubborn'—he was refusing to betray his comrades. After two hours I heard him break down. He whispered the names of two men, very faintly. The SA brought him in and threw him on the bed, smeared all over with blood.

"Then they took me in. Four men surrounded me and told me to talk if I valued my life. I said I knew nothing. They beat me again. I fell to the floor. I bit my lips and shrieked. I was bleeding all over. I became unconscious time and again. Each time they revived me. And through it all was the constant refrain, 'What do you know?' My answer was, 'Nothing.'

"Late in the evening they carried me into the anteroom and threw me on the bed with the other man. Pain made sleep impossible for both of us. In the morning they took the man who had confessed back to the torture room together with the two men whose names he had given. After three hours of questioning they were all taken back to the concentration camp.

"I was too exhausted to say 'no' any more. I could only shake my head. They were more hopeful and more brutal. The beating went on all that day. It went on until I became completely unconscious and could not be revived. Of the next day I remember only one thing. I was conscious at intervals. I lay on the floor feeling that I couldn't stand another blow, that I must tell. Then I looked up and saw the vicious faces slobbering over me. I would die before I would deliver anyone else to those beasts.

"On the fourth day they varied the monotony. They decided they had been too 'soft.' I was taken into a small room and propped in the corner. Two SA men stood in the other corner with guns. One of them said, 'We shall count three. If you do not talk we shall shoot.' Then came the three counts. I felt the shots hitting the wall right beside me and then I collapsed. The mad torturers gave up. They took me back to the concentration camp. The comrades there knew what four days in the torture rooms meant. They were sure I was dead. When I came back I was a hero."

The German ended his story and sat silent for a minute. "We're still working," he said, "and we'll lick them, too."

This is the hand of the terror in its most naked form. All through Germany I saw it again and again, hearing of men who had been beaten to death or shot, meeting men who had come back from concentration camps deaf or gruesomely mangled from tortures, seeing too the subtler expressions of reaction in the distorted newspapers, in the songs, the interminable parades and flags and uniforms, the scientific seduction of youth to the purposes of the regime.

In one town I visited a family I had known from days before Hitler. They lived in a working-class suburb. They had been revolutionaries. Now they are Nazis. The young husband looked away from me and shrugged. "One must live," he said. "I've been out of work for a year and a half. Now I have a job."

To them Nazism is a cloak of convenience. But when, sitting at their table, I lighted a cigarette, the three-year-old daughter jumped up and down on her chair shrieking, "Deutsche Frauen rauchen nicht" (German women don't smoke). She had absorbed the slogans that are plastered across new Germany even before she could read them. As I left the family I said goodby with the old phrase "Guten Tag." The girl ran after me, beating at me with puny fists and crying, "Heil Hitler, Heil Hitler," shocked at the tragic breach of etiquette.

I went to visit a boy of thirteen. His mother is dead. His father, a refugee, I had met in England. His guardian, appointed by the municipality, is a Nazi. The lad stood before me in a brown uniform, the swastika on his sleeve. He couldn't get an apprentice job until he joined the Hitler youth. He said to me, "Tell my father that little Peter is still a Communist under his brown shirt."

Later, when I spoke to his father, the exile laughed with tears of pride in his eyes. But I didn't share his confidence in little Peter. Talking to the boy I could see the inroads of Nazification—brown ideas creeping into his mental pattern, brown phrases creeping into his speech. In his home, at his work, in his troop, he is permeated by Hitlerism. The regime continually tightens its grasp on youth and organizations with influence. This summer, for example, school teachers in many German towns had no vacation. Instead, they went to a summer training camp to become more effective canals for pouring the new German spirit into their pupils.

The tide of the terror in all its forms is flowing high. Prices are mounting, wages falling; the Reich has neither credits, raw materials, nor markets; a wheat and potato shortage is looming this winter; and the nearing threat of inevitable war is the constant thought of the man on the street.

Hitler's answer to all this is even swifter reaction, a renewed drive on the revolutionaries, more refined tortures in the concentration camps, accompanied by sloppier and sloppier propaganda in the press lauding the new spirit of unity and love, the new Germany of peace and employment, the *Führer* and his achievements.

Does he get away with it?

In every factory two or three or four or half a dozen radical workers form a cell. Theirs is the task of talking to their fellow-workers, of gauging satisfactions and dissatisfactions, of pointing out the truth behind the smiling propaganda front, of distributing the illegal literature. From the factory cells the reports go to central committees, where they assemble bit by bit into a picture of public opinion in Germany today. They show a growing spirit of resistance, a resistance that is sadly feeble and fearful and inarticulate but a thousand times stronger than it was during the first terror when Hitler had just come to power.

The SA takes up continual collections in the factories. Formerly it was an automatic procedure; no man dared refuse his contribution. But now there are delinquents. In one factory with sixty workers, when a collection list came around no one signed, not even the *Meister* (foreman). The SA laid down the law to the *Meister* and he signed. But when the list was circulated again, only five men signed. All the workers in the shop were called to a meeting. It was made clear to them that they were to sign for their own good. Despite this, fifteen out of the sixty failed to sign when the list came around for the third time.

All German workers belong to the Arbeitsfront, which has replaced the suppressed free trade unions. Attendance at meetings is compulsory; it is usually achieved by marching the workers in closed ranks directly from the factory to the meeting hall. At the Zeiss factory many workers broke from the ranks and refused to go to the Arbeitsfront. So an SA detachment was sent to guard the factory gates at closing time and keep the ranks tight on the way. When the workers came out they refused to march. After a stalemate of a few moments one worker broke through the SA ranks. Others streamed through the gap after him. The SA could do little. Attendance at the Arbeitsfront meeting was only about 50 per cent. At another Arbeitsfront the committee was arranging a parade—one of the parades that replace food and freedom in new Germany. But this parade was difficult to arrange. Out of four hundred workers they could not find ten willing to be seen on the streets carrying the swastika-blazoned banners of the organization.

There is one story I like. It is the perfect expression of inchoate German protes ttoday. I was in a train compartment with two Germans. One was an ecstatic Nazi. He talked of the new Germany, of peace, love, brotherhood, of the classless state. The other traveler sat very quietly. He had, I sensed, a neutral-pinkish opposition. At last he spoke.

"None the less," he said, "locomotive drivers in America get more pay than drivers in Germany."

"That is not true," argued the Nazi. "It is a lie of the foreign press. Locomotive drivers in Germany are paid as well as anywhere."

A station later the Nazi got off. The other looked around and then leaned over and whispered to me, "You know, locomotive drivers in America do get more than in Germany. I know. I'm a locomotive driver."

We talked for a few minutes more. He was very excited to find that I had been in Russia. He asked me how conditions were in Russia.

"Well," I replied, "You must understand that even in Russia there are some bad things."

"I can understand that," he said. "You know—even in Germany there are some good things."

The Shipping Conspiracy

By WILLIAM ADAMS

I

THERE is probably no subject of national importance about which the American public knows and cares less than it does about deep-water merchant shipping. There is nothing remarkable in this fact. America is a continental nation most of whose population dwells inland, its internal commerce greatly outweighs its foreign, and in its economy nationally owned, overseas shipping has not had, since the Civil War, any fundamental place. On the other hand—and this is remarkable—no other industry in the United States has been the object of so many favors from the government, including gifts from the national treasury. In fact, no other nation pampers and protects its shipowners to the same extent as the United States.

The purpose of the expensive nation-wide "educational" campaign that has been conducted during the years since the war by the American Steamship Owners' Association and the National Council of Shipbuilders has not been, of course, to provide the American public with any true information about shipping. It has been rather an effort to make the American people "ship-minded" by presenting to them, through lectures, teachers, and writers, all the misinformation about shipping conceivable. One form of this propaganda was exhibited recently in the conduct of the press toward the Senate's inquiry into ocean-mail contracts. Almost simultaneously in newspapers throughout the country there appeared editorials which attempted to minimize the significance of the facts disclosed by the investigation and to fix attention on a side issue. All of them ran somewhat like this: "Evidence of bribery and favoritism in the awarding of mail contracts is deplorable, but most of the men responsible are either dead, out of office, or absent from the country. Evidence that lines have been receiving as much as $75,000 for carrying a pound of mail should disturb no one. The subsidies are given for other—and profounder—reasons than carrying mail. Nothing that the investigation uncovers should be allowed to obscure the vital necessity that exists for subsidizing our shipping. By abolishing the postal subsidies and giving the shipowners an outright subsidy all reform necessary should be accomplished."

At the outset let us clear up the popular misconception that our subsidized shipping constitutes the entire American merchant marine. In reality our privately owned, salt-water shipping is divided into three fleets: coastwise and intercoastal, industrial (that is, ships transporting their owners' products, mainly oil, steel, and fruit), and foreign. The first two are, or at least ought to be, self-supporting; they exist because there is an economic necessity for them. The third, on the ground that it is necessary to the nation but cannot compete with foreign shipping, receives a subsidy. This subsidized overseas shipping constitutes only a fifth of our privately owned, salt-water merchant marine. Of our whole merchant marine, which includes the government's tonnage, laid up and in overseas trade, and the millions of tons of shipping on the Great Lakes, it is a very small part. The fact is that even if the United States did not spend one penny on subsidy, it would still be the second maritime Power in the world.

To understand how our present overseas shipping came into being we must turn back to the beginning of the World War. Subsidy advocates never grow tired of describing for us the pitiful situation in which the nation is supposed to have found itself, first in 1914 and again in 1917, because it had "no merchant marine." From their accounts of these critical years they omit, however, everything significant. In the first place, it is not true to say that in 1914 we had "no merchant marine." Even before the opening of the Panama Canal, which has created our tremendous intercoastal trade, we had as much shipping under our flag as Germany, and more than any other nation except Great Britain. It is true that we had only 750,000 tons of shipping in foreign trade. But let us see what was the reason for this small figure.

Our coastwise trade was protected, that is, restricted to vessels flying the American flag. Our shipbuilders had a monopoly of building for the American flag, and as a consequence American yards were able to charge $70 a ton for a ship that could be purchased in England for $40 a ton. But whoever wished to enter our unrestricted foreign trade had to buy his ships as cheaply as his foreign competitors bought theirs. That meant that he had to buy them abroad and to operate them, therefore, under a foreign flag. This arrangement suited our shipbuilders. They could charge the highest prices in the world and yet have a monopoly of the building in our choicest trade. And it suited the shipowners who were engaged in that trade. They were willing to pay the builders' price because that same price made impossible the creation of American overseas shipping, which, had it existed, would have constituted a threat to their monopoly because it might at any slack season have been diverted into the coastwise trade. Actually at the outbreak of the war there were 2,000,000 tons of American-owned shipping engaged in overseas trade, but it was foreign-built and operated under foreign flags.

When the government proposed in its 1915 shipping bill to build tonnage of its own to stop the rate profiteering of the shipping lines, some shipowners, by engineering the longest filibuster in the history of the Senate, prevented the bill's passage. It was enacted the following year after President Wilson had sent Cabinet members on country-wide tours to awaken the country to the seriousness of the shipping situation. The delay, profitable as it was to the shipowners, sent us into the war without the merchant fleet we should otherwise have had.

The unhappy fact that the nation spent some $3,600,000,000 on a "war-time" shipbuilding program is also used, in season and out, as an argument for subsidies: "Let us never be caught again without a merchant marine. Because we had none at the outbreak of the war we had to spend this great sum to build one." In reality this "war-time" fleet was built not during the war but after the war. Hog Island, where the greatest number of these "war-time" vessels were built, delivered its first ship one month after the Armistice. In 1919, 3,579,826 tons were launched—not delivered. In 1920 there was no slackening in this building mania, and it continued through 1921 and into 1922 until 7,250,000 tons of steel shipping and almost 1,000,000 tons of wood and concrete had been constructed. "War hysteria" is the reason usually given for this building program. It was really caused by a cool-headed combination of politicians, shipbuilders, and steel-makers.

Another current idea is the belief that prior to 1928 our overseas shipping was owned and operated by the government, but that since the passage of the Jones-White Act it has been maintained by private enterprise. This is likewise untrue. The shipping that the government owned before 1928 it did not operate. Nor is our overseas shipping maintained today by private enterprise; the government owns about 60 per cent of every vessel constructed by private enterprise since 1928, and toward the operation of these and other vessels it is now pledged to contribute about $27,500,000 each year.

The Republican administrations of the '20's were in office mainly to uphold the rights of private business. Every statement about shipping made by Coolidge or Hoover harped on the inevitable appearance, under government ownership, of bureaucratic waste, political pressure, dulled private initiative as a result of government competition. This was the government's attitude toward government ownership. But, alas, it owned millions of tons of "war-built" ships that it could neither sell nor operate. How, then, did it solve this dilemma? After scrapping, at the behest of the shipowners and the shipbuilders—who had built them—the greater number of these ships, it simply surrendered the rest to the shipowners. Thenceforward the shipowners dictated the government's shipping policy, controlled the Shipping Board, and had all their schemes supported in Congress by the Republican majority.

First, the lines that the Shipping Board had established were turned over to managers, our present-day shipowners, who, until they were ready to buy them, were to operate them for the government. The lines received a commission on the gross value of cargo carried and in addition a husbanding fee regardless of whether the ships made a profit or loss. Naturally, no profits were reported. It was to the manager's advantage to show as large a deficit as he could; not only so that he might be reimbursed for it, but even more because he knew that when he was ready to purchase the line a subsidy sufficient to offset his probable operating loss would be given to him, and that its size would be figured on the basis of previous deficits. How the managers enlarged their losses by creating subsidiary companies to perform their lines' stevedoring services at exorbitant cost, by padding pay rolls, and by dishonest accounting has been brought to light recently by the Senate investigation. Under this system, government participation in shipping was proved to be extraordinarily expensive, impractical, and corrupt. And this was exactly what both the government and the managers were desirous of proving. It was made plain that the government must get entirely out of shipping, at any price.

The next move was an offer from the government to sell the lines to their managers, in some cases for one-quarter of what the steel in them had cost. This very low price was a subsidy—a tremendous one. A ship's fixed charges, those for depreciation, interest, and insurance, are derived from her original cost and are normally from 25 to 40 per cent of her operating cost. They are the only part of her whole expense, except the minor one of wages, in which she can enjoy a differential over rival ships. Charges for fuel and stores are practically identical for the ships of every nation. With this subsidy offered to them, did the managers take the ships, go out, and show what private enterprise could do? They did not. They wanted the ships, but they wanted something more—mail subsidies. Not until these were offered to them by the Jones-White Act were they ready to purchase the ships.

Needless to say, the shipowners were able to advance numerous arguments to prove that these subsidies were necessary. They have maintained, for example, (1) that the freight money paid by Americans to shipping lines for carrying their commerce should go to American lines, not to foreign; (2) that nationally owned overseas shipping is necessary to our foreign commerce; (3) that merchant shipping is a valuable adjunct of national defense; (4) that Americans should not be denied sea-going careers. Let us take these up in order.

1. "Of what benefit is a balance of trade in our favor if we pay most of it out for freight?" is a typical query used by the propagandists for a subsidy, and the argument is invariably reinforced with the assertion that the nation's annual ocean freight bill is from $200,000,000 to $400,000,000. There is one sure way of reducing this freight bill: that is to reduce the volume of our foreign trade. And this is exactly what we are doing by subsidizing shipping in an effort to have a greater percentage of our foreign commerce carried in American ships. It must by now be apparent to everyone that those abroad who buy our goods must pay for them in goods or services. Before the war foreign nations were able, in great part, to pay us for our goods by carrying our commerce, that is, by carrying those goods. For half a century the volume of our commerce and the size of our favorable trade balance steadily increased, while the percentage of our commerce which was carried in American vessels steadily decreased.

2. Is nationally owned overseas shipping necessary to our foreign trade? In considering the first argument of the subsidists we have already touched on this question. It is claimed that nationally owned shipping protects our industries from onerous freight rates that foreign lines would combine to impose on it. Now of course combinations of shipowners ("conferences") do exist. But the idea that American lines stand outside them offering our shipowners lower rates is absurd. They are all members of the same conferences.

3. As for national defense, the question is bound up with the course of the next war. This much may be hazarded: should we go to war against England and should she gain control of the sea, our merchant shipping would be of no more use to us than was Germany's in the last war. It would be tied up in port, and it would not matter whether we had much or little of it. However, the possibility of our fighting England is one that only insane men entertain. Our next war, we may assume, will find England either neutral or allied with us. We shall then, since we are the second maritime Power, have control of the sea. If we want to increase the amount of our merchant shipping we may do so by chartering vessels from neutral nations, as we did in the World War. And without the expenditure of one penny upon subsidies we should still possess, in the event of war, our industrial, coastwise and intercoastal, West Indies and Caribbean, government-owned, and lake tonnage.

4. The shipowners have based their demand for a subsidy in part on the assertion that they are maintaining American wages and standards of living aboard their ships. In the light of their actual treatment of labor this is the most dishonest and hypocritical of all their assertions. The shipowners got their ships so cheaply that the only disadvantageous operating differential between them and their foreign competitors is one of wages. For years they were busy drawing up tables comparing American and foreign wage scales. The American averages were made up partly from the pay rolls of industrial carriers, such as oil-tankers, which pay comparatively high wages but are not subsidized, and so have no bearing on the question. The foreign figures were computed in American dollars according to the depreciated values of foreign currencies, and gave, of course, no indication of their purchasing power. By these methods some interesting results were arrived at, but after America went off the gold standard, their significance was lost.

If there are any real differences between American and foreign wages, what would they amount to in total operating costs? On a cargo ship wages comprise about 7 per cent, on a passenger ship about 15 per cent, of total operating expense. Therefore a difference in wages as great as 30 per cent would work out as an operating differential of only 2 or 4 per cent. In reality, however, the difference between American and foreign wages is much less than is commonly supposed. Before me is a list made up recently in the office of the United States Shipping Commission in New York showing wages paid aboard twenty-one vessels of as many companies. Ten of these ships are operated by subsidized lines (Munson, United States Lines, South African, Black Diamond, United Fruit, Export, Columbia, Barber, Grace, Moore and McCormack). The average monthly wages of the crews of the ten vessels are: able seaman, $47; ordinary seaman, $34; oiler, $55; fireman, $47.50; wiper, $35.50; mess, $32.50. The wages paid on these same vessels when the Shipping Board owned them—that is, before subsidies to maintain American wage standards were heard of—were: able seaman, $62.50; ordinary seaman, $47.50; oiler, $72.50; fireman, $65; wiper, $57.50; mess, $42. Some lines have even gone so far as to undercut this reduced wage scale.

If any operating differential does exist between our subsidized shipping companies and their foreign competitors it is not the result of the seamen's meager wages. There are other factors to account for it—the exorbitant salaries, bonuses, and "commissions" of the officers of the lines (Dollar Line, $14,690,528 in nine years to four men); the thousands of dollars spent on "entertaining" in Washington; the fees paid to lobbyists and Washington lawyers (I. M. M., $587,000 in five years); and the sums spent for propaganda.

The conduct of the government here has been so stupid and spineless that no indictment of it can be too strong. It presents the shipowners with millions of dollars of the taxpayers' money to make up for their higher operating costs and yet makes no effort to ascertain whether these really exist or in what they consist. For an ostensible 2 per cent or 4 per cent wage differential it gives them a subsidy two or three times greater than the total annual wages, from the masters down, of their entire fleet; yet it makes no attempt to see that the wages they pay are even fair.

[Part II of this article, discussing individual mail subsidies, will appear next week.]

A Message to Uncle Tom

By SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

THE night was fearfully hot, and for a time it looked as if the last session of the Labor Institute which the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters was conducting at the 135th Street Library in Harlem would be poorly attended. That would have been unfortunate, for the full-dress speaker of the occasion was none other than Dr. Gustav Peck, executive director of the National Labor Advisory Board. The general subject under discussion at the four sessions of the institute was "Negro Labor and the National Recovery Program"; and it had got round that the Administration had decided the occasion was auspicious for making Dr. Peck's address its pronouncement to the Negro world, which was known to be restive under the New Deal. As the meeting got under way, the audience began to arrive, and at least half of the late comers were in the rough garb of manual workers. The Administration was speaking to Negro labor, was it? Well, Negro labor would hear what it had to say.

If Dr. Peck had come expecting that "it might be worse" would prove a soothing argument, he was quickly undeceived. He was preceded by Professor Emmett E. Dorsey of Howard University, speaking on "The Future of the Negro and the Recovery Program." And Professor Dorsey keyed up the audience to quite a pitch of skepticism by maintaining that if the recovery program had a future, the Negro, under it, had not—and no more had the white worker. Why had the NRA become steadily more compliant with the demands of employers and more contemptuous of the demands of labor? Because government is necessarily responsive to pressures. The NRA was under constant pressure from the most highly organized, articulate, and powerful groups in the country—the owners and employers. Labor, white and black, was inarticulate and weak. The A. F. of L., which claimed to represent labor, was, because of its reactionary leadership and its antiquated craft unionism, unequal to the task of organizing or leading it.

Understanding how things were done in Washington, said Mr. Dorsey, we could also understand why the NRA had allowed Negro workers to be paid less than white workers under the codes. The differentials had been established by usage, but the Administration had given them the force of law. Why? Because Southern employers were articulate and influential. They went to Washington and argued that the cost of living was lower in the South. What they called a lower *cost* of living was really a lower *standard,* forced upon the workers by starvation wages. The employers had also argued that Negro workers were inefficient. Why wouldn't they be? They were persecuted, lynched, kept in ignorance, underpaid. Were they likely to become more efficient so long as the government recognized discrimination and sanctioned it in the codes?

The only hope Mr. Dorsey could see for the Negro was in organization—not Negro organization, but the organization of workers, black and white, to work shoulder to shoulder in defense of their rights. For labor need expect nothing from employers or from government that it was not prepared to fight for.

Warm applause for Mr. Dorsey. The chairman introduced the Administration. Warm applause for the Administration.

The apologist for the New Deal spoke easily. Being himself a union-labor man, he knew better than to patronize his audience or to throw it too many sops of political hokum. Dr. Peck said he hadn't known until he saw the printed program that he was supposed to address the meeting on "The Philosophy Back of the NRA." He had expected to discuss the differentials. However, he would do a little of both.

His definition of the philosophy was significant, not because it was news to anyone present, but because its explicit statement by a spokesman for the Administration was news. There seemed, he said, to be a lot of confusion about the nature of the NIRA. A good many people seemed to be aggrieved because it wasn't socialism or communism. They should remember that this was a Democratic Administration. The NIRA was a "sweeping but capitalist and conservative measure of reform," designed not to change the existing capitalist order but to preserve it. If labor wasn't pleased with it, that was just too bad. The purpose of the minimum wages set in the codes was to increase buying power; providing a living wage for workers was no part of it. If the minimums set under the codes were in some cases insufficient to support the recipients, that was also too bad. The Administration had done the best it could. It was under tremendous pressure from the employers. We might laugh at Mr. Mellon and the other representatives of big business. The NRA officials couldn't; they were too powerful. That, I think, about sums up Mr. Peck's remarks on the philosophy of the NRA. When he spoke of it as "revolution," the audience roared.

Dr. Peck deplored the fact that the large majority of Negro workers were agricultural and therefore not eligible to enjoy the blessings of the NRA, and the further fact that most Negroes in industry were unskilled and therefore able to enjoy those blessings only in moderation. When it came to the differentials, he had opposed them at first, but he was beginning to doubt the wisdom of his stand. Southern employers had advanced convincing arguments—he did not mention that they were "organized, articulate, and powerful." They had said: "We are in a primitive state of industrial development; we aren't as efficient as the North. We haven't the long industrial tradition of the North, and we haven't the skilled immigrant workers to draw on. We must be allowed to pay lower wages." (What about those "fair practices" provisions, Dr. Peck? If they could be used to protect Northern coal companies against competition from the product of low-paid Southern labor, why not use them to protect Southern industrialists in paying the Northern wage?)

Even the Negro community itself, he said, seemed to be divided on this question of differentials. Certain Negro investigators had actually recommended them (murmurs of "lickspittles," "kept Negro economists," from the audience). Without the differentials wouldn't Negro workers be worse off? The Southern employers might close their shops, and where would the workers be then? He thought it likely that even under the present codes the position of Negro workers had improved. And he called attention to the service the Labor Advisory Board had performed in keeping the word "Negro" out of the codes. As they stood they applied to all Southern workers. Certain employers had tried to get authority to pay less than minimum wages to "subnormal" workers, meaning Negroes; but the NRA had nobly refused to stand for it. So things might have been worse. There was a lot of criticism from arm-chair authorities living below Fourteenth Street and writing for the liberal magazines. Let critics at least ascertain the facts; let them go into Southern communities, talk to Negro preachers (laughter so loud and long that it drowned the rest of the sentence).

At last Dr. Peck said he'd like to know how that audience felt about the differentials, and in general about the NRA. He really knew very little about how the Negroes were feeling. He hoped to be enlightened by the discussion.

He was. In the response of that Negro audience there was plenty of light but no sweetness. It happened that George Streeter was pinch-hitting for Frank R. Crosswaith as leader of the discussion; and Mr. Streeter was roiled. He remarked that Dr. Peck had made it quite clear that the NRA expected to save capital at the expense of labor; he pooh-poohed the pretense that the NIRA constituted anything revolutionary or that the New Deal meant anything more than the old deal for labor. He likewise invited the audience to bear in mind that Dr. Peck was a labor man who had put himself in the pay of the Administration and thereby acquired a vested interest in Administration propaganda. Mr. Streeter called to the platform John Davis, head of the Joint Board for National Recovery (not a government organization). Mr. Davis went, and when he stepped down he had brought out some interesting facts: that General Johnson has steadily refused to see representatives of Negro workers; that no statistical bureau of the government has allowed itself to be persuaded to investigate the effects of the NRA on Negro workers; that in his own investigations, which had taken him over some seven thousand miles of territory, he had found innumerable instances of chiseling on the part of employers, with the Administration doing nothing to protect even such rights as Negro labor had under the codes.

But the most telling criticism came from the manual workers in the audience. Here were no arm-chair critics; each worker, as he rose, gave his name, trade, and union affiliation. They were untutored, but they spoke remarkably well, with a fervor derived from their sense of wrong and with the simple directness of speakers unembarrassed by having to make a case. By the time the discussion period was over we had listened to story after story of discrimination against black workers by all the agencies of government having to do with labor. One union official told how he had been snubbed at the New York offices of the NRA until it was found that he was there representing white workers. Another told how the daily minimum in his trade, which used to be five dollars, had been reduced to four. Another brought out the fact that skilled Negro workers were ineligible for PWA jobs because they were black; another how Negroes were discriminated against in the granting of relief. They demolished the argument that Southern industry must be nursed along at the expense of labor by pointing out that Northern industrialists had moved South precisely because Southern labor was cheap. They asked why the government was allowing the burden of price-lifting to be placed squarely on the backs of the workers. They brought out that the differentials in the coal codes were obviously aimed at Negro labor. They hammered the whole labor policy of the NRA. And they repudiated the suggestion that labor support a scheme admittedly designed to benefit the exploiters of labor.

In rebuttal Dr. Peck said he wished he could persuade his hearers to give the NRA a chance. After all, it was only nine months old, and had within it great possibilities of usefulness. Already it had abolished child labor, established the forty-hour week (he didn't mention the 211 exceptions), and taught employers to think of labor as something more than a large item in the cost of production. It had also established the wonderful principle of settling disputes by conference (cries of "What about Toledo, Minneapolis, San Francisco?"). The audience might object to Section 7-a (cries, "We don't object to it; we object because the government hasn't enforced it"), but it was a great charter of rights for labor. And labor was taking advantage of it; *vide* the tremendous increase of labor-union membership. And if labor didn't like the deal it was getting under the codes, why didn't it take advantage of Section 7-a? Why didn't it organize? He was a labor man himself; he believed labor should organize and insist upon its rights instead of running to the government with complaints. If labor didn't give the NRA a chance it might get something much worse—"for you can't go back, you know" (cries, "We'll go forward, to a workers' society!").

It was very late and warmer than ever, but the audience was too excited to notice either the hour or the heat. Its members were filled with the exhilaration of the chase; they would have kept it up all night if the chairman had not called off the final impromptu speakers and adjourned the meeting. In their faces as they filed out was the glow of satisfaction that comes from work well done. The Administration had spoken to the Negro, and it had been taught that the Negro is not to be safely treated as a dumb and faithful Uncle Tom, devoted to the interests of his white master and conveniently meek about his own.

Burlingame Public Library Burlingame, Cal.

Was Europe a Success?
IV. Some Doubts Arrived At (cont.)

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

EARLIER in this discussion it was remarked that the revolutionist is usually one who began as a reformer and whose first aim was not the destruction of European civilization but the spread to all classes of what he came later to regard as contemptible bourgeois luxuries and absurd bourgeois delusions. Even now, of course, individual revolutionists often disagree among themselves concerning the ultimate desirability of individualism and freedom in the ideal society of the future. Some at least—and this is probably the official doctrine—profess to believe that both will be reestablished at some remote period when the perfect world state, composed exclusively of reconditioned men, has been set up. Yet even these enthusiastically accept the paradoxical doctrine that the only means of attaining this perfect freedom for the future involves for the present the rigid suppression of nearly all specific freedoms. Of the latter they speak with so bitterly unqualified a contempt that it is hard to take very seriously the admiration they sometimes profess for the ideal itself; and certainly Russia, despite frequent announcements that this or that institution is being liberalized, does not actually seem to be hastening very rapidly in the direction of individual freedom.

On the one hand we are assured that it is the most stable government in the world today; on the other we are sometimes assured that the freedom permitted in capitalistic countries is impossible there because the unsettled state of affairs makes stern measures against counter-revolution absolutely necessary. The fair conclusion, therefore, seems to be either that the government is much less popular and stable than we have been assured or—what is more probable—that the habit of prohibition and censorship has taken such a firm hold upon the minds of the rulers that they naturally think of government in terms of both.

Certainly the experience of the past would seem to indicate that the habit is one far more easy to form than to break, and we are permitted to doubt whether a ruling class long accustomed to despotism and a people long accustomed to the minute regulation of its thoughts as well as its deeds actually form a combination likely to preserve the European tradition we have so often referred to. Hence the defenders of the European man—those who hope for a better world but recoil at the idea of a totally different one—naturally suspect even those revolutionists who profess the intention to restore, after having destroyed, the traditions which are the necessary accompaniment of his existence.

They can imagine this man preserving himself defiantly against long-continued tyrannies. They can imagine him surviving for generations in an atmosphere charged with resentment against possibly inevitable periods of oppression. But they cannot imagine him giving up the ideal itself; they cannot imagine him actually embracing, with that joyous enthusiasm which the revolutionists recommend, even a temporarily blind acceptance of official dogma and an even temporary destruction of the individual personality as such; they cannot imagine it without at least perceiving the grave danger that he would destroy himself in the process.

The European man was almost destroyed once before when the civilization of the ancient world went down. It required between 1,000 and 1,500 years for him to begin the reestablishment of himself, and if he were to go down again he would probably go either forever, as the most radical proponents of the new beginning seem to hope, or at least for many generations to come. The new Middle Ages would not be brief, and to the liberal it appears that a new Middle Age is what the most radical of the radicals seem to be proposing. Indeed, it sometimes seems as he reads the writings of revolutionary thinkers that it has already begun; that he can easily detect in them a way of thinking which seems, by its combination of brutally sweeping general principles with bitter theological disputes over fine points of doctrine, more like the thinking of the Middle Ages than anything which has appeared since the Middle Ages closed.

The intellectual who feels this medievalism hopelessly alien, to whom it seems something which he does not and cannot ever expect to understand, may feel himself quite incompetent to discuss the economic forces which—so he is assured—make necessary its development. He may even be convinced that the economic system of the modern world has outlived its day and cannot possibly last much longer. But even granting the possibility that the most radical radicals are right in their main contentions, he feels himself on surer ground in asserting that, however right they may be in their conclusions, both their thinking and their writing certainly lack all those secondary virtues which are commonly implied when we speak of anything or anyone as "civilized." The thinking and the writing are dogmatic, harsh, and intolerant. They are full of an intense and burning hatred for that urbanity, detachment, and sense of fair play which make thinking amiable and which liberals pretend, at least, to admire.

When we have gone this far we may go one step further and wonder if these "secondary virtues" are really secondary; if, in the last analysis, it is possible to be really right without them. One may wonder, and one's wonder may grow as one begins to realize how much the thinking of the radical resembles the thinking of his bitterest enemy, the fascist, in respect to the absence of these secondary virtues. The two parties have arrived at what are usually thought of as diametrically opposed conclusions by mental processes very similar, and it may be suggested as a possibility that the most important, the most fundamental thing is rather the manner or the temper than the conclusions themselves. Is it not possible that, from the intellectual standpoint, the really significant thing is less whether a man is a doctrinaire communist or a doctrinaire fascist than whether or not he has the kind of mind to which the dogmatisms and over-simplifications of either are congenial?

To compare—from this perhaps prejudiced standpoint—the writings of many fascists or of many communists with the writings of the now despised liberals is to be struck with a difference which seems much like the difference one perceives in passing from, say, Plato to Tertullian. The important thing is not whether Plato was right in his conclusions. The important thing is that Plato had what the modern European man calls a civilized mind, while Tertullian had what this same man would call a barbarous one; that, in short, the one lived in a mental world where whatever realities lie behind the conceptions of fair-mindedness and detachment were tremendously important, while the other lived in a world where the only important thing was to make sure that you came out at sound doctrine and gave no comfort to the devil. Our liberal intellectual remembers one peculiarly dark period in world history which is occupied by the doings of the people of Byzantium. These doings are particularly hard to understand because they involve what seems to us a peculiarly absurd combination of passionate concern for theological orthodoxy with extraordinary brutality in daily life. But when he listens to the harangues of certain revolutionists he seems to see, dreadfully foreshadowed, a period strikingly like the Byzantium epoch in certain essential characteristics. What seems to be promised is, on the one hand, the same rule of violence in practical life and, on the other, a tendency to reduce all intellectual life to a state where it is concerned with nothing except essentially theological debates concerning the meaning of dialectical materialism—a subject which appears already to have become as subtle, as well as often about as meaningful, as that which had to do with the Homoosian and Homousian doctrines. In other words, what the liberal intellectual has come to fear is less communism or fascism as forms of society than what he feels justified in calling the Byzantine mind.

The official comment of the radical upon all such fears as this is a simple one. It is merely that to entertain them at all, even to understand what they mean, is thereby to demonstrate oneself a typical, uneducatable product of that rotten bourgeois civilization which is about to pass away forever. It may be so. But if it actually is, then the argument is nearly concluded. The thing about to pass away is not merely a form of society and not merely certain aspects of human nature generally regarded as unlovely, but the European man himself.

Was this European man a success? Probably most persons will agree that his success as a political animal was far less than complete, that physically, at least, the world he made for himself and his fellows was not as satisfactory a one as it is reasonable to hope for. But the success of his philosophy and science and art, the richness of his world of thoughts and feelings, may well command greater admiration. In respect to his achievements in those fields he seems to compare very favorably indeed with any other sort of man we know anything about. And it is on the question of his value that the liberal parts definitely from the radical. To the latter, that man is doomed already. Away with him! The former is not so ready to accept as demonstrably "inevitable" whatever coming events he does not yet know exactly how to prevent. Neither has he any enthusiasm for a method of saving the world which begins by destroying him and his kind. He thinks the world hardly worth saving unless one can save along with it that part of Europe which was a success.

[*This is the concluding article of Mr. Krutch's series.*]

Utopia Incorporated

By MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD

San Francisco, August 24

WHILE Upton Sinclair has been giving the jitters to all the other California Democratic gubernatorial candidates with his alluring Epic Plan, another movement, born in Los Angeles and spreading like a flu epidemic through the State and eastward, has been making Sinclair's glittering promises look like the benefactions of a miser. Out of Technocracy by Bellamy's "Looking Backward," with a dash of Buchmanism to give it a fillip, the Utopian Society is sweeping the Pacific Coast. Only a few months after its birth in the fertile brains of E. J. Reed, Merritt Kennedy, and W. H. Rousseau, its incorporators, it already claims more than 150,000 members—or "hermits," for every initiated Utopian is a "hermit." It has conquered southern California and now, though coolly received in sophisticated San Francisco, is ravaging the East Bay. Howard Brubaker's characterization of it as "the millennium on the easy-payment plan" is the most apt yet given it.

It is difficult to present in detail the philosophy of the Utopians, though there have been plenty of leaks from among its supposedly secret membership. The plan has taken in features of almost every modern economic scheme, from fascism to communism. In so far as it is consciously directed to a system of production for use instead of for profit, it is essentially socialistic. On the other hand, it has in its make-up a good many reminders of the Nazi prospectus. It is, in other words, all things to all men—especially to all men untrained in economics, and suffering either through unemployment or through loss of income in the present depression.

The Utopian appeal is aimed at the same people who become Elks and Redmen; it is conducted on the lines of a secret society, with all the trimmings of ritual and passwords and mystery. The applicant is blindfolded and conducted into a room where he witnesses a pageant in four "cycles." The first two of these tableaux portray the sufferings of the exploited under capitalism, the next two the beginning of the pilgrimage to the Land of Utopia. The pilgrims make three stops, before a grain merchant, a clothing merchant, and a money lender. Each of these in turn loads the unfortunate pilgrim with chains, shackling his progress. But they themselves become entangled in the chains of this "triple profit," and eventually are forced to join the pilgrimage.

At a later meeting the fifth, sixth, and seventh cycles are given. In these the newly made hermit sees the chains cast off and witnesses the glories of Utopia. There everything is under central control by a governing board. There is no profit, and no competition. All young people go to public schools and colleges until they are twenty-five. From twenty-five to forty-five everybody works, three hours a day. Each worker has a number and receives his pay in paper money with his number on it. It cannot be saved or accumulated and must be spent within a year. Anyone refusing to work is given a medical examination, and if he is found to be in good health physically and mentally he is listed as a slacker and cast out to starve. At forty-five the Utopian ceases to work, and henceforth enjoys an income of $200 a month—which makes Upton Sinclair's old-age pension of $50 a month for all persons who are over sixty look cheap indeed.

All this paradise is, of course, not disclosed at once to the neophyte. Before he witnesses even the first cycle he has been questioned concerning his social and economic views, and has been required to take two oaths—one of secrecy in regard to the society, the other to uphold the Constitution of the United States. He is also requested to pay an initiation fee, which is $3, though as little as $1 is accepted. Further dues are ten cents a month "from those that can afford it." Unemployed hermits are let in free. However, no applicant is considered unless he brings two more with him, and each of these must bring two more to the next meeting, and so on in an endless chain which if fully applied would soon involve the entire population of the nation.

The meetings between the pageants are modeled after the Oxford Group. They are held by preference in the homes of hermits, with no more than twenty present, and consist of lectures on such subjects as "Money and Its Effects," "The Improvement of Society," and "The Machine Versus Man-Power," with later discussions by the group. Also, each new hermit is requested to write a letter to President Roosevelt commending his efforts in the New Deal and asking him to persevere in working toward the redistribution of wealth. These letters are signed, not by names, but by numbers; for each hermit receives a number by which he is henceforth known within the society and which, presumably, will some day be printed on the paper money he will receive for work done after Utopia is reached. Incidentally, these numbers provide fine publicity, for as they mount to higher and higher figures they inform the president and the general public of the increasing growth of the society. The hand of an advertising expert is very clearly shown in the entire conduct of the organization.

One thing that has politicians in California very badly worried is the probability that all these secretly bound hermits, who may number 300,000 by November, are pledged to some one candidate for governor. In southern California they believe that candidate may be Upton Sinclair, but the Utopian scheme conflicts in so many particulars with the Epic Plan that this seems unlikely. Whoever the choice may prove to be, he is going to be handed an enormous vote on a silver platter, and the Utopian ballots may very well make the difference between election and defeat. It is this uncertainty which has prevented any serious overt attack on the society by newspapers and politicians, in spite of its socialistic tinge and its tolerant lukewarmness on the subject of communism in the midst of the frenzied war against the reds now being conducted in California. Some commentators even allege Utopia to be a by-product of the Communist Party, which is, of course, ridiculous; but only the Better America Federation of Los Angeles, which has issued a pamphlet "exposing" the society, and the *Argonaut* of San Francisco, the voice of similar groups in northern California, have come out boldly and heatedly against it.

Only one thing can check the rapid growth of Utopia in a State so largely made up, especially in the south, of petty bourgeois of all varieties. That thing is dissension within the ranks; and there are indications that it has begun. The three incorporators, who presumably are to be the first trustees, are said already to be quarreling. One of them, it is rumored, wants to end the secrecy feature of the movement and open its meetings, plans, and ritual to the general public, and though the other two are opposed to this, the dissentient is reported to be gaining ground. It is thanks to this controversy that so much information concerning the inner workings of this mysterious movement, at first closely concealed and guarded, is now coming out into the open and even breaking into print.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter, who has heard a great deal about the class struggle recently, feels that it is time somebody said a good word for the Arkansas mules. There, at least, is a class, or a species, which has succeeded, whether by shrewd tactics or mere obstinacy, in maintaining something that approximates the American standard of living. When the FERA came to Arkansas, so the Drifter is informed, there was some difficulty about imposing the minimum FERA wage scale of 30 cents an hour and $2.40 a day upon the local politicians who administered the relief projects. The latter insisted that the local scale of 75 cents a day for Negro laborers was ample; that Negroes receiving this wage were "fat and sassy"; and that their picturesquely large families were both an ornament and an asset to the Southland. They argued further that to pay more would mean that less swamp land would be drained, that less wealth in the form of reclaimed land would be created. The Negroes and their families, it appeared, were not wealth; they were either a means to the creation of wealth or else a liability. Finally, if the 30-cents-an-hour scale were adopted, the economic equilibrium of the region would be upset.

* * * * *

REPLYING to these arguments, the FERA representative pointed out that there seemed to be certain imperfections in the local economic equilibrium; otherwise, why the necessity of federal relief projects? Also, what about the mules? The mules, it appeared, were getting $1.25 a day, plus 50 cents' worth of food, plus a certain amount of personal valeting, plus the attentions of a veterinary when and if needed. The Negroes who worked in that malaria swamp got no personal valeting, no medical attention, and no food beyond what 75 cents a day would buy them. They were free American citizens. They were not property, not wealth. Indeed, the local politicians were rather revolted by the idea of interfering with the right of their black brothers to work for 75 cents a day. But they were equally revolted by the idea of paying less than $1.25 a day, plus food, plus veterinary service, for the mules.

* * * * *

THE mules really were fat and sassy, and any attempt to pay them less than a living wage presumably would have been met by uncompromising revolt, by sabotage, and by the derisive laughter for which that species is famous. The Drifter, who at one period of his career drifted into the army, has known many mules and many Negroes. He learned to like the Negroes greatly and to dislike the mules most heartily. But it would appear that the Negroes have something to learn from the mules in this much-discussed matter of tactics.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Answering Mr. Chase

To the Editors of The Nation:

Stuart Chase's The Age of Distribution (*The Nation,* July 25) reveals with unusual bareness the basic assumptions common to Chase, Soddy, Technocracy, Utopia, Inc., Douglas, and the "new economics" as a whole.

1. *Uniqueness of the present situation.* With an ignorance of the history of economic doctrine which is truly astonishing, Chase views as unique the present experiences of the contradiction between the expanding forces of production and private appropriation of the product. As a matter of fact, the nature of crises as crises of plenty was known by the earliest Utopian Socialists; Fourier coined the term *crise pléthorique.* That the *technical potentialities* for abundance are here has been a commonplace of the Marxist labor movement since its inception. The theoretical analysis of the conflict between expanding productive forces and the fetters placed upon them by production for profit—the theory of surplus value—is the foundation of Marx's economics. The popular meaning of this has been bred into the blood and bone of both Communists and Socialists.

Where, then, does Chase get the idea that socialism is a "kind of anti-capitalism, developed in opposition to capitalism, in the age of scarcity. . . . Most Socialists appear to assume that the volume of goods is limited . . ."? I challenge Chase to produce any body of popular propaganda of the Socialist or Communist movement which would justify his preposterous remarks. No, the present crisis of capitalism is no different in character from those which Marx analyzed. The forces of production have developed further; there is a larger area of the world covered by developed capitalist industry; and consequently the conflicts have deepened. But the same diagnosis of the disease that Marx made in 1848 holds true for the disease in its present developed stage.

2. *Seeking the solution anywhere but at the point of production.* Chase shares with most of the "new economists" a gross confusion between the technical and the economic aspect of production. "The problem of production is solved," says Chase, and thenceforth looks elsewhere than at the point of production for a solution of the crisis. The only sense, however, in which the "problem of production" is solved is *technically;* the economic problem of production for use, instead of capitalist production for profit, is not solved, and it can be solved only where the problem is—at the point of production.

Every attempt to speak of distribution as a separate problem merely conceals the fact that suggested "aids to distribution" are really aids to capitalist production for profit. Stuart Chase says: "Consciously or unconsciously, economic thinking and economic action are now oriented toward distribution. The consumer is creeping to the center of the stage. Ways and means to furnish him with purchasing power form the outstanding problem of current statesmanship," and so on. This merely obfuscates the fact that the basic concern of "statesmanship" is not developing purchasing power indefinitely but "priming the pump" of capitalist production for profit. Doesn't Chase know that the governmental outlay of funds—mainly going, by the way, directly to finance and industry—rests on this principle, and that no "aids to distribution" contrary to this principle will occur?

In the light of this obvious principle, what would be the concrete meaning of Mr. Chase's solution of "distribution?" He says: "Communists . . . would have workers seize the factories. I would have workers, and consumers generally, control the distributive machinery and organize that flow of purchasing power and goods which governments under the pressure of circumstances *are already feebly steering in that direction.*" What does "distributive machinery" mean? With industry and land continuing under capitalist production, the term can have only one meaning—the monetary mechanism. Factories under capitalist control will not turn a wheel without profit. Hence, Chase's plan must be, by taxation, expansion of currency and credit, and capital levy (I throw this in to make it sound as radical as possible), to provide government with funds whereby it can purchase from the capitalists and farmers goods and produce to distribute to the community.

3. *The disappearance of capitalists.* We have got to the point where it ought to be clear that "aids to distribution" are aids to production for profit and that the only intelligible meaning of Chase's plan would be bigger and bigger aids to production for profit. But side by side with this plan, there appeared in Chase's article the prediction that production for profit, which in Chase's view is going to continue indefinitely, is also, strangely enough, disappearing under our very eyes! Says Mr. Chase: "Technological abundance is breaking the strangle-hold of private ownership on the means of production . . . a distributive economy undermines the strategic importance of the private ownership . . . the capitalists are clearing themselves away—to the extent of a two-hundred-billion-dollar shrinkage in the past four years. And the end is not yet. Mr. Strachey says the capitalists will not permit themselves to be expropriated. It is not a question, as I see it, of permission; it is a question of maintaining expanding markets. If capitalists can expand markets, their holdings will be validated; if they cannot, expropriation takes place by default."

Now, the way I had worked out his meaning, Chase was going to have the government through the monetary mechanism expand distribution indefinitely. With capitalists continuing to control production, expansion of distribution would naturally mean expansion of markets for capitalists. Chase says no. Distribution under private ownership will increase indefinitely and capitalist markets will decrease indefinitely. How strange! But in Chase's idyllic picture of the decline of markets, and the consequent fall of the rate of profit down to zero, he leaves something out. That is: what in the meantime will the capitalists be doing to halt the decline of the rate of profit and to expand their markets?

I agree with Chase that capitalists do not represent "one mind, one heart, one pool for investment, on which one governing intelligence sets the rate." In fact, that is precisely the reason why—with capitalism not being a whole, but a congeries of groupings and individuals—when profits decline, the first necessity of capitalists is to protect the soundness of their individual businesses. For example, I know a capitalist who is thoroughly convinced that the only salvation for business is mass purchasing power. Unfortunately, his own plant is doing very badly, and it is absolutely necessary for him to cut wages. He knows that if he does so and other industries follow, mass purchasing power will be destroyed. But his first duty is to keep the business solvent. I need not labor the point: a declining rate of profit leads in the first instance to an attempt to halt the decline by wage-cutting, with repercussions which only reinforce the general decline—heightening of the struggle between capital and labor and no improvment in business.

For these reasons the capitalist struggle against the decline in the rate of profit tends more and more to concentrate on the expansion of markets. I mean markets outside the country, a phenomenon which Chase apparently found too insignificant even to mention. Why his silence on the most important characteristic of modern capitalism—imperialism? The round of wars—to be prevented by nothing short of world revolution—which capitalist governments will go through long before they permit the rate of profit to go down to, say, 1 per cent is not even hinted at in Chase's description of the disappearance of profit. Only fear of the consequences acts as a temporary brake; the need for new markets drives all the nations toward war.

Who, Mr. Chase, is going to prevent these wars or cut them short, by transforming the social order? Will it be your strange, never-never beast, the "consumer"? By his expansion of the currency, no doubt? Many are the artificial adjustments being made today by the intellectuals who see just enough to be unable to serve whole-heartedly the decaying but malignant order of capitalism. I suppose it is personally more praiseworthy for Mr. Chase to write economic fairy tales than for him to take to drink. Nevertheless, I feel it a great pity. He might be putting his talents to the task which raises breathtaking perspectives, especially in America—the building of a new revolutionary vanguard for the transformation of society.

New York, August 16 FELIX MORROW

Contradicting Mr. Solow

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Your new Labor and Industry section is excellent in intention, timely, and urgently needed. Because I am a strong supporter of *The Nation,* permit me a friendly protest.

Herbert Solow in his article War in Minneapolis, in the issue of August 8, attacked Federal Mediator Father F. J. Haas, saying "he tried to slip things by the strike leaders but met his match" and "he has abandoned his efforts to sell the strikers an unfair compromise dressed up in fancy language." In Milwaukee the American Federation of Hosiery Workers for years past has worked with Father Haas in causes involving issues vital to trade unionism and the labor movement. We have found this priest a real liberal on economic issues and one of the last men in this country who would attempt to trick or deceive a group of labor unionists. Moreover, Father Haas is far too clever and experienced to "put over" things on a group of strikers; he knows such tactics always prove a boomerang.

As a national representative of the American Federation of Hosiery Workers I have been obliged to work closely with Father Haas. During the past year he has served as a member of Senator Wagner's National Labor Board in Washington. We have differed frequently with Father Haas, but we can show conclusively that he is completely trustworthy and usually has a better grasp of practical labor problems than most mediators or arbitrators in labor disputes. I, for one, resent this sort of loosely worded and unsupported attack on one of the few persons in this country who are willing to make real sacrifices of time and effort in the cause of peace in industry.

Minneapolis, August 15 JOHN WALTER EDELMAN,
Research Director, American Federation
of Hosiery Workers

Birth Control and Class War

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Without entering into the other questions raised by your editorial The Paradox of Birth Control in the issue of July 11, permit me to express surprise at the uncritical acceptance, by yourself and other liberals, of the dubious economic argument for what you call "the democratic practice of contraception."

It should be, but evidently is not, obvious that Pearl and others are arguing from the standpoint of an "economy of scarcity," and that cutting down the birthrate is one form of cutting down the standard of living. It is restriction of production, perfectly in keeping with the restrictions imposed on production of other kinds by the AAA. But it is also a restriction of consumption, and not only an economic effect but an economic cause. Argue, if you will, for the right of workers and their spouses to elect this rather than other forms of deprivation; but remember how easily a permission becomes a requirement. With sixteen million persons on relief, the pressure from the taxpayer can easily become overwhelming to *demand* that births in this class be reduced, and reduced. Only the religious objection, I believe, has stood thus long in the way of formulating such a demand. As for the employer—well, I remember clearly how, years ago, Boston Elevated employees on strike asked for a livnig wage based on an average family of five, and how the company, from its records, showed that the average man in its employ did not have a family of five—his children, even then, averaged two and a fraction. Therefore, no raise. He was not entitled to the option of a larger family, any more than to any other luxury that he had shown his ability to do without.

Liberals should think twice before they hail as liberation a liberty which bears close resemblance to those other well-known liberties—the liberty to undercut the market, the liberty to scab, and the liberty to starve.

Buffalo, August 12 C. I. CLAFLIN

CORRECTION

The editors regret that the Public Administration Clearing House was included in an editorial paragraph printed on August 15, commenting on the activities of reactionary organizations of "taxpayers," "investors," and "citizens." The Clearing House serves as an exchange for information concerning problems of government, and while supporting proper measures of governmental efficiency, has in fact been active in attempting to prevent the reckless cost-cutting advocated by such organizations as the New York State Economic Council.

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Labor and Industry

The Case of Thomas Sharpe

By LEW LEVENSON

THE name of Thomas Sharpe was included in the California casualty list which I recently prepared for *The Nation*. I met him through the screen at Lincoln Heights jail, when I went there with a lawyer on the afternoon of August 1. After some delay the jailer produced five prisoners, three of whom had been beaten up by police. They stood behind two nearly opaque screens, so that it was impossible to see their faces. One of them, Thomas Sharpe, was suspended on crutches. In silhouette, against a dimly lighted wall, I could discern his profile.

He spoke in a low vibrant voice. His English was rather good, I thought, for a marine fireman. He had gone on strike from San Pedro because his pay was 50 per cent less than marine firemen received in 1921, the food was bad, and the bunks were uncomfortable and unsanitary. He had a legal right to strike. Two months after the beginning of the strike, when, with the aid of police, special police, deputies, and armed guards, Los Angeles harbor was forced open, Sharpe together with many other strikers went to Terminal Island, where they asserted their legal right to picket. No fight took place there that day; Sharpe was in no physical struggle. His affidavit, which follows, states in his own words what happened to him late in the afternoon of July 16 and subsequently.

Thomas Sharpe is a typical California workman who in defending his rights met the iron hand of the law. Because he was not shot dead as were Dick Parker, Howard Sperry, and many others, he can still speak. Because of the seriousness of his injuries, bail was raised by Los Angeles friends and he is now in the General Hospital, where he can tell his story freely. He is one of thousands in the State of California who are now in jails, hospitals, chain gangs, behind stockades, or recuperating in private homes.

Affidavit of Thomas Sharpe

State of California }
County of Los Angeles } ss.

Thomas Sharpe being first duly sworn deposes and says: that he is a marine fireman by occupation and a member of International Seamen's Union; that he came into San Pedro, California, on March 28, 1934, on the Point Clear; that the strike was called on May 16, 1934; that affiant came back to San Pedro from a trip on July 13, 1934; that affiant registered for picket duty on July 14, 1934; and was on picket duty on July 15 and 16, 1934, from 12 noon to 6 p. m. That affiant came off duty on July 16, 1934, about 6 p. m. Affiant had been picketing on Terminal Island and went from there to Seamen's Hall; had his card stamped at Seaman's Hall.

That affiant then went to the Anchorage, a restaurant, about a half block away, and ate. Affiant was there about thirty minutes. Then affiant went to Chateau across the alley and was there talking and lounging until about 7:30 p. m.

Affiant saw a crowd gathered outside on the opposite side of street. It was dark. I walked across the street and saw a man standing with his back against the wall, dressed as a seaman, with white cap, dark coat, and dungarees. Then saw his riot club held down by his side. I had crossed the street and was on same side as the party above described; then a Buick car pulled up on opposite side of street. The man with white cap took me by arm and across street and put me into the Buick car. I didn't resist. He prodded me along but nothing was said.

He took another prisoner there; he put me into front seat with the uniformed driver. He put the other prisoner, a young fellow, into rear seat.

He drove us to the police station. He walked me in front entrance and past the booking desk. He never booked me at San Pedro. He walked me to a hallway in the rear which was dark. He had my right arm, and he pushed me ahead of him into hall. As he did so he hit me on the right shin with his riot club. The club must have been about thirty to twenty-four inches long and about one and one-half inches in diameter. When he hit me the first blow, I fell and every muscle in my body went limp. He continued hitting me about the legs and on the right shin. He hit me on the leg about nine times. I was on the floor all this time. Then he caught my right foot and twisted it inwardly until the bones cracked. My leg started to bleed. Some uniformed officer peeped in. He didn't say a word. Then he caught my left arm and twisted and wrenched it, often jerking me to my feet, saying, "Get up on your feet, you red." Then he dropped me and I went down again. Then the uniformed man came in and grabbed my right arm and jerked me up. The other man took my left arm. They lifted me up. Then everything went hazy.

The next thing I remember was lying on a stretcher in a police station, upstairs, I believe. They were putting some stuff in my arm and were trying for some time to stop the blood from my right leg. There was an ambulance driver or doctor in a white coat working on me. Then I came to again in an ambulance. Was half asleep with dope.

Next thing I knew they were booking me at the General Hospital, prison ward. This must have been early Tuesday morning. They were taking things out of my pockets. A doctor looked at me about 8 a. m. He looked at it. "I think you'll have a bad leg since you got here too late for surgery." He took an X-ray and said it was compound fracture of the shin bone. They brought me back. He didn't try to set it. They gave me a shot for tetanus. They put leg in open basket. Then they left me lay until about noon on the nineteenth, Thursday.

There was an open wound on the leg. They put a little gauze over it. They said they'd put a gate in it later, but they never did. Left the hospital on Wednesday following about the twenty-fifth. Was taken directly from the hospital to the bull-pen. Was then laying on iron bed with pad from Wednesday noon to Friday, 1:30 a. m. I was then taken to San Pedro on police patrol wagon. Left San Pedro at 3 p. m. for Los Angeles in overloaded wagon with fourteen people and a police officer. It was a very hot day. They left me in the bull-pen (Lincoln Heights) for eight days, until today, August 14, 1934. I was unable to sit up in bunks. I asked to see a doctor. They repeatedly refused. I saw the doctor once eight days after my first court appearance on the twenty-fifth. Haven't been able to see a doctor since. No further X-rays have been made. No part of the cast has ever been removed.

THOMAS SHARPE

Subscribed and sworn to before
me this 14th day of August, 1934.
JAMES M. CARTER,
Notary Public in and for Los
Angeles County, State of California

The Textile Strike

By J. W.

THE threatened textile workers' strike is the logical outcome of more than a year of inertia and mismanagement on the part of the NRA. When the cotton-textiles code, the first of the NRA codes, was approved last summer, it aroused great hopes for the improvement of labor conditions in one of the most sweated industries in the country. But the employers have used the code to prolong and reinforce evils long extant in the mills of the industrial South. To all of this, the NRA has manifested a bland indifference. If the workers walk out, they will be striking as much against the government's failure to redeem the promise of the code as against their employers' failure to introduce a new era.

Basic among the grievances of the Southern workers is the "stretch-out"—the system whereby employers increase the machine load per worker in order to offset minimum wage rates which of course augment the former scale. The stretch-out is by no means new in the cotton-textile industry. Under the NRA, however, it has been carried to a point where flesh and blood can no longer tolerate the ever-accelerating pace of the machine process. The Cotton Textile National Industrial Relations Board was created primarily to deal with the stretch-out problem. In practice the board has refused to regard the stretch-out *per se* as a code violation. On some few occasions it has corrected instances of flagrant "overloading"; but the burden of proof has rested upon the workers. And the board has been deaf to suggestions that employers apply to it for a license before being permitted to increase machine loads.

The handling of labor complaints by both the State and national boards has also exasperated the Southern mill workers. Procedure is cumbersome and slow, adjustments few and far between. Moreover, the essential idea is all wrong. Individual complaints are not investigated and adjusted by the boards themselves. Instead, the complaints go to the national board, which transmits them to the Cotton Textiles Institute, an employers' body pure and simple. In short, employers are brought in to pass final and exclusive judgment on the wrongs committed by their fellows upon wage-earners.

Unlike most of the other industrial-relations boards, the Cotton Textile Board has failed to project a theory of Section 7-a which would advance union recognition and the execution of collective agreements. On the contrary, relying on the literal text of the code, the national and State boards have busied themselves with promoting the establishment of "mill committees." Such committees are supposed to come into being from time to time to mediate specific grievances in individual mills. Inherent in the composition of these committees is the company-union ideal—the employee representatives must be fellow-workers. So far as they constitute machinery for collective bargaining in any sense, the mill committees are spasmodic—created after the event rather than before. Confined in function to averting strikes, they do not bear in the least on the essential element in collective bargaining, the bilateral contract.

Finally, the Southern workers have failed to receive even the modest minimum wages which the code seemingly guarantees to them. First, there has been continuous evasion by employers secure in the knowledge that the machinery of enforcement creaks and is paralyzed. Second, even when code wages have been paid, management has offset this by raising rentals on company houses and prices in company stores. Third, when the cotton-textile industry, some months back, entered upon a program of curtailing production, working hours were reduced but wage rates remained as they were. Thus weekly earnings, already pitifully low, were reduced still further. In sum, the textile workers will be striking, not only to exert pressure on their employers, but also to revive the voice of conscience in the NRA.

Utopia Incorporated

ON another page of this issue appears an article by Miriam Allen de Ford recounting the ambitious aims and considerable progress of the Utopian Society, which caters to the characteristic and widespread dream of something for nothing, specifically of a revolution that is absolutely painless and works while you sleep or your money back. The Utopian Society itself makes much larger claims than Miss de Ford grants. According to its own statement, "members are coming in at the rate of about 50,000 per week here in Los Angeles, while our workers are carrying forward in other cities as rapidly as they can be trained and sent out. . . . Our local membership numbers close to a half million and the movement is spreading with unprecedented rapidity."

We print below excerpts from the leaflet which the society sends out to those seeking information. It not only contains a declaration of the aims of the society but also gives instructions for the benefit of anyone who may wish to organize a local chapter of Utopia.

> (Chairman appoints good reader, man or woman—who reads slowly and dinstinctly.)
>
> (Start reading when you get cue: "You will now hear the Declaration of Aims of this Society.")
>
> DECLARATION OF AIMS OF THIS ORGANIZATION
>
> We, loyal members of the Utopian Society, believing the Constitution of the United States to be a document of high moral purpose, reaffirm our allegiance thereto.
>
> * * * *
>
> We shall faithfully and diligently apply our *reason* and *resources* toward the establishment, through intensive education and orderly procedure, of that sound social system which will provide economic security and abundance for all. Thus we aim to secure unto ourselves and future generations the right to Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness, in a society greater and finer than has ever before existed.
>
> The Utopian Society lays stress on the following points:
>
> 1. To guarantee to everyone the right of employment and an income insuring that standard of living to which every American citizen is entitled.
> 2. To so order the channels of distribution that no one need again feel the pangs of poverty.
> 3. To provide a full measure of comfort and security for the sick and aged.
> 4. To provide the economic security of that sacred institution—the American Family—under all conditions.

5. To assure to the young, education in the arts and crafts for which they have natural inclinations.

6. To end forever the disgraceful and immoral institutions now called charitable institutions, by eliminating the cause of them.

7. To eliminate the possibility of monetary reward for crime and racketeering, whether within or without the law.

8. To prevent speculation in the medium of exchange, thus eliminating panics and depressions.

9. To prevent the injurious hoarding of the country's natural wealth, to the benefit of the few and the detriment of the many.

We attest that the machine is man's good friend, since it provides for his many needs with the least amount of expended energy. We recognize the evil results, however, to both producer and consumer of uncoordinated production. We therefore state as one of our fundamental aims the coordination of production, distribution, and consumption to best serve man's interests.

We subscribe to the policy of maintaining adequate defensive forces, but condemn—and will use every weapon in our power to prevent—the slaughter of our American manhood in disastrous wars brought upon us by those whose sole object is to wring profits from the blood and sinews of the sons of America.

These Are Our Aims

(Wait for "cue" from chairman, "Guard, conduct the candidate to the Recorder.")

(Reader reads slowly, as follows: "Cast Fear and Evil from your hearts. No harm will come to you. You are among friends who think and act in terms of Love and the Brotherhood of Man.")

(Instructions: reader retires.)

Labor Notes

Dynamite

ANOTHER McNamara case, with its consequent undermining of the cause of labor, is in the making in connection with the strike at the Girard Point plant of Andrew Mellon's Gulf Refining Company. This strike of 900 workers presented a clear-cut test of Section 7-a, and unlike the Weirton and Greif cases, it seemed to hold the possibility of direct prosecution for the first time, owing to several circumstances. The first was undoubtedly that the complainant was not General Johnson but Secretary Ickes, acting as administrator of the oil and petroleum code, upon recommendation of the Petroleum Labor Policy Board. In the second place, not only refusal of union recognition but also violation of maximum-hour provisions of the code was involved. In its report to Ickes the petroleum board pointed out that the company refused to negotiate with the Independent Oil Workers' Union, made up of former members of the old-line American Federation of Labor union, forced the strike, and then violated the law in its strike-breaking tactics. The issue seemed clear enough, and the Department of Justice at last seemed confident enough of victory to press the case.

Now, however, the prosecution of the Gulf Refining Company seems very remote. Police, doubling as labor spies, found thirty-three sticks of dynamite secreted in a striker's home and arrested three union men for an alleged plot to "blow up the works." The strikers denied contemplating violence, the union shouted "Frame-up," and organized labor and liberal and radical groups sprang into the fray, ready to carry the case to the highest courts. Then, of a sudden, one of the arrested strikers admitted that the dynamite was his and that he had intended, indeed, to turn wrecker—of course without the knowledge of the union. Thus betrayed, the temporary "united front" of the defense collapsed, and public sentiment, which had been with the strikers, turned against them. All in a moment the careful, tedious organizing work of many months was undone and the strike discredited. The company's citation for violation of the NRA has already been lost sight of, and the prosecution which seemed so certain before the dynamite incident seems much less likely.

An Agricultural Strike

EIGHT HUNDRED onion workers, organized in the first agricultural union affiliated with the A. F. of L., have been on strike since June in the Scioto marshes near McGuffey, Ohio. They demand recognition of their union and thirty-five cents an hour instead of the twelve cents and less which the growers have been paying. The strike was on the whole peaceful until recently, when the Mayor's home in McGuffey was bombed. A few hours later, the leader of the strike, Okey Odell, was kidnapped and badly beaten before being released. The violence, significantly enough, occurred within two weeks of the time when the crop must be harvested; the theory that Mayor Ott's home was bombed by strikers does not fit the fact that he is regarded as favorable to the strikers; and the mob armed with clubs which roamed through the town for several hours on August 25 was violently anti-union—at one point they gathered before the house where the injured Odell was lying, guarded by friends, and dared him to come out. A federal mediator has been dispatched to settle the strike. He is not the first. Several weeks ago the workers rejected the proposal of another mediator which provided a wage rate of fifteen cents an hour without recognition. The background and the issues in the Scioto strike will be discussed next week in *The Nation's* section on Labor and Industry. In that issue special attention will be given to the agricultural worker, who is completely unprotected by either federal or State regulation and who with his children constitutes one of the worst-exploited groups in the United States.

Unionism Wins in Minneapolis

AFTER more than five weeks of struggle, the striking truck drivers in Minneapolis have gone back to work. The settlement negotiated by federal conciliators does not give the union all it wanted, but a minimum wage has been fixed which protects raises given in an effort to stop the May strike, and the right of Local 574 to represent market inside workers, the issue which led to the present strike, is definitely established. Elections which will have been held by the time this report appears give the union a chance to win formal recognition in most of the industry.

Militant leadership and a courageous and united rank and file kept the strike from being smashed by police terror, worn out by the delays of mediation, or defeated by the calling out of the National Guard, which is by its very nature a strike-breaking move. Governor Olson, Farmer-Labor idol, resorted to this measure after the employers had rejected the first proposals of Father Haas and E. H. Dunnigan, federal mediators—which had been accepted by the union and indorsed by the Governor. Under the Governor's permit system, thousands of trucks were allowed to operate; many others violated military "orders," but the National Guard proved efficient at catching no offenders. It is significant that not a single "chiseler," as Governor Olson called those employers who attempted to violate the permit system, landed in the military stockade. Instead, this stockade was filled with strikers. Peaceful picketing became a military offense. Strike meetings in the open were forbidden. Sellers of the *Organizer*, the strike daily, were arrested. Strike headquarters and the Central Labor Union headquarters were raided and strike leaders arrested. To be sure, the Citizens' Alliance was also raided, but it developed that important files had already been removed.

Meanwhile the federal mediators were working out a new set of proposals which were highly acceptable to the employers. But the strike leaders and the rank-and-file Committee of One Hundred overwhelmingly rejected the terms offered, and the strike continued unbroken.

At the moment when the employers, particularly the little fellows on the verge of bankruptcy, began to demand peace, a third federal mediator, P. A. Donoghue, proposed a new settlement, differing from the first to the disadvantage of the union in only one important respect—a wage level 2½ cents lower. The employers and the Citizens' Alliance in accepting the settlement abandoned two "principles" they had sworn to maintain. They agreed to take back even those workers accused of violence and they gave de facto recognition of the right of workers to choose their own leaders.

Locking the Barn Door

A RECENT policy memorandum from NRA headquarters announced the exclusion from future codes of all provisions averaging maximum hours over periods of weeks and months. Instead, the codes will stipulate a maximum for any given week, modified by a flexible tolerance. As the cost of availing himself of the tolerance, the employer must subject himself to the penalty of overtime rates of pay. Another policy memorandum stipulated that in establishing an accounting basis for sales price, the producer must reckon the value of his inventory by whichever test gives the lesser result—original cost or current market. Both memoranda are admirable in motivation and logic. Their policies should have been applied from the NRA's first days. There is, however, one catch. Code-making has virtually ceased. The memoranda give no assurances that the codes whose provisions conflict with these new policies will be amended. Both memoranda seem mere pious gestures.

Steel and Collective Bargaining

THE overlords of the steel industry are no doubt bluffing when they threaten to scrap their code rather than accept the theory of industrial relations—the election of representatives for collective bargaining, with majority rule—which the National Steel Labor Relations Board seems ready to project in the Apollo Steel and West Virginia Rail cases. Those who profit from that "Magna Charta of monopoly," the steel code, are not likely to cast away its benefits in a fit of pique. More probably they will challenge the authority of the board in the federal courts. It is worth noting on this score that Federal Judge Bowen some months ago refused to grant an order enjoining the Seattle Regional Labor Board from conducting an election of representatives for collective bargaining among the employees of several copper mines in Idaho. The injunction was sought by a group of anti-union employees, and was refused on the grounds that an election is merely a device for gathering evidence, and that a trade union is legally entitled, within the meaning of Section 7-a, to bargain collectively on behalf of employees who designate it for that purpose. In the Weirton Steel case, which is now coming up for a final hearing, the election issue is also involved. Here the government is seeking to compel the employer to submit to a referendum at which the workers will choose between representation by either a trade union—the Amalgamated—or a company union. Judge Nields's earlier decision, when he refused to grant a temporary restraining order, was determined on technical grounds. The final hearing, if it is held, will decide the case on its merits.

Formula for Peace

THE usually turbulent anthracite coalfields of Pennsylvania have been comparatively calm for several months, as rival unions held their enmity in check while an umpire for the National Labor Board heard more than 1,000 grievances and attempted to iron them out by arbitration rather than by dynamite or bloodshed. This umpire recently finished his deliberations and handed down his formula for the restoration of mine peace. He finds that everything will be fine if, among other things, the United Mine Workers of America and the opposition Anthracite Miners of Pennsylvania patch up their differences and perhaps consolidate, if jobless miners are given jobs, and if rates of pay are made uniform. He neglects, however, to tell how these things are to be accomplished. To make peace the U. M. W. would have to reinstate thousands of former members who were expelled when they joined the insurgents, and it has no desire to do this because the "faithful" are hard enough to keep in line when there are no jobs. The Anthracite Miners, on the other hand, would not even think of coming back unless the typical U. M. W. bureaucracy were wiped out, and there is small chance of accomplishing that. There is a similar split over wage scales, the insurgents having many times walked out in protest against the old union's rates. As for the value of providing jobs, that is self-evident. But the Anthracite Conciliation Board does not get at the root of things, where lie such matters as the status of the operators in the coal problem, the inertia of the industry, the ownership of mines by utilities, price-cutting, and the like.

Contributors to This Issue

EVELYN LAWRENCE has just returned from Europe, where she spent six months studying political and economic conditions and working with the underground and revolutionary movements of Germany and Austria.

WILLIAM ADAMS has made a study of merchant shipping and has published articles on the subject in the *Forum* and other magazines.

SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE was formerly the editor of the *New Freeman*. She is the author of "Art in America."

MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD is a California newspaperwoman.

ANITA BRENNER spent the greater part of last year in Spain. She is the author of a book on Mexico, "Idols Behind Altars."

COLLIS STOCKING, a member of the department of economics of New York University, has contributed articles to various economic and sociological journals.

EMERY NEFF is assistant professor of English at Columbia University and the author of "Carlyle."

MARGARET LARKIN is the compiler and editor of "Singing Cowboy," a book of Western folk songs.

Spanish Literature and the Republic

ARE leisure, prosperity, and national peace of mind essential to a flowering of the arts? And are aloofness and personal serenity basic conditions for great creative work? We are accustomed to say so, smoothly. Yet when we begin to list the great works of the past we are likely to find that their dates signify periods of acute unrest, confusion, and strife, and we are also accustomed to accept "of course" the economic, political, and personal sufferings of most of the artists we put in first rank. So perhaps the conditions we postulate as basic for what we afterwards call a "renaissance" are derived not so much from historical fact as from the quite reasonable feeling that most talents could do much if allowed to work in peace, unharassed by issues not immediately personal. Or it may be that we are disturbed to find the "great" so frequently on the wrong side of the railroad tracks. Also, what we recognize as "great" is so often tragedy that we ourselves may choose to admire products of conflict, strife, doubt, and despair.

In Spain, as probably in most countries of Western European culture, the livest periods of literary and artistic activity seem to coincide with periods of political and social unrest. A kind of renaissance occurs in the years of hot republican, anti-church, and constitutionalist agitation preceding the first constitution (1812)—the Goya period. The artistic-literary barometer drops in the ensuing period of triumphant reaction, in which the Inquisition is reestablished and civil liberties are choked out, and goes up again before and during the First Republic (1871), around which Pérez Galdós wrote some of his most sparkling pages. To this period belong the historian Pi y Margall and the best work of the great essayist Joaquin Costa. The curve slumps again after this peak and rises sharply to the "generation of '98"—Unamuno, Blasco Ibañez, Pio Baroja, Valle Inclan, Ganivet. Why 1898? In that year Spain lost Cuba, and the dream of colonial might upon which Spanish youth had been nurtured for many generations was blotted out. The young men of that date suddenly discovered that Spain was a second-rate Power, off in a historical blind alley. Costa's cry, "Double-lock on the tomb of the Cid!" became the slogan with which the indignant, rebellious intellectuals whipped at monarchical glories. A mood of investigation, inventory, revaluation, "Europeanization," protest, repudiation, and reconstruction possessed them, and driven by it the *generación del '98* became a generation of rebels and political trouble-makers. They all experienced jail, exile, or both; they all took an active part in the movement against the monarchy, writing sometimes as republicans, sometimes for the Anarchist press—especially Unamuno and Baroja; and they restored Spain to an honored place in literature and living thought.

From the *generación del '98* stems a continuing movement, which diverges in the next generation into several groups. The Ortega y Gasset circle, built around the magazine *Revista de Occidente,* became a forum for literary, philosophical, and to some extent social-critical essays. It was known throughout the dictatorship and in the last year of the monarchy as a republican center, but is today, without having greatly changed character, well over on the conservative side. Another group formed around Benjamin Jarnés and the magazine *Cruz y Raya.* They devoted themselves chiefly to aesthetic, literary, and psychological problems, and their intellectual focus gradually moved away from Spain to Paris. Jarnés is the subtlest and most talented member of this group, which today has split—many of the younger members have gone over to the social-political ranks, while the rest have to some extent tended to degenerate into introspective inactivity and hair-splitting over pure technique.

The contemporary generation, like its literary grandparents, concerns itself chiefly with political and social questions. Its members are aged from about twenty to forty, and belong, as did most of the '98 men, to lower-middle-class and peasant families. Politically this agglomeration of intellectuals shades from Jacobinism, as represented by Azaña, to communism, typified by the novelist Ramón J. Sender. Azaña, whose forty-odd years put him in the intermediate generation, became active as a writer later—in the years of the dictatorship. He is an essayist and orator, and is usually ranked as Spain's greatest stylist after Unamuno. He belongs to the Unamuno school of brief, blunt, matter-of-fact statement heated by indignation and edged by wit. In his critical essay on Ganivet, published in *Plumas y Palabras,* he turns a hard, white, scholarly light on Ganivet's neo-Catholic mystic nationalism (from which Waldo Frank's "Virgin Spain" issues) and achieves a solid masterpiece.

The other political-historical writers of literary stature and weight are chiefly left-wing. Among them three stand foremost: Joaquin Maurin, the richest and most vivid, is leader of the dissident Communist peasants' and workers' bloc; Andrés Nin, the coldly precise, lucid classicist, is leader of the Communist Left ("Trotzkyite") League; and César Falcon, robustly journalistic, is prominent in the Communist Party. Journalists of political tinge, following the '98 tradition of protestant examination of things Spanish, are many and distinguished. Two of the most interesting are Francisco Madrid and Alardo Prats. Madrid, who had made a name for himself as a "smart" playwright, turned his back almost completely on the theater when he dived into politics as a Republican and became part of the famous Rotonde—Unamuno, Ibañez, and others—group of exiles. Prats is known for "Tres Dias con los Endemoniados," a book describing a witches' shrine in Valencia, where bedeviled peasants go to be cured. The book derives its strength from the material itself and from the shocked indignation of the author.

Ramón J. Sender is probably the most widely read among the younger Spanish novelists. His books are often issued in cheap pulp-paper editions, of the sort made popular first by the Anarchists, who have long been writing and publishing pamphlet-stories vaguely political in character and of scant literary merit. Nowadays these editions—to be seen in newsstands, market booths, and workers' hands on holiday—have enlarged to include translations of Remarque, Zweig, Dos Passos, Sinclair, the classic and modern Russians, and popular histories, as well as native novelists and poets. Sender, however, is published also by the higher-priced houses, as is another writer of the same sort but of less permanent consequence, Joaquin Arderius.

Arderius, like Baroja, writes chiefly about peasants, but in a strangely morbid, nightmarish mood which in some books acquires power comparable to Faulkner. Sender's canvas is larger. Also, his books are plainly revolutionary, though a note of defeat runs through them. The most famous, "Iman," is the story of a private in the Annual disaster—when the Moors under Abd-el-Krim drove back the Spaniards and slaughtered some ten thousand; the result, it was later revealed, of sheer irresponsible pretentiousness in the higher commands. A more recent and also widely popular Sender story, "Los Siete Domingo Rojos" ("The Seven Red Sundays") is written around a strike during the republic, and is *surréaliste* technically. In it symbol and mood as much as action run into, underlie, and help to determine events, and different types are used as screens through which the reader sees newspaper facts in emotional settings.

The "problem of the intellectual" is the theme of a first novel, "Un Hombre de Treinte Años" ("A Man of Thirty"), by Manuel Benavides, recently published by the Socialist press. It is the story of a reporter on a comfortably established weekly who, in spite of himself and of his frightened wife, finds himself gradually involved in labor conflicts and at the end fighting on the barricades. It is not a specifically Spanish story, for it could be paralleled anywhere in the world; but in that fact lies a significant clue to the very wide horizons opening now in Spanish art.

Anita Brenner

The Myths of Wall Street

Security Speculation: Its Economic Effects. By John T. Flynn. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

THIS is probably one of the most comprehensive and illuminating analyses yet made of the recently much-discussed question of the economic effects of speculation. Mr. Flynn writes with an intimate understanding of his subject and analyzes his abundant material with temperance and forbearance. In describing the market-place and the economic function of speculation he explodes, one after another, the illusions which have been implanted in the public mind through the use of great sums of money and immense energy.

By adhering to a conventional definition of security speculation as "an operation in which one buys or sells securities with the design to make a profit out of the changes in the market price of such securities" he rather thoroughly deflates the widespread notion that security speculation has played an important role in our great economic development.

In considering the contention that security speculation is necessary in order that industry may obtain the capital it needs, the author presents an analysis of the financial organization of a number of important corporations. He demonstrates convincingly that the obtaining of capital through the issuance of speculative securities is, and always has been, a rare exception rather than the rule. And the twin contention, that people are unwilling to place their funds in securities for which a continuous market is not maintained through highly organized speculation, he effectively disposes of by pointing out that the amount of unlisted industrial securities held by American investors is, in value, worth twice as much as the securities listed on the Exchange.

There can be no doubt, however, that speculation maintains a market for listed securities, if one means by a market an opportunity readily to acquire or dispose of stock regardless of price. As a matter of fact, speculators, operating through the machinery of the Exchange, not only maintain a market; they "make" it in a very literal sense. In this connection, by analyzing some of the evidence compiled by the recent Senate investigation, Mr. Flynn conclusively refutes the popular notion that stocks cannot be manipulated. Moreover, he demonstrates that it is through their unconscionable manipulations of the market that the speculators make their biggest winnings. And lest one be misled by the reputed righteousness of the Exchange to believe that such nefarious practices are carried on by unholy freebooters, it is made perfectly clear that many such practices are permitted by the tolerant rules which the Exchange has established to govern trading. Mr. Flynn's own conclusion as to the defensibility of "making a market"—that is, manipulating prices in order to unload on the unwitting buyers—is as follows:

> The whole false notion grows out of that unsound theory of liquidity of which so much has been said. There is no reason why the holder of a capital investment should be able to find for his investment immediately and without delay or loss another owner. There is no reason why capital investment should be more liquid than consumers' goods, and the effort to import liquidity into capital investments has resulted in a whole train of evils—economic, industrial, financial, and social—not the least of which has been the complete extinction of the function and responsibility of ownership.

In proposing remedies and appraising the recently enacted legislation for government regulation of the security exchanges, Mr. Flynn shows how the originally proposed measure was very substantially emasculated before it was permitted to become law. Many considerations important to effective regulation are vaguely worded or definitely submitted to the discretion of the governing body.

> The law itself, as it stands, forbids and requires so little that we may truthfully say there is no body of laws as yet governing the securities markets until the commission considers, adopts, and promulgates them. We shall have to await that even before forming a judgment of the value of our experiment.

It is probably expecting too much to hope that Mr. Flynn's study will lead any great number of people to assume an intelligent attitude toward the activities and importance of the Stock Exchange. Contrary to the popular notion, most of the business of the Exchange has absolutely no relation—save in an indirect and adverse way—to our industrial processes. The gambling that it furthers is more reprehensible than the European national lotteries which we try so determinedly to exclude from this country. They at least possess the virtue of indiscriminate fairness which many of the dealings on the Exchange lack.

That such an institution has been tolerated and until now allowed, like the medieval Steelyard, to remain outside of domestic law, is due to skilful propaganda and the naivete of the great mass of people. In the light of the material Mr. Flynn presents, one might logically employ a passage which he uses in appraising the activities of the specialists and the floor traders and apply it to the whole field under consideration:

> [In no field does one encounter] so much pretentious rationalization, so many fantastic reasons invented to defend practices which have no excuse for existence save the profits made out of them by a few persons, as in this subject of speculation. There is, indeed, something depressing about it—the sober, solemn arguments made in support of the speculating and gambling activities of specialists, of floor traders, and even of pools and syndicates, by Stock Exchange officials and the kind of hired economic help which is open to any business man with the necessary funds. It all falls with a sickening feeling upon the ears of those who know what is honestly believed about these practices on the Exchange and in Wall Street itself.

Collis Stocking

Carlyle's Last Years

Carlyle in Old Age (1865-1881). By David Alec Wilson and David Wilson MacArthur. E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.

THE monumental biography of Carlyle interrupted by David Alec Wilson's death is now completed from his notes and collected materials by his nephew, David Wilson MacArthur, in a sixth volume which maintains with admirable harmony the original plan and style. Introducing Carlyle at the age of seventy, with his writing practically over after "Frederick the Great," this final volume is, as Mr. MacArthur observes, "in the main, a slow march on the downhill of life." But it is none the less interesting, for Carlyle the man vigorously survived Carlyle the writer. His personal drama reaches a climax in the triumph of the Rectorship, especially dear to Mrs. Carlyle as the conquest of the snobbish Edinburgh that had once neglected her struggling husband. Immediately follows the stunning blow of her death. With inconsolable grief—not remorse, as Mr. MacArthur amply shows—Carlyle has also to suffer despair as to public affairs, while England, rejecting his passionately reiterated warnings, persists in her path of democracy, laissez faire, and materialistic science. "Shooting Niagara" is a magnificently detached confession of the bankruptcy of his hopes. Yet when his trembling hand can no longer hold a pen, his conversation continues to delight an ever-growing circle of admirers: the faces of Froude, Tyndall, Lecky, and Leslie Stephen appear, as his old friends, Thackeray, Dickens, Mazzini, Forster, and Mill, precede him to the grave. Some of his celebrated phrases, such as "the unspeakable Turk," belong to these years, together with flashes of quizzical humor, as when he asks Darwin whether there is any danger of men turning back into apes. He continues to live the simple life he has preached, astonishing literary London by remaining in the small house in the unfashionable district of Chelsea, which he had originally chosen for cheapness and quiet. His slightly bent figure with the almost youthful stride is a familiar sight on London streets in all weathers. Invited to an audience by Queen Victoria, he shatters precedent by calmly sitting down in her presence, with excuses for his aged back. Ironically, honors, including the offer of a peerage, are showered upon him by a generation that disregards his prophecies. Grimly fighting dyspepsia and a world gone wrong, the heroic old man lives on past eighty-five, his last hours being disturbed by the reiterated knocking of newspaper reporters inquiring after his condition, symbols of the publicity he despises.

Now, when time has brought into question Carlyle's enemies—laissez faire, political democracy, and confidently materialistic science—the Wilson biography appears opportunely to satisfy renewed interest in the Victorian prophet. This final volume contains important new material gathered from the lips as well as from the written memoirs of the last generation that knew Carlyle in the flesh, including Henry W. Nevinson and others now living. The garnering has been done thoroughly, the only important omissions seeming to be a letter from George Meredith to André Raffalovitch, which would strengthen Mr. MacArthur's position as to the marital relations of the Carlyles, and Carlyle's jottings to an amanuensis on promoterism and trade unionism, interesting as the final phase of his economic views.

With the entire biography before us, we must meet the question of whether it will supersede Froude, the only rival on its large scale. The Wilson biography has taken good advantage of the perspective of time, with its accumulation of new information and its freedom from the disturbing influences of party feuds and of personalities, such as the fascination of Mrs. Carlyle, which led Froude astray. The scholar will consequently prefer it as a vast storehouse of conscientiously sifted facts concerning Carlyle, to which he will supply from his own knowledge the historical background and the literary judgment in which D. A. Wilson was not strong. But the less-informed reader desirous of a clear and vivid impression of Carlyle's career and personality will probably turn aside to the admirable plan, the narrative continuity, the graceful style of Froude. That such an arrangement was possible even with the bulkier and more heterogeneous materials of the Wilson collection will be apparent from a glance at M. Elie Halévy's accomplishment of a similar and more difficult feat in his "History of the English People in the Nineteenth Century." The power of literary form is such that Froude's prejudices and errors may still survive.

EMERY NEFF

China in Transition

A Chinese Testament. By Sergei Tretiakov. Simon and Schuster. $3.

ONCE in a long while one finds a book which reads like a page torn from life. Rarely is such a book about a foreign country; still more seldom is it about people whose culture, mental patterns, and ways of thinking are as dissimilar to our own as those of the Chinese. A number of really excellent books on the East have appeared in the last few years, but none has caught and reflected the spirit of the new China, as it emerges from the chrysalis of stagnant tradition, as does the present volume. Tretiakov's success where others have failed may be attributed in part to the fact that as a Russian he was better fitted to grasp the significance of the revolutionary upsurge than the average foreign writer. To a considerable extent, however, it is due to the unusual technique which he has employed.

"A Chinese Testament" is the autobiography of a young revolutionary, Tan Shih-hua, who happened to attend some of Professor Tretiakov's classes at Peking University. In many respects the story is typical of that of educated youth throughout China today. Tan was born in a remote village in Szechuan, the son of a professional revolutionist who was closely associated with Sun Yat-sen. His family were of the literati, eminently respectable but poor. His earliest memories of village life, of family customs and the elaborated ceremonies associated with births, deaths, and marriages, reflect the strangle-hold of the past on every phase of Chinese life. Yet new ideas were beginning to make headway—his father had virtually cast off all family responsibilities in the interest of overthrowing the corrupt Manchu regime. As a consequence young Tan was brought up with very little contact with his father, although his boyhood was colored by the vicissitudes of the revolutionary cause. On one occasion his father was cast into prison and was saved from execution only after the most elaborate campaign of official wire-pulling. Later both father and son had to go into hiding for a protracted period in order to escape the ire of a reactionary governor.

It was natural therefore in 1915, when the students first rose up in protest against the Twenty-one Demands, that Tan, then a student in middle school, should become one of the leaders of the local boycott movement. But although untiring in his demand for a higher civic morality, Tan—like the majority of youth in his day—put up little resistance when his family decreed that he should follow the old Chinese customs with regard to marriage. His sensitive soul was cut to the quick by the barbarity and cruelty of the old marriage practices, but to dishonor his family by refusing to conform called for more courage than he possessed. As fortune would have it, the matchmaker's choice was as bad as it could possibly have been. His wife turned out to be an illiterate moron without even the saving grace of physical attractiveness. Yet it was only when she committed the unforgivable crime of betraying his father that divorce was even considered.

Shortly after his marriage Tan was allowed to go to Peking to continue his education. He arrived just in time to be caught up in the maelstrom of the Chinese renaissance, and a short time later became associated with a little group of radicals under the leadership of Li Ta-chao, known as the father of the Chinese Communist movement. While never becoming an active Communist he, like many of the others, was deeply influenced by Russia, and was later drawn to Moscow to complete his education. The book ends abruptly as Tan leaves the Soviet Union to return to China, presumably to give his life to revolutionary activities.

In all, scarcely a quarter of a century is included within the span of this story. But during this brief period profound changes have occurred in the fundamental structure of Chinese life. The political revolution has thus far been a failure, but irresistible social and economic forces are at work which cannot long be held in check. At the moment, these forces, like Tan himself, are buried somewhere in the interior of China, working underground but relentless in their operation.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

Success Stories

Beale Street: Where the Blues Began. By George W. Lee. Robert O. Ballou. $2.50.

"WHERE the Blues Began" is a misleading subtitle for a miscellany of success stories and local legends about the Negro section of Memphis, Tennessee. It is not about music. Two of its twenty chapters deal with Negro bands and orchestras and with the rise to fame of colored entertainers—"Louise Cook, exponent of the snake hips, who dances at Connie's Inn," Doe Doe Green and other members of the "Green Pastures" company, and others. Another fifteen pages are devoted to W. C. Handy, who changed the course of American popular music with his "St. Louis Blues" and made a fortune out of it because he had the financial acumen to publish it himself. George W. Lee, a business man on Beale Street, obviously is not equipped to tell Handy's story in any other terms than those of financial success. What he really has written is "Beale Street: Where the Negro Business Man Began."

The story opens with a eulogy of a colored banker and "realtor" who controlled most of the businesses on Beale Street in the late eighties, and ends with a eulogy of his son, a Republican boss there today. It contains biographies and anecdotes of Beale Street's gamblers, dope peddlers, and dark courtesans, whose charms were officially reserved for white men; of colored preachers, bankers, "beauticians," tailors, doctors. It recalls the long, shameful history of lynchings in Memphis and the rumors, lies, and racial slanders that set them off; gives a somewhat technical account of how a few white men were backed by the Ku Klux Klan in seizing control of the Negro insurance companies; gives full details, including speeches and newspaper accounts, of the opening of a park named after a colored philanthropist; solves murders and fixes the blame for the local bank crash. Much of the material of the book is fascinating. But many pages, even chapters, are given over to facts of the kind a census taker might collect, gathered into little biographies that serve to conceal the subjects as effectively as so many obituaries. The valuable portions of the book are drowned in undistinguished matter which obviously did not interest even the author. The final chapters give the key. The author is a politician as well as a successful insurance man. The little obituaries are rewards for the faithful Republicans of the district. When we read, "In the same block with Booth's office is that of Edward R. Kirk, Beale Street's 'Brown Napoleon' in real estate," we may know that Mr. Lee is mending political fences.

The one personality who emerges from the book is Robert R. Church, Tennessee's colored Republican boss. Mr. Lee's admiration for him is naively uncritical; he presents the reader with a full view of his hero's political chicaneries, paternalism, patronage system, trade-ins with the Democrats, and sell-out to the Hoover machine, which he disapproved and which betrayed him. Mr. Church helped to nominate Hoover but threatened to withdraw votes because of the presence of Klan members on the campaign committee. Slight concessions brought him into line. But Hoover did not reward him with handsome patronage as Harding had done; expected Negro appointments were canceled and lily-whites were installed in every important place. Years of careful building to make the Negro a politically important factor in Tennessee politics were swept away. Church wrote to Hoover: "I wish only to report upon the grievous disappointment of colored people. I wish you to know that where their hopes had been fondest their sorrow is keenest now, and where they had been led to expect the bread of encouragement they have received the stones of contempt." The next campaign saw him maneuvering to hold his power in the county convention. Futile as it had proved, position in the Republican Party was preferable to political extinction.

The bourgeois Negro is in a peculiarly tragic position in America. By raising himself above the proletarian and farmer Negro he cuts himself off from his own main stream. The whites bar him from further advancement. The correct Babbittry of the middle class is intensified by the incessant need to prove that a Negro banker, doctor, merchant, or civil servant is as good as his white prototype or even better. This is the point of view in "Beale Street." It accounts for the pedestrian dulness with which Mr. Lee has handled the dramatic and heroic story of a Negro community struggling for economic and political power in the midst of the intolerant South.

MARGARET LARKIN

Shorter Notices

Full Flavour. By Doris Leslie. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

The first section of this novel, a reconstruction of family life in the Victorian Age (1848-68), is by far the best written—perhaps the atmosphere persuades us. The book loses vitality as the narrative of four generations approaches modern times. Miss Leslie makes clever use of background. The Ducros (Ducroix) family make the acquaintance of various well-known historical and literary figures, and thumb-nail drawings of Disraeli and William Morris add a kind of familiar charm to the story. But the tale is mainly that of Catherine Ducroix, a young Victorian miss reared in a most Victorian manner, who becomes—a tobacco merchant. She enters her father's business, and upon his death controls it, having developed meanwhile a nose for cigars. She falls, rather unfortunately, in love with a young artist and marries him—the typical young artist of the Rossetti period. Part business woman, part wife and mistress, at once Victorian and a forerunner of the later feminist, she fails her husband, or so she thinks. The reader will have some difficulty persuading himself that it is Catherine's will to control the lives of those she loves that really destroys the marriage. Rather, he may conclude that Victorianism and Bohemianism don't mix. "Full Flavour" is popular romantic fiction rather better than most. But Evelyn Scott's "Breathe upon These Slain" is a far more important reconstruction of Victorian life and scenes and has an important theme. "Full Flavour" is merely a good story, which lacks, moreover, the subtle irony of "Cavalcade," the work it most resembles. Miss Leslie has a gift for creating atmosphere, but she seems to have little talent for portraying intricate characters and even less, if this book is any indication, for contriving original plots.

Tom Tiddler's Ground. By Edward Shanks. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

In homely language "Tom Tiddler's Ground" is the story of a man who danced and had to pay the piper. The case of Tom Florey, the hero of Mr. Shanks's long novel, is not an extraordinary one; readers will be pleased to recognize his prototypes among their acquaintance in America as well as in England. When the war ended, young Tom Florey, son of an unappetizing, fourth-rate English innkeeper, was thought to be on his way to a brilliant political career. But Tom did not care to climb the slow and honorable steps to power. He wanted quick recognition, quick money, and a great many quick drinks. He left the government service for a gold-plated executive position in the new business world. He married a beautiful, cold, luxurious wife, bought himself a house in the country, gave parties, and went more and more heavily into debt. He lost the gold-plated job and replaced it with another, shadier still, but lucrative. Whiskey, business worries, cold adulteries, brought about heart attacks. Still fairly young and still promising, he died in a hotel in Berlin after a drinking bout. The book is far more engrossing than its hackneyed plot would lead one to expect. Mr. Shanks has caught very well the atmosphere of pre-war Germany, of the war-time Organization Office, of the small-town inn, of London's young Bohemia. Also, among his minor characters there are a number of shadowy but arresting figures. Yet one gains the impression that Mr. Shanks has poured into his book a great deal of material that he does not fully understand. He undeniably has great perceptive talent, but he appears to be unconscious of some of his best effects, making an unimportant scene in a restaurant, an idle conversation, more striking than situations vital to the structure of his novel.

What Economic Nationalism Means to the South. By Peter Molyneaux. Foreign Policy Association and World Peace Foundation. 25 cents.

The thesis of this booklet is that, so far as the South is concerned, current plans for "permanent readjustment of economic arrangements" cannot mean anything unless they involve larger foreign markets for cotton. This will undoubtedly hinge upon larger imports to this country, and larger imports in turn will not be possible without a radical lowering of our tariff barriers. Mr. Molyneaux draws a picture of the relative poverty of the South. With roughly one-fourth of the land area and population of the nation, the cotton States have only one-eighth of the wealth. The per capita farm income in the cotton States is half that of the other States. The farm population of the South is sinking in the agricultural scale, for in the era of prosperity the number of owner-operated farms decreased in every cotton State; in half of them there was a decline in the number of share-tenant farms; and in all the number of croppers, who are in fact serfs, increased. Mr. Molyneaux does not think other crops may be satisfactorily substituted for cotton; he believes therefore that continuance of economic nationalism will further degrade the Southern population and as a consequence hold back the nation. The opposition of the cotton South to the protective tariff is of course historic. It takes on added force today, since the South has made important advances in manufactures, and since every country shows the effects of tariff strangulation. Here is an exhibit which the Administration must heed.

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HAVING FAILED to budge their employers by more peaceful means, the cotton-textile workers have at length walked out. First reports indicate that the strike began by being at least 50 per cent effective in the South, but it still remains uncertain how far the walkout will extend to the wool and silk divisions of the textile industry. In any event, this is the first truly nation-wide strike of a major industry under the NRA, the threatened automobile and steel walkouts both having faded out. The U. T. W. A. is demanding a decrease in the work-week from forty to thirty hours with appropriate upward adjustments in pay rates. This, however, is not the most fundamental demand. In addition, the workers are striking against the extension of the stretch-out system, against the industry's production-curtailment program, against the incessant discharge of workers for union membership, and against the various tricks and stratagems by which employers have evaded compliance with present code provisions. Furthermore, the union wants "recognition," the most familiar issue of all in Section 7-a strikes since the summer of 1933. The Cotton Textile Institute refuses to consider any of these demands, singly or collectively. Instead, the institute points complacently to the supposed blessings of the original cotton-textile code, and expresses pained surprise that workers so blessed should ask for more. If the strike succeeds, the way will be opened to the complete unionization of the South. If the strike fails, it will be the heaviest setback any individual union has suffered since the Recovery Act became law.

TWO PRINCIPLES basic to the theory of collective bargaining have been enunciated by the National Labor Relations Board in its recent decision in the case of Federal Union No. 18838 of the United Automobile Workers and the Houde Engineering Corporation of Buffalo, New York. First, majority rule, the fundamental idea of democratic self-government, must apply in industrial relations as well as in politics. Concretely, when the majority of the workers choose a given labor organization as a "representative" within the meaning of Section 7-a, that representative shall be the "exclusive collective-bargaining agency of all employees." Second, the employer owes it as a duty to such a representative to negotiate in "good faith" so as to arrive at a collective agreement covering wages, hours, and other working conditions. Here we have a theory of industrial relations which starts from majority rule and advances to union recognition and the execution of bilateral contracts. Step for step it parallels the theory formerly developed by the now-defunct Wagner board. Like its predecessor, the Garrison board proceeds on the assumption that it was the intent of Section 7-a, in guaranteeing collective bargaining, to promote the making of collective agreements between trade unions and employers. This is no doubt bad news to anti-union employers, but it is good news to all who have the interests of the labor movement at heart. The repercussions of the Houde decision on the President's automobile-strike "settlement" of March 25 last will be most interesting to observe.

FIVE BIG STEEL COMPANIES, led by the United States Steel Corporation, have put their white-collar employees on the five-day week, with a corresponding salary cut amounting to 10 per cent. This reduction follows the sharp decline in steel production, which dropped from 52 per cent of capacity in June to 19 per cent in August. The announced salary cut gives little indication of the actual condition of the 40,000 salaried employees in the steel industry. Not only have they suffered three previous reductions of 10, 15, and 10 per cent, but part-time employment has kept the income of many of the clerical force below a subsistence standard. The pay cut has not yet been extended to the wage workers in the mills, but past history would indicate that wage cuts will shortly follow. As Maxwell Stewart points out elsewhere in this issue, recovery lies in an increase of consuming power. If it is true that "as steel goes, so goes the country," then the considerable slice which the steel companies have taken out of consuming power provides significant confirmation of Mr. Stewart's view that the New Deal is still badly in the red and getting worse.

THE PROSPECT that the Soviet Union will be officially admitted into the League of Nations, with a seat on the Council, shortly after the meeting of the Assembly on September 10 is one of the most heartening international developments of recent years. Adherence to the League by the largest of the non-member states will not only offset to a large extent whatever loss of prestige was suffered as a result of the withdrawals of Japan and Germany, but bring tremendous pressure on both of these countries for reentry. It should also substantially reduce the danger of an immediate conflict either in Europe or the Far East. Flanked on three sides by strong League Powers, Nazi Germany is much less likely to indulge in bellicose maneuvers than would otherwise be the case, and it is probable that as the result of League pressure both Germany and Poland will be forced to accept the proposed pact of non-aggression, known as the Eastern Locarno, which would afford at least a breathing spell for the nations bordering Germany's eastern frontier. It is possible, moreover, that the Soviet Union will request the League to investigate the provocative acts of the Japanese along the Chinese Eastern Railway, thus seriously hampering local Japanese militarists in their attempt to force Russia to accept Tokio's terms. And while it is perhaps too much to hope that the entrance of the Soviet Union will immediately turn the League into an effective instrument for peace, we can at least be assured that with Litvinov at Geneva, League sessions will no longer be dull and lethargic.

NEGOTIATIONS over the Russian debt have now come to a standstill. Mr. Troyanovski has made his "final" offer and the State Department has rejected it. The breakdown was over the issue of long-term credits. The final Russian offer introduced a new compromise, in that the Russians expressed willingness to divide the sum to be received on loan into two parts, one to be repaid in twenty years, the other to be made up by the usual short-term credits. Both parts were to bear interest at an increased rate, the increase to be applied toward the repayment of Russia's debt. The Russians felt this offer would not establish a precedent which Great Britain, France, and Germany could immediately seize upon. For to each of these countries they could offer a similar settlement if there were a similar long-term loan. But the State Department would not hear of credits longer than five years, and there the matter rests for the present. As the Russians are ready to commit themselves to spend a total of $200,000,000 in this country on this basis, it is hard to believe that negotiations will not be resumed later on. The thought suggests itself that the autumn campaign may not have been considered a propitious time for the Administration to announce a return to the unpopular practice of making long-term loans to foreign governments. The Russian plan, however, would not controvert the Johnson Act, in that the loans and credits would be made through the new Export-Import Bank, which is exempt from its terms. After the elections are over the President and American industry may look on a two-hundred-million-dollar order with more friendly eyes.

JAPAN'S DISARMAMENT PROPOSALS, which are to be presented at the preliminary naval negotiations at London, have the merit of both simplicity and economy—for Japan. Each of the three great naval Powers would be limited, according to the preliminary plan, to a global tonnage of 800,000. As this is approximately the size of the Japanese fleet at the present time, no expenditures would be required except for replacements, and Japan would avoid the necessity of scrapping its existing vessels. The disarmament, neatly enough, would be done by Great Britain and the United States, each of which would be compelled to reduce its fleet by upward of 300,000 tons. The plan would allow each country full freedom to decide on the type of ships which it required, except that the size of ships in certain categories would be limited. In exchange for the "face" obtained by the recognition of the principle of equality, the Japanese government is reported to be willing to enter into an informal understanding not to build up to parity. If the other Powers reject these proposals, which is almost certain, the Japanese appear to be determined to abrogate the Washington naval treaty. The real struggle at the preliminary negotiations, however, does not turn so much on the technicalities of armaments as on inclusion of political questions, notably the issues with regard to Manchoukuo. It is obvious that neither the United States nor Great Britain will grant anything approaching equality as long as Japan retains its strategic but illegal position on Chinese soil. The present negotiations are but the preliminary skirmishes in what promises to be a long-drawn-out and bitter struggle.

THE PRESENT TEMPER of the American people is "strongly conservative," if newspaper editorials are a criterion of the social and political attitudes of the population. This is the conclusion arrived at by *Trust Companies,* a monthly publication devoted to the interests of fiduciaries, after a six months' survey of newspaper opinion. In this survey ultra-conservative papers were graded 100 per cent and radical papers zero. Papers described as "wavering" in their adherence to the dogmas of 100-per-cent Americanism rated only 50 per cent; any substantial evidence of progressivism dropped the rating to 20 per cent. The regional comparisons shown in the survey are interesting. New England is at the top of the scale with 76.3 per cent and the Pacific Coast at the bottom with 58.4 per cent. However, we seem to detect one vital flaw in the survey's most fundamental premise; the assertion that "readers buy newspapers whose opinions most closely reflect their own outlook" ignores the quite obvious fact that most newspapers "reflect the outlook," not of their readers or even primarily of their editors or writers, but rather of their publishers and, a little less directly, of the advertisers upon whom their very life depends. Furthermore, radicals and liberals are obliged to read conservative papers because under modern conditions the expense of news gathering is so huge as to prevent the radical press from providing a comparable news service.

AMONG the most disquieting developments of the summer has been the evidence, which has come in from all sides, of a renewed campaign to force teachers in the schools to hew the line of orthodoxy. In Toledo six teachers were warned openly that their 1934-35 contracts would be withheld unless they recanted their radicalism. In one case the only charge against the teacher was that he had used Professor Tugwell's book for reference purposes. Previously the Board of Education had passed a resolution forbidding teachers and other citizens from speaking in board meetings without the authorization of the superintendent. Excitement has been aroused in North Carolina and in education circles generally by the dismissal of James M. Shields, principal of a school in Winston-Salem, for the single offense of writing a novel on school conditions called "Just Plain Larnin'." Meeting in San José, California, on July 31, the presidents of seven teachers colleges unanimously approved the suggestion of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction that all teachers, students, and school employees be required to sign a "pledge of loyalty to the country that will give an expression of absolute allegiance to the United States of America." In New York, Governor Lehman, with the hearty approval of the Benevolent and Protective Order of the Elks, has signed the notorious Ives bill requiring all teachers in public and private schools to swear unqualified support of both the federal and State constitutions. We wonder whether the patriotic gentlemen who passed these rulings are aware that no less than 16 per cent of the framers of the Constitution were foreigners, and that probably the majority of the citizens of the period were opposed to its adoption. Where, we wonder, would our revered ancestors have secured their teachers if Mr. Ives's great-great-grandfather had been on the job? But of course there were no Communists in 1789.

WE ARE NOT enthusiastic about Mayor LaGuardia's business tax as a means of obtaining funds for unemployment relief. Judged by all the principles of sound taxation, it is an extremely unsatisfactory means of raising revenue. It is cumbersome, discriminatory in certain features, and politically unpopular. There is a strong probability that, even with the proposed amendments, the tax will be pyramided and passed on to the consumer in the form of higher prices. Undoubtedly a luxury tax such as that suggested by ex-Mayor O'Brien, or a levy on higher incomes as proposed by the Socialists, would be vastly more equitable. But the necessity of providing adequate funds for relief must take precedence over all other considerations. With 400,000 families, nearly a quarter of New York's population, already on the relief rolls, and the prospect of a substantial addition this fall and winter, it is obvious that there can be no prolonged quibbling about the form of taxation. And we strongly suspect, on the basis of recent experience, that no tax which was imposed on those most able to pay would have any chance of being adopted. All of which leads us to the rather half-hearted conclusion that Mayor LaGuardia's tax is better than nothing and probably as good as we can hope to get.

THE INVESTIGATION into the trade disputes in Bombay, referred to in Mr. Menon's article elsewhere in this issue, has revealed a number of facts regarding the Indian textile industry which illustrate the serious obstacles faced by the labor movement in that country. Bombay, long the center of the textile trade, has naturally been among the most advanced in labor organization. During the past eight years there have been 471 strikes in the province of Bombay, involving a loss of nearly 35,000,000 working days. Of this total the city of Bombay itself has suffered a loss of over 32,000,000 days, while further to the north its chief rival, Ahmedabad—Gandhi's home—has been almost completely free from labor difficulties. Thus while the mill-owners of Bombay have been forced to content themselves with relatively moderate profits, the mills in Ahmedabad have been paying from 14 to 100 per cent a year. Even in 1932, at the lowest point in the depression, the profit was 16 per cent. Lured by high profits and freedom from labor difficulties, scores of mills have moved from Bombay either to Ahmedabad or to southern India, where wages are scarcely half those in the north. In addition to the difficulties imposed by geographic differences, the Indian workers have been greatly handicapped by lack of funds or reserves to fall back on in time of strike, especially since the police habitually bring pressure to bear on money lenders and shopkeepers to stop all advance of credit. Police interference is open and unabashed, and instances have been recorded where the employers publicly rewarded the police upon the successful termination of labor disturbances.

IN SOME STATES the consumer pays more for commodities than in others because of a sales tax, the revenue from which aids State finances. In other States local conditions or increased costs affect prices. But in New Jersey prices are higher than in New York or Pennsylvania, and the difference goes neither to the State nor to the producer. That is because New Jersey has a State system of codes which overlaps the NRA code system, and as a sovereign State enjoys the rare privilege of fixing prices. Only eighteen codes are in effect, about half of them in the service trades, and they have been enforced only a few months, but it is estimated they are taxing consumers at the rate of a million dollars a year—a million dollars which is spent only in enforcing the codes and in paying the salaries of a horde of State recovery officials. In spite of the satisfaction with which these codes are regarded by State officials and their politician friends, who hand out jobs just to help along the Democrats in their gubernatorial-senatorial campaign, a storm of protest from consumers and business men has forced the issue out into the open. General Johnson upheld the New Jersey codes if they would eliminate "existing inconsistencies" with the parent NRA codes and handed over to the politicians complete responsibility in the service trades. But meanwhile small business men, arrested for violation of the codes by price-cutting, are preparing to fight the matter out in the courts on the basis of constitutionality.

WITH THIS WEEK'S ISSUE of *The Nation,* Raymond Gram Swing becomes a member of the Board of Editors. Mr. Swing has for many years been a friend and occasional contributor of *The Nation;* he was, indeed, a member of the editorial staff during the winter of 1918-19. He will serve in the double capacity of editor and Washington correspondent, contributing a weekly letter of national developments. Mr. Swing brings with him an equipment much needed at this moment in American life—an intimate, first-hand acquaintance with the political and economic struggles of Europe throughout the post-war years. As correspondent in Berlin and, lately, in London, he has absorbed and interpreted the experiences that have accompanied the processes of economic collapse and political upheaval. This background has given him a perspective upon our own national crisis, the value of which is evident in his first article from Washington, The Strike of Capital, appearing in this issue.

The Munitions Investigation

THE Senate Munitions Committee headed by Senator Nye could hardly have chosen a more appropriate moment to launch its investigation of the armament industry. The hearings, which began in Washington on September 4, come at a time when the makers of war materials are enjoying the best business in years. They are far more active, if we can judge by the mounting totals of military expenditure throughout the world, than they ever were in the prosperous years before the World War. In the spring of 1914, when Philip Snowden startled the House of Commons with his charges against the British armament ring, the principal Great Powers were spending some two billion dollars annually on their armies and navies. Today they are spending from 30 to 300 per cent more than they did in 1914.

Mounting military budgets, however, are only one of the indices of business activity in the armament field. Warfare in the Gran Chaco continues unabated despite President Roosevelt's arms embargo last May and the feeble efforts of the League of Nations to block shipments from other producing centers. Nazi Germany is importing airplanes and airplane engines from abroad, while Air Minister Göring is speeding aviation construction at home. Japan is buying scrap iron, nitrates, and other essential war materials for its huge army and navy replenishment programs.

The Nye committee is in a position to expose the nature of this bloody traffic if it is only intelligent enough to seize the opportunity and courageous enough to carry through to the bitter end. We hope it will avoid the mistake of some zealous reformers who would have it set out to apprehend a band of "villains." Most of the gentlemen engaged in the arms industry are simply following the accepted rules of business and seeking in turn a neat profit wherever they can; there are "villains," no doubt, but they are relatively unimportant. What is important is the fact that the whole system is rotten, that it is a breeder of international suspicion, a source of corruption, and an essential part of all "national-defense" programs.

There are a great many pertinent questions about the armament industry which *The Nation* would like to see cleared up. We should like to know, for example, just how some American firms have managed to continue their shipments to the Chaco since the President's embargo proclamation. The Nye committee should be able to tell us why the State Department and the Department of Justice are still sanctioning the export of these war materials and what action the exporting companies took to secure contracts from the belligerents in the last hours before the embargo became law. We should like to know the sales-promotion methods employed in the case of Latin American countries which are in default on their government bonds, but are still able to place munitions orders. There was a revolution in Brazil a few years ago which incidentally reaped a profit for certain American munitions interests, though how it was financed we do not know. Shortly afterward the Brazilian congress, despite a deficit in the federal treasury, voted an expensive naval program in which one of the big American shipbuilding firms was actively interested. Then we are curious, too, about the reported munitions shipments which have been going to Cuba in recent months, apparently to both the government and the revolutionary factions.

The basic question which confronts the Senate investigation, however, comes much closer home. The War and Navy departments, of course, are the best customers of the American munitions industry. They are more than customers; they are close associates and business allies. It is the established policy of both the army and navy to "encourage" the development of the private arms industry in the United States. The three American shipbuilding companies which employed William B. Shearer to attend the Geneva disarmament conference in 1927 enjoy the whole-hearted support of the Navy Department and continue to get the lion's share of the current naval-building contracts. They were awarded contracts amounting to more than $100,000,000 on thirteen of the twenty-one ships laid down in private yards during the last twelve months. Their bids, incidentally, are said to have revealed evidence of collusion. The du Pont Company is the chief source of supply for the smokeless powder used by the army and navy, and as such a close ally of the two departments.

The War Department justifies its "encouragement" of the domestic armament makers on the ground that private industry must be equipped and ready to meet the needs of the nation in an emergency. This position might be tenable if the fantastic plan for industrial mobilization were really necessary to defense. But when the Chief of Staff asserts that the whole scheme is based on the requirements of our four field armies, amounting to 4,000,000 men, he gives his case away. He reveals what is undoubtedly true, that the War Department is not preparing for the defense of American soil but for participation in another world war, whether in Europe or Asia, fought with the same mass armies which produced the stalemate and useless slaughter in the last war. If the average American wants to do anything about the profiteers, he will have to scrap the national-defense system which produced them and nurtures them.

Before it gets far the Nye committee is certain to arouse the ire of the War and Navy departments. The War Department is opposed to all arms embargoes. It has the power to sidetrack this investigation. We do not know whether the Nye committee realizes the full implications of its investigation, or whether it can withstand the pressure which will be brought to bear against it from powerful quarters. Senator Nye has promised to see the fight through. His staff of investigators, under the able direction of Stephen Raushenbush, has had three months in which to examine the books and records of the industry and the files of government departments. He should be able to demonstrate the urgent need for an effective system which would eliminate excessive profits by taxation, control manufacture and export, and establish government manufacture in the basic fields of shipbuilding, armor plate, ordnance, and airplanes. This would not eliminate all the abuses, but it would be a start in the right direction.

Shall the Government Feed Strikers?

MORE and more the power of government to give or to withhold relief will become the crucial factor in the struggle of labor under the New Deal. Harry Hopkins, FERA director, has said repeatedly, "Yes, the FERA has fed strikers and will feed strikers." All strikers, any time and anywhere? Not quite. Mr. Hopkins, under fire from belligerent employers, was obliged to qualify his statement. Relief might be withheld, he admitted, in the case of strikes disapproved by the Department of Labor, although thus far there have been no such strikes. Later Mr. Hopkins said that he did not intend that indefinite support should be given to strikers, and that "if they think we are going to underwrite their strike they are mistaken."

But is it the function of the Department of Labor to approve or disapprove strikes? No, the Department of Labor, the National Labor Relations Board, and other related government agencies are in theory neutral, their functions being limited to interpreting and protecting the rights of employees and employers as these are prescribed by law. Public Resolution Number 44, the President's substitute for the Wagner bill, declares in its last section, inserted on the insistence of Senator La Follette, that "the right to strike remains intact." The resolution also provides that the National Labor Relations Board may investigate the facts and issues of a given industrial conflict with respect to both employers and employees. This is not new. The former National Labor Board, General Johnson, and the various NRA boards have repeatedly investigated industrial disputes and have repeatedly supported labor's right to organize and bargain collectively. But Mr. Hopkins's statement provides the first intimation that the government might go beyond this function and decide whether a given strike was or was not "justifiable," employing the weapon of relief to enforce its decision.

It is a crucial point. For the first time, out of the fog of the New Deal, there emerges the faint outline of something very like the "corporative state." If the government, after permitting employers to write codes limiting production and fixing wages, were to use the power of giving or withholding relief to back or break strikes, the resulting situation would be fascist in effect, by whatever name it was called.

The textile strike will supply the first major test. It involves, potentially at least, about 800,000 workers, practically all of whom now live at or below the subsistence level. Thousands of them are now getting relief to supplement even the meager minimum wages written into the codes. In the South chiseling employers have forced wages considerably below the code minimum of $12 a week. The cry of reactionary employers, "The government is subsidizing strikes," utterly misrepresents the true situation. In the first place, the relief administration, in feeding strikers, is acting in its only legitimate role—that of an impartial agency distributing relief to destitute persons who are acting within their rights under the law. In the second place, there is the additional and ironical fact that the striking textile workers are struggling to help the government put the burden of supporting workers where it belongs, on industry. If the Administration betrayed its worker-allies by withdrawing relief, it would simply be betraying and abandoning its own recovery program.

Understandably enough, Mr. Hopkins has tried to minimize the issue. On the eve of the textile strike he declared that although the FERA has followed the policy of granting relief to needy strikers for fifteen months, only about $100,000 has been paid to strikers in that period; strikers do not apply, or do not qualify, for relief on any large scale. This is itself a significant and a dubious statement. Can anyone believe that $100,000 actually represents either the demand or the "qualified" need of the many thousands of workers who have been on strike during the past fifteen months? As a matter of fact, what has happened is that local relief administrators, either sympathetic with or coerced by local employers, have repeatedly used as a strike-breaking weapon their power to withhold relief or discriminate in giving it. In northern Alabama 23,000 textile workers have been on strike for nearly two months. They appeared at the recent convention of the United Textile Workers in New York laden with affidavits showing that in many localities the relief power was used against them. Similar complaints have arisen in almost every major strike that has occurred in recent months.

In the textile strike, as in many other recent conflicts, the workers will be striking chiefly to obtain the code wage which employers have directly or indirectly withheld, and to establish the collective-bargaining agreements which the Recovery Act explicitly provides for. Notoriously, Section 7-a has been enforced only where and when labor has been sufficiently powerful to compel its enforcement. Under these circumstances we do not believe that the federal government will dare or wish to use the relief power against striking workers.

Upton Sinclair's Victory

UPTON SINCLAIR'S victory is astounding. It bears him out in his early assurance of success and his insistence from the beginning that he sensed a ground swell of revolt against the present order. It is the more remarkable because of the widespread belief that the red scare following the general strike had so aroused California that there was a reaction against the radicalism of Mr. Sinclair. The vote shows, on the contrary, that the lawless officials of San Francisco, the big business men and their loyal servants the police of that city, distinctly over-reached themselves. Again, the supposed resentment of large numbers of Democrats against a Socialist coming over to their party and trying to walk off with its nomination was evidently not as widespread as had been supposed. Union labor certainly supported Sinclair overwhelmingly in his extraordinary run. No one but Sinclair himself and a few devotees believed last February that he had even a chance. He had no money and no means of raising large sums; he had no organization of his own; he had been overwhelmingly licked when he ran for Governor on the Socialist ticket. But for once a candidate interpreted the popular current correctly.

If ever a revolution was due, it was due in California.

Nowhere else has the battle between labor and capital been so widespread and bitter, and the casualties so large; nowhere else has there been such a flagrant denial of the personal liberties guaranteed by the Bill of Rights; nowhere else has authority been so lawless and brazen; nowhere else has the brute force of capitalism been so openly used and displayed; nowhere else has labor been so oppressed; nowhere has there been a falser or more poisoned and poisoning press. It was time for some sign of rebellion. But the final victory is not yet won. We look to see the San Francisco and Los Angeles press strike hard in the effort to portray Sinclair as a dangerous bolshevik and anarchist; we look to see a union of all the conservative forces against him, plentifully supplied with money and controlling an overwhelming majority of the press. Yet somehow or other we feel that Upton Sinclair may win. Perhaps we underrate the forces against him. But his remarkable record shows that the political currents are running deep and strong in favor of a new deal in California. We look to see the seal of party regularity set on Mr. Sinclair even though it helps Republican efforts to portray the Roosevelt Administration as socialistic; Mark Sullivan and Henry P. Fletcher and Dr. Wirt and some of our other political jokes will not lose this opportunity to make the welkin ring with appeals to high heaven to save the Republic now. Already the Democrats are bolting in several quarters in California.

The drift of conservative Democrats to Governor Merriam, who has won the Republican nomination, is now open and—in the prints—impressive. It is to be welcomed. It is well to have a clear-cut line-up between conservatives and progressives, liberals and radicals. Perhaps this cleavage, like the formation of the American Liberty League, is another sign that the break-up of the old political parties is near at hand—it has already come in Wisconsin and Minnesota. It will make for political clarification and simplification and therefore for progress, since there can be no real progress as long as the conservatives dominate and own both of the historic parties.

Upton Sinclair's E. P. I. C. platform will, of course, bear the brunt of the attack, and good worshipers of the status quo, like the editors of the New York *Times,* are already consoling themselves with the thought that if this wild man is elected, he will be able to do nothing radical because he will have no control over the legislature. Not quite so fast, gentlemen! If Upton Sinclair sweeps the State, he will speak for the people with such force that even a California legislature will have to take some heed. We do not say that all of Mr. Sinclair's program is either wise or enforceable; we do not venture to prophesy how successful he who has never held an executive position would be as Chief Executive of California. That is for the future to show if and when he is elected. But we do give profound thanks that one man has had the courage to stand up and announce his candidacy without consulting any boss, or any newspaper proprietor, or any financier or capitalist, and has gained the first round. He has made multitudes think and will make still more. He has won them and will win others to his belief that the economic and political jungle we live in today is no more necessary and inevitable than were the foul horrors of that human cesspool of the stockyards which he—to his everlasting honor—revealed in his most famous book "The Jungle."

Nazi Women Speak Out

THE Nazis are supposed to be adept in the art of manipulating mass psychology. They have, however, made one serious mistake; they have apparently believed that the psychology of women didn't count. The Nazi appeal to men has been subtle and various. They have been offered the opportunity to sacrifice themselves for their country and for an ideal—always a coveted form of masochism. They have been offered at the same time a sense of power, of achievement, and of superiority—both sexually and racially; the "masculine protest" is written into their creed. They have been offered the satisfactions of comradeship in a common enterprise. Women on the other hand have been offered far less and they have received less than they were offered. Like the men they were invited to sacrifice themselves for their country, but they discovered very soon that their sacrifice was to be vicarious to a degree. Theirs not to march or to sing or to feel superior; theirs merely to minister to the heroes of the Great Awakening and to bear the heroes of the Third Reich's future triumphs. At first they acquiesced, expecting, in return for submission, at least a fair measure of honor and security.

That they have received instead humiliation both at home and in public life is the testimony of a number of prominent Nazi women. A recent *Bulletin* published by the American Committee of the International Relief Association contained excerpts from German women's magazines in which these views are expressed with astonishing courage and candor. For example, Frau Rogge-Börner, editor of *Die Deutsche Kämpferin,* writes in that publication:

> The younger generation of women . . . is beginning to feel uneasy. They are troubled by the fact that, carried away as they were by a deep-felt patriotism, they had encouraged a strange form of masculine delusion in making the National Socialists the absolute rulers of their destiny as well as masters over the fate of the entire German people . . . A really unbiased evaluation of women today shows that not only have they not taken one step forward, but many backward.

One quotation after another describes the subjection of women in all branches of public activity and the professions, even in those professions which have traditionally been under their control. And the same policy apparently applies even in domestic relations. Various articles quoted in the *Bulletin* express resentment at the degree to which Nazi activities have broken the unity of home life and drawn men away from their ordinary domestic responsibilities. Others, even more bitter, discuss the emotional results growing out of the Nazi ideal of masculine superiority. Dr. Leonore Kühn, writing in *Die Denkschrift,* says:

> . . . A young son, even the youngest, already laughs at his mother with "manly" superiority if she, rather than his father, attempts to exercise authority over him. Instinctively he recognizes his advantage from observing the subservience to which his mother has been reduced.

The opposition of Germany's leading women to the repressions of the Nazi regime may turn out to be quite as important as the other evidences of internal disillusion and rebellion that have recently been revealed.

Issues and Men

The New Cuban Reciprocity Pact

THE Administration in general, and Secretary Hull in particular, are to be heartily congratulated upon the conclusion of the new reciprocal trade agreement with Cuba by which some tariffs have been reduced by more than 60 per cent. It is a long step forward, and even with Cuba in its present weakened position, with its purchasing power reduced perhaps lower than at any time since the Spanish occupation, it should have far-reaching social and economic effects in the island. Of course it does not go far enough for me. As I have repeatedly pointed out, it is utterly ridiculous that we should not include this republic, which we created and officially set up, within our own free-trade zone. The only thing that keeps us from doing it is the fact that the flag which flies over Morro is not our own. The island is literally within sight of our shores—if one goes up in an airplane from Miami. No one can maintain that our imports from Cuba would be large enough seriously to injure the welfare of the 125,000,000 Americans if the tariff barriers should be wholly removed. And if the Cuban flag should be hauled down and ours hoisted in its stead, no sane man would think of demanding a tariff.

None the less, we can be grateful that this new agreement, according to one of our foremost experts, will probably double Cuba's trade with us during the first year of its life. Dr. John Lee Coulter estimates that the island's exports to us will rise to $100,000,000 as against some $50,000,000 in 1932 and 1933. Since about four-fifths of this increase will be in sugar, some relief will be brought to the Cuban masses, many of whom are utterly destitute and subsisting under conditions which American workers could not endure. On the other side, Cuba has reduced the tariffs on textiles, rayon yarns and fabrics, wool articles, cotton fabrics, and especially on automobiles with a factory list price of less than $750, radios, typewriters, and industrial machinery generally, as well as on iron and steel bars, structural iron, plumbing, and miscellaneous manufactured articles. The benefit to the United States from this speaks for itself. Cuba's trade with us from 1922 to 1926 averaged $480,000,000; in 1929 it amounted to $336,300,000; while in 1932 and 1933 it had actually dropped, as stated, to $50,000,000. It should now go back at least to the 1929 figure, that is, within the next few years.

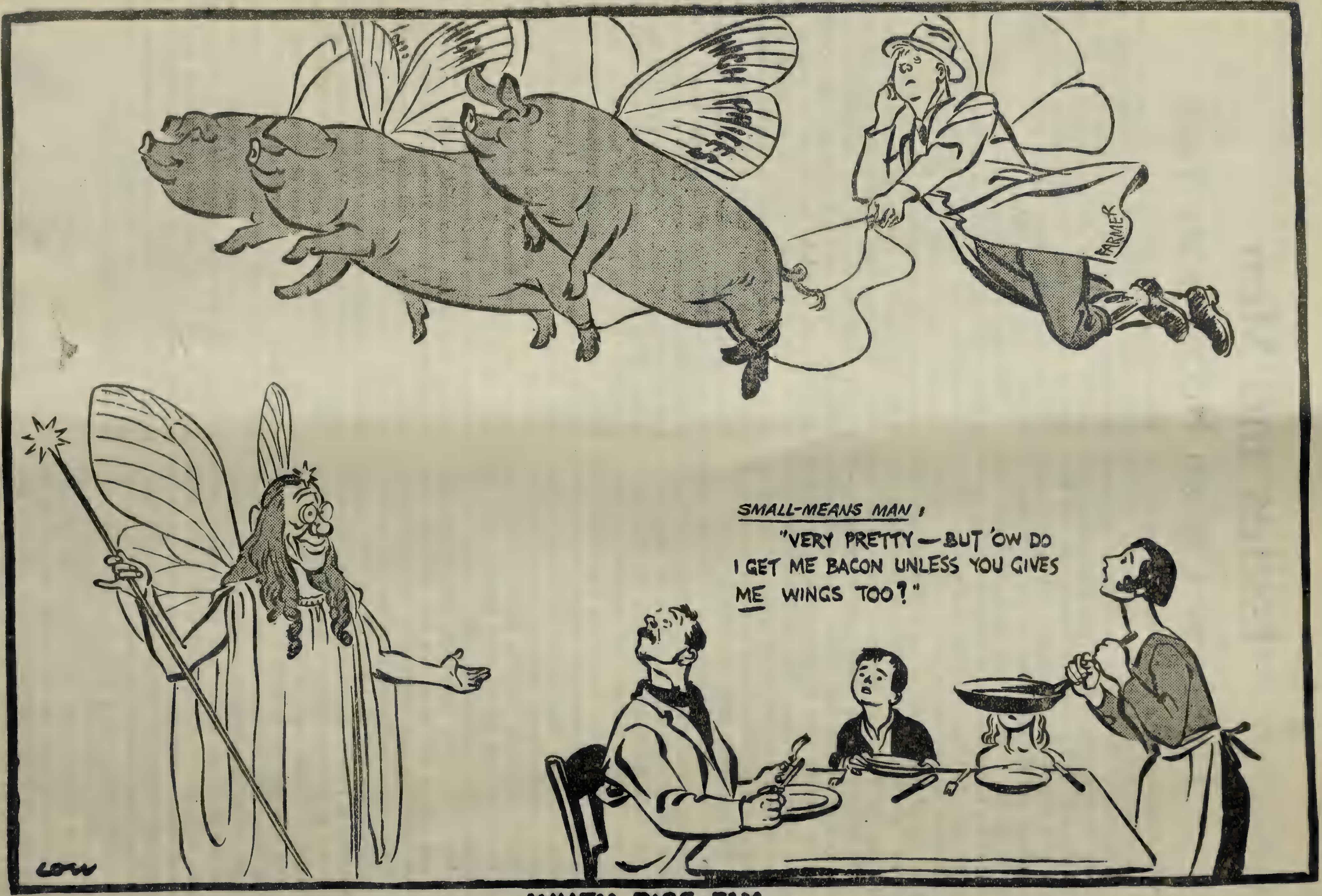
This move will also help our farmers tremendously, since there are to be substantial reductions in the Cuban tariffs on hog lard, corn, wheat, flour, pork products, potatoes, rice, fresh, dried, or evaporated fruit, animal foods, and canned meats. It is true that the head of one of the farm bureaus in Washington has hastened to warn our farmers that they must not expect too much from this, because Cuba has been growing more self-contained and has made some slight effort to diversify its crops. None the less, the opening up of this field is of profound significance because it is the right way and the only certain way to aid the American farmer—by getting back for him a foreign market. That beats all the horribly wasteful and really insane destruction of crops and limitation of output to which so good a man as Secretary Wallace has felt himself and the government driven by the dire necessity of the last year and a half—I still maintain that the Southern mules which refused to abandon their lifelong habits of walking between the cotton rows when called upon to plow the plants under had more sense than the AAA.

But this is not all the good news. It is announced that the next step is Haiti, which, having just said goodby to the departing American marines, is in the best possible frame of mind to sign a similar pact with us. Of course, Haiti is a one-crop country, dependent on coffee, and sorely in need of the development of the rest of its agriculture and its industry. Its total foreign trade in 1929 was only $33,962,000, of which we got less than one-third—in 1932 only $5,000,000—but if we could quadruple that $5,000,000 it would certainly be a help; we are not in a position to turn up our nose at anybody or any bit of foreign commerce. Already the State Department is working to begin similar negotiations with Brazil, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Ecuador, Honduras, Nicaragua, Panama, El Salvador, Venezuela, and the Dominican Republic, which together supply 95 per cent of this country's coffee imports. This is of course in accord with the policy announced by Secretary Hull at the notable meeting of the Pan-American Congress in Montevideo last December. It is the best kind of business for the United States, for these are our natural markets. They can be expanded indefinitely as prosperity returns in Central and South America. What is more, the President has dropped all tariff barriers on cattle feed because of the drought. I suppose the average farmer will feel that this will not help him. But it will; at least it will help the country at large because of the simple fundamental fact that we cannot import any feeds, or any other goods, without paying for them with products of the United States. How strange it is that we can only unfetter our industry or farmers when they are in dire distress! Thus by various steps we are moving toward the acceptance of one of the grave alternatives placed before the country by Secretary Wallace, who, it will be recalled, stated that we must either take 50,000,000 acres of farming land out of cultivation or change our tariff policy.

As A. A. Berle, Jr., pointed out recently in the New York *Times,* our tariff war has reached an impossible situation. "In a gigantic chess game in which the trade routes of the world were being reapportioned, the United States was left out of it; and whatever foreign trade she had was hindered, disadvantaged, or completely blocked by an ever-tightening net of individual preferential arrangement." Mr. Berle is absolutely correct in saying also that our tariff policy has been "historic rather than reasonable."

Oswald Garrison Villard

A Cartoon by LOW


HIGH
HIGH PRICES
FARMER
SMALL-MEANS MAN:
"VERY PRETTY—BUT 'OW DO I GET ME BACON UNLESS YOU GIVES ME WINGS TOO?"
LOW

WHEN PIGS FLY.

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The Strike of Capital

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

Washington, September 1

THE overshadowing problem in America today is the strike of capital. It is by all odds the most formidable strike America has known since the Civil War, and surpasses in gravity the aggregate of all strikes of labor of recent years. It is not a deliberate and organized strike. But even if unconscious, it is the most effective strike which confronts the community and one which must be broken if American institutions are to survive.

By the strike of capital I mean the refusal of the owners of bank deposits to lend their money to private enterprise. The deposits are there. They have risen nearly 6 per cent since last March, and more than 14 per cent since a year ago June. They are only 17 per cent below the figure for June in the halcyon year of 1929. They are staggeringly large for a land suffering a depression as severely as America. The figure on June 30 of this year was $26,762,000,000 for the member banks of the Federal Reserve system. Since March these deposits have increased a billion and a half; since June of last year nearly three billions and a half.

This enormous accumulation of available credit in itself does not prove that capital is striking. Deposits might be another label for loans by banks, which have to be deposited until they are spent. If, while deposits were rising 14 per cent this past year, loans had correspondingly risen, it would demonstrate that recovery had begun. But the contrary is true. Deposits rose but loans actually fell.

The decline in the volume of these loans is the yardstick of the strike of capital. Since June, 1929, loans have declined 51.2 per cent, while bank deposits have declined only 17 per cent. Allowing for the decline in deposits, capital to the extent of eleven billion dollars is being withheld from normal use.

The strike of capital, in so far as it consists simply of a refusal to make loans, is not of recent origin, since loans have been steadily declining in volume ever since the depression set in. Capital has been on strike in all countries in the same way. But there is a peculiarity about the strike of American capital since June a year ago. For in that month bank deposits began to increase. Prudence might well account for the refusal of banks and individuals to invest while deposits were declining. But when deposits began to rise, prudence was being given a margin to work with. And this margin it rejected. It may not be strictly accurate to speak of a strike of capital in this country before June, 1933. But since that month the strike is incontestable. Indeed, the strike has been progressive in its intensity. Fewer loans were outstanding in June than in March despite the rapid rise of deposits. The decline in these three months was $183,000,000. And in the past year, when deposits rose nearly three and a half billions, the volume of loans actually fell $383,000,000. These are the figures only for the member banks of the Federal Reserve system, and do not show the full extent of the strike. On the other hand some allowance has to be made for the fact that many old loans are being repaid to the banks, thanks to the rescue work of the Administration in reopening frozen institutions. Banks have not stopped making loans altogether, but they are not making them as fast as they are being repaid. But this allowance does not modify the statement that capital is on strike, or reduce the yardstick figure of at least eleven billion dollars as the extent of that strike.

It may be objected that the use of loans to measure this strike is not accurate, since banks can use their funds to buy the securities of private enterprises. The objection would be well taken if banks were doing so. An immediate use of growing deposits to finance commercial and industrial corporations would simply be another way of making loans. But the banks have not been doing this. They are doing the reverse. They were holding fewer private securities on March 5 than they did in June of last year. The decline is large, amounting to more than a billion and a half dollars. In the same period, on the other hand, they vastly increased their holding in government securities, the amount being over three and a quarter billion dollars.

Here we have the picture in its simple terms. Capital is on strike, and refuses to finance private enterprise to anything like a normal extent. The government is stepping in to perform some of the normal functions of capital.

One clear way to present this fact is to show the portion of the national income derived from government sources. In 1929 all government, federal, State, and local, produced 7.8 per cent of the national income; today it is producing about 20 per cent. The state as a financial enterprise is carrying one-fifth of the country's business, as against one-thirteenth in normal times. True, the national income has fallen by nearly half—from eighty-three billions to around forty-five billions—and the amount of income produced by the government has not more than doubled in actual amount. But it has increased from about six and a half billion dollars in 1929 to over nine billion dollars today. That is to say that the government is putting two and a half billions a year into the national income which capital itself might be putting in if it were not for its eleven-billion-dollar strike.

Now the striking capitalist does not admit that he is a striker. He blames the Administration. If his money is idle it is because the government is competing with private business, and making it unprofitable for him to invest. The Guaranty Trust Company in its last monthly bulletin complains of the Tennessee Valley Authority, the AAA, the Federal Surplus Relief Corporation, the PWA, and other agencies as competing directly with private business. "There is a real danger," it warns, "that those powers will be perpetuated and extended until legitimate private business is buried under a mountain of bureaucracy. From the standpoint of business recovery, the conclusion is obvious. The revival for which the federal government is striving so arduously can come about only through individual initiative, and that initiative is being stifled, rather than being encouraged, by the restrictions and limitations that have been placed upon it, with the threat of further obstacles to come."

I have already shown a fall in loans during the past months and called this an intensification of the strike of capital. What faces America is a process of which it is hardly aware, an unformulated conflict between capital and the state. The longer the conflict lasts, the harder it is to resolve. The more the state interferes in business—even if it is to take the place of striking capital—the more capital will go on strike. And the more capital goes on strike, the more the government will have to interfere. Unless the strike is broken, there seems to be one of two possible endings. The state becomes the fountain-head of business, and controls it either for social purposes, which is socialism, or to guarantee the profit system, which is fascism. It may be doubted whether any unconscious process, such as this conflict, will lead to socialism—which is not to be attained before the country is ready for it. But that the country as a whole wants the profit system retained goes without saying. The end of this growing tendency is much more certain to be fascism, and a titanic effort to save the crumbling economic structure by a state guaranty of business returns. If the state becomes interested in profits, it will be logical to outlaw strikes and to suppress any criticism which jeopardizes the state's actions. American fascism might differ in outward form from other fascisms, but its spiritual content would be the same.

Can the strike of capital be broken? Before trying to answer this question it is well to exonerate capitalists from *intending* their strike to bring on government interference or to lead to a gradual revolution toward fascism. Indeed, the striking capitalist would be annoyed even to find himself called a striker. Who is he? Just one of the numberless individuals with money in the bank who knows no safe place to invest it; or one of numberless business men who might be branching out if they thought it was going to be profitable to do so; or the executive of the large company who usually invests its funds but now holds them in cash. It may prove to be the tragedy of the American form of capitalism that these individuals are unable to realize that their individual actions add up to a whole for which they share individual responsibility. Individually many capitalists bristle at much in the New Deal, but fail to see that unless they cooperate with the Administration, the American business system cannot possibly be restored, even in a modified way. They do not recognize that it is their inability to cooperate which is forcing the Administration still farther along the way which they cry out against.

The striking capitalist will tell you it is not his fault that cooperation is impossible. But in the spring of 1933 the same program was not impossible. The New Deal was not considered revolutionary, and un-American; it entailed both reform and rehabilitation of the American business system. It was understood that certain fundamental changes had to be made: wealth was to be more equitably distributed, individuals were to have greater economic security, and the control of money was to be ordained with a deeper sense of trusteeship. The United States Chamber of Commerce mentioned the need for social insurance before the President ever used the phrase in a message to Congress. The NRA was much more the creation of big business interests than of American radicals. Hardly a week passed in those days without the utterance of some business leader in favor of a broader social philosophy. Cooperation a year ago was promised and intended; this summer there is the intensification of the strike of capital. What has happened to change things?

One explanation is repeated over and over again. Business men have lost confidence. They complain that they cannot look into the future and plan their affairs. They made the same complaint long before Roosevelt took office, but now they say they fear new unheralded schemes by the Administration, still further interfering with business. They live in an anguish of uncertainty. At the same time they rationalize their fears by pretending a faith in the very system which collapsed in 1929, and will tell you that if the President had not interfered at all, we should now be in the noontide of automatic recovery.

The demands of business come down to this—insistence on certainty. Business men must know that they can make profits. The state must not interfere. They ignore the fact that the essence of the American system of capitalism was its uncertainty, its lack of any guaranty of profits whatever, and that the factor of loss helped it to function as long as it did. They also ignore the fact that it was the Hoover Administration which began interfering with the operation of loss in the system, and much of their trouble may be due not to what they have lost but to what the rescue of capital by the government has saved them from losing. American investors have never lent their money in the certainty of profit but in the hope of it. And their hopes have been blasted as often as they have been sustained, if not oftener.

So what really holds back investment today is not the want of certainty but the want of hope, which is a problem of quite another character. It is a psychological problem. If the strike of capital is to be broken, it will only be by changing the attitude of investors. This may, of course, be impossible. When faith is lost, as obviously some of the faith of business men in the Administration has been, there may be no way to restore it, and the strike of capital may have to continue until it brings results which few business men ever dreamed of, much less desired.

But one contribution might be made which would go some way toward conciliating the minds of striking capitalists. Eighteen months have passed since the President took office. The time surely is near when the maximum program which he intends to carry through might be stated. If business has a legitimate complaint against the Administration it is that the President has never told them the worst. They are going to have to pay, but they don't know how much. No word of his has ever given them any idea that he has a maximum in mind. They do not know that he has any intention of writing a final figure on his blank check and presenting it at the bank.

But assuming that the President looks forward to a second term, he is known to have in mind enough reforms to pack every minute of his time until he relinquishes office in 1941. Redistribution of wealth is to come, one must assume, by two of the most efficacious methods known to man—a heavy tax on incomes, private and corporate, and genuine social insurances. Individual security is to come by economic planning, supplemented by the insurance system. Does the President believe he can do more in the next six and a half years? It took England a generation to adopt a social-insurance system, and brought the country to the brink of grave troubles in 1911. America knows little of social insurances, and the business men who lightly advocated them a year ago will be aghast when they find out how heavy the bill will be, added to the burdens of the NRA. Six and a half years will be a short time in which to educate the country to support a genuine insurance policy and force it through Congress. The system of heavy income taxes will arouse still more bitter opposition. And these two together, in addition to the good features of the NRA and the Securities Act, are enough to signalize any two Presidential terms. They would be the greatest program of social reform ever achieved by an American President.

This much certainty the President might give American business, the certainty of what it is he proposes to do for the remainder of his time in office and the certainty of how much it is going to cost. And in giving this he might include certainty on monetary matters without weakening his reform program in the slightest. Last summer's escapade with the commodity dollar has not had fatal consequences, but it has not been worth the loss of confidence it cost the President. Whether the price level is to be controlled by varying the gold content of the dollar a fractional amount or by changing the discount rate a similar fractional amount may not matter much, but it matters a great deal to people who do not understand these things. And one of the easiest ways for the President to recapture faith is to admit he is through with such details. Recovery and reform alike lie in the increase of consuming power, which neither the variation of gold in the dollar nor inflation can help to create permanently.

Certainty over the extent of the New Deal, over its ultimate cost, and over the President's monetary reliability would give business a basis on which to plan and figure. Self-interest is the final denominator in business. The strike of capital will only be broken if the capitalist sees where his strike is taking him, and can estimate that the New Deal with all its cost is a better way for him to go.

How Stable Is Recovery?

By MAXWELL S. STEWART

AT first sight the statement issued by Donald R. Richberg listing the gains achieved by the national recovery program is impressive. The facts, so far as they go, are accurate and fairly representative. Approximately four million more persons were employed in June of this year than had jobs in March, 1933. Total pay rolls in the manufacturing industries were 37½ per cent higher than in June, 1933, as against an increase of 9.6 per cent in the cost of living. Business failures have registered a sharp decline, while the index of corporation profits has risen from a deficit of 6.9 in the first quarter of 1933 to a profit of 32.2 in the second quarter of the present year.

That the United States has enjoyed a substantial measure of recovery is indisputable. Mr. Richberg's statistics could be supplemented by others scarcely less encouraging. Industrial production in the first six months of 1934 averaged nearly 18 per cent higher than in the corresponding period of 1933. Farm income has risen by one-fifth, despite reduced production. Our export trade jumped no less than 47 per cent—in terms of dollars—during the first seven months of 1934. Taken in the aggregate, these statistics would seem to indicate not only a return of better times, but that the improvement was fairly well distributed throughout the national economy.

But instinctively most of us recognize that there is something drastically wrong with these figures. While we realize that there has been a certain degree of improvement, we know from personal experience and that of acquaintances that the recovery is by no means as great or as general as is claimed. What, then, is the catch? Is the Roosevelt Administration, like its predecessor, guilty of juggling figures for political purposes?

It is interesting that Mr. Richberg should have chosen June as a basis for comparison instead of July, in view of the fact that the figures for the latter month were released on the same day as his statistics. Yet in some respects July would seem to be more suitable, since it represents a more advanced stage in the recovery program, and—taking business as a whole—was really the last of the pre-NRA months in 1933. It so happens, however, that the July comparison is considerably less favorable than that of June. The Federal Reserve Board's index of industrial activity, for example, was 23 per cent lower than that of a year ago. Weekly car loadings were from 5 to 10 per cent below those of last year; residential building was more than 30 per cent under that of July, 1933. The first fifty-eight railroads to report showed a 5 per cent decline in gross operating revenue and a 44 per cent drop in net income. Owing to shorter hours under the NRA codes, employment has held up much better than production, though it showed a decrease of approximately 5 per cent since May, and was below the level of last September. Even farm income, despite high food prices, was 6 per cent lower than in July, 1933.

Judging by such indices as are available, the recession which started in May continued through August. At the close of the latter month the steel industry was operating at 19 per cent of capacity, the lowest mark for well over a year, while car loadings were likewise at their lowest ebb. It is safe to hazard a guess, therefore, that Labor Day found business conditions as a whole at a point as low as, or somewhat lower than, last year at the same period, which is small comfort for the National Recovery Administration.

It is significant to note in passing, moreover, that even at the peak of production last spring American recovery was less than that of a number of foreign countries whose domestic policies differ widely from those of the United States. Three of these—Great Britain, Sweden, and Japan—have surpassed the 1928 level of production, while Germany, France, and Canada are all well in advance of this country.

This fact alone, apart from the recent setback in business activity, is sufficient to raise substantial doubts regarding the stability of the entire recovery movement. The theory underlying the Administration's program was that once the upward swing of the business cycle had been started by "priming the pump," the process would become virtually automatic. Devaluation of the dollar, the restriction of crops, and the increase of wages under the codes were all justified on this assumption. Having rather thoroughly exhausted the resources for "pump priming," however, during the past eighteen months, it is perhaps fair to ask whether, after all, this is the technique by which business revival can be achieved, or whether by tinkering with the mechanism we have delayed the natural flow of recovery.

The question is a delicate one. In many respects the national economic structure presents a more balanced picture today than was the case a year and a half ago. Although farm prices are still far short of the hypothetical 1909-14 purchasing-power parity, there has been a certain amount of progress in this direction. Wholesale prices have increased more rapidly than retail prices, while the depreciation of the dollar has lessened, to a certain extent, the real burden of indebtedness. Wage-earners of the lowest category have probably enjoyed a more substantial rise in income than those in the higher brackets, and the prevailing income has been somewhat more widely distributed.

On the other hand, there are many features of the recovery process which appear to be basically unsound. The first of these—excessive governmental expenditures—need scarcely be elaborated. The majority of economists are agreed that a large outlay for public works as an emergency measure is both defensible and necessary. But if the expenditures are too small to stimulate recovery, and yet large enough to obstruct the normal channels of finance, they might conceivably lead to a collapse of government credit. A day of reckoning is inevitable, and unless the money expended brings improved conditions, and thereby increased revenues, serious difficulties are bound to occur.

Much more disturbing, however, is the evidence that great numbers of the population have not only failed to profit by the economic upturn but have actually lost ground during the past year. The chief beneficiaries of the NRA, oddly enough, appear to have been the business men. As evidence of this Mr. Richberg pointed out that business failures from February to May of this year were actually 40 per cent fewer than in the corresponding period of 1929! Big business especially seems to have reaped a harvest under the New Deal. Net profits of 506 corporations rose from $157,579,000 in the first half of 1933 to $408,572,000 in the first six months of 1934, an increase of 260 per cent! The National City Bank estimates the average annual rate of return of 250 companies having a net worth of $9,724,000,000 to have been 5.7 per cent in the first half of 1934 as against 1.7 per cent in 1933.

Other sections of the population have also enjoyed a rise in money income, though on a much more moderate scale. An increase in dollar income does not, however, necessarily indicate improved economic conditions. The true position of any group can only be measured by real wages and comparative living standards, taking into consideration cultural and recreational opportunities as well as the essentials of livelihood. Here, unfortunately, data are extremely meager and frequently conflicting. Mr. Richberg claimed, on the basis of increased weekly pay rolls, that despite increased living costs "there remained a net increase of 25 per cent in the total purchasing power of manufacturing wage-earners." Adjusting this figure for the rise in employment, he admitted that per capita income had failed to keep pace with the advance in living costs. Taking into consideration the 6 per cent fall in factory pay rolls in July and the additional rise in food prices, it appears that the real income of industrial workers for July was at least 8 per cent lower than a year ago—truly an appalling state of affairs. Yet industrial wage-earners have been in a favored position under the NRA as compared with office workers and white-collar employees. Unemployment among the latter groups has undergone a much smaller decline than among factory workers, and wage increases have been fewer in number. We know definitely from Mr. Richberg's statistics that the total labor income in June was 62.5 per cent of the entire national income, which is a 3 per cent smaller share than labor obtained in any year of the Hoover Administration. The growth in the number of families on relief indicates, moreover, a continued deterioration of conditions in the lowest stratum of society—now numbering one-sixth of the entire population. Taking these various factors into consideration, one is forced to conclude that the purchasing power of the urban population has failed to keep step with rising prices.

This hypothesis is confirmed by the evidence of lower consumption throughout the country, particularly in the large cities. Over the nation as a whole department-store sales in July were only 72 per cent of the 1923-25 average in dollar volume, 3 per cent above July, 1933. Since retail prices, as measured by the Fairchild index, rose approximately 22 per cent in the past year, it is evident that the volume of purchases was actually only about 84 per cent as great as in 1933. Nor is this merely a symptom of the present recession in business. The physical volume of department-store sales for the seventeen months ending in July was below that of the corresponding months of 1932-33. For foodstuffs the picture is much the same. The turnover of groceries was less in June of this year than in the corresponding month of 1933, while chain-store sales for July were unchanged in dollar volume from a year ago in spite of increased prices.

Additional evidence of the reduction in living standards is to be found in the cultural field. Although shorter working hours and the elimination of child labor have brought an increased demand for cultural opportunities, public expenditures for education and recreation have continued to decline. In rural districts some 2,000 schools have closed their doors, while in 18,000 other schools a total of 900,000 children received less than six months' schooling during the year just past. Despite an increase in school enrolment, 40,000 fewer teachers were employed in 1933-34 than in the previous year. Libraries have frequently suffered even more severely. Although attendance has shown a marked rise in recent years, the appropriation for books in eighty-two of the largest cities in the country has been cut by over a third.

Thus, added to the paradox of want in the midst of plenty, we have that of declining living standards in a period of economic upturn. The latter becomes somewhat less paradoxical, however, when we realize that real wealth must be measured in terms of physical production rather than dollars. Viewed from this angle it was practically inevitable that the Administration's agricultural program, together with the effects of the drought, should lead to a decline in food consumption. This is, of course, particularly true of a perishable commodity such as milk, the production of which, according to the Department of Agriculture, has been reduced between 5 and 6 per cent during the past year. Similarly, the losses in the drought region of the Middle West are irreparable. By taking care of the stricken farmers we can shift the burden of the loss to society as a whole, but we cannot restore the lost grain or vanished buying power. As a matter of fact the shrinkage of production is greater than is usually realized. The wheat crop of 484,000,000 bushels is the lowest since 1893, while unusually small crops of corn, rye, and cotton are also expected. Owing to the shortage of feed the number of hogs raised this year will be 30 per cent smaller than last year, and there will be a serious shortage of meat, eggs, and poultry.

Perhaps the most substantial ground for questioning the stability of American recovery, however, is the fact that it has not been accompanied by a corresponding improvement in international trade. True, there has been a considerable rise in the dollar value of American foreign commerce, but this has largely been a reflection of higher dollar prices. Measured in terms of gold—which still remains the international unit of value—the decline has continued unchecked since 1929. Tonnage or quantum figures show a slight increase, but much of this was due to speculative purchases of raw materials during periods of uncertainty regarding the fate of the dollar. And while there has been some rise in exports as a result of a cheaper dollar, the improvement has been much less than was expected.

Recovery in the United States, therefore, as in most other countries, has been almost entirely dependent on domestic forces. Primary among these has been the need for replenishment of stocks and the replacement of capital goods which had been neglected during the early years of the depression. Fear of inflation has probably stimulated this process to a considerable degree, but it is doubtful whether this bogy could be used again with the same effectiveness. Increased federal expenditures have also contributed to the upturn, although these have been partially offset by the various economy moves of local and national governments.

According to Hobson and certain others of the more radical economists, the root of instability in the present economic system lies in the tendency for capital accumulation to outrun investment. This surplus was disposed of in the years prior to the depression by large-scale foreign investments. But with the breakdown of the international financial structure—due largely to the anachronistic commercial policy of the United States—foreign investments have practically ceased. As a result there has been not only a catastrophic decline in our export trade, which in itself has serious deflationary effects, but an addition to the accumulation of idle capital which represents "frozen" purchasing power. Depreciation of the dollar tended to alleviate this situation temporarily by throwing our export products on the world market at bargain prices; as well as by protecting the domestic market, also temporarily, against the deflationary influences still operative throughout the world. But it did so at the expense of international recovery, and through the reduction of living standards in the United States. Meanwhile, by stimulating business profits the New Deal appears to have intensified the maldistribution of wealth as between profits and wages, and thereby aggravated the fundamental cause of instability.

The truth is that under the profit system only one road to recovery has been charted. That is through the reestablishment of a functioning international economic system, which implies a reduction of trade barriers, the stabilization of currencies, and the resumption of foreign lending—the program laid down in the agenda for the World Economic Conference. Whether this type of program can be reconciled with the present apparently irresistible trend toward planning and control is as yet an open question. It does, however, appear to conflict at several points with the postulates of the national recovery program.

[In next week's issue Mr. Stewart will compare the economic upturn in the United States with that in various foreign countries and discuss the relationship between the Administration's domestic policy and the problem of world recovery.]

Labor Militancy Spreads in India

By V. K. KRISHNA MENON

ON May Day in Delhi 150 persons were injured in riots. This incident is typical of a growing restiveness on the part of Indian labor against the organized might of the British Raj. In India, when the police have beaten up an unarmed and unresisting crowd with five-foot *lathis,* the incident is officially described as a "clash" between "rioters" and the forces of law and order. In all the principal industrial centers of India labor gatherings are prohibited by the authorities, especially before and during a dispute. The police disperse processions and demonstrations by force, and the leaders of the working people are either threatened with imprisonment or actually arrested. Armed forces are brought in from outside to quell the "riots."

Bombay was the principal center of the recent conflict. The cotton-mill owners cut wages by about 12½ per cent. The operatives refused to acquiesce in this, and in less than a week 70,000 of them were out on strike. Almost all the mills closed; a few continued to run with blackleg labor, recruited and worked under armed police escort and protection. In Delhi 7,000 textile operatives went out on strike in sympathy with their fellow-workers in Bombay. The mills in Delhi closed voluntarily. The "riots" and the injuries to the 150 workingmen were the result of police interference with the strikers and attempts to disperse them by force.

Strikers' demonstrations in Bombay were dispersed by repeated *lathi* charges. Those who offered passive resistance were beaten until they moved on or were dragged out by the police. Armed police reinforcements were drafted into the city from the suburbs. Labor leaders were arrested. Miss Mani Ben Kara, the first to be taken away, is one of the ablest of Bombay's labor organizers. Her influence on the textile workers in that city has been one of the healthiest factors in the development of the labor movement there in recent times. In 1932 the government prosecuted her for a May Day speech on the ground that it "created disaffection between different classes of His Majesty's subjects." She was acquitted by an Indian High Court judge.

The Governor of Bombay issued a statement in which he referred to "grave dangers of disorder" as a result of the speeches and activities of the strikers and their leaders. The government, the statement added, has therefore resorted to emergency powers, but "desires to make it clear that no restriction has been placed on the functioning of trade unions." Apparently the official mind does not regard the arrest of leaders, the dispersal and prohibition of labor gatherings and demonstrations, as interference with the "functioning" of trade unions. Nor does it consider the government's use of its forces to protect blackleg labor for the employers anything more than a legitimate function of government.

Bombay and Delhi are not isolated instances. A few weeks ago it was Sholapur and Calcutta. At Sholapur a number of cotton operatives went out on strike as a result of a 12½ per cent cut in wages. The employers locked out the remainder. Altogether about 14,000 men were out. The district magistrate immediately prohibited all meetings, demonstrations, and processions, and served orders on labor leaders ordering them not to address or attend such meetings. The penalty for disobedience was imprisonment with hard labor and heavy fines.

The Government of Bombay also announced a "fact-finding inquiry" which will submit a report to the government. In the interval, emergency powers and the *lathi* and bayonet maintain "law and order," and armed police lorries and police pickets escort and protect blackleg labor. The thousands of men and women who walked out to prevent a cut in their already miserably low wages will be forced back by starvation or be thrown on the scrap heap. The fact-finding inquiry has thus been used as a pretext for strike-breaking. Has not the Government of Bombay already enough facts at its disposal to keep it busy with labor legislation and remedial measures for the next quarter of a century? The Royal Commission on Labor, over which ex-Speaker Mr. Whitley presided, produced volumes of facts and more than 360 recommendations. Here are some of the commission's facts. Referring to life in the industrial areas, it reported:

> Thirty-three per cent of the population live in rooms occupied by more than five persons at a time and 1 per cent in rooms occupied by more than twenty persons at a time. The number of persons living in rooms containing from six to nine persons is 256,379, and the number of persons living in rooms occupied by from ten to nineteen persons is 80,133.

The average daily wage in the textile industry in Bombay is about 50 cents a day for men and 25 cents a day for women; at Sholapur it is about 32 cents a day for men and 14 cents a day for women. In Cawnpore skilled mill workers are paid about 38 cents a day while the less skilled receive from 10 to 12 cents a day. The figures I have given are semi-official and represent mathematical averages. The realities are much grimmer; the bulk of the workingmen receive considerably less. Pay day sees the agents of the money-lenders armed with sticks at the gates of the mills to collect their interest or part of it. From his miserable wages the worker has to meet the demands of the money-lender, the bribes to the jobbers inside the mills, and the rent for his tenement. There is not much left to feed himself and his numerous dependents. These wages the Bombay, Sholapur, and other mill-owners are attempting to cut, and it is against the wage cuts that the men are striking.

Are these not enough of facts? If the strikes and speeches of strikers are threatening the peace of the city, is not the attack on the wages of semi-starved men also a threat to the peace of the community? The governments in India have power under the Indian Trade Disputes Act, bad measure though it is, to appoint boards of arbitration and conciliation when a trade dispute occurs, but this provision has very rarely been used by any of the local governments in India, and is now practically a dead letter. Instead of throwon the employer the onus of proving his case and of meeting the arguments of the workers at these arbitration courts, the authorities turn against the oppressed and ill-paid workers the full might and rigor of the Raj. I have no illusions about the composition and the procedure of such arbitration tribunals, and the workers' slender chances of obtaining justice from them, but they are infinitely preferable to the *lathi,* the bayonet, and the rifle.

In India today government and district officials have the power to suppress all meetings, to deny the right of assembly, to prohibit speeches, to arrest leaders, to search premises, to confiscate funds, to stifle and gag comment in the press, to prohibit movements of individuals and to suppress organizations by executive orders. Against these there is no remedy in the courts nor any hope of redress by the legislatures. Official information about labor movements is gathered through the agency of the police instead of from workers' organizations, a fact to which the Royal Commission draws pointed attention.

Against these odds the masses of the Indian people are beginning to fight back. For fourteen years now Indian insurgence has allowed itself to be harnessed to Gandhian pacifism and the politics of loving one's enemy. The personality of the Mahatma transformed the life of India. It made the masses significant. It imposed discipline on the young. For a time it embarrassed the government beyond expectations. But against the armed might and the economic power of the empire it availed little in the way of successful resistance. Against the *lathi,* the folded hands of Indian men and women were hardly a shield.

Gandhi's passive-resistance armies are now broken—perhaps only for the moment, perhaps never again to be mobilized. But from the villages of India, where demonstrations and meetings are no longer permitted, there are emerging, quite spontaneously, organizations of peasant workers who are not troubled about metaphysics but are stirred by the reality of hunger and want. In the cities the movement is even stronger. The names of the young men and women who are the vanguard of this revolution are unknown; perhaps the majority of them will not survive the horrors of imprisonment in the dungeons which are India's jails. But they are a portent. They mark the end of the old order. Against the force of an exploiting government the finesse of the Oriental and his natural horror of physical violence are pathetic and out of date. He must fight or perish, so say these young men. The proletariat of India is responding to an unexpected degree. The government acknowledges the new menace. Its answer was the imprisonment of Jawaharlal Nehru, when all the civil-disobedience prisoners were being released. Nehru is a "seditionist." So are all these young men. Thus Indian nationalism enters its newer phase, and the Empire of Britain launches its war on the Indian worker with ruthless force.

The Shipping Conspiracy

By WILLIAM ADAMS

II

IN our national history there have been four periods in which our shipowners in overseas trade have been subsidized through the Post Office Department. The first began in 1848 and ended ten years later. It cost the government $14,400,000 and accomplished little toward building up our merchant marine. The second was from 1865 to 1874. It ended with a sorry explosion when the country discovered that the line receiving the largest subsidy had obtained it by a million-dollar bribe. The third period opened in 1891 and continued for thirty-seven years. Its existence is hardly worth notice. Mail compensation was provided at such low rates that only a few shipowners took advantage of it. The fourth period began in 1928 with the passage of the Jones-White Act.

The number of mail contracts awarded under the Jones-White Act was forty-four, calling for an annual payment by the Post Office Department to the subsidized lines of more than $27,500,000—about ten times what the department would pay for the carriage of foreign mail on a poundage basis. The nation was assured that its interest would govern the administration of the act. The only lines to be subsidized were those operating overseas, under our flag, upon routes essential to our foreign trade. Subsidies would be given to only one line in a trade; they would not be given to lines that did not need them; and in no case would they be larger than it was necessary to make them to equalize operating costs between a line and its foreign competitors.

We have no room here to examine all the forty-four contracts. But let us see to what extent the foregoing promises were respected. The Jones-White Act was, the public thought, aimed at foreign shipping. Nevertheless, companies that owned or had under charter foreign vessels, some of them competing directly with American-flag ships, received mail contracts. The chief among these with the number of foreign ships they controlled were: Munson, 67; United Fruit, 52; International Mercantile Marine, 60. It was clearly stated in the act that mail contracts were to be given to lines operating overseas. This hardly required statement; mail between different parts of the nation is transported by land. Nevertheless, Panama Pacific, a subsidiary of the International Mercantile Marine, running intercoastal, in competition with no foreign lines, was awarded a "mail contract" that brings it $418,496 annually. To conform to the letter of the act it is supposed to be carrying mail to Balboa. It was assumed that there would be no necessity for subsidizing more than one line in a trade. Nevertheless, the Panama Mail Line, running intercoastal alongside Panama Pacific, was given a subsidy of $795,360, ostensibly for carrying mail to Puerto Colombia. There is, of course, no more justification for subsidizing lines that operate in the protected intercoastal trade than there would be for making an annual gift of $500,000 to a railroad company for maintaining service between Chicago and New York.

Perhaps, as the shipowners claim, too much has been made of the fact that the subsidized lines carry little mail. Much more important is the fact that most of them carry little cargo. The subsidies were to be given to lines essential to our foreign trade. The Gulf–West Mediterranean Line in 1931 transported only 172,267 tons of cargo. Its subsidy was $416,575. In short, for every ton it carried, on a short haul, the government gave it $2.42. In the same year the Tacoma-Oriental Line carried 152,971 tons of cargo and received a subsidy of $347,649. Of the total cargo movement between Puget Sound and the Orient it carried only 7 per cent. Foreign lines carried 54 per cent. The American Mail Line, which received a subsidy of $1,070,784, carried 39 per cent. It is plain that the Tacoma-Oriental Line is not performing a necessary service; the American Mail Line is sufficient for this route. Why does the government feel obliged to subsidize and keep in operation both lines? The question is unanswerable—unless an answer may be found in the fact that both of the lines are owned by the Dollar Company, to whom two subsidies are, of course, more welcome than one.

The size of the subsidy, it is evident, has no relation to the business a line does. In this same year the Baltimore Mail Line was formed with five sixteen-knot vessels to run between Chesapeake ports and Germany—a route on which the cargo movement, exclusive of oil and grain, which are tanker and tramp cargoes, amounted to about 40,000 tons annually. It was given a subsidy calling for $12,720,240 in ten years—a sum greater than the cost of its fleet, purchased from the government, and its $3,000,000 capitalization, added together.

One of the companies subsidized is United Fruit, and a subsidy to this line violates every promise or principle that was supposed, before its passage, to control the administration of the Jones-White Act. The United Fruit Company operates considerable tonnage. In 1930, according to one of its officers, it owned thirty-nine vessels—twenty-five American, six Panamanian, five English, and three Honduran. To these should be added the large fleet under the English flag that is operated by its wholly-owned subsidiary, Elder and Fyffes. At the same time it had under charter forty-nine ships—twenty-eight of them Norwegian, thirteen Honduran. Concerning the magnitude of the company's business, this much is sufficient here: in the Caribbean, besides banana plantations, railroads, and the major radio network of the tropics, it owns and operates hotels, hospitals, restaurants, and more than 200 general stores, employing in all more than 50,000 people. A fleet of ships is absolutely necessary to an industrial empire of this extent. Prior to 1928 United Fruit had always had its ships built abroad. But when the Jones-White Act was passed, it suddenly developed a patriotic desire to ally itself with the American merchant marine. The result was that in 1930 the government lent it $15,167,500 to construct six ships in American yards, and at the same time gave it three mail contracts for ten years which will amount to about $17,000,000.

The United Fruit ships cannot be called anything but industrial carriers. Their inbound cargoes consist of almost nothing but their own bananas. Outbound they carry company supplies and equipment, everything that is needed to maintain the various enterprises listed above. Some of them carry passengers—who will stay in the Caribbean in the company's hotels, and many of whom are, in fact, the company's own officers and employees. It is true that, outbound, they also carry considerable non-proprietary cargo. Naturally, they prefer not to sail with empty holds. The company is making a constant effort to lower the cost of banana transportation. To that end it seeks non-company cargo for the outbound voyage. But United Fruit cannot on this account be called a steamship company. It is a fruit company, and, economically, its ships belong in the same category as the wagons that a bakery company employs to deliver its own bread.

Turning from individual subsidies, let us look at certain features common to them all. In almost every case the mail contract was only one section of a larger contract. The purchase of ships from the government with which to begin operation, the award of the mail contract, and a government loan to enable the company to build the new tonnage required under the contract—these three agreements between the lines and the government were executed concurrently. The mail contract regulated the type of service the shipowner was to provide. It specified the minimum speed at which he was to run his vessels, the minimum number of sailings they were to make annually, and the ports at which they were to call.

One great defect of these several agreements is that they do not run for the same length of time. The mail contracts are for ten years, but the construction loans are to be repaid in fifteen, or in most cases twenty, years. For example, the Baltimore Mail Line received a mail contract that promised it $12,720,240 in ten years. At the same time the government sold it five ships for $30,000 apiece and lent it $6,520,706 for twenty years at 3 per cent to recondition them. This was three-quarters of what the reconditioning would cost. When the mail contract expires, the government will still have a 37½ per cent interest in these ships. Should it refuse to renew the mail contract, the line could surrender the ships and retire from operation with a profit of more than $7,000,000 from its agreements with the government. The government is, therefore, practically forced, so long as it will not operate the ships itself, to renew the present mail contracts at their expiration.

From the description of the contracts given above it is clear that the government is interested only in liner services. It seems to assume that by establishing a number of steamship lines with regular, fast, and frequent sailings, it will automatically make America a maritime Power. Perhaps this assumption is a natural one for a government whose transportation problems have for half a century been domestic and continental, but it is an error great enough to prevent our subsidized shipping from ever operating profitably. This nation does not need, it cannot possibly support, forty-four overseas lines.

Among our subsidized lines eight operate out of Gulf ports, which offer only two considerable export commodities—wheat and cotton. Both of them are bulk cargoes which must be moved cheaply and which tramp shipping alone can carry profitably. Moreover, both are seasonal cargoes. They reach port in great quantity right after their harvest and require just enough shipping at a certain period of the year to send them abroad, not regular, year-round liner service.

While speed is becoming more and more a desideratum in transportation, cost is always more important. The great volume of modern international trade has been made possible not by rapid transportation or by cheap production, but by cheap transportation. The great volume of international commerce is made up of cargoes that are carried in bulk and must be transported cheaply. Moreover, most of these bulk cargoes are seasonal. A line offering regular service is very liable to be made bankrupt by the irregularity of nature. Tramp shipping takes advantage of this irregularity. In a larger sense, no shipping is so regular. Making full use of the fact that a ship at sea can go anywhere, it flows always to those ports where shipping is most needed. And because of the progression of the seasons and their alternation between the Northern and Southern Hemispheres, it is employed the year round. Our regular lines are unable to benefit from shipping's greatest advantage—its fluidity. The foregoing criticism applies, of course, only to cargo liners, not to passenger vessels which carry no cargo and cannot operate otherwise than on strict schedules. There is, however, no justification, except the specious one of national defense, for subsidizing passenger liners.

The truth is that subsidies don't work. We have referred already to the fact that no correlation exists between the percentage of our commerce carried in American-flag ships and either the size of our foreign commerce or our national wealth—unless the fact that the last two have been steadily shrinking since the passage of the Jones-White Act establishes a correlation. Moreover, the percentage of the world's commerce carried in American ships has not increased since the passage of the act, and the percentage of our own export commerce carried in American-flag ships has shown little change. You may subsidize shipping, but you cannot, especially when you are a creditor nation, take from your foreign customers the right to have the goods they buy carried in ships under their own flag. Facts of this nature are unalterable. The government may continue to subsidize overseas shipping at the rate of a billion dollars every generation until doomsday, but the industry will never win to independence or economic stability on its present scale.

It is inconceivable that the shipowners, a few men without capital of their own, have been able since the war to induce the government to give them millions of dollars, in return for the most dubious services, solely by their own efforts. They have, of course, powerful allies. These come not from sections of the nation devoted to or dependent on foreign trade, but from those which profit directly or indirectly from shipping itself. Among them are the railroads, which have a financial interest in many of the lines, the political and financial interests in our seaports, the navy, and above all the shipbuilders.

The Jones-White Act authorized the creation of a $250,000,000 revolving loan fund from which shipowners might borrow 75 per cent of the construction cost of the ships they were obliged to build under their mail contracts, at low interest rates—inconceivably low, in fact. To build the President Hoover and the President Coolidge the Dollar Line borrowed $10,575,000. Interest on the loan for the Hoover was ¼ of 1 per cent; on that for the Coolidge, 1 per cent. These two loans will cost the government, or the nation, about $3,500,000; they are subsidy number three to the Dollar Lines. So far $150,000,000 of this fund has been lent. Contracts worth $200,000,000 have therefore gone to the shipbuilders.

Reference has already been made to the pre-war monopoly given to the shipbuilders through the seclusion of American registry and the reservation of the coastal trade to ships built in American yards. These conditions did not, however, prevent an American from purchasing a ship abroad and operating it in our foreign trade under a foreign flag. The effect of our present subsidy system has been to extend the shipbuilders' monopoly to our overseas shipping.

Inquiries in this country into big-navy propaganda have revealed that it is chiefly inspired by three shipbuilding companies—New York, Newport News, and Bethlehem, the major firms engaged in the private building of American warships. These same three companies have built almost every one of the merchant ships financed by the government since the passage of the Jones-White Act. They inspire a large part of the agitation for a bigger merchant marine.

[*This is the concluding section of Mr. Adams's article. Part I appeared in last week's issue.*]

The Socialist Student Congress

By JOSEPH P. LASH

Liége, August 16

SINCE its last congress, which was held in Vienna in 1931, the International Socialist Student Federation, like its parent International, has suffered severe blows. Two of its most powerful sections, the German and the Austrian, have been suppressed. In Germany the whole national executive committee, meeting in emergency session directly after the 1933 elections, was denounced to the Nazis by a "comrade," and all the members are in concentration camps. All that remains of the once powerful German student organizations are a few scattered émigrés studying at the universities of Belgium and France and a few isolated students in Germany who have imperiled their freedom by sending information to the secretariat of the I. S. S. F.

The report from Austria was different. While the old Social Democratic student organization has disappeared, another has already been organized. Working illegally, it has only some three hundred members, but it has a newspaper, the *Rote Vorhut,* and a policy, and is feverishly active. The clerical dictatorship, the delegate from Vienna reported, has little popular support, and therefore the danger of being denounced to the government is less than in Germany.

The disappearance of these two most powerful sections of the I. S. S. F., who with the Hollanders, the Czecho-Slovakians, and the Scandinavians formed the conservative bloc in the International, shifted the balance of power to the French, the Belgians, and the newly affiliated Student League for Industrial Democracy of the United States, in the sense that their more aggressive and left-wing point of view was reflected in the resolutions of the congress. There were also delegates from Socialist student organizations in Denmark, Sweden, Esthonia, Algeria, Switzerland, England, and Jugoslavia.

One great issue has always divided the Student International—the question of cooperating with and working in the bourgeois student organizations. In every country of Europe there is one student organization which deals with the faculty and the government on behalf of the student body. It is the equivalent of our N. S. F. A. and claims to represent the collective interests of all the students in the universities. The German Socialist student organizations, believing that a majority could be won for the I. S. S. F. in these governing groups, were willing to make all sorts of compromises to maintain their contact with the bourgeois student groups and sustain their prestige with the student body. The Liége congress this year, with no opposition, laid down the policy that under no conditions was a section of the I. S. S. F. to cooperate with the government student organization of its country, the philanthropic and conservative International Student Service, or impotent student League of Nations associations, at the expense of forgoing criticism of these groups. Cooperation could be undertaken only when it did not involve compromising the program of the I. S. S. F.

One session of the Liége congress was a closed one for delegates from fascist countries and from countries, such as Esthonia, which might be expected to go fascist before the next congress. It made plans for illegal work in Germany, Austria, and the Balkans. A communication from Germany and the Austrian delegates testified that the paramount issue for students in fascist countries was one of academic freedom and intellectual integrity; that in Germany the students were sick of the barracks-room character that education had assumed; and that in Austria they were intensely resentful of the attempt of the Catholic church, abetted by the government, completely to clericalize the intellectual life of the country. The elimination of the *numerus clausus,* restoration of academic freedom, and resistance to incorporation into government youth organizations are to be made the rallying points of underground Socialist student work in fascist countries. To carry on this work a fund in memory of Georg Weissel, one of the heroes of February 12, is to be established, toward which every section of the I. S. S. F. is to contribute.

A resolution was passed for close cooperation between Socialist students in colonial lands and those in the mother countries in the fight of the former for liberation from imperialist control. The American delegates pledged themselves to call a pan-American student anti-imperialist conference as soon as it was practicable. The I. S. S. F. approved the one-hour student anti-war strike initiated last April by the Student L. I. D. and the National Student League, and moved to make the strike international in 1935.

The issue which provoked the greatest disagreement at the congress was that of the united front. The political committee brought in a resolution approving the establishment of the united front in France, recommending its establishment among all sections of the I. S. S. F., and instructing the two delegates of the I. S. S. F. to the Socialist Youth International to support a motion for cooperation between the Communist and Socialist youth internationals.

A member of the Holland delegation declared that he still believed in democracy, political decency, and gradualism, and therefore was opposed to cooperation with the Communists. The delegates from Sweden, among others, said they favored the resolution but feared it would get them into trouble with the Socialist party in their country. The Denmark representative declared there were too few Communist students for the International to spend any time on the issue. Supporting the resolution from the outset were the delegates from the Student League for Industrial Democracy and from France, Belgium, Esthonia, and Austria. When the vote came, Sweden alone voted no.

A discussion of the analysis prefacing the united-front declaration neatly reflected the new trends in European socialism. This analysis stated that unity was imperative in view of the impotence and decomposition of bourgeois democracy when menaced by fascism. In its final form the resolution contained the qualifying phrase "in a certain number of countries." The French and American delegates declared that this phrase emasculated the analysis, since it was an easy matter to assert the impotence of bourgeois democracy after fascism had been installed. What was difficult and important to realize was that in any country the institutions of bourgeois democracy were incapable of resolving by parliamentary means the conflict of interests between capital, aided by church, press, and crown, and the working class.

This the delegates from the Scandinavian countries would never concede. But more important was the opposition of the Belgians and the English, who presented a rather new point of view. They insisted that a Socialist majority could be won for a program of socialization of credit and monopoly industry. Such a program, they declared, would be supported not only by the working classes but also by the middle classes. It is a policy which envisages the transition period to socialism as a mixed economy of socialism and capitalism. Instead of advocating wholesale socialization and thereby making enemies of the petty merchant, the Socialist Party under this scheme advocates transference to public control and ownership of enough of the economic domain to cripple the resisting powers of the capitalist class and to enable a Socialist Government to cope with the problems of unemployment and underconsumption. The Belgian Socialist Party is officially committed to this policy of the mixed economy. It is the program of the Socialist League of England, and there is a good deal of support for it in the French Socialist Party. It is a policy which first envisages a parliamentary majority, and therefore the Belgian delegates could not accept a resolution which rejected all hope in parliamentary majorities.

The congress was held simultaneously with the International Fete of Socialist Youth, which had 30,000 participants. A huge demonstration was the climax of the fete. As the lines deployed in front of the reviewing stand, in which were Emile Vandervelde, chairman of the Labor and Socialist International, and Friedrich Adler, secretary of the International, one thought of the 30,000 Austrian youths in Vienna in the 1931 fete, their splendid and colorful ranks. Today there were only one hundred of them, the most disciplined marchers, the most spirited, all bronzed from their two months' trek from Austria, chanting: "Wir sind die Arbeiter von Wien." As their contingent marched into the Cointe Stadium with their huge Red Falcon banner saved from the Heimwehr mercenaries, the whole mass of 50,000 spectators rose and cheered and wept. As the delegation passed in front of Vandervelde and Adler it gave the Social Democratic salute and shouted "Einheitsfront!"

At the closing session of the Liége congress of the I. S. S. F., after Vandervelde had concluded a remarkably stirring indictment of fascism and the preparations for war, the president of the Socialist Student Federation rose and handing Vandervelde a copy of the resolutions, calmly asked him to pay particular attention to that on unity.

It was the hundred Austrian youths and the memory of February 12 that made the Liége meetings more than a congress and more than a demonstration. The Austrian youngsters seemed to embody a living flame, from which everyone took fire and which translated itself into a demand that internecine strife in the working class cease, and that socialism take the offensive against its enemies.

In the Driftway

THE self-confidence generated by California sunshine is well known to those not favored by its rays. But District Attorney Neil McAllister is something new even among giant sunkist, tenderized, tree-ripened California avocados. He proposes to get out a petition to enjoin anyone in the State from contributing to or advocating any form of subversive activity threatening established government. (This is euphemism for communism. Bigger and better euphemisms are now being grown in California by the League of Decency.) It will be a great spectacle, ladies and gentlemen, worthy of De Mille, in which violators of the largest injunction ever seen on a single stage will be seized for contempt of court and thrown, like the lions of old, to the hungry Christians in the Hollywood Bowl without jury trial—a big scene featuring James Cagney, Lupe Velez, Dolores Del Rio, and Ramon Novarro, with scenario by Ella Winter and Lincoln Steffens. At this point the scene shifts to Atlantic City, and a convention of 500,000 Elks led by Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon of Los Angeles (this is no coincidence) prances in and launches a nation-wide attack on communism. "No man," declaims Mr. Shannon, "can become an Elk unless he practices the love of country." While the Elks are practicing love of country there is a cutback to Cincinnati where the Fraternal Order of Eagles in convention assembled swoop down on communism. (The large birds complain that they cannot taste theirs.) Atlantic City again, and the General Order of Dodos, otherwise known as the executive council of the A. F. of L., swell the chorus with their well-known "call," "Drive Out the Reds." It will be a marvelous show, ladies and gentlemen, with the largest cast of birds and animals ever assembled in California. As Mr. Shannon has said, no man can become an elk—except possibly in California. And you can't keep the Sunshine State down. At least the Drifter can't.

* * * * *

THE book season is on and the Drifter's spy is sending him publishers' blurbs again. Judging from what he has so far received it is going to be a big year for blurb collectors, with blurbs hitting a new high. The Drifter promises a full exhibit later on. For the moment he cannot resist displaying two of his favorite items.

> Most of us have so grown up that we hesitate to tell even our bosom friend that we ever feel it desirable to say our prayers. I will admit that when I find myself in a dark cellar with no light and apparently no way to escape I feel like saying "Now I lay me down to sleep," and you know the rest.

The following pronouncement was obviously written by a publisher in just such a predicament—trapped in a cellar with no way of escape:

> I have just sent you ——. I am so fond of —— that I may not be competent to tell you what I think of this book. Under the circumstances I have concluded to say that there is that quality in [this book] which to me seems to even excel a different quality which brought me to love [the author's former volume].

* * * * *

SOME time ago the Drifter let fall some remarks about the hazards of chicken-raising from both a moral and an economic point of view. Apparently his words were widely read by experts in the field, and he feels a pardonable pride in reporting the receipt of an impressive-looking brochure addressed to the Drifter and entitled "Diseases of Poultry—Their Nature and Control"; it is published by the Experiment Station of the College of Agriculture of the University of Nebraska. The Drifter has had time to glance only at the index, which is positively hair-raising, with such headings as Avitaminoses, Favus, Roup, Blackhead in Turkeys, Coccidiosis, and Flukeworms, and confirms the Drifter's worst suspicions. He can hardly wait to read it. Meanwhile he is preparing for an honor which seems inevitable. He feels sure that by the time the next commencement rolls around some experiment station will be offering him the honorary degree of CC.D., or Doctor of Chicken Care. He will accept, provided no duties are attached.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

In Defense of the Utopians

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I have scanned your columns for some weeks past in the hope of finding a commendatory exposition of the Utopian Society of America. This mighty movement is designed solely to bring about a new economic system based on production for use instead of for profit. It has now over 600,000 members and is adding thousands more each week that it carries on. Its tremendous growth is ample proof that the potentialities of this movement are unlimited, providing it can secure the unqualified support of the liberal element of the country. The Utopian Society has the possibility of expanding within a few months' time to at least 15,000,000 members. Can you imagine what such a vast number of persons thinking the same thoughts and working as a group for the same idea could do to bring about an orderly change of the economic system?

I should like to learn, if possible, why the noted liberals of this country, who are supposed to be whole-heartedly in favor of such a change in the economic structure of the country by peaceable means, have failed to rally around this society and espouse the cause. It seems as though they were satisfied to sing a thousand different songs instead of joining in one great chorus. Why have these famed thinkers never organized one huge, powerful movement that the people could take hold of and push through? And why, when a movement that has as its objective the exact ideals for which they have been working is started by others, do they not join in and use all their power to help? When I think of the possibilities of this society and what it could do for the people of this country, and then think that it may fail because self-styled liberals refuse to espouse it and carry it on to victory, it makes me think that they are worse than the Hoovers and Mellons. Just for once, I ask that all of you get together and throw all your resources behind this mighty crusade for economic justice.

Eagle Rock, Cal., August 28 W. E. THOMAS

A Plea for Higher Prices

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Statesmanship is largely a matter of timing. The proof of the real statesman is his ability to act promptly in an emergency at the moment when action will do the most good. On May 7, 1933, President Roosevelt in a radio speech made a pledge to the American people. This pledge, if it had been followed by prompt action, might, I think, have gone down to history as a proof of Mr. Roosevelt's statesmanship and as perhaps the most important utterance of his career.

Periodically the United States runs into depressions in which a drastic increase in the value of money wrecks business and causes terrific unemployment and agricultural conditions in which the farmer finds it difficult to survive. In these times of so-called deflation, such as we are going through now, the "size" of the dollar greatly increases. The dollar not only becomes larger, scarcer, and dearer, but very much harder to earn.

The result is that debts of all kinds—federal debts, State, county, and city debts, the debts of corporations, and above all the debts of millions and millions of private citizens (for most people are debtors) engaged in business and in industrial and farm labor—become unpayable. They become a literally staggering burden which throws the entire economic system out of gear. In such a period of inflation, everything a man has to sell or offer, whether it be his own services of brain or hand, or the product of his farm or factory, is sold or exchanged at a discount. Incomes fall far below normal, while debts, in effect, rise far above normal on account of the high-priced, hard-to-earn dollar in which the law requires them to be paid.

That was the condition in 1933—and it is the condition now. That was why Mr. Roosevelt pledged the Democratic Administration to restore the dollar to its normal size, so that, as he put it in his radio talk, "those who have borrowed money will, on the average, be able to repay that money in the same kind of money which they borrowed."

Armed with ample powers given him by Congress, Mr. Roosevelt has taken some steps of a reflationary kind. But he has not carried through. The dollar still is a full third larger and harder to earn than when most of our debts were contracted. The debts still remain a crushing burden that holds down recovery, impoverishes the public, and decreases the buying power of all but a comparatively small and unjustly favored creditor class. Every moment of delay on Mr. Roosevelt's part puts off recovery.

Let us remember that Mr. Roosevelt's pledge of reflation was in no sense a revolutionary or "radical" promise. It was simply a promise to carry out a common-sense and clearly necessary measure of national housekeeping such as practically every civilized government has employed during the depression. England, Canada, Australia, France, and the Scandinavian countries have all successfully employed a policy of managed reflation in fighting the depression.

Business activity and profits are the mainspring of reemployment and wages. With ten million people idle we need quickly the rising price level promised last year by the President.

New York, August 15 AMOS PINCHOT

Patience Rewarded

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

After many years of watchful waiting I have finally found one expression in your editorial columns that bears out my opinion that time and circumstances will ultimately force *The Nation* to abandon its policy of offering panaceas for our social ills and take a definite stand on the question of capital and labor. I refer to the last three lines in your editorial Labor and Industry, in the issue of August 8: "There can be no permanent labor peace until the worker obtains not only decent working conditions but the power, through collective bargaining, to control those conditions."

No other period in the history of our country has been so replete with facts demonstrating the futility of trying to bring about permanent peace between labor and industry under the profit system. The ill-fated Section 7-a of the NRA attenuated the tow-line between labor and industry and strained it to the breaking point, and editorial writers, molders of public opinion, cannot much longer walk this line with safety. They must choose one side or the other. As for *The Nation,* I have no doubt which side it will choose.

Hillside, N. J., August 20 J. W. WARNER

To Iowa Readers

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Will *Nation* readers in Iowa, particularly those in this vicinity, kindly communciate with me at 2501 Fifty-sixth Street for the purpose of forming a Des Moines *Nation* Readers Club? A downtown meeting place will be available free of charge.

Des Moines, August 20 THEODORE KAIN

Contributors to This Issue

V. K. KRISHNA MENON is the secretary of the India League in London.

WILLIAM ADAMS has contributed articles on maritime shipping to the *Forum* and other magazines.

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JAMES T. FARRELL is the author of "The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan." This fall he will bring out a new book, "Calico Shoes and Other Stories."

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SEX HABITS

A VITAL FACTOR IN WELL-BEING

By A. Buschke, M.D. and F. Jacobsohn, M.D.

Specializing Physicians to the Great Continental Rudolf-Virchow Hospital

Foreword by Gerard L. Moench, M.D.

Associate Professor of Gynecology, New York Post-graduate Hospital, Columbia University

SUBJECTS EMBRACED

THE SEX ORGANS (Male, Female)
SEX INTERCOURSE (Analysis, Nature, Methods, Frequency)
SEX DIFFICULTIES (Adjustment, Technique)
MARRIAGE (Sex Aspects, Instruction)
VALUE OF REGULAR SEX INTERCOURSE
SEX HYGIENE (Precautions, Directions)
THE SEX IMPULSE (Controlled: In Men, In Women)
SEX VARIATION (Physical, Psychological)
VARYING SEX PRACTICES
SEXUAL SHORTCOMINGS (Impotence, Frigidity, Sterility, etc.)
SEX DANGERS (Coitus Interruptus, reservatus; etc.)
SEX ABNORMALITIES (Perversion, Sadism, Masochism, Fetichism, Exhibitionism, Homosexuality, Hermaphrodism, etc.)
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Labor and Industry

Stepchildren of the New Deal

By WARREN C. MONTROSS

AGRICULTURAL laborers continue even under the New Deal to be America's worst-exploited workers. They lack even the moral support of the NRA codes and are not mentioned in the AAA program. Only when they organize and strike do they attain to some of the privileges enjoyed by industrial workers—the privilege of being enjoined, shot at by deputies, and mobbed by vigilantes. Landowners of the rich Scioto Marsh in Hardin County, Ohio, have learned the use of vigilantes in opposing the strike of farm laborers organized in the Agricultural Workers' Union, who have been out since June in a fight for union recognition and thirty-five cents an hour instead of the twelve cents or less previously paid. The struggle reached its climax when the strike leader, Okey Odell, while in the custody of Sheriff Wilbur Mitchell and twenty armed deputies, was abducted by 200 vigilantes.

On June 19 and 20 of this year Okey Odell, an onion weeder, and J. M. Rizor, an organizer for the International Quarrymen's Union, formed the first union of farm laborers to be affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. When the thirty members of the Onion Growers' Association operating the seventy square miles of marsh farms refused to deal with the union committees, a strike call was issued which was 100 per cent effective. The strikers, with the simple directness of new unionists, good-humoredly stopped all automobiles entering the marsh section and searched them for strike-breakers. There was no violence.

Two days after the beginning of the strike Common Pleas Judge Hamilton E. Hoge issued one of the most inclusive injunctions in recent labor history. Handed down on petition of the growers' association, it not only restricts peaceful picketing to groups of two but leaves to the discretion of deputy sheriffs the distance allowed between such groups. Thus thirty-four pickets were set at first twenty-five, then fifty, and later a hundred yards apart by successive groups of deputies, and were finally arrested by another group for "congregating in violation of the injunction." On other occasions pickets have been called together by the deputies and, when they obeyed, arrested for "congregating."

To enforce the injunction fifty-four deputies were immediately sworn in by Sheriff Wilbur Mitchell. The deputies are almost without exception members of the Hardin County detachment of the National Guard, "veterans of Toledo," according to the sheriff. When Governor George White was asked by the strikers why the deputies were recruited from the Ohio National Guard and why they were armed with riot guns, machine-guns, and tear-gas equipment from the Kenton armory, he replied that the guardsmen were there as "private citizens." That veteran of Toledo saw nothing strange in the use by "private citizens" of Ohio's paraphernalia of war. Officers of the National Guard directed the placing and drilling of the deputies and made several talks to them in their quarters on the property of the Scioto Land Company. Citizens complaining of being molested by the guards were referred by the sheriff to Brigadier General Connolly. The sheriff later learned the niceties of Ohio politics and ordered investigations which were never completed.

The strikers were not impressed by the impartiality of the law when their strike leader and president, Okey Odell, was arrested on complaint of Jennings Stambaugh, Scioto Land Company official. Stambaugh, according to testimony of the town marshal of McGuffey, approached the strike leader on the street and in the course of an argument flourished a gun in his face. Arrested by the marshal, Stambaugh retaliated by having Odell arrested for congregating a crowd in violation of the injunction. Odell served ten days, the limit for contempt of court in Ohio, on the testimony of Stambaugh, of a spraying-machine owner who works for the growers, and of a clerk in a hardware store owned by one of the growers who was two city blocks away from the disturbance. The charge against Stambaugh was thrown out of court.

Work in the marshes is uncertain at best. Because the growers prefer to use the cheap labor of children from nine to fourteen years of age, there is seldom as much as ninety days' work a year for adult members of families—at twelve cents an hour and less. The bulk of the work consists of weeding the onions after the planting season. Hand-propelled wheel hoes are run between the rows, followed by hand weeders who crawl on their knees all day in black muck which reaches a temperature of 170 degrees in the July and August sun. For this back-breaking work the strikers ask thirty-five cents an hour. Obviously, with ninety days' work a year at the best, this amount, even supplemented by relief, would not mean a comfortable standard of living.

Meanwhile the growers are as prosperous as they ever were. Prices of onions last season were nearly as high as in 1929, but present wages are less than half the rate of that "boom" year. The price per hundred pounds was $1.50 in 1929, $2.50 in 1931, $1.45 in 1933. Wages were cut deeply in 1931, a most profitable year for the growers. In 1929 wages were around twenty-five cents an hour; this year they have dropped to $1.25 and less for a ten-hour day.

Homer J. Brown, federal labor conciliator, spent two days interviewing the growers and presented the proposal of the owners to the strikers—fifteen cents an hour and no recognition of the union. Had the conciliator consulted the strikers, he might have saved himself the indignity of being hooted as he left. Had he investigated, he would have found a condition of virtual peonage, described by a town business man as "the sweetest racket in the State."

In addition to work on the owner's plantings each tenant farmer tends a patch of onions for the rental of a shack, unbelievably dilapidated, without heating facilities, and usually without windows. Theoretically the shares are fifty-fifty, but charges deducted from the tenant's share often leave him at the end of the season with nothing paid but his rent. In previous years the grower paid for "fitting" the land, that is, preparing it for use. Now the tenant is charged as much as $12.50 an acre for this service, the amount being deducted from his "share" at the end of the season, though the tenants claim, and they are supported by the figures of the few independent farmers in the marsh, that fitting costs the growers no more than $7.50 an acre. And the tenant goes on sharing to the end of the season, when he must pay for the crates in which his onions are packed. At harvest time the tenant trucks his onions to the huge warehouses maintained by the Onion Growers' Association. There his share is computed at a price set by the growers, through their ownership of the association. Culls and rejects, for which the tenants receive nothing, are sold by the association to canneries.

The Mayor of McGuffey, Godfrey Ott, who is also a grocer, claims to have bills outstanding against tenants to the amount of $4,500. Insurance men tell of industrial policies dropped these last two and three years until virtually no worker in the marsh has a reserve even for burial expenses. Almost all the small business men in McGuffey and Alger are caught in the same economic trap as the workers. Health conditions, as might be expected under the circumstances, are miserable. Six women in a random gathering of twenty at strike headquarters had suffered still-births or miscarriages during the previous year. But a miscarriage may be counted as good fortune if children must grow up in the marsh. A report on school attendance prepared and issued before the strike reflects the general conditions of ill health.

> Fewer than 50 per cent of the pupils complete the eighth grade. . . . The intelligence quotients of the pupils in the marsh district vary from average to 20 per cent below average, as compared with the upland schools in the township [Marion]. . . . In the opinion of Frank C. Ransdell, country superintendent of schools, the low comparative intelligence level of the marsh-district pupils is due to environment and malnutrition rather than to heredity. He estimates that under improved living conditions this district would compare favorably with the upland school districts in the township and county.

The growers have learned from industrial manufacturers how to persuade the State to do some "sharing" too. On petition of the growers an agricultural experiment station was set up in the marsh a few years ago to study rotation of crops in an attempt to revive the land, which is deteriorating because of one-crop plantings. Since the station has been established, it has been devoted to replenishing the land for the continued planting of onions; the growers are reluctant to abandon a crop over which they have monopoly control.

Evictions of tenant farmers have begun in the district. With their kitchen gardens confiscated by the growers in the process of eviction, the workers face a winter unequaled even in their experience of misery. But they remain militant. A written agreement entered into between officers and rank-and-file members of the union and officers of the Ohio and National Unemployed Leagues sets a precedent in relations between organized unemployed and strikers. The agreement provides for defense of both union members and Unemployed League members by the same legal-defense machinery; for representation of league members on committees of the strike; that the "strike will continue with militant tactics"; and that no settlement of the strike shall be made without agreement of the strikers, including league members active in the strike. The latter clause was inserted as a result of the rich experience of the leagues in winning strikes for A. F. of L. unions, which were settled over the heads of the strikers by federation officials considerably less militant than the body of strikers.

Sam Pollock, a district vice-president of the Ohio Unemployed League and a leader in smashing the injunction at the Electric Auto-Lite plant in Toledo, has been jailed and held in $1,000 bail. The charges against Pollock are "unlawful assemblage," "inciting to riot," and "malicious destruction of property" growing out of retaliation by strikers when a truckload of strike-breakers attempted to run down a group of pickets. Pollock's wife is denied access to him, and when defense lawyers were finally successful in seeing him they were hedged about by deputies during the entire conversation.

Following a confrence between Okey Odell and Robert C. Fox, the federal labor conciliator who has been sent to the scene by Secretary Perkins, local newspapers carried stories to the effect that the strikers were willing to accept twenty-five cents an hour instead of the thirty-five cents demanded, though Odell authorized no such statement and the growers remain adamant in their refusal to recognize the union or make any concessions. The landowners are evidently depending on the vigilantes to do their conciliating.

Berry Picker

By JOHN MACNAMARA

ABOUT the first of July, after nine months of searching for a job in New York, I took to the road with two dollars in my pocket on the chance of getting summer work in the country. In the middle of July I reached Newburgh. The National Reemployment Service in that town had nothing to offer me, but an advertisement in the local newspaper said that berry pickers were wanted at a place seven miles up the river. I arrived at dusk and the farmer said: "A cent and a half a quart. You feed yourself. Come up to the shack and I'll see if I can find a cot for you."

We climbed a hill to a small four-room house. An extra cot was there. The boss dug up a bulging straw-filled mattress and left me. Outside about seven men were cleaning up after supper. Two of the men were middle-aged, two were definitely old. There was a pair of young Negroes. Floating labor, just a step above hobos. The few dollars to be made here would keep them from begging hand-outs for a while, maybe get their shoes resoled. This short interlude from the road would give them a chance to clean and mend their few belongings and rest their feet; berry-picking is easy on the feet. We sat around the dying fire, rolled cigarettes, and talked. A young Dane named Paul said to me: "Get into the field early in the morning, about 6:30 or 7. Don't bother laying in any grub till tomorrow night. You can share mine till then and we'll go fifty-fifty after."

All the cooking was done over two small camp fires in a frying pan and two empty half-gallon cans, which served also as dishes. Tea was drunk from a well-washed bean can. I took off a layer of clothes when I went to bed but woke at midnight half frozen in the cold air that comes down from the mountains, so I got into my clothes again and finished the night well doubled up on the mattress. The other men, I found later, had either slept in their clothes or lain under a couple of fertilizer bags. I stole four empty bags from the barn that day and thereafter slept warmly and awoke scented. The farmer had once provided blankets and cooking utensils, but they were invariably pilfered by the transient pickers. Cooking breakfast outdoors is not unpleasant; the appetite in that bracing air is formidable. Beans, bacon, potatoes, bread, and tea is practically the standing menu—they are easy to prepare, nourishing, and above all cheap.

This farm is planted entirely in fruit—apples, pears, and grapes. In the young orchards currant bushes are planted in the rows, raspberry bushes between the rows. Each picker has a "carrier"—a tray with a handle which holds eight quart boxes. In the forenoon we pick currants. This is nice. You can sit down to the low bush, which hangs thick with fruit in small clusters. It should go quickly, yet it was more than an hour before the eight boxes were filled. Paul was picking the next row and came over to look at my carrier. "That ain't enough, you got to top them." My quarts seemed full but his looked as if each one held a quart and a half. "Unless you bring 'em in that way they'll only punch your ticket for seven." I took his advice and it was some time later when I fetched my heaping carrier to the packing shed. Eight baskets, twelve cents.

At about eight o'clock the "families" began to arrive from Newburgh and the surrounding country—a father and mother and perhaps five or six children in a Ford car. They rapidly picked the best rows. Close to me four children moved up and down the row with nimble fingers. The parents scolded or cajoled as the hot day wore on and the kids whined or sulked under the monotonous work. Their ages ranged from six to twelve or thirteen. In the same family two little girls even younger tended a baby on a blanket under a tree and dutifully fed it the bottle when it cried. A few days later I happened to be present when this family was cashing its ticket. For one day's work of nearly ten hours the father collected for himself, his wife, and four children $2.44.

In the afternoon we picked raspberries. This is much slower work. The berries are few and scattered, because they are picked every day or two as the berries ripen and before they fall off. The sun scorches as you walk slowly along the row, stooping, picking, straightening up, and resting a minute at the end. Raise your head and enjoy that superb vista. The Hudson Valley falls away at your feet. Across the river the rolling fields of Dutchess County mount to the distant Berkshires.

I quit at five and went downtown to buy food. It is a two-mile walk to the village and afterward there is kindling wood to chop and supper to get. Bread and beans, a cigarette—and then add up the punches on the ticket. First day twenty-three quarts, thirty-four and a half cents. "What the hell?" I asked Paul. "How am I going to eat on those wages?" "You'll do better," he said. "I made forty-eight cents today." Another lad remarked, "I been here a week now and I haven't made a dollar any day yet." Sixty and seventy-five cents were the top earnings for the day. Luckily, food was cheap. About a quarter a day would feed a man, with a few cents extra for cigarette tobacco. The wage scale is fixed among the local fruit growers. None of them

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paid more than a cent and a half a quart. They said the price of berries was low, only seven and eight cents from the New York commission merchants. But the farmers hereabouts have a prosperous air—good automobiles and trucks, substantial houses with all modern conveniences.

There are no lights in the shack, so we go to bed early. A rising half-moon silvers the quiet vineyards. Whip-poor-wills call from the hill orchard. A lovely country—I'd like to make a living here.

I worked seven days and then took to the road again, with a net profit of ninety-eight cents.

Labor Notes

New Jersey Red-Hunt

WHILE the Congressional barnstormers continue their probe into un-American activities, the State of New Jersey is conducting her own private little red-hunt, with legislators trying to find out what is behind the two recent Seabrook Farms strikes and other labor troubles. Naturally they have discovered that Communists are to blame for introducing the serpent of discontent into the Garden State, and they have also made it a point to ask the Seabrook strike leaders whether they believe in God. (It is perhaps only a coincidence that the chief inquisitor, Assemblyman Douglas V. Aitken, is also counsel for the Seabrook Farms.) Such unusual interest in the Deity is of course recorded by the press as news, but there were revelations at the same session of the inquiry which didn't get printed. For instance there was the revelation that Victoria Ditteralli, sixteen, an employee of the farm since she was twelve, and scores of other girls, child labor if there ever was child labor, received only seven cents an hour until the first strike in April, when a higher scale was won. Meanwhile, the New Jersey State Labor Board valiantly did its best to break a strike on the Delaware River Bridge speed line between Philadelphia and Camden—apparently the first PWA strike on record. Although this is a PWA-financed project, a New York contracting firm (the Marcus Company) is doing the building. Some 200 men walked out, asking union recognition and higher wages, and charging that skilled men were receiving the unskilled rate of pay. The contractor has passed the buck to the PWA, and the PWA has passed it back. Appealed to for scabs, the State labor board sent out a call for 200 men on relief and unemployed lists. When the men learned what sort of job it was, not one would take it, need it sorely though they did. The cry of Communist has been raised here also, but on the whole it would seem New Jersey's red-hunters are hoist with their own petard. Her labor troubles, as usual, originate with the employers of labor, not with the workers.

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Employers in Flight

JUDGE ROSENMAN'S ruling in the doll and toy workers' case is one of the most encouraging labor decisions handed down by a New York State court in recent years. The employer—Ralph A. Freundlich, Inc.—was enjoined from violating the terms of his collective agreement with the union. Further, the court held that a closed-shop agreement with a trade union was valid within the meaning of Section 7-a. Finally, the court suggested that an employer might properly be enjoined from moving his plant from a high-wage unionized area to a low-wage unorganized area, if it could be shown that the removal was for the purpose of evading a union agreement. Judge Rosenman did not proceed on the theory that an employer who contracts with a union becomes an industrial serf bound to the region where the agreement first applied. The court merely applied the obvious principle that an employer must observe his contracts. And in New York State at least, it is no legal novelty to regard a trade-union agreement as binding and valid. This decision will doubtless help to check the flight from trade-union contracts by "runaway employers," who for many years have been migrating to the more comfortable open-shop climate of New Jersey and New England. The decision touches directly on the issues raised in the case of the International Pocketbook Workers' Union versus Enterprise Accessories, Inc., which the New York Regional Labor Board has just referred to the National Labor Relations Board for final determination. Here the question is of a manufacturer who threatens to remove his plant to Greenfield, Massachusetts, rather than renew an agreement with the union. Significantly, in a case recently decided, the national board ordered several parlor-furniture companies, now located in Jersey City, to reinstate all their former employees, members of the Furniture Workers' Industrial Union, who applied for jobs. The companies in question—and here was the crux of the matter—had transferred their operations from Brooklyn to Jersey City in order to be rid of their obligation to employ union workers, who were members of a left-wing labor organization.

NEXT WEEK
Raymond Gram Swing
will discuss
Roosevelt's Social Insurance Program

Books

Lewis Corey Examines American Capitalism

The Decline of American Capitalism. By Lewis Corey. Covici-Friede. $4.

ABOUT a century ago a Jewish exile in London, regarded as unconscionably dull by his associates, spent a lonely and eccentric existence writing huge and very dull tomes. He was mainly concerned with a political solution, for which he was a flaming advocate. As an adjunct to this, he spent tremendous effort on a critique of the economic system. His devotion to his political solution was so great that it was not until recent years that his economic work came into its own.

Karl Marx's view contemplated an industrial civilization growing and expanding until recurrent business cycles should put so great a strain on the social system as virtually to force its change. He was disputing Adam Smith's theory that economics continually achieve a workable balance. He had no facts on which to base his view; for Adam Smith had tried to indicate that the tremendous development of capital goods, the continuous expansion of plants, the growth of large corporations, was impossible. Marx thought differently, but he was still guessing. He guessed rightly at least as to expansion. His ideas, factually developed, were closer to the facts than Adam Smith's; and today we meet the issue which Marx, in terms of economics at least, foresaw.

Lewis Corey sets himself the task of demonstrating that Marx was right. It cannot be said that in terms of strict quantitative analysis he has achieved this. Mr. Corey, having settled to his own satisfaction that there must be an American revolution with a Communist outcome, proceeds to draw this conclusion from all his economic data. A man without preconceptions, if any can be found, might take exactly the same figures and come to an exactly opposite conclusion.

Though the book may be dismissed as science, it must be considered an extremely brilliant Communist tract, whose ideas command real attention and must be taken into account in the coming development—there is no *solution* in economics—of the American system.

Briefly stated, Mr. Corey's theses are as follows:

1. That, in prosperity, profits and production rise but actual wages and consumption fall. The increased productivity thus cuts capital goods. This conclusion is devastatingly similar to that set forth in an article recently published by Professor McNair, of the Harvard Business School, who insisted that American employment could only be maintained if a considerable part of it went into the production of additional capital goods, though, of course, McNair did not admit that consumption and wages did not share the benefit.

2. That capitalism inevitably means accumulation of capital and of capital goods which outstrips itself until at length, as the ever-accumulating and concentrating pools of capital flow into capital goods and plants, production overbalances consumption. The unbalance at length wrecks the country, and the whole scheme comes down. In other words, the very prosperity of today forces the depression of tomorrow as capital and capital goods go into plant capacity instead of into consumption. "The incapacity of capitalism to develop *all* forces of industry" makes breakdowns successively so destructive as to bring down the whole system.

3. A capitalism finding itself in difficulties will at once flee to the government, at length dragging down with it the structure of government finance.

These conclusions, of course, are merely a restatement of the familiar Marxian doctrine. I am inclined to agree that the conclusions are probably sound. The explanation of America's long and—relatively—successful experience with capitalism is readily and probably correctly found in the protracted existence of the frontier and the continuous new development.

Nothing cited by Mr. Corey, however, leads to the dilemma which he presents. Readjustment to him means accepting an intolerable fascism or a communism which, as he paints it, would seem to be almost equally intolerable. Now it is just possible that all of the social inventiveness of the world was not exploded between the two poles of Adam Smith and Karl Marx. It is possibly not permitted to a Communist, but it certainly is open to a student, to suggest the bare possibility that human thought may have advanced since the days of Karl Marx; and that even the Russian experiment is far from complete. What is really needed is a new social theorist equal in stature to Adam Smith or Marx. It is just conceivable, for example, that the surplus productivity whose existence Mr. Corey proves might be used to guarantee a minimum standard of living, leaving individuals, within limits, to exceed that minimum as much as they are able. That society is not purely material, every serious student of politics and history knows. Even capitalism has produced its cultural values, as did the military autocracy of Louis XIV in its day; and that this is one of the principal achievements which can be vouchsafed to any civilization seems to have been left out of Mr. Corey's reckoning. It is regrettable that a book which might have been a brilliant critique of certain tendencies in American economics which must be faced sinks, through its adherence to Communist cant, to the function its author marked out for it, and becomes merely some more Marxist literature.

A. A. BERLE, JR.

A Biographer in Search of His Subject

The Quest for Corvo. An Experiment in Biography. By A. J. A. Symons. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

IN "The Quest for Corvo" A. J. A. Symons takes the reader wholly into his confidence by way of a method quite new in biography. We are not treated here to an orderly summation of source material or to an omniscient critical digest of it. What we have is the orderly account of the quest itself and criticisms of its picturesque subject from the personal point of view of scores of witnesses, with, in the main, simple commentary by the author. Only those engaged in like quests know the difficulties this biographer faced in collecting his data, and none but a brother-biographer can gauge the perfection of ease with which he has presented his case. He has presented his notebooks *in toto*—the clippings, the letters, the interviews, the notes, just as the cards fell—and they prove what all seekers after such treasures know: that in pursuit of an active curiosity one follows a pattern of accident and coincidence. We have here not only a rounded biography of an unknown figure in letters but a most absorbing story of how it came to be. Throughout most of the book this is the method pursued—a method which fits this particular subject like a velvet glove. Corvo was a very queer case, and with the Symons notebooks on it thrown open, we follow its history as Symons uncovered it, and emerge at the end in full possession of all his data—a privilege enjoyed by few readers of biographies heretofore.

The quest for Frederick William Serafino Austin Lewis Mary Rolfe, self-styled Baron Corvo (born 1860, died 1913), began "by accident" one summer afternoon in 1925, when Christopher Millard, interesting London dealer in rare books, offered his friend Symons a book of 1904, "Hadrian the Seventh," by Fr. Rolfe, as a thing worth reading. Symons read it; was amazed at its style, its brilliance, its plot, its naked revelation of temperament, its pressure on curiosity. Was the author dead or alive? What else had he written? Why was he "an unknown"? He did not realize at first that, despite its wild plot of an English priest made pope, the book was really autobiography.

Talking with Millard—who spoke guardedly at first—he gathered that Rolfe was dead, that he was a spoiled priest, that he had written books as "Baron Corvo." Then Millard produced a morocco-bound quarto of twenty-three typescripts of letters from Venice to an unnamed correspondent in 1909-10—letters of such nature as to make the author of the idealistic "Hadrian the Seventh" seem a man of incredibly dual temperament. Later Millard produced the originals of the letters—on paper of the oddest sizes and shapes, in the most beautiful "hand-printing" in inks red, blue, green, purple, and black. He produced a proof of Shane Leslie's London *Mercury* article on Rolfe with its few known facts, and a sheaf of press cuttings it had evoked, with "lost works" of Rolfe cited by Harry Pirie-Gordon and Frank Swinnerton. With the scent of "lost works" in Symons's nostrils, the hunt after the secret of this gifted, dual-natured, unknown figure was on.

It is this chase we follow—the first letters of inquiry written everywhere, the answers as they came in, the new clues to investigate, the reliability of the witnesses tested as they testified. We share in the labors, the mystifications, the hard luck, the good luck, the marvel—as always—of the play of coincidence. We delight near the end in the sudden eruption of Mr. Maundy Gregory, plump, rubicund, mysteriously interested in Rolfe and the quest, very rich and rather pleased to prove his dictum that money can do anything by recovering two of the "lost" works. The Maundy Gregory episode is Aladdin-like, purely lucky, charming, fantastic.

And meantime we are seeing the man, "Fr. Rolfe," "Baron Corvo," from scores of personal angles as failed priest, fair painter, inventor, poet, historian, biographer, novelist, early "ghost-writer," collaborator, musician, composer, astrologer, Venetian gondolier, inmate of poorhouse and palaces, writer for the old *Yellow Book,* friend of Robert Hugh Benson, Henry Harland, Sholto Douglas, protege for brief periods of many, including an English Duchess of Sforza-Cesarini from whom Rolfe claimed to have received a small Italian estate carrying with it the title of Baron Corvo. He epitomized all that the eighteen-eighties and nineties seem to carry as characteristic; the extracts given here of his prose date him more than the period itself—they are not "purple patches"; they are the purple robe itself. So we may not have to read "Hadrian the Seventh." But we shall miss a good deal if we fail to read this novel biography of its author. EDNA KENTON

Proletarian "Grand Hotel"

The Foundry. By Albert Halper. The Viking Press. $2.50.

SO many good things will be written about Mr. Halper's new novel that it is best for me to concentrate on its faults. Its vigor, its earthy breeziness, its accurate observation, its detailed re-creation of the milieu of the foundry, all these will be sufficiently, and rightly, praised. It may not, however, be frequently enough noted that what these amount to in the end is little more than skilful reporting, a sense of humor, and clever manipulation of conventional material.

Of those qualities that distinguish the first-rate novelist—a sense for organic form, psychological penetration, a sustained style, philosophic depth in relating together the problems of his work—Halper has as yet shown us nothing. I am not sure that he entirely lacks these qualities; I feel that in part at least he is misled by his conception of the novel.

"The Foundry," like the earlier "Union Square," is written in the "Grand Hotel" manner, presenting what is called a cross-section of life but is actually, of course, a cross-section of standardized literary themes. We all know the formula by now: tricky realism in handling the scene, and then dozens of characters involved in dozens of stereotyped situations, all either melodramatic or full of "human interest," hitched together loosely by the single scene, and coincidence.

Since no character or situation is really developed, this formula means that the novel or play or movie constructed in accordance with it necessarily remains on the surface, necessarily appeals only to stock responses already conditioned by the literary conventions which are the basis of the otherwise unformed characters and situations. It is at best a stunt, and has already become a racket.

In Halper's case there is an additional complication. His hotel is a foundry, and most of his space is given to the workers in the shop. Thus, doubtless, we are intended to recognize a "proletarian novel." Now, the shallow and incompetent theorists, understanding neither Marxism nor literature, who have been laying down the law on proletarian novels might well have led Halper to think the "Grand Hotel" technique the correct solution for the difficulties of the proletarian novelist. The theorists say that "heroes" and "leading characters" are survivals of bourgeois individualism; the proletarian novel, they say, must have "the class" as its protagonist; its subject must be not individuals in their relations to each other but the struggle of classes. Reasoning from such a premise, it would be quite possible for Halper to believe that he had written a proper proletarian novel, since he has taken the workers of the shop as a whole, and the bosses as a whole, not overstressing any single individuals.

But the premise itself is meaningless, resting on an obvious confusion of categories. From the point of view of Marxism, economic classes are the terms of history, sociology, political economy. For the novel, however, as in the case of all art, classes of any sort are abstractions. Art is above all concrete, and classes are concrete only in the form of specific individual human beings. Consequently it is no paradox but the simple truth to say that only as embodied in individuals definitely related to each other can the novel present classes and the struggle of classes. If proletarian novelists want to learn how to make classes and the class struggle the subject matter of their novels, let them go not to the *New Masses* and the John Reed Club magazines but to Balzac and James and Proust. Where have "classes" been more convincingly portrayed? And precisely *because* it is done by means of the full treatment of specific individuals.

There is, perhaps, another possibility, one not yet explored by Halper or any other. It may be that if each individual were depersonalized to the fullest extent, if even the identities of individuals in the novel were confused, the class itself might, indeed, become the protagonist in a way that would make any event occurring to any individual seem an attribute or action or passion of the class as a whole. Thus the tragedies or victories, to whomever they happened, would have their significance only as related to the fate of the class. There is something of this, applied to the Faubourg St. Germain society, in the latter part of Proust. Halper, however, does just the opposite: his individuals, none of them presented in the full, are nevertheless all strongly demarcated "types," with odd and strained peculiarities. They remain, therefore, grotesque and wooden, with their movements all directed by the showman's wires. JAMES BURNHAM

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Texture and Meaning in Poetry

The Pleasures of Poetry. First series, *Milton and the Augustan Age.* Second series, *The Romantic Revival.* Third series, *The Victorian Age.* W. W. Norton. $2 each.

EDITH SITWELL'S three anthologies are delightful and interesting chiefly because her knowledge of texture—of sound effects in words and the influence of these on rhythm—is extraordinary. Meaning, in her own poetry, is suggested by texture and rhythm; it is practically never stated. When, therefore, during a three months' illness Miss Sitwell decided to pass the time by getting together anthologies of her favorite poems, she collected and annotated most fully poems and poets whose command of word music she admired. Her book on Pope was such a study in detail as these little books are in general. She begins with Milton and ends with a single poem from Browning. She has written long introductions, much the most valuable part of the anthologies, for each book.

Miss Sitwell spends no time examining the well-recognized qualities of the English poets. She is interested in the slight and subtle changes of speed in lines in which prosodists have noted no change, in the effects of elision, caesura, pitch (height or depth of line due to sound); and these, she affirms, are things to be noted quite apart from the meaning or the associations which words carry. At times, to be sure, Miss Sitwell grows almost mystic. At times the ordinary listener will have difficulty hearing what she hears. But often she points out with lightning-like accuracy just what makes a line beautiful or ugly.

Since this is Miss Sitwell's interest and method it is easy to see why she picks first Milton, then Herrick (many of his less well-known and undoubtedly better lyrics), then Marvell. When she turns to Dryden she is dealing with a poet whose texture is in strict conformity with his purpose, which is very different from that of the poets preceding him. Here the enchantment of sound must become a part of the desired effect of the satires, which Miss Sitwell calls "thick, gross, terrible, and blind as stupidity itself." Dryden and Pope both obtain variation by the use of the caesura. This device they used, Miss Sitwell thinks, not only to vary music but to heighten meaning.

The romantic poets are for Miss Sitwell a tropical garden of the effects she delights in. Blake's lyrics begin her book. She finds that Shelley has "lapses," but is, in general, so fine in sound as to be almost beyond analysis. She notes that he obtains his poignancy, unlike most other poets, almost entirely by the use of sharp vowels—rarely by the use of words beginning with hard consonants. Keats's use of female endings interests her. The splendors of Coleridge she cannot quite define, and Wordsworth offers her material only here and there.

The third volume, "The Victorian Age," is the most exciting of all; for Miss Sitwell manages herein to reinstate Swinburne. Swinburne is, of course, her great love. And her introduction is devoted largely to the musical and textural effects in the work of a poet who commanded every possible kind of music. One returns to Swinburne, after reading her essay, with renewed delight, to realize that he is a master musician.

Rossetti, Miss Sitwell rates far below Swinburne, at much the same level as William Morris. Tennyson she places rightly—not as a Victorian but as a musician. Now and then she takes an opportunity to condemn the modern poets for their disrespect for the great Victorians. Christina Rossetti's "Goblin Market" is analyzed at length. And the whole collection tapers off with Browning's "In a Year." The pleasures of poetry are greatly intensified by Miss Sitwell's acute ear and interpretation in a series which is transformed by a singularly interesting point of view into something much more important than a mere collection.

EDA LOU WALTON

Fifty Million Peasants

China's Red Army Marches. By Agnes Smedley. The Vanguard Press. $2.50.

Fundamental Laws of the Chinese Soviet Republic. With an Introduction by Bela Kun. International Publishers. 75 cents.

IN "China's Red Army Marches" Agnes Smedley records in superb narrative episodes the formative years in one of the great creative movements of our era—the building of the Chinese Soviet Republic. The sweep of a matchless drama—fifty million Chinese peasants and workers rising up to overthrow an age-old system of exploitation—is captured within the pages of this book.

In "Chinese Destinies" Miss Smedley set the stage and introduced the protagonists in the historic class struggle that is convulsing China. "China's Red Army Marches" constitutes the first act in the drama. Through the rapid succession of episodic scenes there emerges a connected narrative of the Red Army's growth from its early struggles in 1927 to the victorious campaigns of 1931. Each phase of this progress is clearly marked—the initial successes of 1928 in central Kiangsi, the bitter winter of 1928-29, the rallying of the south Kiangsi peasantry in 1929-30, and the temporary capture of Changsha in 1930. Three years of struggle had stirred millions of peasants into action, and by 1930 the feudal land system had been uprooted over large areas of Kiangsi and Fukien provinces. The midsummer campaigns of 1931 witnessed a whole countryside in arms, defending the gains of the revolution against merciless invasion by the Kuomintang armies. Four steeled Communist army corps, directed by a smoothly functioning general staff, delivered successive smashing blows against the White divisions—vastly superior in numbers and equipment. It was the aroused peasantry, however, that weighted the scales of victory. They sapped the morale of Nanking's ill-paid mercenary troops by ceaseless propaganda, furnished a steady stream of information on enemy movements to the Red staff, acted as a supply corps to the army commissary, and provided an inexhaustible military reserve which was being continually armed with captured guns and munitions.

In the summer of 1931 hundreds of thousands of peasants had withdrawn southward before the advance of the Kuomintang forces. In the fall they returned as victors—but to a devastated countryside. Whole towns and villages, with their new Soviet schools and hospitals, had been razed to the ground by the Nanking Government's troops. An estimated 200,000 men, women, and children had been slaughtered. Through its press facilities Nanking heralded abroad the ravages of the "Red bandits." The guilt of these "ravages" does not rest solely on the shoulders of the Nanking regime. For Chiang Kai-shek's troops are trained by German officers, supplied with British and French munitions, and equipped with the newest American bombing planes. To the imperialist Powers Chiang Kai-shek is the "strong man" of modern China, as Yuan Shih-kai was in an earlier day. His function is to maintain law and order in their Chinese colony.

With the skill of a novelist Agnes Smedley drives home the searing realities of the clash of forces in present-day China through the life stories of individual persons. The mind struggles vainly to forget the tragic pathos of the death of Li-kwei, the boy bugler; the stark horror of "White Episode"; or the bitter sorrow of the burial on a wintry hillside of the wife of Chu Teh, the Red commander. Against the tragedy and pain are set the hopes engendered by the building of a new free society—the comradeship of the peasant-worker masses, their eager efforts to master the precious rudiments of the written word, the dawning knowledge of their unity with the world proletariat. The book closes on a moving scene, as a thousand Communist Party delegates from eighteen Chinese provinces gather at Juichin in November, 1931, in the first All-China Soviet Congress.

This congress worked out the bulk of the fundamental laws of the Chinese Soviet Republic included in the second volume named above. In order to grasp the essential features of the world's second Soviet state, a careful study of this little book—especially of the principles set forth in the constitution, the land law, and the labor code—is essential. Such a study should convince the veriest skeptic that the Chinese soviet movement is more than "banditry," and more than a desperate peasant uprising. It is a disciplined, unified, conscious effort to establish a workers' and peasants' dictatorship, as the prelude to the building of a socialist state. For this reason, it has won the undying hatred of the Chinese ruling classes and their imperialist allies, be they German, American, British, French, or Japanese. For this reason, also, it constitutes—after the Soviet Union—the most significant social enterprise of the present day.

T. A. Bisson

Upton Sinclair—an Anthology

An Upton Sinclair Anthology. With a Preface by Upton Sinclair. Compiled by I. O. Evans. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

MR. I. O. EVANS, the compiler of this collection, has attempted to forge from the vast bulk of Mr. Sinclair's writings an image of his "many-sided genius" and "to induce those who have regarded him as a mere Socialist advocate to realize his true standing in literature, and enable those who already esteem him as an artist to see the real value of his Socialist ideal." To facilitate this wishful task, Mr. Evans devised two major headings, The Pure Artist and The Socialist. Under these are listed Art, Love, Science, Industry, Wild Nature, Religion, and History for the first; Toil, Revolt, Martyrdom, and War, among many, for the second. From one to six excerpts illustrate each of these subdivisions. It has been imperative that the structure of this volume be restated, if only in cursory fashion, for from these loose classifications which Dr. Evans employs may be adduced the fundamental contradictions which underlie Mr. Sinclair's work.

Upton Sinclair, since he departed from Street and Smith pulp fiction, has regaled the citizens of this country with such provocative, illuminating dissertations as "The Jungle," "Oil," and "The Brass Check" on the one hand, and such hysterical, evangelical teachings as "The Wet Parade," "Mental Radio," and "I—Governor of California" on the other. Though he represents the muckrakers of the century's turn at their best, his career from that time onward has been a steady twirling as in an orbit around his own ego, otherwise known as a vague, humanitarian love of the human race. A "Christian steam shovel scooping up great mucky chunks of American injustice" (Mike Gold's superb simile), he has been a friend to Socialists, Communists, and the Women's Christian Temperance Union. However, as Mr. Evans attests, Sinclair's economic philosophy is by no means doctrinaire. What assertion could be more hopelessly confused than that his philosophy, "based *generally* [italics mine] on the work of Marx . . . takes into account more recent thought—notably the Social Credit scheme of Major Douglas."

Sinclair's most effective polemics have had but a temporary value. Through the many years of his political and literary activities, during which time the belief has steadily persisted that our social phenomena would somehow be measured and that we would be led ultimately to a rational control of events, Sinclair has maintained no deliberate and synthetic point of view. Attempting to assimilate the entire complex of America—witness his volumes on religion, the press, our educational and economic methods—he has steadily failed to create a modern philosophical synthesis concordant with the great scientific, social, and economic movements of our day. He has been a master of marionettes, afflicted with messianic illusions, manipulating his puppets before an unsuspecting and, for the most part, naive audience. For this same reason his novels have been thematically uneven, and in the main poorly told.

Mr. Evans, editing this volume for the English public as well as the American, through his choice of excerpts would make Sinclair appear to be what he is not—an organic artist with an integrated metaphysic.

Eric Ely-Estorick

Soviet Story-Teller

On the Volga. By Panteleimon Romanof. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

THE short stories of Panteleimon Romanof reveal a preoccupation with sexual relationships and the emotions of love. In the best of them two opposing attitudes are dramatically contrasted. These attitudes may be suggested by such terms as the romantic and old on the one hand and the materialistic and new on the other. The heroes and the sufferers of these tales are intellectuals, office workers with traits if not memories of the old Russia, a series of protagonists who retain many of the characteristics, among them soulfulness and talkativeness, of the heroes and heroines of traditional Russian fiction. Perhaps Romanof's most representative story is Without Cherry Blossoms, the title piece of his previously translated volume. Here he uses his characteristic contrivance of focusing the theme through the mind of a feminine character, a girl who is dismayed at the newer and freer morals, the biological rather than the romantic emphasis on sex, of the Konsomols. In the present volume The Scent of the Birch Trees is a weakened repetition of the essentials of Without Cherry Blossoms.

In One of Us and Apple Blossoms Romanof broadens his dominating motif. One of Us depicts the relationship of a kulak father and a son who is a Communist Party man; Apple Blossoms deals with the relationship between a sensitive elderly artist and his landlady, a superstitious, money-grabbing peasant woman. Again, in three sketches of modern Soviet construction placed at the end of this book Romanof strings this same tune. But while these sketches are interesting, they are calculated to appeal to a Russian rather than to an American audience, and despite his Soviet enthusiasm Romanof does not develop his theme with the same strength as in his best stories.

In his best work Romanof reveals responsive sensibilities, a comprehension of feminine emotions, careful psychological observation, an understanding of dying values—an understanding free of that nostalgia which sickens the work of writers like Bunin—and a mastery of the short-story form. On the other hand, some of the tales are slightly stale suggestions of De Maupassant. A few are transiently humorous trivia. Others, such as The Woman in Black, restate too much of the content of the author's earlier work, and incline toward sentimentality. Romanof has a secondary but honest place in the great tradition of pre-revolutionary Russian writing.

James T. Farrell

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AS MAINE GOES, so goes the New Deal. This in effect was the reckless slogan of the Republican cohorts in the recent primary. Governor Brann himself fought his successful campaign for reelection chiefly on State issues and the record of his first term, while his opponent countered with bitter attacks upon the Roosevelt recovery program. Thus the Republicans handed the Administration in Washington a clear-cut indorsement that may considerably modify national policies between now and election day, and it is because of their insistence rather than because of Governor Brann's reelection by a narrow margin that Mr. Roosevelt may lean upon the Maine results with confidence. As we go to press the results of the Congressional vote are still in doubt. The repeal of State prohibition by a three-to-two margin after fifty years of constitutional dryness may also be interpreted in some measure as a Democratic and New Deal victory.

AS WE GO TO PRESS, the first steps have been taken preliminary to settling the textile strike by arbitration. The establishment of the Board of Mediation and Inquiry provided an instrument to replace both the Cotton Textile National Industrial Relations Board, in which the U. T. W. A. had long since lost faith, and the National Labor Relations Board, whose theory of collective bargaining the Cotton Textile Institute refused to consider. The national strike committee of the U. T. W. A. now stands ready to submit the issues of the strike to adjudication by the new board. It is likely that arbitration will come. How soon it will come depends on two factors. First, the employers, convinced for the time being that they hold the upper hand, will seek to restrict the subject matter of arbitration within extremely narrow limits and to exclude union recognition if possible. Second, the rank and file of the Southern workers are inspired with an evangelical fervor, and are likely to break away from the control of the union leaders if the latter seek to jockey through a quick settlement on unfavorable terms. The rapidity with which the U. T. W. A. leaders have committed themselves to arbitration is susceptible of two interpretations. On the one hand, the leaders may fear that the strike is in process of disintegration. Every imaginable form of legalized violence has been used against the workers in the South, while in the North, as witness Paterson and Lawrence, the strike call has failed to cause a complete stoppage. On the other hand, the leaders conceived of the strike as a gesture designed to throw the force of the Administration behind nation-wide recognition of the union. Having staged their gesture, they are perhaps fearful lest it develop into an extensive and prolonged labor war, for the conduct of which they do not believe the union is yet ready.

TWO WEEKS before the national textile strike was called, 250 silk workers walked out at the National Dyeing and Printing Company plant at Williamsport, Pennsylvania. Within a few days 1,000 more at three Paterson plants of the company joined them. They were protesting against the company's breaking of an agreement by the discharge of seventeen workers for union activities. In Williamsport, an open-shop town until the American Federation of Hosiery Workers began organizing, a group of 100 vigilantes had already been formed. As soon as the silk strike began, the vigilantes swept into action. A number of them broke up a union strike meeting, surrounded two organizers, virtually kidnapped them, and turned them over to the police. The two victims, Frank Benti and Curtis Yeager, were held in $5,000 bail each, on an open charge, and when union leaders produced this bond it was raised to $7,000. "These men will stay in jail until the strike is over," declared the justice of the peace who heard the case. At the same time local forces clamped a rigid censorship upon all strike news. Police withheld all information about the two arrests not only from the local papers but from outside correspondents and news services, and local lawyers were warned by the vigilantes against taking the case, even disbarment and bodily assault being threatened. Labor, however, pierced the censorship and appealed for aid. Mrs. Cornelia Bryce Pinchot, wife of the Governor, and Thomas A. Kennedy, secretary-treasurer of the United Mine Workers of America, supplied their personal attorneys. Union leaders laid the case before Secretary Perkins and William Green, head of the American Federation of Labor, with the result that the National Labor Relations Board asked the Philadelphia regional board to conduct a thorough investigation.

NAZI WEEK in Nürnberg was the most successful week the Nazis have ever had. The quaint old medieval town made a perfect setting for the *Führer's* fantastic new medieval ideas, which under the modern methods of Herr Goebbels have now grown to enormous size. While 500,000 cheered, the *Führer* announced seven major wonders in as many days, and numerous minor ones. National Socialism has put an end to the class struggle, strikes and lockouts are unnecessary, and only 2,420,000 Germans are unemployed; the social-welfare organization, Strength Through Joy, has enabled 1,500,000 Germans to take vacation trips, of whom 70,000 took long sea voyages (these figures do not include of course the 70,000 Jews who took long sea voyages last year because of the activities of the Society of Joy Through Brute Force). Herr Hitler further declared that the Greeks were akin to the National Socialists; that the 4,000,000 Germans who voted no in the plebiscite will soon get what is coming to them: "Our next attack will demolish the opposition"; that only a pure race can develop high art. He told 180,000 out of the 700,000 party bosses who keep the rest of the German people under control at the public expense that their mission was God given. He declared that there will not be a revolution in Germany for 1,000 years and he advised the foreign press to cease bothering with the petty temporal business of gathering news in Germany and to discover instead "the metaphysical roots of National Socialism." His economic figures were among the largest ever seen at a National Socialist convention. The national income, he said, increased in 1933 by one billion marks, and bank deposits rose more than two billion. He did not mention foreign trade or foreign policy. Obviously they would not have fitted in with the rest of the program.

JAPAN'S REPLY to Moscow's note protesting against the arrests of Soviet citizens and interference with the Chinese Eastern Railway has only heightened the tension between the two countries. Without assuming responsibility for the actions of the Manchoukuo police, Japan upholds the arrests and charges the Soviet employees of the railroad with having caused the disastrous wrecks which have recently taken place on the C. E. R. In support of this charge it alleges that most of the difficulty has occurred on the eastern branch of the railway, that the trains attacked were military goods trains, and that few Soviet citizens have been killed or injured. Meanwhile, Soviet indignation has been aroused by the publication of affidavits from physicians of a Harbin hospital showing that two Soviet citizens, a man and a woman, had been tortured by Japanese police in an effort to obtain "confessions" of complicity in a plot to cause such wrecks. Yet although Soviet public opinion appears convinced that the Japanese are preparing to seize the railway, few observers believe that war is an immediate threat. The amazing restraint shown by the Soviet government in the face of extreme provocation is sufficient indication of the sincerity of the Kremlin's pacific policies. At the same time it is reasonably clear that Japan is not prepared to attack the Soviet Union. The extensive modernization of the Japanese army, now under way, will not be completed for another year, and with the Soviet Union entering the League, the international situation is peculiarly unfavorable to Japan. While there is always danger that Japanese militarists in North Manchuria will take matters into their own hands, the likelihood of open conflict appears to be in inverse ratio to the fury of the newspaper headlines.

THE BITTERNESS with which the Saar plebiscite campaign is being conducted has given rise to grave anxiety lest Germany, if it is unexpectedly defeated at the polls, resort to force in an effort to sustain its national prestige. This anxiety has not been allayed by the disclosure that thousands of German residents of the Saar have been receiving secret military training in the Reich. Although there has hitherto been little reason to doubt that the great German majority in the region would vote to rejoin Germany, the rise of Hitler has added greatly to the opposition. The Saar contains working-class groups which are bitterly anti-Nazi; the Catholics, who comprise 70 per cent of the population, are wavering in their allegiance because of the conflict between the church and the National Socialist government. A section of Catholic opinion has come out definitely against reunion with Germany and has joined the Socialists and Communists in what is known as the Liberty Front. Needless to say, France has not been slow to capitalize this discontent. Although it recognizes that a vote for adherence to France is out of the question, it has promised to cede the valuable Saar mines to local residents in case they vote to remain under League supervision. If Germany wins, on the other hand, the French have announced that they will insist on full repayment before they surrender control of the mines. Because of the extraordinary pressure being exerted by both sides the League Commission is finding it increasingly difficult to cope with the situation, and has requested that it be furnished with 2,000 extra police until after the completion of the poll on January 13. The significance of these developments as a focal point in European politics is discussed more in detail in an article by Robert Dell which appears elsewhere in this issue.

WE REGRET to note that the British Trade Union Congress has reversed the action taken a year ago by the Labor Party committing the workers to a general strike in the event of war. Retreat from the earlier action was justified on the ground that a general strike in Britain alone would be useless, and that in view of the present situation in Europe it would be impossible to win cooperation from organized labor in other nations. Since aggression by the United Kingdom was held to be out of the question, the congress was reluctant to commit itself in advance to a strike in all contingencies. The body was also unwilling to advise a walkout on the part of workers in the munitions industry on the ground that such a movement might lead to a general strike. While it would be folly to deny that the rise of fascism in Europe has diminished the hope of cooperative labor action in time of war, it is suicidal to hold that efforts to prevent international conflict must await universal support. Experience in the last war proved that unless the ground is prepared in advance for such action, it is unlikely to be taken at all.

IT WOULD NOT BE SURPRISING if Premier Mussolini's reported plan to take women out of industry and fill their places with men were to be carried out in fact. This is the accepted pattern of the dictator, which Hitler has already followed faithfully. An editorial in a recent issue of the *Popolo d'Italia* (Milan) declares:

> The working woman creates the problem of population decrease as well as that of unemployment. Oftentimes the working woman saves a family otherwise abandoned, but her work generally is a source of political and moral bitterness. . . . The exodus of woman from the field of labor doubtless would have economic repercussions in many families, but a legion of men would lift humiliated heads and a hundred times more new families would enter the national life.

Doubtless the patriotic women of Italy will turn happily to their tasks not only of creating hundreds of new families but of lifting humiliation from the heads of the men who will subsequently step into their jobs. There is of course the question whether or not the unhumiliated men will be willing to work for the traditionally depressed wages which women are paid in any industry, but this is a matter which an all-powerful dictator can be expected to meet with proper aplomb. And whether or not these same wages will support all the new families may offer other difficulties. But these are minor aspects of the resurgence of the dominant male. To that glorious end, Italian women should cheerfully resign themselves to being transferred, as some wag has put it, from the field of industry to that of labor.

PENNSYLVANIA, citadel of reaction, may get a New Deal of its own this year. Governor Pinchot, who has shown increasing dissatisfaction with the Grand Old Party—which he once before repudiated, in the Bull Moose campaign—is swinging toward the Democrats, and by way of helping them has withdrawn from the Senatorial contest. He thus paves the way for a clear-cut issue of conservatism versus liberalism between Senator David Aiken Reed, familiarly known as "Mellon's messenger boy," and Joseph F. Guffey, the Democratic nominee. Governor Pinchot's withdrawal will undoubtedly swing a large block of progressive and labor votes to Guffey, and although the man himself has none of the social consciousness, determination, sagacity, and background of a Pinchot, there is only one choice between the elements backing him and the Pennsylvania Railroad-Mellon-Grundy-ex-Vare combination for whom Reed speaks. If Guffey wins, as he is expected to do, he will undoubtedly carry with him his running mate, George H. Earle, former Minister to Austria, who is seeking the governor's chair. Such a victory would put Pennsylvania in the Democratic column for the first time since 1890 and herald for Philadelphia the first Democratic mayor in nearly half a century. In the gubernatorial contest, however, it may be more than a straight two-party fight between Earle and William A. Schnader, his Republican opponent. At the last moment Mrs. Pinchot, a seasoned campaigner in her own right, filed nomination papers and if she does not withdraw by September 17 will be an independent candidate. Until she decides definitely, as she may have done by the time this is read, prediction would be useless, for though she is faced by formidable foemen she is a colorful figure with a definite liberal and labor program and a large following. Meanwhile the liberalism of the Democrats has forced the sedate State Republican Committee far over to the left from its own point of view. Pennsylvania will be well worth watching as election day draws near.

SOUTH DAKOTA seems to be adopting California methods in dealing with the red menace. According to the Aberdeen *American-News*, a group of Communists who had been conducting a school in Britton, South Dakota, were seized upon by the members of the American Legion Auxiliary, beaten almost to a pulp, and compelled to leave town after signing statements promising a "favorable" attitude toward the United States government hereafter. There were two aspects of the affair which made it differ slightly—in degree if not in kind—from other raids by patriots and vigilantes on persons thought to be dangerously radical. One was a phrase in the *American-News's* story about the attack. The story said: "Belt buckles, fists, and shoes were used by Brittonites *in illustrating the power of the United States government* [italics ours]." The other was a telegram to the legionnaires from the Governor of the State, Tom Berry by name, giving them permission to "do anything to drive them [the Communists] out of here." This is precisely in line with the late Governor Rolph's tactics after the San José lynching last winter and with Governor Merriam's similar incitement during the San Francisco strikes. It is giving high official sanction to lawlessness and is probably the most dangerous form which legal lynching can take. It should be made clear to the Governor of South Dakota—and one cannot doubt that there are enough law-abiding citizens in the State to do so—that his duty is to uphold and not to break the law.

IN the pre-sunrise horror of high wind, heavy sea, and tearing flame, the pleasure steamship Morro Castle, equipped with the best modern safety and fire-fighting devices, ended her last voyage. Reports of the disaster have been hysterical, conflicting, incomplete. The ship was burning amidships, so that to many persons access to the lifeboats was cut off; the fire was not announced to the passengers until an hour after it was discovered; more than an hour elapsed between the first sight of the fire and the first SOS signal. Passengers report that the members of the crew were faithful and helpful; others found them disorganized, reckless, negligent. Lifeboats with a dozen persons in them, when they had room for seventy-five, were seen by survivors. The cries of persons in the water were ignored. It is possible that the truth will never be known—the stories of incendiarism and red plots told at the hearings seem so far to be without much foundation. But given an acting captain who had been elevated to his responsibility by the unexpected death of the master a few hours before, a man who had risen from seaman to first officer, a man who had the personal courage to remain on the bridge until his burning ship grounded, but who was probably unequal to the tremendous demands on his executive ability that the emergency made, and perhaps the situation is clarified. He thought he could put out the fire; he thought there was time to send the SOS; he remained on the bridge instead of directing the passengers and crew. With the best will in the world, it is altogether likely that Captain Warms's inexperience and inevitable nervous tension contributed largely to the tragedy.

If France and Italy Agree

THE slow forces which are giving new form to international relations in Europe are bringing France and Italy together after years of quiet hostility. The recent discussions between Mussolini and Ambassador de Chambrun may not have resulted in final agreement. But remaining differences can only be over details; the vital factor would be the will to agree.

Only two outstanding problems need to be settled between the two countries—a minor one over the rights of Italians in Tunis, and the greater one over relative naval strength. So long as Mussolini was determined to oppose the French in Eastern Europe and carve out an Italian sphere of influence, he would not yield on the naval question. For years he tried to make it appear logical that Italy, with the same population as France, was entitled to the same influence on the continent of Europe and in Africa. Now he is yielding to the implacable fact that Italy is not as strong as her rival, and in the Europe of today cannot hope to become so.

He has not made up his own mind. It was made up for him by his pupil, Adolf Hitler. Not until the Nazi Putsch in Austria could the Duce learn that Hitler would not or could not keep his promise to respect the independence of Austria. Italy had a free run as rival of France only if Germany remained content not to expand her influence to Austria and Hungary. Mussolini at first hoped to guide the Germans by suasion, and control them by obligations of gratitude. He became their champion in the two great questions of treaty revision and rearmament. He even contemplated leaving the League to keep them company, and talked frankly with the British about the imperative need of modifying the League to meet Germany's wishes. For a year Hitler fell in with his master's strategy and let Mussolini battle for German rights. And if Mussolini had been able to achieve quick results in the way of German rearmament and revision of treaties and of the League itself, undoubtedly he would have put off the dread day of the Anschluss, de facto or de jure. When he failed in this respect he drove Dollfuss to crush the Socialists so as to be strong enough to defeat the Austrian Nazis. He summoned Hitler to a parley and extracted from him the promise of Austrian independence.

But dictators cannot turn back the tides of human emotions. Whether or not Hitler at Venice believed he could prevent the Nazi Putsch or cared to prevent it is neither here nor there. He could not hold his own in Germany if he thwarted the natural tendency of Austria and Germany to unite. Mussolini might bid him to, he might accede, but he would only be postponing the inevitable. His followers in the hypnosis of early success had accepted the Polish pact and the status quo of the Corridor. Now the hypnosis had passed off, and they saw that Hitler was steadily losing abroad, despite his own efforts and Mussolini's. His very weakness at home advanced the day of the Nazi Putsch.

Nothing in this is astonishing. What is astonishing is that Mussolini refused to see it, and dreamed of averting it. Now, according to dispatches, he is ready to join with France in opposing full rearmament for Germany. Now, too, he is ready to accept naval cooperation with France, and a formula which will gloss over the truth that France with her greater wealth can build a greater navy than can Italy.

Cooperation between France and Italy, together with Russia's entrance into the League of Nations, would give Europe for a time a new system of international relations. It would be a system of everybody against Hitler, and it would be the realization of the *Einkreisung* which the Germans so much dreaded at the beginning of the century. The pre-war system of balance would be superseded by unbalance, a new experiment in European history. It could hardly be permanent, if for no other reason than that Germany could not endure it. Sooner or later, either under the Nazis or under their successors, Germany would rejoin Europe on Europe's terms. And then for the first time a still more novel system might emerge, the system of the League. If this should come to pass, the danger of an early war would be immeasurably reduced. Germany without important allies, and encircled by a ring of states united by the single determination to oppose her aggression, could not for years fight with hope of victory.

To be sure this is presupposing a great deal. The pact of amity between France and Italy must be sealed. The limitation of naval armaments, always a travesty so long as these two Powers did not join, must become a reality. Hope must revive in the pacifying mission of the League. These are the immediate prerequisites of a return within a few years to any attempt to make an honest trial of the League system. There are still more fundamental difficulties. Europe has yet to demonstrate that her capitalism can be nursed back to recovery, and without recovery there can be no accurate estimate of what will happen, even in the next two or three years. Should France go fascist, the effect on international affairs would be extraordinary. Should Hitler be swept out of power by a Communist uprising, all our habitual conceptions of Europe would be valueless. Should the next years be an era not of the wars which have been generally predicted but of civil wars, no one could hope to guess the outcome accurately. And a war between Russia and Japan would certainly come close to wrecking the peace of Europe, despite Russia's entry into the League.

These darker possibilities are more familiar to the public than the immediate outlook which would be opened by a Franco-Italian rapprochement. Admittedly Europe is developing both economically and politically, and the economic development is obscure and unpredictable, except to Marxists, who are confident that capitalism ultimately will be replaced by communism. Admittedly political developments will be determined by economic changes; but for the moment Europe is tending politically toward this new condition of unbalance, and toward a brief relaxation from the fear of an international war of purely European origin. Other conditions permitting, Europe with ten years of peace might find it necessary as well as desirable to merge this unbalance into a general League system. If Barthou, as is reported, visits Rome next month, or next year if more time is needed, it may prove to be the opening of a new chapter of history.

The Death Business

THE Senate inquiry into the sale of munitions of war which is at present being conducted in Washington under the chairmanship of Senator Nye has shaken out more lightning than has any other government investigation in years. Indeed, the sensations have come out too fast for public assimilation, and a not over-sympathetic press, while it has generally awarded the hearings the front-page prominence they deserve, has also failed to classify and interpret the dramatic disclosures that each day brings forth.

For this reason it is worth while to review some of the facts which have come out so far. The international nature of the arms industry has been made clear. The Electric Boat Company of Groton, Connecticut, is shown not only to be closely allied with the British firm of Vickers, Ltd., to the extent of dividing up the world's submarine business and amiably exchanging patents when necessary, but to have the world famous Sir Basil Zaharoff as a stockholder, paying him some two million dollars in commissions over a period of years. (Incidentally the officers of Electric Boat were kind enough to advise Sir Basil about the allocation of these commissions so that his United States income tax on them could be scaled down or avoided altogether. In return for this kindness Sir Basil contributed advice on how to peddle submarines in Spain under the protective approval of the Navy Department.) Moreover, the Electric Boat Company has been in close touch with a large munitions concern in Berlin which wished to make contacts with American manufacturers of submachine-guns to be used "by certain organizations in Germany." Since the latter proposal was made during the current year, it is not difficult to surmise what the "certain organizations" may be.

The second most interesting thing about the munitions inquiry is its disclosure of the methods employed to make sales of arms in certain countries. A frank but highly confidential letter from Lawrence Y. Spear, vice-president of the Electric Boat Company, to Commander C. W. Craven of Vickers explains just how business must be conducted in the South American trade. The country in question was Chile; the letter was written in November, 1927, when relations between Chile and Peru were strained over the Tacna-Arica dispute. Mr. Spear wrote: "We all know, however, the real foundation of all South American business is graft. . . . I would not be too modest about the price and would cover it with a substantial amount in excess of the 10 per cent above referred to, my own experience being that at the last minute something extra is always needed to grease the ways." Mr. Spear denied that such expedition of business was in the form of bribes, and described the payments as "commissions."

Possibly the most interesting single letter so far offered in evidence by Senator Nye's committee is one written by Sterling J. Joyner, director of the Electric Boat Company. Mr. Joyner, it is true, was making a report to his company, and it may be that his desire to appear successful in their eyes made him exaggerate a little his own efforts. What he said, in the simplest and tersest of language, was that his lobbying activities had resulted in the election of two members of the Rules Committee in Congress who would, one assumes, not be too hostile to the interests of the Electric Boat Company. The two gentlemen in question, Representative Joseph W. Martin of Massachusetts and former Representative Franklin Fort of New Jersey, have entered categorical and emphatic denials that Mr. Joyner had anything to do with their appointments. In another letter, equally interesting, however, Mr. Joyner goes more fully into the question of delicate governmental manipulation. The activities of his office, he declares, were responsible for the passage in Congress of the second deficiency bill in 1929, which resulted in the settlement of a claim for three million dollars, awarded, as he modestly points out, in the face of some three thousand other claims which took precedence of it. Mr. Joyner could not say who had helped him: "My reason for not putting this in writing is out of respect for those who helped, and who were so powerful and so friendly. The code of honor between men makes it unethical to name persons." Fortunately the same code of honor did not hinder collection of the claim out of its turn.

It has become apparent during the course of the hearings that disarmament conferences are one of the minor annoyances in the munitions business. Thus Commander Craven of Vickers, writing to President Carse of Electric Boat, referred rather petulantly to the possible interference of "Geneva or some other fancy convention" in the sale of submarines; and later on he was even more specific in referring to the difficulties that might ensue if "Geneva or any other troublesome organization upsets the large submarine." From the Electric Boat Company to Commander Craven in turn came the complaint that "it is too bad that the pernicious activities of our State Department have put the brakes on armament orders."

It is superfluous to make comment on these activities, so earnestly carried on, and in general with so much success. But surely enough has appeared so far to make the disclosures of Senator Nye's committee worth following at every point.

More Liberty Needed

MR. HERBERT HOOVER, affectionately recalled as the man who coined the popular slogan, "Now's the time to buy," has come forward after a year and a half of silent thought with a new specific for our ailments. What we need now, it seems, is liberty. And if anybody has any doubt what sort of liberty is meant, he need only read Mr. Hoover's article in a recent *Saturday Evening Post* or wait for the full text of the discourse to appear in book form on September 28—surprisingly enough just about a month before election day—to discover that liberty is embodied in the tenets of a certain unnamed party at present in political eclipse. Whereas our present troubles, identified as "regimentation," appear to derive from a band of will-o'-the-wisps (Dem.) in high office who are leading us "either to the swamps of primitive greed or to political tyranny."

Now his worst enemy never accused Mr. Hoover of being a will-o'-the-wisp. He was a stolid man in office. The foundations crumbled and finally slid out from under, but all the while Mr. Hoover sat pat. He didn't even fiddle. And when the end came he went, peaceably enough, out from among the ruins and apparently has put in his long leisure observing with disgust the active efforts of his successors to clear away the debris and throw together some sort of a temporary structure. It is natural that all this activity should look misleading and flighty to Mr. Hoover and that the present Administration's demand that all citizens—even Mr. Hoover's fellow financiers and industrialists—come to the defense of the country should seem like tyranny.

For there was liberty in Mr. Hoover's day, and his mind has evidently turned back to it with longing. Then farmers could plant their crops, harvest them in abundance, sell them at a loss, struggle with their curtailed income to buy manufactured goods at high prices from protected industries, go deeper into debt, and finally forfeit their land to the banks that held their mortgages. And the banks, in those days, could lend their depositors' money to farmers who had bought their land at boom prices and could collect farms in lieu of interest and principal and then borrow money from Mr. Hoover's RFC to cover up their bankruptcy, and finally close their doors with what was left of their depositors' money inside. Or they could lend their depositors' money to foreign governments to pay interest on previous loans which had been made to pay interest on still earlier loans which had been made to cover purchases of goods from American industrialists who were also American bank officials or their associates. And bank officials could borrow money from their own banks without collateral or interest to enable them to carry their stock commitments while they were busy selling out their customers whose collateral was weak. As for the stock market, it was Liberty Hall. If business boomed, stocks soared so much higher as to make the industries they represented look like limping cripples. Credit was easy, profits huge, losses stupendous, suckers to be caught in every pool, and there were plenty of high buildings to jump from when the spree ended. In those happy days industrial profits could be turned rapidly into plant and equipment, so that more production could produce more profits; and that would have been nice all around if only the ultimate consumer had accumulated purchasing power as fast as industry accumulated and used its producing power. But he couldn't, because profits were too busy being turned back into plant; and when Mr. Hoover published his recipe for prosperity, mentioned in the first line of this article, he forgot to include the ingredients; and so the consumer buttoned his liberty tightly around him and consumed his cup of coffee at the nearest Salvation Army shelter.

Now we have, in place of liberty, various measures of control—named by their enemies regimentation and tyranny and dictatorship. It is true that many of them are of questionable value, that the whole program is still tentative; it is true, too, that they involve a degree of centralization which inevitably carries with it the danger of bureaucracy. But it may be said that in only one way can these effects be lessened—by the cooperation of business and of all the other groups in defense of whose liberty Mr. Hoover uttered his carefully timed pronouncement. Without that cooperation control may easily pass into regimentation and dictatorship; for the forces which brought collapse can only be thwarted by collective action and that may be obtained either voluntarily or under duress. Mr. Hoover and his friends, by their talk of liberty and their acts of resistance or sabotage, are apparently determined to bring out the fascist tendencies that indisputably lurk in the shadows of the New Deal.

Monkeys and Men

OUR revered neighbor, the New York *Times,* in one of its invaluable scientific news stories, describes certain experiments that psychologists at Yale University have been making with children and chimpanzees. The test consisted in measuring the time required for a child and for a monkey to respond to a spectacle, a contact, or a sound by pressing down a telegraph key. The chimpanzees were four of a group of forty which have been growing up at Yale during the last nine years. The two children were provided—for the purposes of the experiment—by members of the faculty. The test was made twice—once with no reward stimulus to speed up the responses, once after the children had been promised all kinds of pleasant things if they hurried up and pressed the key as soon as the direction was provided. It was found that the results were the same in all cases. The monkeys were just as quick as the children in making the connection between order and execution.

At the same time that the Yale experiments were being made, the University of Wisconsin was making other tests with monkeys, this time without the benefit of a human control. It was desired to determine the "social behavior of previously unacquainted monkeys when introduced into cages in pairs of the same sex." Fifteen pairs of monkeys, without previous introduction, were thrust into the same cage, one pair at a time. It was found that within twenty minutes the "dominant" monkey asserted itself and the other one assumed without question a submissive role. The dominant one got any food dropped into the cage 121 out of 125 times; he was the bully 265 times out of 276; he avoided a fight only 3 times out of 418. He was, indeed, the one who started the fight 173 times out of 203.

It would certainly be unscientific, on the basis of these simple and perhaps incomplete tests, to jump to too many conclusions on the relative merits of monkeys and men. Possibly the children of other university faculties would be smarter than the Yale chimpanzees. Possibly the dominant Wisconsin monkeys, if they had been properly presented to their partners by the methods sanctioned by Mrs. Emily Post, would have been able to curb some of their all-too-human propensities to grab the best bits of banana. But there is surely a slightly depressing note in these results for all those persons like the editors of *The Nation* who yearn for a better world. The chimpanzee, otherwise the most manlike of the monkeys, according to the best scientific opinion is definitely precluded from the attainment of culture by its incapacity for speech. In spite of its rude approximation of human behavior evidenced by its desire to dominate its weaker brothers, it cannot, therefore, manipulate governments, attain to high office by questionable means, conduct lynching parties, or make war. It lives on the whole a simple rural life in the tops of trees and subsists on a high-vitamin diet of fresh fruit and vegetables. One would hesitate, in the midst of the panaceas offered so abundantly to improve the sometimes difficult relationships of mankind, to offer another with frivolous intent. But nobody has ever considered the possibility of depriving the new-born babe of his speech organs. In the light of the experiments described above, perhaps it might be worth thinking about.

Issues and Men

The Boycott of Germany

FROM a distinguished American of long European experience come these words: "The net result of the silly boycott of German goods has enabled Schacht with some justice to postpone payment of interest on our debt there, and in addition has cost us scores of millions of dollars per year in American trade with Germany." There is considerable truth in these words. Schacht, who is now the complete financial and economic dictator of Germany, has just put it this way: "If German goods are being barred or boycotted, the foreign bond-holder and the foreign exporter are the losers. When we are boycotted commercially and defamed politically it is not Germany that suffers but the Australian wool grower, the American cotton planter, the yarn spinner in Lancashire, the Scottish herring fisher, and the Spanish orange grower." Again, this is partially sound, because it is perfectly true that we cannot sell American goods to Germany unless we are willing to take German goods in return. But Germany does suffer and Schacht knows it. I have never failed to admit that a boycott is a two-edged sword, and that, if carried far enough, it may create a dangerous situation which might even conceivably lead to hostilities. None the less, the fact is that the boycott of Germany has grown out of a world-wide belief that Germany has gone temporarily insane, and that some measure must be taken to let its people know that the moral indignation of the world is deeply aroused and is finding a way of making itself felt commercially.

It would of course be a great deal better if the boycott could be restricted to the spiritual field: if public opinion could be so aroused as to make things extremely uncomfortable for Germans traveling abroad; if there could be a complete shunning of Germany by foreigners. That would be one way of bringing home to the German people the feelings of the rest of the world. This is difficult because Hitler and Goebbels completely control the German press. They do not allow the publication of any facts relating to the boycott or its extensive character. It was months before Hitler would mention it. Then he said only that the boycott in the United States and Great Britain "was dying out"—one of the *Führer's* innumerable lies. But so serious has been the development of the boycott that Schacht himself sees it can no longer be ignored or pooh-poohed or attributed merely to the international Jewry. In the desperate economic straits in which Germany finds itself, it has become necessary—or expedient—for Schacht to let the outside world know how concerned he is over the boycott.

If this costs the United States, England, and other countries millions of dollars, I cannot see that that is necessarily the decisive factor. On the contrary, it seems rather creditable that nations and individuals are willing to undergo a loss rather than do business with those who have reduced Germany to its present low estate. In the United States we are accused of being a country that puts dollars above ethics, and everything else. If large numbers of our business men, our importers, and our dry-goods stores are unwilling to handle German goods, does it not show that we have some idealism and moral indignation left, and that in the commercial boycott we are beginning to forge a new weapon in international relations? That goes far deeper than the question of whether we are cutting off our nose to spite our face in imposing the German boycott. I am sorry for the loss of business, especially during this depression, but the policy of international protest seems to me far more important. Moreover, if we could only end the senseless deadlock with Russia, we should speedily get enough business from that country to offset our voluntary loss of sales to Germany.

As long as the Hitler Government remains, it is a menace to the peace and welfare of the world, to democratic institutions, to liberty and humanity everywhere. Why have we not the right, therefore, to utilize any peaceful weapon we may have to bring about its downfall, or, if that is not possible, at least to let multitudes of Germans know how outraged some people—almost all of them formerly warm friends and supporters of Germany—are by what is taking place in that country today? Hitler's control of the press cannot possibly conceal the facts from the bulk of the German business world. They know what is going on even if the prostituted German press cannot talk about it.

I have never believed in Schacht, even when he properly pleaded that Germany be freed from the economic fetters of the Treaty of Versailles. It is my belief that if a Communist government were to arrive in Berlin and were to ask him to continue to head the Reichsbank, he would serve it as loyally as he is serving Hitler, and as he formerly served the republic until he was supplanted in the Reichsbank by Dr. Luther. It is almost amusing now to find him coming out into the open and saying that he has not the slightest thought of living up to the recent special agreements for payment to England, France, and other countries. In a special interview printed on August 26 he said of these arrangements: "They just simply won't work. . . . They are unreasonable and unfeasible." Then why did Germany sign these agreements? To sign them and then immediately to repudiate them is to make his nation's word no better than a dicer's oath. The *Times* has recently recalled Schacht's utterances in his book "The Stabilization of the Mark" and in a speech delivered in New York in October, 1930, in which he declared that whoever invested any money in Germany after the war in any form "will not be disappointed, because Germany will pay the debt. And I include the . . . Young loan . . . because it does not matter what the reasons for that loan were . . . it matters only who has invested his money in that loan." And now he deliberately says there will be no payment of Dawes or Young bond coupons, and that, as for the principal, there will be an indefinite moratorium.

Oswald Garrison Villard

United States and World Recovery

By MAXWELL S. STEWART

THE significance of the various pronouncements which have appeared in recent weeks attributing our economic upturn to the New Deal completely vanishes when it is realized that numerous other countries, pursuing diverse policies, have enjoyed a similar revival. Evidence that natural recuperative forces have been in operation may be found in the widespread and general character of the recovery. For the world as a whole the lowest point in the depression seems to have been reached at the end of June, 1932. Following the unexpectedly successful termination of the Lausanne conference, there was a gradual return of business confidence which spread to all the leading nations—including the United States. This improvement was soon checked, however, by the American banking crisis, with the result that in March, 1933, world conditions were very little better than in the previous summer. That the setback was of relatively short duration was due largely to the energy and courage displayed by President Roosevelt in meeting the crisis. By June, 1933, confidence had once more returned, and a new revival set in throughout the world which continued with undiminished force until this past spring.

An analysis of this upturn reveals a consistency in the pattern of recovery that is quite apart from the particular economic policies adopted by the various governments. Without exception the improvement has been greatest in the field of industry. By March of the present year the indices of industrial production showed that about half of the total losses of the depression had been regained. Taking the average for 1932 as 100, the relative positions of the leading countries for 1933 and March, 1934, were as follows:

	1933	*March, 1934*
Canada	105	124
France	113	108
Germany	113	137
Great Britain	105	117
Japan	119	129
Sweden	103	123
United States	119	131

These figures require a word of explanation. Although the two countries which suffered the greatest relative loss in the depression—Germany and the United States—appear to have achieved the largest recovery, both of these nations lag far behind the others when production is compared with the 1928 level. Great Britain, Japan, and Sweden have definitely surpassed the pre-depression index of industrial activity, while Canada, Germany, and the United States are still approximately 20 per cent below normal.

Though the existence of recovery is indisputable, three factors were suggested in last week's *Nation* which cast doubt on the stability of the American upturn: (1) exorbitant governmental expenditures; (2) failure of labor to obtain a full share in the fruits of business revival; and (3) the fact that the improvement has not been extended to international trade.

With a few exceptions these same factors of instability exist in practically all countries. The principal exception is in connection with public expenditures. While most nations have sought to reduce unemployment by means of an expansion of public works, thus piling up budgetary deficits, Great Britain and certain of her colonies have achieved a substantial measure of recovery by the opposite policy of drastic governmental economy. Balanced budgets, however, have been extremely unusual. Germany, France, Italy, and Japan, like the United States, have striven vainly to hold their deficits to manageable proportions.

Perhaps the most distressing feature of the upturn has been the failure of the working class to obtain its share of the gains of greater industrial activity. Although employment has increased in most countries, it has in no case kept pace with the advance in production. The total number of jobless in February of this year in eleven of the leading nations was more than 21,500,000, a decrease of only two million from the average of 1932. Such improvement as has occurred, moreover, has been concentrated in four countries—Germany, Great Britain, Japan, and the United States. If we eliminate the German figures from the total, because of the dubious character of Nazi statistics, world unemployment in the early part of 1934 exceeded the 1932 average and was only slightly less than that of a year ago.

The experience of the United States in this connection has been typical. Unemployment in February, 1934, was only 1 per cent less than the average for 1932, and 5 per cent less than in 1933. But even in Great Britain, where the greatest degree of improvement has occurred, there are twice as many jobless as in 1928, although industrial production has exceeded the 1928 level. Moreover, there are considerable sections of the country where a quarter to a third of the workers are still without employment and are unlikely ever to be reabsorbed. In the countries which have retained the gold standard unemployment conditions are even worse than a year ago.

Statistics regarding standards of living and real wages are frequently difficult to obtain, but there seems little doubt that here too the working class has lost ground during the recovery period. In Germany, for example, wages have remained stationary or declined slightly, while the cost of living has advanced from 5 to 10 per cent. As in the United States, the decline in public buying power has been reflected in the turnover in retail trade, which, except during the recent buying panic, has been running substantially below that of the previous year. In France, where a desperate struggle is being waged to prevent a devaluation of the franc, the loss has been even more marked. Wages have undergone a slight decline as a result of the economy measures of the Doumergue Cabinet, while the cost of living, both in Paris and in the provincial cities, has shown a marked rise. Similarly, Japanese recovery, more spectacular than that of any other nation, has been achieved almost entirely at the expense of the working class. Average business profits have risen from 4 per cent in 1931 to 8½ per cent in 1933, but real wages are less than they were in 1931 and 11 per cent lower than in 1926.

Nor is the United States alone in suffering a further decline in the value of its foreign commerce. For 1933 the total value of world trade, measured in terms of gold, was 9 per cent below the 1932 level and 65 per cent under that of 1929. Although the loss was most severe in Canada and the United States, where it reflected a depreciation in the value of the dollar, no country has been able to hold its own during the past year. Even Japan, which obtained a large increase in the yen value of its exports, experienced a 5 per cent loss in the gold value of its trade. While to a considerable extent the decline of world trade merely reflected a further lowering in gold prices, estimates of the quantum of trade also show a slight contraction for the past year.

Not only is the extent of the reduction in world trade without parallel in previous depressions, but its failure to respond to domestic revival is likewise without precedent. It appears, therefore, that while the progress of recovery in the various countries is related, the impetus has only to a minor extent been transmitted through foreign trade. It is true that the increased purchasing power of certain of the raw-material producing countries, such as Argentina, Brazil, and Chile, has brought greater balance into the world economy, but such developments have been few and far between. Lacking direct stimulus such as would be afforded by a resumption of trade or foreign lending, the striking similarities in the various recovery movements can be explained only on the ground of likeness of internal developments. Certain of these are reasonably obvious. With a tightening of the restrictions on international trade new construction has been required to furnish the domestic market with goods formerly purchased abroad. In addition, most countries have undertaken relatively large-scale programs of public works which have enlarged mass buying power, while restriction of production of primary products has in some cases served to restore equilibrium to the economic structure. Finally, there has been the unquestioned stimulus afforded by currency depreciation and the drift toward higher commodity prices. It is scarcely accidental that the most pronounced improvement in business conditions has taken place in nations which have adopted an expansionist monetary policy.

With these powerful forces working toward recovery, how are we to explain the setback which has occurred throughout the world in the past few months? It is possible, of course, that it is merely a temporary relapse which has resulted from too rapid progress. The nature of the slump appears, however, to preclude such a conclusion. It is significant to observe, for example, that the recovery process was first checked in the countries remaining on the gold standard. Many of the gains of a year ago have already been lost in France and Italy, while countries like Japan and Australia, which allowed their currencies to depreciate to an even greater extent than the United States or Great Britain, have maintained a relatively larger gain than the majority of nations. These facts would suggest that the nationalistic policies which the various countries have adopted in order to stimulate a revival of domestic business activity have not only reacted against international trade but have likewise checked the natural forces of world recovery.

Considering the character of most of the measures adopted, little else could have been expected. The net effect of tariffs, quotas, bounties, and exchange restrictions has been not only to curtail trade, but to accentuate existing disparities in the price structure and thereby prevent normal adjustments to changed conditions. At worst, however, these devices might be said to stabilize the depression at a relatively low point. A depreciated currency, on the other hand, is an aggressive weapon which cannot fail to exercise a powerful deflationary influence on world prices. With the majority of the nations of the world engaged in a frantic competition to improve their relative trade position by juggling the gold value of their currencies, it is obvious that fresh defenses must constantly be adopted to protect the domestic markets, a process which if unchecked could only lead to a complete cessation of foreign trade.

While no one country alone is responsible for the excesses of economic nationalism which have occurred in recent years, the United States, because of its size and financial status, cannot escape a major share of responsibility. Our refusal to accept the implications of our creditor position and to adjust our tariff so as to permit the repayment of the obligations owed this country in the only way in which international payments can be made—in goods or services—was perhaps the most important factor in bringing about the world depression. Later, when we had had ample opportunity to realize the consequences of our mistake, we aggravated the difficulties of the debtor countries by a further increase in tariffs and by insisting on a literal fulfilment of the debt contracts. And finally, when other countries sought to maintain solvency through the imposition of new trade barriers and the depreciation of their currencies, we devaluated the dollar, thus creating a fresh dislocation in the world economic structure. Although a small nation with a relatively large foreign trade could alter the value of its currency without affecting world prices and thereby obtain the full effect of devaluation on its internal price level, it was evident that a change in the gold content of the currency of a country occupying as predominant a position in world trade as does the United States must react disastrously on the outside world. This has been confirmed by the fact that while American wholesale prices have advanced more than 15 per cent in the past year, there has been a further decline in prices in France, Italy, and the other so-called "gold" countries.

Apart from competitive currency depreciation, the chief barrier to the restoration of normal trade relations is the complete stagnation of international lending. Here the United States also must bear the brunt of the responsibility. Prior to the depression a large proportion of our export trade was financed, directly or indirectly, by foreign loans. The sudden curtailment of these loans, early in 1929, precipitated the deflationary process which led to the world crisis. With an overwhelming proportion of the world's stock of monetary gold in the hands of the United States and France, it is evident that there can be no large expansion of trade except on a credit basis. But here we confront serious difficulties. The huge losses suffered in recent years through bad investments have brought foreign loans into disrepute. And in general it must be admitted that the disinclination to resume foreign lending has a sound basis, for there is little evidence that the Administration's new tariff policy will result in concessions of sufficient magnitude to make the repayment of loans possible. Even where there is sentiment in favor of extending credit, as in the case of the Soviet Union, the Johnson Act prevents action from being taken.

Yet the fact remains that a resumption of foreign lending is even more imperative for a highly industrialized credi-

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tor than it is for debtor nations. Surpluses of goods and capital accumulate under a profit economy and must be disposed of if the domestic economic mechanism is to be kept functioning smoothly. For three years under President Hoover the United States ignored this basic principle with disastrous results. Vast potential purchasing power became "frozen" in banks because of lack of suitable investment opportunity. The present Administration has sought to remedy this defect through the stimulation of domestic buying power and by restricting the production of commodities which are normally exported, but it too has fallen afoul of the problem created by the inevitable surplus of capital. The national recovery program has dealt almost exclusively with internal questions. In so doing, however, it has failed to take into account the essential unity of the world economic structure, or the fact that this unity cannot be destroyed without a profound shock to the entire productive process which would involve a universal lowering of living standards.

This does not mean that the Administration has been unaware of the isolationist implications of America's financial and economic policy, or that it has deliberately sought to sabotage world recovery. Nowhere do we find a clearer statement of the dangers of nationalism or a more persuasive appeal for the restoration of the international market than that made by Secretary Wallace in "America Must Choose." But when it comes to taking a decisive step for the elimination of the cause of the basic disorder, which is bound up with our anachronistic commercial policy, this Administration, like those which preceded it, has fallen victim to the fallacies of economic nationalism. Today, confronted by declining indices of business activity, employment, and pay rolls, the only solutions suggested at Washington are further currency experimentation, restriction of production, or the abandonment of some forms of control. The vast potential buying power of the less-developed countries, opening up inexhaustible opportunities for production and expansion, has been almost entirely ignored. To meet this challenge something more fundamental than tariff bargaining is required: the United States must take the initiative in restoring the structure which it has been instrumental in destroying. It will be necessary for this country to go beyond any others in its concessions; it must buy before it can sell, and extend credit before it can collect old debts. Paradoxical though this may sound, it is the law of recovery.

[*This is the second of two articles by Mr. Stewart on economic recovery. The first appeared last week.*]

Social Security in a Hurry

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

Washington, September 11

THE new program for social security is now under consideration by a special committee which will report to the President late in the autumn. Once the program is defined and the federal bills are drafted, there begins the strangest race against time in the history of social legislation.

Congress meets in January; in the same month begin the sessions of nearly all the State legislatures in America, some of them lasting only sixty days. Most of these legislatures will not meet again until 1937, after the next Presidential election. There can be no new insurance system in this country without the cooperation of the State legislatures if for no other reason than that the Democratic platform commits the President to "unemployment and old-age insurance under State laws." The federal bills will only lay the foundation of an insurance system, which must be built upon by the States themselves. If they are to do this before the President runs for office again, both houses of Congress and both houses of most State legislatures must finish their work within sixty days, Congress first passing the federal bills and the States then applying them locally.

The time element is forbidding. Actually the task is just barely possible. If the Administration can draft its bills by December, a conference of State delegates can be summoned to Washington. The State leaders then can go home in time to draft their own State legislation before their assemblies meet. This presupposes that the federal bills will not encounter much opposition in Congress and will not suffer much amendment, and that the State bills will also have a clear track. In other words, if the miracle is to be worked, it can be only with a fairly uncontroversial program. And if it is fairly uncontroversial, the social-insurance program of necessity will be limited. A full system, such as would round out the New Deal, would be as controversial as anything the President could think of.

The Committee on Social Security has not announced any of its decisions, and probably it has not reached many so far. The President gave it a hard task. It would have been enough to formulate a policy on social insurances. To this he has added the almost limitless word "security." Logically the committee might feel compelled to pronounce on the broadest of principles, on how industry might be reorganized and managed so as to reduce unemployment, on how all public works' expenditures could be timed and coordinated to take up the slack of cyclical depressions, or indeed on comprehensive national planning itself.

One needs only to think of the sixty days of 1935 to understand that the committee will do nothing grandiose. It may feel like writing a charter of security which this generation might live to see realized. But when it comes to actual proposals, the committee can do little more than suggest measures on which there already is a fair amount of agreement.

First of these is unemployment compensation; second is a system of old-age pensions. A start can be made toward a national system of these kinds of "insurance." There also might be federal grants to the States paying mothers' compensation, and some permanent relief for widows and children on the same basis. Health insurance probably will not be touched now. Although a strong element in the profession favors it, the American Medical Association is trying to prevent federal action, while the friends of health insurance have failed to make known their support. Even if health insurance cannot be on the legislative program for this year the President would be politically and socially wise to make clear at an early date that protection against the hazards of illness is still on the Administration's long-range program for economic security.

To say that there may be a start on unemployment compensation, old-age pensions, mothers' and widows' relief is to promise a great deal. But in fact it does not indicate much more progress than would have been possible a year ago. The Administration can probably find no better federal bill for unemployment compensation than a modification of the Wagner-Lewis bill, which was reported favorably in both houses of Congress last year and unanimously indorsed by representatives of forty-four States at a conference in Washington. This bill was drawn up with the cooperation of Miss Perkins, and at one time had the President's support. Had the President wished, it could now have been law, and the States would have had ample time to supply their organic contribution to it.

The President, however, changed his mind this spring and decided instead for the wider approach to the whole problem of security. The Wagner-Lewis bill did not come to a vote. In its place the President sent to Congress his message of June 8. "The various types of social insurance," he declared, "are interrelated, and I think it difficult to solve them piecemeal." But he mentioned in that message only two specific kinds of insurance, unemployment and old age, probably realizing he could not hope for more before the next Presidential election. Unemployment compensation he knew he could get on the general basis of the Wagner-Lewis bill. Old-age relief after a fashion could be had simply by making federal grants to States paying this type of relief.

No doubt it is better politics now to produce these two specific achievements as part of a great social effort for security than to have had precisely the same results as part of the grist ground in the vast mills of legislation last spring. But it is a gamble all the same. For the President could have rushed both measures through the last Congress, and now he may not be able to defeat the mere factor of time.

I do not say the President acted only for political reasons. The Wagner-Lewis bill provided for a 5 per cent levy on all pay rolls, and left it to the States to legislate as they chose as to the investment of funds, the division of contributions, and other essential details. Opposition to it was growing. The 5 per cent figure, however, could have been reduced. The new Wisconsin law taxes pay rolls only 2 per cent. But the focus of the opposition was over the question of how to invest unemployment reserves.

Quite fantastic arguments were put forward. It was assumed that the reserve funds would grow to an enormous volume, say a billion or more dollars. Then a depression might come and the securities would have to be sold to permit the payment of benefits. This would mean dumping a billion dollars or more of securities on the market. If the securities were industrial, industry would find itself sold out at bargain rates; if they were government bonds, government credit would suffer if the price of its bonds fell. Washington was so impressed by these arguments that the President may have thought it better to put off the discussion till later.

He must have come to the conclusion that the reserves of the fund should be invested by the federal government, for in his message of June 8 he announced that the federal government should have the responsibility "of investing, maintaining, and safeguarding the funds constituting the necessary insurance reserves." It is a simple solution. There is no major problem of investing the fund if it is done through the Federal Reserve system. Anyway, the idea that a billion dollars' worth of securities are going to be dumped on the market is to presuppose that the country is going to have a long period of utter prosperity followed by a depression as swift and destructive as a hurricane.

Anyone who expects a national unemployment-insurance scheme along British lines would be doomed to disappointment even if there were time to enact it and the President were not bound by his party platform. It is one of the consequences of the United States being a federation that a national scheme is out of the question. It runs at once into the constitutional veto. The only way to obtain insurance on a nation-wide basis is through the leadership of the President and Congress. But it is impossible for them to make the plan uniform in all parts of the country. The Wagner-Lewis bill was as adroit as a measure can be in preparing for a nation-wide scheme without violating State rights.

I shall be surprised if the committee is not concerned much more with clarifying the new conglomerate relief problem than with devising security for the whole population. This is an immediate and important task. Miss Perkins said last month that 16,000,000 persons were then dependent on the public for support. What number of these are the temporary victims of the depression, what number will be a fairly constant drain on public funds even if there is recovery? Relief now goes to them all in one form or another without distinction as to qualification. Some people are simply temporarily unemployed; some are mothers and children from families whose bread-winner has died. Some are old people who have not been able to lay up money for their last years. Some are young people unfitted to accept work but capable of doing so if trained. The rest are the more or less unemployable who will always be a care to the community. These recipients of relief should be classified. As much as possible of the stigma of relief should be lifted from assistance given widows and orphans and the aged. It should not be called relief to train young people for work. The unemployed should have compensation which is borne by industry as one of its normal costs.

The whole question of public aid will have a different appearance when these classifications are made. People may not realize that 40 per cent of the persons now receiving public assistance, or about 6,400,000, are under sixteen years of age, or that the great percentage of those over sixty-five, who number 6,500,000, are unable to support themselves. Most of these two groups are not victims of the depression at all. Much of what now passes for emergency relief must be permanent, should be accepted as such and be systematized, the States bearing their share and the federal government making grants on a standard basis.

This is security of a clearer kind for those already receiving help in a moderate way. But it leaves much to be desired for the 80 per cent of the community not in such need. The time is too short to think much of them and they will simply have to wait. If a start is made on unemployment compensation, it will probably go little farther than the Wisconsin law, a modest start indeed. For in Wisconsin the maximum benefit is $10 a week, and not more than $100 can be drawn by a worker in any one year. Possibly the committee will have the courage to recommend a stronger system, but it is to be doubted, since there is no time for debate. Miss Perkins in her broadcast of August 12 threw cold water on any hopes for an extensive program. "There are great advantages," she said, "in a unified system of social insurance to be presented as a complete whole; but we cannot be unmindful that the net total income of our people is still at a very low point. It may be that we can go only part of the way at once."

The Wisconsin plan is not insurance at all, in the European understanding of the word. There are no contributions by employers, workers, and the State. The Wisconsin theory no doubt represents an advance on the European theory in that unemployment compensation is made a first charge on the industry itself. Management is thus given a pecuniary motive for not laying off its workers and is deterred from reckless over-expansion. And there is even less reason to collect contributions from workers for unemployment benefits than for compensation for injuries, which is generally accepted in America as a fair charge against industry. A worker may be partly responsible for his own injury, but he has no control whatever over his employment. It remains to be seen whether the federal plan will adopt this feature of the Wisconsin law or leave the States to apportion the cost of the benefits as they please. No federal contribution apparently is intended, and the President gives no hint of one. What he has decided is that the States must bear part of the cost of administering the scheme.

It is to be hoped that the committee will see to it that unemployment compensation is accompanied by a nation-wide extension of public employment offices. The two must be developed as organically related. Congress has already legalized the extension of public employment offices, but it appropriated only a fraction of the money needed to make them effective. Registration at a public employment office should be required of anyone collecting unemployment compensation. Only when this is the national practice will the country have an accurate chart of employment and unemployment.

The Committee on Economic Security has as its particular "brain truster" Edwin E. Witte, long in charge of the legislative reference library of Wisconsin, and a spiritual heir of John R. Commons. An abler and more sympathetic executive director could hardly have been chosen. He has had years of experience in the field of labor economics and in drafting legislation. Among the staff of advisers are Edgar Sydenstricker and Dr. Bryce Stewart of New York, and Mrs. Barbara Armstrong of the University of California.

But notwithstanding all this excellent administrative personnel, too much must not be expected. However great the wisdom and experience of the committee and its staff, it can do nothing to prolong the sixty days in which their schemes must be legislated. Only a start is going to be made. The temptation will be to hide the inevitable feebleness of the start by much high-sounding talk of an economic security which is not being achieved.

[Mr. Swing's next weekly letter on developments in Washington will discuss the fall elections.]

The Future of Hitler

By ROBERT DELL

Geneva, August 27

THE result of the German plebiscite on August 19 was undoubtedly an unpleasant surprise for the rulers of Germany. So confident was Goebbels that Hitler's poll would be even larger than it was in November that he committed himself to the statement that the loss of a single vote would have a deplorable effect abroad, where it would be interpreted as a sign that the Nazi regime was tottering. In fact Hitler lost 2,246,483 votes, and whereas in November he polled 94 per cent of the valid votes cast and 89.96 per cent of the electors on the register, his poll on August 19 was 90 per cent of the total valid votes and 84.36 per cent of the registered electors. This is a severe blow to Hitler's prestige abroad, already seriously impaired by the events of June 30 and the murder of Dollfuss.

As, however, the anonymous author of an extremely interesting article in the current issue of *Das Neue Tagebuch* remarks, it does not follow that there were really fewer votes for Hitler or more against him in August than in November. In neither case could the figures officially announced be any indication of the real feeling of the electors, for, apart from the terrorist conditions in which both plebiscites took place, it is safe to say that in neither case did the official figures represent the actual facts. It has naturally been asked why figures so damaging to Hitler's prestige as those of August 19 were announced—why three million votes were not simply subtracted from the *Nein's* and added to the *Ja's*. The author of the article in *Das Neue Tagebuch* gives, I believe, the correct answer to that question. It is as follows:

In Germany the votes are counted separately at each polling station and the result is publicly announced on the spot. The results of the polling stations in each town or district are added together, the addition of the totals thus obtained gives the result for each larger area, and finally the result for the whole country is arrived at. This system makes it necessary to fake the results at the polling stations. If the figures were falsified at a later stage, the falsification would be discovered, as the separate results of the polling stations are known. Last November instructions were given to the presiding officers at the polling stations, who were all members of the Nazi Party, not to return less than 90 per cent of *Ja* votes in any circumstances, and the instructions were universally followed, enthusiasm for Hitler being then at its height in the party. The result, as has been said, was that the *Ja's* were 94 per cent of the total valid votes. On August 19 the enthusiasm had cooled and there was no such general desire to obtain a favorable result. The consequence was that some of the presiding officers returned the results actually obtained at their respective polling stations instead of adapting them to the instructions given. Hence the apparent increase in the *Nein* votes and the blank or spoiled ballot papers, and the apparent decrease in Hitler's poll.

The significance of the official result of August 19 is, then, that it revealed the existence in the Nazi Party of discontent and disaffection, which are probably not restricted to the party. It was indirectly an index of popular feeling, although it is impossible to say how the true result differed from the true result of November, for both are unknown.

There is no reason to believe that Hitler's position has been weakened by the result of the August plebiscite, unpleasant as it undoubtedly was to him. Friends of mine with a long experience of Germany think that the Hitler regime will not survive next winter. I wish that I could agree with them and I hope that they will prove to be right, but I cannot see any reason for so optimistic a forecast. The winter is likely to be a hard one for Germany and the food conditions may be near to famine, but the Germans will not revolt. They will submit to semi-starvation as tamely as they did during the war. And I am convinced that it is an illusion to count on the overthrow of Hitler by the Reichswehr, and a mistake to suppose that he is under the domination of the military command. Hitler and Blomberg are on excellent terms and why should they not be? Blomberg and the Reichswehr have all that they want. June 30 was a victory for the Reichswehr, but I do not believe for a moment that Hitler acted under pressure from Blomberg or the military authorities. Still less that he obeyed the ideas of Thyssen! He murdered Röhm because he thought him to be a dangerous rival and suppressed the SA because he believed it to be a menace to his own authority. As Vladimir d'Ormesson said the other day, Hitler needs the Reichswehr, but the Reichswehr needs Hitler just as much, if not more. Hitler is really, not merely nominally, the complete master of Germany and is still the demi-god of the great majority of the German people. He could still, I am inclined to think, kill Blomberg or Göring or Goebbels or all three of them without impairing his own authority.

Probably something will happen in consequence of the result of August 19, for Hitler needs to restore his damaged prestige. Further action against malcontents is possible. It might take the same form as on June 30 or might occur as a round-up and an addition to the inmates of concentration camps. There have been rumors of arrests this week; the German government admits arrests of Communists, but denies that any others have been arrested. "Communist" in Germany, however, is a convenient term which often means no more than an opponent of the government. What is certain is that since August 19 Hitler must be more anxious than ever to score a success in the Saar territory. After his defeat in Austria he cannot afford such a blow to his prestige as a rebuff in the Saar would be. For this reason the Nazis are redoubling their efforts to secure a large majority for Germany at the plebiscite on January 13. In spite of their prophecies that 99 per cent of the Saar electors will vote for reunion with Germany, the Nazis are uneasy, and the uneasiness was revealed in Hitler's speech at Coblenz yesterday. The remarkable counter-demonstration at Sulzbach in the Saar showed that they have reason to be uneasy. The demonstrators from the Saar at Coblenz had a pleasant excursion for almost nothing and put themselves in the good graces of the Nazi intimidators. The 60,000 or 70,000 inhabitants of the Saar who demonstrated at Sulzbach in favor of the maintenance of the status quo had no inducement to go there and took a great risk. They will be marked men.

The situation in the Saar is approximately more and more like that in Austria which culminated in the Nazi Putsch and the murder of Dollfuss. Unless the Council of the League of Nations, when it meets at Geneva ten days hence, provides Knox, the president of the Governing Commission, with the additional foreign police for which he has asked, there may be a Nazi Putsch in the Saar and Knox himself may share the fate of Dollfuss. Hitler is certainly prepared to resort to violence, if necessary, rather than lose the Saar. A Saar legion on the lines of the Austrian Nazi legion has been recruited in the Saar and is being trained in Germany to be ready for intervention—after the plebiscite, if the result is unfavorable to Germany, or before it, if at the last moment the result seems likely to be unfavorable. Hitler probably counts on the poltroonery of the British government and expects it to play the part of Pontius Pilate, as it did in the case of Austria. But as the Council of the League of Nations, of which the British government is a member, is directly responsible for the Saar, it would be more difficult for that government to hold aloof. The way to prevent German intervention in the Saar with all its possible consequences is to make it clear in advance that it will be resisted by force. Mussolini too is a danger to European peace, but it cannot be doubted that by moving Italian troops to the Brenner frontier he prevented German intervention in Austria, and for that he deserves our gratitude. The greatest danger to European peace is sentimental pacifism in England and France. We can escape from the necessity of using force sooner or later against Nazi Germany only in one way, namely, by convincing Hitler that we shall use it if necessary.

The Saar is at the moment the chief danger spot in Europe, but there are others. Europe is in a state of unrest arising out of conditions such as existed in 1914—conditions likely to lead almost automatically to war unless they are modified. An important factor in the unrest is Polish policy, which is as mischievous as it is unintelligible. Pilsudski and Beck are intriguing to keep Russia out of the League of Nations and to checkmate the proposed "eastern Locarno." Having failed in his attempt to induce the Baltic states to reject the eastern pact, Beck tried to induce Rumania to insist on being included in it, but failed again. For years Poland has been asking for an "eastern Locarno," and now that the Polish government is offered one, it objects to it. That is to say, it does not wish the present Polish frontiers to be guaranteed. There is only one possible explanation, namely, that the Polish government desires to extend those frontiers. Pilsudski and Beck object to being bound to respect the frontiers of Russia and the Baltic states, because they wish to be free to make an arrangement with Germany at the expense of Russia and the Baltic states. All the symptoms point to a secret understanding, if not an actual alliance, among Germany, Poland, and Japan, aimed against Russia. The active Ukrainian propaganda in Europe and the United States is subsidized by Germany and Japan. The stories of famine in the Russian Ukraine which have been appearing in the press of various countries—there was one in the London *Daily Express* recently—describe conditions that did exist in the Ukraine a year or more ago, but exist no longer. They are sometimes accompanied by obviously faked photographs. In the *Daily Express* there was a photograph alleged to represent a boy weeping beside the corpse of his father. One could see that the boy was not weeping and that

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the man lying on the ground was asleep, not dead. The agents of Germany and Japan have succeeded in enlisting episcopal sympathies, and the other day the Archbishop of Canterbury—who has pro-Nazi leanings—raised the Ukrainian question in the House of Lords.

Warsaw has become a center of Japanese propaganda under the direction of Ito, the Japanese Ambassador, whom we used to see at Geneva. He has been working with some success on the Polish Ukrainians, who are being persuaded to throw in their lot with the Russian Ukrainians to bring about a united and independent Ukraine. Apparently the Polish Ukrainians do not realize that they are being duped and that the ultimate aim of those who are manipulating them is to annex the whole of the Ukraine to Poland. The immediate aim is to stir up a rising in the Russian Ukraine which would be made the occasion of a White Russian invasion. The *Temps* is publishing an interesting series of articles by Henry Rollin on Germanophile intrigues throughout the world. The second of them, which appeared on August 23, dealt with the activities of the Russian fascist, Anastase Andreevitch Vonsiatzki, described as "the future Russian Hitler," who arrived at Dairen in June to organize the Russian refugees in Manchuria. He informed Reuter's correspondent at Dairen that he had the sum of fifty million dollars at his disposal and M. Rollin thinks that this is approximately true. Vonsiatzki appears to be in close touch with the German Nazis as well as with the dissident Russian Orthodox Church and its ecclesiastical head, the prelate Antoine. Vonsiatzki does not appear to have had the success that he expected in Manchuria, and M. Rollin thinks that his bellicose enthusiasm was discouraged by the Japanese, who, whatever their intentions may be, do not wish to have their hands forced by German agents or Russian fascists with axes of their own to grind. In any case Vonsiatzki returned to Europe on July 5 "to organize the Russian patriotic forces," and after a short stay in Paris visited Berlin, Dresden, Sofia, and Belgrade. His headquarters, according to M. Rollin, are at Putnam, Connecticut, where he publishes a paper called the *Fascist*.

If, as seems likely, the question of the admission of Russia into the League of Nations comes up at Geneva in September, the Poles will be forced to show their hand. The French government is pressing the Polish government to say definitely without further delay whether or not it is prepared to join in the eastern pact, and within the last week or so the *Temps* has published two leaders plainly hinting that the time has come for the Poles to decide on which side they are and that the Franco-Polish alliance cannot continue if the present Polish policy continues. That policy is so suicidal that it can be attributed only to crazy megalomania. The Poles owe their independence to the Russian Revolution, and if Germany and Japan succeeded in destroying Soviet Russia, Poland would be crushed between the Russian and German millstones.

Chicago Teachers Are Paid

By EDITH SMITH

Chicago, September 5

AFTER owing us money for four years, the school board has finally paid us up to date—fourteen checks, 75 per cent of a year's salary in one lump sum. The newspapers have been telling us how happy and excited we are. We are about to take belated vacations, they say, and indulge in an orgy of buying. The $22,500,000 is expected to turn over five or six times in a few weeks, making a whirlwind of prosperity for the city. The approval of the RFC loan by Jesse Jones two weeks ago was the signal for rejoicing, and two weeks' pay for spending money at Teachers' Jubilee Day at the World's Fair was handed out promptly.

I'm glad to get the money of course; but I'm not excited and there are things I won't forget easily. It will be a relief to pay my bills. For the first time in four painful years my mailbox will cease to be cluttered; I'll not be afraid to answer my doorbell any more; the hard-boiled collectors that have hunted me relentlessly will at last be appeased. It will be a queer sensation to have peace.

I'll get little more than that. When everything is paid I shall have $94 left—all I'll have to show for four years' work, supposedly at a good salary. This is how the checks will go: rent, $175 (five months); groceries, $165 (the grocer stopped my credit two years ago); clothing, $93; hardware, $305 (my father lost his job and moved to a farm—I helped him get started); university fee loan, $77; gas, electricity, and telephone, $52 (the utilities were generous with credit; I used candles only one night; a note that I was a teacher brought a man at once to reconnect the meter); loan from a friend, $100; loans from loan companies, $449 (at 3 per cent a month in advance).

I suppose I'm an ungrateful wretch to mention interest. The Board of Education saved more than $10,000,000 in interest through its forced loans from the teachers, while we had to borrow at rates sometimes as high as 42 per cent. There isn't even a suggestion of compensating us for this minor matter. No teacher took part in the plans for negotiating the loan, but rather such people as Willoughby Walling, head of the Personal Loan Company. We don't know whether more or less than a million dollars of the loan will come back to Mr. Walling, but we do know that most of the teachers we talk to have made salary assignments to him. Does he get interest? Only "legal" rates.

But don't misunderstand me; we were glad enough to get cash at any price during some of the long stretches. The Spanish teacher at my school had to sell her back salary last winter. She found a company on LaSalle Street—not Walling's but one similar—which offered her 50 per cent cash and 16 per cent more when the board paid up. She took it thankfully and was saved from a sanitarium.

Our dramatic coach had a beautiful home. We all used to love the place. She invited the children there for parties and special practice. It was there that our star orator received the finishing polish that made him West Side champion with his essay "Washington, the Statesman." After the mortgage foreclosure, the coach lived there for a while but she fell behind in the rent. The new owner refused tax warrants and salary assignments, so she moved into a small apartment. All the while the board owed her more than enough to have saved her home.

The civics teacher had his savings in Insull stocks. He turned sour at first, but learned the new philosophy that makes a virtue of spending instead of saving. Strangely enough he found necessities almost impossible to get with his kind of money, while luxuries at luxury prices were practically forced upon him. He drove up last April in a shiny new car. Unfortunately the automobile code had restricted the dealer to allowing only ninety cents on the dollar of teachers' salary assignments.

Our print-shop teacher had three sons at college. They had to leave last February and go to CCC camps. It was this man who spoke so vehemently for a strike of the teachers last spring. He said he was tired of being lady-like and respectful. But he couldn't win them over, although the strike sentiment was growing. In our school 80 per cent of the teachers voted to strike. One wonders how much longer this sort of thing could have gone on before revolt against pussyfoot, careful methods would have broken out. We would certainly have been called "radical agitators" but I cannot conceive of violence. Would any mother have sent her child to school under machine-gun fire?

I was much better off than some. I never went hungry as did those who depended for lunch upon big red apples from their pupils. There were many that lost their homes and some that lost their health. I lost only my insurance, my automobile, and my self-respect. I did lose one thing more, but that is not to be regretted—my faith in the status quo. Few of us are the sweet, complacent, non-thinking 100 percenters that we used to be. Our eyes have been opened and our opinion of Colonel McCormick, for instance, would make him blanch and call for the militia.

And I for one passed on what I learned to my pupils. They know that Rufus Dawes could borrow $90,000,000 from the RFC at a secret session and call teachers, unpaid for months, "trouble-makers." Those children marched through the Loop with us. "Is this a government of the people, by the politicians, for the bankers?" was on one of the placards they read. A little Dutch boy was pleased as punch when the bystanders laughed at his sign reading, "Things are going from bad to Wirt," and on the other side, "Oh, the Horner of it all." When we turned into LaSalle Street one boy asked, "Is this where all them chiselers hang out? Say the word. I'll go git 'em!" I can vouch that forty-eight youngsters know who their State senator is, and that they know he was "home sick" when school bills were up for voting at Springfield. They have heard some remarks about the present Chicago city administration that would burn the ears of our dignitaries. They are doing some thinking of their own about profit versus service and "wider distribution of the nation's wealth."

Harry rushed in breathless one morning. "Me and Melvin was having an argument," he said. "Say, *was* ever any big fortune made by not stealing? Don't you have to graft to get in the big time?"

Four years ago there would hardly have been any question in my mind concerning the propriety of platitudinous replies about honesty being the best policy and the value of hard work and early rising to gain success. But now I have seen the Board of Education in action. I have seen its members—coal merchants and real-estate dealers—bending school policies to their own profit. I have seen the instructions of the United States Chamber of Commerce to reduce educational appropriations wherever possible. I have heard myself called "red" for daring to believe I had earned my salary and was entitled to it. I have seen the State legislature haggle with less dignity than my pupils over our destinies and unashamedly flaunt their fears of losing patronage by performing acts of simple justice. I couldn't answer that boy honestly and patriotically at the same time.

A prize bit comes out in the negotiations for the loan. The First National Bank, which stands on school property, has been made trustee to collect rents. We trust Edward Eagle Brown, the president, will be diligent when he collects rent from himself. We know from the unflinching way in which he opposed loans to pay us that he is a shrewd and hard-working business man. The rent from $37,000,000 worth of property amounts to only $800,000 annually. Not even enough to pay the interest on the $22,500,000 mortgage at 4½ per cent. A ninety-nine-year lease with no revaluation clause is held by the Chicago *Tribune* on part of this property. Here is perhaps one explanation for the bitterness of the attacks on education by this loudest shouter for economy in public service and advocate of tuition high schools.

Mayor Kelly has assured us there will be no further cuts, but there is an ominous sound to his statement that the present economy measures will suffice to pay off the loan. Is the 25 per cent cut in salaries to remain in force, then, until the loan is paid twenty years hence? Are we to have no junior high schools all these years? Will there be no additions to the staff regardless of the expected growth in school population?

I am being ungrateful again. "You got your money. Ain't you satisfied?"

It is a little sickening to watch the scramble to take credit for getting the RFC loan. Hearst claims it in full, of course. He mixed up red-baiting with demands for our back pay, and wants us to take loyalty oaths. If it comes to that or losing my job, I shall sign with Jackson's "as I understand it" and immediately take out a membership in the Civil Liberties Union.

Some of us refuse to give credit to anyone for getting the loan and believe that our own efforts—our thousands of letters, telegrams, and postal cards to President Roosevelt did more than anything else. Certainly the bankers who now engineer the whole business have done their utmost to prevent the loan all these years.

We have our money. But that does not solve Chicago's educational problem. It does not restore to the children the important school services they have lost by the curtailments imposed by our banker friends. It does not add one cent to future school budgets, nor does it safeguard the schools from political domination.

Most important of all is the fact that the payment of this money does not restore the morale of the teachers. After four years of learning that bankers are our worst enemies, that politicians are interested in votes and power only and use the city's children merely as pawns in their own selfish game, that we can depend on no one but ourselves, we cannot be restored to our previous complacency by one pay day.

In the Driftway

NOT being a gentleman—at least by the Wildean definition—the Drifter is never rude except by inadvertence. That is the reason, perhaps, why examples of deliberate, unprovoked insults have for him a horrid fascination. He blushes for the perpetrator even more than for the victim, and he is proud to say that he has never been able to understand fully the motive behind some of the classical specimens of which he has made a collection.

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THESE reflections are occasioned by an anecdote in Berton Braley's recently published autobiography, "Pegasus Pulls a Hack"; but before the Drifter retells it he would like to explain that he is no nice-nellie and that he has nothing against insults which have the excuse either of provocation or, lacking that, of wit. If, for example, Charlie Chaplin really replied to Elinor Glyn's "You don't look as funny as I expected" with a "Neither do you," then the Drifter can only envy him. If, following the same model, Michael Arlen really came back at a certain lady novelist who told him that he looked almost like a woman with "I might say the same for you," then he also might be granted the double justification of provocation and wit. Some excuse might even be found for W. S. Gilbert on that occasion when he said to the editor of *Punch* that the latter must receive a good many amusing manuscripts, and then, when he got a modestly affirmative answer, came out with the devastating question, "Why don't you publish some of them?" But the choicest—because the most incomprehensible—examples are those in which someone with an established position goes out of his way to be solemnly rude to a well-meaning and deferential inferior. Mr. Braley's contribution belongs in this class.

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IT seems that he was editing an anthology of poetry and wrote to William Watson offering to pay for the privilege of including two of that author's poems; he left the selection to Watson but expressed the hope that he would see fit to choose the "Woman with a Serpent's Tongue" as one of the two. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Braley addressed the knighted bard as William Watson, Esq. In reply he received a third-person note—refusing permission—which read in part as follows: "Mr. Braley's letter addressed to William Watson, Esq., and beginning 'My dear Mr. Watson' has been received by Sir William Watson. . . . Neither could he on any terms whatsoever allow in any anthology the inclusion of a poem as relatively insignificant as 'Woman with a Serpent's Tongue'—a thing which nobody *outside America* would dream of regarding as one of its author's notable poems."

* * * * *

TO the Drifter it seems that only one explanation is possible. Sir William must have been endeavoring to soothe a wound received upon some previous occasion and to relieve his feelings by the process known as kicking the cat. One can only wonder what baron, or duke, or prince had recently given him to understand that a mere honorary baronet was very small potatoes indeed. One is further obliged, however, to wonder that even a baronet could have found much satisfaction in retaliating upon an unknown and unpretentious individual. The Drifter believes that the only person who can stand upon the dignity of rank with real dignity is the person whose rank is supreme and who is therefore removed from all possibility of being himself snubbed. That is the reason he has a real admiration for the remark said to have been made in icy tones by Louis XIV to a courtier who was no more than just on time for an appointment. "J'ai failli attendre," said the king—which may be very roughly translated as "I very nearly waited."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Saving the Constitution

To the Editors of The Nation:

On August 17 Homer S. Cummings, Attorney-General of the United States, in an address before the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco—incidentally the same organization before which Mr. Villard delivered an address a short time ago—took occasion to congratulate San Francisco on the promptness and thoroughness with which it met and defeated the recent attempts to subvert the American Constitution. Mr. Cummings was very positive in both the wording and tone of his congratulation. Before proceeding with an exposé of racketeering and gangsterism, which apparently, in his estimation, is the most serious problem confronting America today, he said: "The efficiency and promptness with which you met the recent crisis is positive proof that the spirit of America in San Francisco is still that of the founders of the Republic."

Mr. Cummings was not specific as to what groups were imbued with such 100 per cent Americanism, but he left little doubt in the minds of his hearers about whom he was referring to. He meant the police, the National Guard, the bands of armed vigilantes, the American Legion, the *Examiner*, the *Chronicle*, the *Call-Bulletin*, the Scripps-Howard *News*, Mayor Rossi, and Governor Merriam. The prompt action was no doubt the imprisonment, contrary to law, of hundreds of persons in San Francisco and thousands throughout the State, the destruction of property owned by workers' cooperatives, the invasion and violation of private homes by armed bands of thugs assisted by police, the destruction of non-orthodox newspaper establishments, and the exile of hundreds from their homes.

Might this not be construed as a strange attitude for one whose official duties are presumably the prosecution of those who violate the laws enacted under, and for the protection of, the Constitution?

Oakland, Cal., August 25 R. A. EMBERG

From a Real American Citizen

To the Editors of The Nation:

Your articles and editorials on the subject of the recent strikes of the longshoremen's and seamen's unions in San Francisco show your consistent red or Communist bias. This bias is consonant with the red intolerance of all other social and political ideas, and the narrow, single-track mind of all Communists. Dominated by the small-bore twenty-two-caliber minds of Bridges in San Francisco and de Jong in Portland (both red aliens), no approach to a settlement by arbitration was possible, because these men wanted violence and so-called martyrs, not peaceful settlement.

Every one of the unions involved was dominated by a small minority of red Communists, the type that bores from within like a loathsome worm boring into a healthy apple leaving a trail of slime, destruction, and rottenness. These red minorities, the kind you support editorially, wanted trouble and destruction, they incited violence and murder, and they fomented and directed a deliberate attack against our government.

But these same reds can't take it. How they did yelp and yowl when the real American citizens made effective reprisals by way of raids on their nests and hideouts in Portland, San Francisco, and San José! I say more power to these 1934 American vigilantes in giving the reds a dose of their own medicine, to wit, direct action.

For your information, the red element in every port betrayed and defeated the purposes of the American unions and set back their progress at least ten years. Until the American Federation of Labor has thoroughly purged its membership of the traitorous Communists on its rolls it will never accomplish its constructive purpose. The sooner Secretary of Labor Perkins and the President take definite action toward the elimination and deportation of subversive reds, the sooner will the country be rid of strikes, the true deterrent of recovery.

I affirm that real American citizens can solve their problems in their own way without the annoyance of these pestiferous ranting Communists and their mouthings of intolerance, hatred, and destruction to our form of government, our freedom of speech, press, radio, politics, and personal action, and our sane and high standard of living.

Portland, Ore., August 16 V. W. CATHER

A Reply to Mr. Kravif

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Since Mr. Hy Kravif questions both facts and implicit attitudes in my review of "Women Who Work," by Grace Hutchins, I wish to point out briefly my position.

My facts on the Massachusetts situations discussed came directly from Commissioner Edwin S. Smith himself, whom both Mr. Kravif and Miss Hutchins quote. They were sent me under date of April 23, 1934, in a letter replying to my request for his comments on the pertinent quotations, copied verbatim from Miss Hutchins's pages.

Insistence that the period—and conditions too, Mr. Kravif—of a "suspension" are important elements of any fair presentation of it seems to me far more than mere quibbling. In the case under discussion the facts that the night law was suspended only for the life of the Recovery Act and then was hedged about by various restrictive regulations show an intent to experiment with substituting national code standards for State legal ones rather than the sheer attack on labor which the tenor of Miss Hutchins's argument, a few invidious quotation marks, and the omission of these qualifications make it appear.

Judgment upon such a suspension is an issue entirely distinct from fair presentation of it. Since Mr. Kravif attempts to formulate my attitude by implication, may I say that I, among many other Massachusetts citizens, greatly regretted suspension of the night law. My own regret arose more from an unwillingness to see labor forfeit any degree of sure protection for something still uncertain in results than from a conviction that State legal standards offer a fully satisfactory answer to any labor need in our nation-wide industry.

Sharon, Mass., August 22 SYLVIA KOPALD SELEKMAN

Wanted: A Driver

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

A small party, of which I am a member, plans to leave New York about September 17, speaking at meetings through the Middle West on Upton Sinclair's EPIC plan. We need a driver, with or without a car of his own, who is interested in this plan and can pay his own share of the expenses. Will anyone who is interested get in touch with me at 7 Livingston Place, New York City?

New York, September 10 JOHN J. KLABER

Contributors to This Issue

ROBERT DELL is the Geneva correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian.*

EDITH SMITH is the pseudonym of a Chicago school teacher.

H. L. MENCKEN, formerly the editor of the *American Mercury*, is working on a revised edition of his well-known book "The American Language."

PHILIP BLAIR RICE has contributed reviews and critical articles to *The Nation* and the *Symposium.*

AGNES SMEDLEY is the author of "Chinese Destinies" and "China's Red Army Marches."

ELISEO VIVAS is a member of the department of philosophy of the University of Wisconsin.

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Labor and Industry

Textiles: an NRA Strike

By MARGARET MARSHALL

Pawtucket, Rhode Island, September 7

AT this moment the textile industry is thoroughly crippled by one of the dozen largest strikes in American history. (Even George A. Sloan has practically closed down.) With 364,000 of their workers on strike, the employers who were so truculent a week ago show at least a disposition to mediate. If the strike can be settled quickly, the workers may gain much—providing their leaders take full advantage of the strength behind them. If the strike is prolonged, it may be lost in the violence for which the armed forces of the textile States are preparing at the behest of mill-owners, and the mill towns will be bathed in the blood of Americans who are asking for the munificent income of $12 and $13 a week. In the South, whose sweated textile labor forced the strike upon the national leadership of the United Textile Workers, violence has already begun. Here in New England, where the strike is to a great extent a sympathetic movement, no serious incidents have occurred. There have been a few brushes between pickets and police but the violence of these affairs has appeared mostly in the newspaper stories sent out by harried reporters whose employers have a vested interest in violence.

Rhode Island for the past forty-eight hours has been the crucial district in the New England section, with all activities centering in the U. T. W. headquarters in Pawtucket. The reason lies in the fact that of Rhode Island's 50,000 textile workers in silk, wool, and cotton, only about 10 per cent are organized. Practically every mill must be picketed. At union headquarters it is impossible to have a connected talk with any strike leader, or for that matter with any of the hundreds of strikers who mill between the two floors on which the U. T. W. operates. Upstairs, meetings are continually in progress: weavers at ten o'clock; spinners and doffers at eleven; and so on. Picket lines go out with instructions to close this or that plant. Downstairs telephones ring with reports of mills closed either because the management, in unctuous tones, "wishes to protect its employees from the violence of pickets" or because the workers have walked out. Mill after mill has fallen until today 30,000 of Rhode Island's 50,000 textile workers are out. Applications for membership are pouring in—though the union undoubtedly exaggerates their number.

One of Pawtucket's big moments came yesterday when the J. and P. Coats plant, with 3,000 workers, ceased operations until, as the management said, local, State, or federal authorities could guarantee to workers protection from intimidation by "lawless gangs." The J. and P. Coats Company, British owned, has a world monopoly of thread. No labor union, I was told, either in Great Britain or elsewhere, has ever been able to gain a foothold in its plants. Its subsidiary, the American Thread at Willimantic, Connecticut, has not closed down. There the town is dominated by the company. Union pressure will be resisted to the last ditch with armed force which has already been mobilized, and violence may easily result.

Flying Squadron

When the Coats announcement was made, I was in Bristol, Rhode Island, with a flying squadron from Pawtucket headquarters. Thirty-six cars carrying some 150 pickets had started from Pawtucket in mid-morning to close up several plants. The first stop was at Warren, where early that day a squadron from New Bedford, 200 strong and led by Marianno Bishop, had had a brush with the police while picketing the King Philip mill. One push led to another, spectators gathered, State troopers were called, a tear-gas bomb was thrown, and a "battle" blossomed in the Boston *Traveler.* The Pawtucket squadron closed two small mills in Warren, including the Narrow Fabrics Company owned by Philips and Jones of New York City and devoted to the manufacture of Van Husen collars. (A lot of famous brands are on strike this week.) At this mill when the lunch hour came State troopers made a dramatic entry—good-looking youngsters in nifty new uniforms, a knapsack of tear-gas bombs slung over the shoulder, a club in hand, and formidable steel helmets to protect their precious heads from the most peaceful-looking group of workers that ever walked a picket line. They pushed back the yielding crowd. Meanwhile inside the plant a vote was being taken, and a few minutes later Van Husen collars went out of production at Warren, Rhode Island.

In Bristol the squadron was up against a set-up analogous to the company town, and here for the time at least it failed. Bristol is famous for the pleasure craft it builds for the rich. The Rainbow was constructed here—is here now for final conditioning before the great race. The streets of the old town are lined with fine colonial houses. Famous pleasure resorts—Prudence and Hog islands—are within ferrying distance of its peaceful port. Along the water's edge is the Collins and Aikman woolen and worsted plant, which had formerly been the Cranston Worsted Mills and had belonged to one of Bristol's most prominent families, the Rockwells. I learned about Bristol from a lunchroom proprietor on the waterfront. The "old man" took good care of his employees. He encouraged them to bring their complaints to him. Now it is only Plant H of a big New York corporation, but it is managed by the "old man's" son, Charles B. Rockwell, Jr., who carries on his father's policies. About 800 are employed in three shifts. Their wages are said to be above the code level and there has never been a strike. This summer the mill, which makes upholstery, has been closed almost all summer—until last week. An order from General Motors was canceled in June because of the automobile strike. That order has just come through again and the mill has work to keep it busy until March. The workers don't want to strike. The townspeople, including the lunchroom proprietor, don't want them to strike. Before the shut-down, he told me, he could take in as much as $70 or $80 a day. All summer it has been $20 or less.

At about two o'clock the pickets begin marching, 150 strong. The next shift of workers will come on at three, and there are all the elements for a riot. Charles B. Rockwell, Jr., stands in front of his mill and the press gathers round. Mr. Rockwell is in his late forties perhaps, slender, mild-looking, and frankly scared. His hands tremble and his eyes shift nervously. He won't make statements. In the side streets townspeople gather. There are rumors that the outsiders will be driven away. Behind the plant is an armory where a detachment of the militia is quartered. Again and again the word goes round that they are eager to be called out. A few genial cops watch the picket line as it marches past the plant, crosses the street, and walks down the other side. A tabloid reporter kids a pretty blond picket. She smiles. The picket behind her doesn't. "There's nothing funny about this, you know," he mutters as he walks past. The tabloid reporter is humorous, cocky, well-fed, aching for news. He stalks up and down the street. He declaims melodramatically, "I hate peace." He is only half humorous.

As three o'clock approaches, the tension grows. A car drives up and the mayor goes into a huddle inside the mill with the chief of police and Mr. Rockwell. He comes out and drives away. No statement. Mr. Rockwell comes out again and is visibly more at ease. Minutes pass. Just before the change of shifts, a siren shrieks and three or four cars full of State troopers tear at high speed into the street, clubs, tear-gas, and all. They clear the side streets of spectators. The pickets march past the mill and down the street. But they do not come back up the other side. Very efficient, these State cops. They are breaking the law, of course, as well as the picket line, for picketing is legal. Soon the word drifts back. The pickets have been told that the local authorities have the right to decide how many pickets are allowed. The local authorities—including Mr. Rockwell?—have decided that four are enough. The pickets refuse the offer and decide to go back to headquarters for instructions. If, instead, they had insisted on their legal rights, blood—their blood—might easily have flowed at Bristol. As we leave the scene, a news photographer comes along in a state of outrage. One of the tabloid reporters—the tall bespectacled one who looks like a Harvard graduate—has phoned his paper that the crowd was "routed" by State police with tear-gas bombs in their hand. "And now," said the photographer, "my paper will expect me to send a picture of it!"

INTIMIDATION

On the basis of such scenes as occurred at Warren and Bristol the cry of intimidation is going up today from New England mill-owners and the press. The Coats statement was typical. The systematic spreading of this propaganda is marked by the same efficiency with which the mill-owners are arming their plants with special deputies and machine-guns. At Dighton, Massachusetts, which is in the worst sense a company town completely dominated by the Mt. Hope Finishing Plant, the streets are barricaded with sandbags, and 125 armed guards have been imported to resist attack. At least one newspaper reporter was not allowed to enter the town. Presumably the employees are glad to be thus "protected" from intimidating pickets who at the worst carry a few rocks. There is no doubt that in some plants the workers were afraid. At Warren anxious faces peered through the factory windows. But the only force visible was in the hands of the police.

It is also true that a great many strikers, particularly middle-aged workers with families, did not want to strike. At a Fall River lunch counter the pretty waitress told me her father and sister had gone on strike against their will although they belonged to the union (there were seven children to be supported). But when I asked if they were on the picket line she revealed one kind of intimidation practiced by employers. They were staying at home, she said, because the foremen watch the picket lines, and active strikers soon lose their jobs when the mills reopen, even in Fall River, which is a strong union town. The so-called "loyal" workers who have stayed in or come out only unwillingly are not moved by love for their employers. The phrase itself is a piece of propaganda; loyalty is not bought with $10 a week. These "loyal" workers are motivated rather by the fear of losing what jobs they have after years of depression and part-time employment. The wonder is that so many have come out, even though wages are bad and the stretch-out intolerable. The secret seems to lie in the faith these workers have in President Roosevelt and Section 7-a. The A. F. of L. leadership has deliberately encouraged and relied upon that faith. A weaver in New Bedford referred to the depression as if it had ended when the New Deal began, and he really believed it. An old man in Pawtucket headquarters said when the mediating board was appointed on Wednesday: "Just think of a millionaire doing that for working people. Everybody ought to get down on their knees and thank God for President Roosevelt." He seemed to see no inconsistency in the fact that he himself had been out of a job for five years, both Old and New Deal, but there are few workers who will fail to understand if their strike ends in a sell-out in any way comparable to the one which ended the automobile strike.

NEW BEDFORD AND FALL RIVER

In New Bedford, which is shut up tight, the strike has settled down into an organization drive among the 10,000 workers (out of 22,000) who are not in the union. The town is quiet and good-natured. At Communist "headquarters," a poor little shack in the south end, the door was locked when I called. The Communists apparently have no show in this strike. At least in New England this is an NRA strike. President Roosevelt, more than one worker told me, will not recognize Communist unions. This is practically true, if not strictly legal—the A. F. of L. unionist is always practical. The Communists in New Bedford are reduced to asking admission to the U. T. W. locals. Their plea is that they are good scrappers. It is probably the worst plea they could make. From my observation the U. T. W. does not want Communist "scrappers" in this strike—which to newspapermen is too respectable even to be good copy. Meanwhile the police of New Bedford wait in vain for a request from the union to drive Ann Burlak, the Communist "flame," out of town. She has already been barred from Fall River. The request has not come. The leaders in New Bedford are an enlightened group—many of them are Socialists. They are obviously not worried by Ann Burlak's popularity. Probably some of them agree with her. At any rate they seem to realize that driving her out of town would not advance their cause. And besides they all like "Annie." Everybody I talked to likes "Annie." Her ideas are "wrong" but they like her nerve and "she's a wonderful talker."

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Fall River was like a deserted village when I arrived there in a heavy rain. Like New Bedford it is closed down tight. The U. T. W. claims some 12,000 members among the 25,000 on strike. The American Federation of Textile Operatives, a rival union which antedates the U. T. W. in the town and was once very strong, claims 7,000 members and credits the U. T. W. with 1,000. I interviewed the A. F. T. O. in its musty headquarters. All the windows were closed. The man I talked with was as suspicious as a Rhode Island police captain. When he became convinced that I was not a U. T. W. spy, he assured me that his organization was dominant; he said the city was full of Communists; he said the 5,000 people in the strike parade of the night before were not strikers; he criticized Governor Ely for not calling out the troops. He failed to explain why, if the A. F. T. O. was dominant, it had ever allowed the strike to be called in Fall River. He said the A. F. T. O. was about to issue a statement that would be a bombshell. He did say that the A. F. of L. organization wanted to be recognized as the government union and implied that this strike was merely another attempt in that direction. This touch of realism would indicate that at some time a window had been left open.

THE ISSUES

This strike was forced by the South, but the New England worker is not exactly prosperous. Today I saw the pay envelopes of seven weavers in a cotton mill who as skilled workers should be earning $25 a week for forty hours. For thirty hours' work they averaged $10 a week (under the 25 per cent curtailment thirty hours is the usual work week at present). For forty hours they would receive about $13, or the unskilled minimum. A highly skilled fine-goods weaver in New Bedford who just after the war earned as much as $60 running three very complicated looms is drawing about $15 today (the last pay day)—a week's wages for the same kind of weaving. He works fewer hours but he is running four looms instead of three. He would have earned a few dollars more but one of his looms was out of operation for two days through no fault of his own—and weavers are paid by the piece. The union contends that in general forty hours' work is being done in thirty. They also say that in most mills no allowance is made for time lost when an operator gets bad material which slows him down, although it probably means harder work for him during that time. The humane machine load differs greatly according to the type of looms involved. In New Bedford a worker cited a case in which as many as forty-eight looms were run by one weaver when the humane load would be twelve. Not only was the worker subjected to the stretch-out but he was keeping three other workers idle. In Fall River, according to Marianno Bishop of the U. T. W., the workers had succeeded in establishing a fairly set scale of wages averaging $13 a week for unskilled; $17 and $18 for semi-skilled; $22 to $25 for skilled workers such as weavers; and $35 to $45 for the highly skilled—the loom-fixers who are the key workers in the textile industry and whose decision to strike made inevitable the closing down of other departments.

RHODE ISLAND POLICE CAPTAIN

Suspicion is rife in Rhode Island. It can be seen at its worst in the police stations of Providence. When I paused—in a New York car—before a mill which I had been told was to be picketed, I was rushed to a police station by an officer who thought he had found something important. I was held for two hours and "grilled"; and I was allowed to depart only when the captain became convinced that *The Nation* was not a Com*mun*ist paper. I was informed incidentally that there was no strike in Providence. But although I was acquitted as a Com*mun*ist I set the captain by his ears in another way. Apparently, in all his reading, he had never come across the phenomenon of a woman who kept her own name, though married. When the matter came up through a series of questions, I assured him that it was legal in New York and that even the federal government accepted my income tax, but he was deeply shocked and refused to be comforted. It will give him something to think about after the revolution which he obviously expects at any moment.

THE GREAT AMERICAN MYTH

But even a Rhode Island police captain can sleep secure so far as the textile strike in New England is concerned. It can be confidently said that there is no revolutionary idea behind this strike. There is hardly any idea aside from the immediate ones of higher wages and better working conditions and, for the leadership, increased prestige with the government. Here lies the reason perhaps why the meetings I attended were pretty uninspiring and why Ann Burlak is so popular (though her ideas are so "wrong"). There is little passion in Pawtucket. The leaders I have seen are hard-boiled and practical and very sure of themselves. They are militant, but it is the militance to be found, say, in a sales organization. They will never be put in jail or executed as visionaries. Labor leadership is their business and they are putting over a campaign—I mean a strike. It would be unrealistic of course to complain because the Great American Myth, the success story—from log cabin to the White House, from puddler to Senator, from mill worker to fourth vice-president—dominates the average union leader, as it dominates, although with decreasing force, the average American. It is quite likely that the present impressive show of strength on the part of the U. T. W. will win labor a place on the code authority, and the textile workers may derive some tangible good.

The membership of course admits of no generalization. There are probably thousands of mill workers, old and young, who see no farther ahead than pay day. There are many Socialists in their ranks. There are undoubtedly some Communists. A weaver I talked to in New Bedford belonged to the Spiritualist Church and the Republican Party. Another blamed the stretch-out on the Portuguese.

This is a 100 per cent American strike—an eminently respectable strike. If the workers lose they will have everybody to blame but themselves.

NEXT WEEK IN *THE NATION*

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by Dorothy Bromley

A discussion of the "safe period" in connection with the Catholic position.

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Henry W. Nevinson, Adventurer

In the Dark Backward. By Henry W. Nevinson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

NO book from Henry W. Nevinson's pen can be else than beautifully written and of compelling interest. This one is the most original of his works. Although he has written his remarkable autobiography—one of the best ever penned—in three volumes, he still harks back to his own adventures and still further into the "dark backward" of historic events. In that sense he claims to have led a double life; he has been amazingly of the present, having witnessed almost every war since 1879, and yet his mind and imagination have constantly carried him into events of the past with such power that he has relived them. Usually the vision has come when he was in the midst of some poignant or desperate adventure, as in the Gallipoli campaign when, staying on the tragic ship River Clyde still aground off the bloody V Beach, he beheld the fall of Troy and the fate of the captives, or when he views the scene of some great event. Not only does his imagination lend itself to the dramatic and he himself reproduce the dramas with faithful imagery; he writes with an amazing classical knowledge, with a scholarly and historical background of extraordinary dimensions when one considers how much of his life has been spent in camp and on battlefields or ranging over Africa in the most gallant of slave-freeing expeditions.

Romantic Nevinson always is, but there is no covering up of the horrible side of war in order to give romance full play. In that very essay on the fall of Troy we visualize in fullest degree the horrors that followed the success of the wooden horse:

> Men who had stood the ten years' siege fell in blood beside their beds, their limbs hewn off by Greeks who gave no quarter. Wives, mothers, girls ran naked and shrieking down every familiar lane, not knowing where to turn. . . . Refuge in the temples was no help. From the very altars they were dragged by the hair for ravishment or death.

But with the stark horrors of war he links descriptions of exquisite peace and, too occasionally, there crops out the Nevinson humor that all readers of his works have come to value. Of this the best example is his suggestion as to what might have been done when the principality of Albania was constituted:

> They [the Albanians] hoped that George V would send a prince to govern them, and I thought at the time how wise England would have been to have given them Edith Durham as Kralitza, with two million pounds and me as her Grand Vizier. We should have ridden on white horses all through the country proclaiming the new Queen. We could not have made a stupider mess of it all than the Prince of Wied, who was soon after appointed Mpret. But the Albanians told us they insisted on "Blood Royal," which neither Edith Durham nor I could claim.

But in that jesting lies an earnest truth; if ever a throne was to be bestowed for merit and service and knowledge of the people, that one should have gone to Edith Durham.

Especially does Nevinson illuminate Xenophon's March of the Ten Thousand—in a way to make many a reader to whom the "Anabasis" was day-by-day drudgery wish to reread it. The battle of Actium, the tragedy at Calvary, the battle of Agincourt, the advance and retreat of Bonnie Prince Charlie and his Highlanders, the battle of Jena, all these and a dozen other great events are portrayed with a vividness and charm that make one wish Nevinson had been ever and wholly the historian to give warmth and vitality and life to many another drama of the dim past now ruined in the telling.

Whenever possible he finds his point of departure in some connection of the scene with himself; in the case of Prince Charlie he can go back to a highwayman ancestor of his own, John Nevinson, who was duly executed "in York, where in the museum his iron fetters may be seen to this day." This technique is a most grateful change from the usual dream through which the story-teller re-creates the past.

But this relative of a long-successful masked-man-of-the-heath is really an effeminate soul; though he has seen perhaps more blood spilt and more precious lives taken than any other living man, his hands remain unstained, his idealism untarnished, and at seventy-six he still writes with a touch of youth, the spirit of high adventure, fortified by knowledge out of books and out of the experiences of three score years and ten of conscious existence. OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Aids to Verisimilitude

A Thesaurus of Slang. Compiled and arranged by Howard N. Rose. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

MR. ROSE'S purpose is the philanthropic one of helping pulp fictioneers in distress. Let us suppose that a member of the craft is sitting in his dismal garret, struggling bitterly with a tale of crime. He knows that there is a ready market for such goods, and he has lifted a swell plot from the tabloids, but unfortunately he is not acquainted with any criminals and is thus somewhat shaky about the terminology of their mystery. What do such persons call the kind of green ink with which they write letters to the lawyers of kidnapped brewers? How do they phrase it when they want to say that it is a fine day? What is their name for a cop who has been held up in a dark alley, stripped of his clothing and accoutrements, and turned loose stark naked? How do they say hemorrhage? Asphyxia? Rigor mortis?

Here is where Mr. Rose's book comes in. Let the baffled author turn to the sub-section headed Underworld in the section headed Detective, and he will find quick answers to all such questions. Every act or idea in the repertory of felony is listed alphabetically in plain English, and appended to each is the technical term for it. Thus one finds that a prosecuting attorney is a cutter, that a safe with a time-lock is a timer, and that to play cards is to rumble the flats. And thus one finds that a "key made from an original for illegitimate use" is a double, and that an "inhabited apartment which is the object of a robbery" is a hot slough. There are fifteen pages of this, besides eight of prison argot, and three of the phrases peculiar to the English underworld. And there are like sections on the terminology of the oil fields, the lumber camps, the railroads, the circus and carnival, the hobo jungles, the cattle ranges, and all the other favorite scenes of pulp fiction. There is even a short section on the chautauqua.

In a brief introduction Mr. Rose explains how his thesaurus is to be used. "When preparing to write a story," he says, "the writer should turn to the proper section and look through it for any number of terms which he can foresee will fit into his story. These should be written on paper and kept handy during the preparation of the first draft." Normally, of course, this should be done after the plot has been mapped out. But if there is no plot ready, then a search of the thesaurus will often suggest one. While preparing it, says Mr. Rose, it "became manifest upon the author" that "merely the reading and studying of the characteristic slang was sufficient to act as a sort of divine inflatus." The English here, alas, is somewhat shaky. Certainly the preposition usually hitched to *manifest* is not *upon,* nor is it common to transform the divine afflatus into *in*flatus. But these are details, and of no relevance. If, as one often hears, it is a service to the national letters to write fiction in bad English, then it is surely a greater service to undertake a wholesale stimulation of the industry in worse English.

The true faults of the work lie rather in its omissions. There is a brief section on the Yankee dialect, but none on that of the Aframerican, whether of Harlem or of the cotton fields. The chautauqua has a section, but not the burlesque show. The vocabularies of baseball, boxing, football, golf, polo, and the turf are given, but not that of tennis. All the really new argots are missing—for example, those of nudism, dog-racing, the interstate buses, the New Deal, and the proletarian fiction business. The last-named lack is a serious one, for it must be manifest upon any attentive reader (as Mr. Rose would say) that a great deal of the proletarian fiction now current is written by persons who have very little personal familiarity with life among the lowly. Only too often it is the work of young Harvard and N. Y. U. literati who first tried writing in the lofty episcopal manner of T. S. Eliot, and having failed at that, turned in despair to the style and ideology of Gorki. How many of them really know what an Oregon hop-picker calls credit expansion? Or in what terms, precisely, the Trotzky dialectic is debated in the cotton mills of South Carolina? Or what nicknames are given to Adam Smith, Dow-Jones, David Ricardo, and Dr. Irving Fisher in the Gary, Indiana, sash-weight factories?

Here is where Mr. Rose might have helped his clients. And here he has failed them. H. L. MENCKEN

New Lyrics from Old Symbols

Threshold and Hearth. By Marya Zaturenska. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

THIS is the first book by a writer who has contributed verse to the magazines for some fifteen years. Within a rather narrowly restricted field of subject matter and of technique Miss Zaturenska's lyrics show careful workmanship and genuine poetic sensibility. If they are to be ascribed to any tradition, it is the common tradition to which most of our talented younger feminine poets adhere. For, with a few exceptions, the ladies obstinately maintain a tradition of their own, which has been very little influenced either by the current ferment of ideas or by male experimentalism from Pound to Auden; it takes its departure, perhaps, from a blend of the Georgians, Emily Dickinson, and Elinor Wylie.

The poems in "Threshold and Hearth" are among the best examples of their kind. Although Miss Zaturenska confines herself unadventurously to iambics and fairly regular rhymed stanzas, the joinery is skilful, forced effects are avoided, and the music is cumulative. There is a profusion of neat lines like this, describing hills: "A strict world narrowed by gold and green"; and this, of autumn: "Metallic mystery of turgid lakes." Within the limits of emotion that is always merely personal the range is considerable, varying from the quiet resignation of these stanzas:

> The years grow small and gray
> Above the immobile hills,
> I see them float away—
>
> Neither have I grown rich,
> Or deeper, more serene:
> I am what I have been . . .

to the fervor of these:

> The wind came up from the black streets my childhood knew
> And talked to me although I closed my ears,
> Although I wept and turned away my head,
> The terrible streets spoke to me of the dead.
> They come with the roar of the winds, they are not dead,
> They bring the lost child back, they torture her,
> Their hands are red with her sharp blood, their feet
> Thunder in dread irrevocable beat.

At their worst the thought and the imagery tend to become extremely threadbare:

> Beyond the mountains lie
> The lands for which I seek,
> Lands I shall never find
> Until the day I die.

Sometimes, however, Miss Zaturenska manages to obtain a fresh effect from well-worn material, as in the poem entitled The Scythe, the Spindle, and the Cypress Tree. Even here, however, the mustiness of the symbols detracts from the cogency of the poem. If a poet is to continue to use the old bookish symbols he must take special pains to show that they have retained their vitality—unless, indeed, they are used for satirical contrast. Few of us today ever see a scythe or a spindle, and the cypress, perhaps, rarely impresses us as one of the more fatal of our flora. Death is much more likely to force itself upon us in the guise of a speeding automobile, a faulty mine shaft, a wired chair with straps for the arms and legs, or, as in Cocteau's "Orphée," the accoutrements of the operating room. To make such forbidding objects into poetry is, of course, difficult. But it is being done with increasing success. And it has to be done if poetry is to preserve its function as the vehicle of fresh experience.

Miss Zaturenska's evasion of the contemporary world is a bit hard to reconcile with the facts that she published Elegies over John Reed in *Poetry* a decade ago, and that she is married to one of the ablest of the young revolutionary poets, Horace Gregory. There are, however, indications that she is going to try something different. Although the opening poem of this volume beckons the reader into the "land of fruit unharvested," where "eyes, fixed on perfection, find content in the eternal and the permanent," the concluding poem appears to be a goodby to all that:

> Only by these old symbols do I move
> And by these ancient symbols do I die . . .
>
> O why so still my song?
> Leave the eternal pastoral and fly
> To where the city's vast metallic eye
> Opens on visions carved of iron and steel . . .

This acknowledgment that the things of our own time also have their niche in eternity will doubtless prove salutary.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

The Puppet Emperor

Twilight in the Forbidden City. By Sir Reginald Johnston. D. Appleton-Century Company. $5.

THERE are Englishmen—and Americans for that matter—who literally wag all over when in the presence of "nobility," that is, of people who have not worked for their living for hundreds of years. Such an Englishman is Sir Reginald Johnston, author of "Twilight in the Forbidden City," who was the English tutor of Pu Yi, the last of the degenerate Manchu dynasty which the Chinese people overthrew in 1911. Sir Reginald wags through 500 pages of twaddle about the doings of him he calls the "Emperor" and of the make-believe Manchu court in the Forbidden City in Peking after 1911. The volume will delight high-hatted old ladies of the type pictured in *New Yorker* cartoons, who remark: "My dear, I adored your paper on Bronxville and the League of Nations!" Nobody else could possibly delight in the trivialities here recorded or, with Sir Reginald, grow indignant because people call the ex-emperor Henry Pu Yi instead of His Majesty. The "Emperor" wrote an introduction to the book. The old ladies will like that too.

Most persons beyond the mental age of eight or nine will be unable to regard it as of epoch-making importance that Pu Yi once actually played tennis, rowed a boat, read the newspapers, or wrote a poem. And after reading the poems quoted they will not be impressed by Pu Yi's glowing intelligence, for most Chinese schoolboys of eight can do better today. (These data are supposed to prove that Pu Yi is capable of ruling China as emperor.) However, there is a serious side to the book. For it is intended most clearly as propaganda for the restoration of Pu Yi to the throne of China as Manchu emperor under the guiding sword of Japanese imperialism. Perhaps that explains why a volume costing $5 could be published today. Certainly it is doubtful whether 500 people in America will buy it, but I have been informed that the Japanese buy thousands of copies of such books and distribute them free to American educational institutions and individuals.

From the beginning to the end of the volume Sir Reginald protests—all too vehemently—that neither he nor the other foreigners had anything to do with the intrigues to restore the Manchu dynasty. Yet the hoof of the horse shows throughout these pages; in 1932 the whole horse became visible when the Japanese took Pu Yi to Manchuria and set him up as their "Chief Executive" of Manchoukuo. This was but a step toward the restoration of the Manchu dynasty with Pu Yi as emperor.

It is amusing to read Sir Reginald's protestations of innocence, and then observe that he reproduces reports which he, supposedly the unofficial tutor of Pu Yi, made "for the information of the British authorities"—reports which clearly show that he was not a free agent but the official representative of the British government. He also tells how he prevented Pu Yi from taking the one decent step the ex-emperor ever tried to take—that is, to give up his title and also the subsidy from the Chinese Republic. A lengthy letter by Sir Reginald to a "certain English-speaking ex-official" is also quoted, showing that this gentleman carried on conversations with the Englishman about the necessity of Pu Yi retaining his title in case of a restoration of the monarchy. Sir John Jordan, British Minister to China, is also quoted as saying that perhaps Pu Yi would later be "elected president of China." This "election" was clearly to be a stepping-stone to the establishment of a constitutional monarchy, for which Englishmen, including Sir Reginald, constantly worked in China. The plans and hopes for such a monarchy continually repeat themselves in this book; everything connected with the republic, or with Sun Yat-sen as the leader of republican ideas, is referred to with vitriolic hatred.

In these pages we see Sir Reginald in secret conference with Chang Tso-lin, late bandit and Japanese agent in Manchuria, who plotted the restoration of the Manchus. Sir Reginald also "rescues" Pu Yi from the Chinese and takes him into the foreign-legation quarter of Peking. There Pu Yi was lodged in the Japanese legation until he was moved to Tientsin, where he lived until the Japanese were ready to use him in Manchuria. He was always the center of monarchist intrigues in which the foreigners took an active part. Sir Reginald relates how he visited Pu Yi in Tientsin after the Japanese invasion of Manchuria began and "His Majesty" declared that he would soon be going to Manchuria. Sir Reginald made a mysterious trip to Peking, the nature of which it is easy to see, then returned to Tientsin "for further conversations with the Emperor." A few days later Pu Yi was removed by the Japanese to Manchuria, and Johnston has the audacity to tell us that "the Dragon" had "resumed possession of his rightful heritage."

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Pu Yi resumed possession of nothing. It was the Japanese imperialists who took full possession of Pu Yi. The attempt of the Japanese to restore the Manchu dynasty, with Peking as the capital, does not mean even the restoration of the Manchus. It means nothing but the temporary use of impotent "nobles" in the conquest of China. This book, which is both trivial and vicious, leaves the impression that had it not been for the foreign imperialists, Pu Yi, the last of the Manchu ruling house, might have turned out to be a harmless and decent person doing some kind of useful work in China. As it is, he is a degenerate tool of the foreign imperialists. AGNES SMEDLEY

Jean-Jacques's Doctrines

Jean-Jacques Rousseau, Moralist. By Charles William Hendel. Oxford University Press. Two Volumes. $7.50.

THE luminous enigma which is Jean-Jacques Rousseau still baffles us. We are not yet quite certain whether the glow which surrounds his name is the effulgence of pure glory or the cold radiation of the chemistry of evil. But in either case his memory will not dim. And it is doubtful whether any one of his interpreters or commentators has been able to evaluate adequately his significance with reference to his age or to ours. Apologies for him leave as much to be desired as subjective condemnations. The difficulty involved is not only that of allowing for the inevitable distortions of distance and of personal standpoints. Nor is it only that of resolving the man's psychological complexities. Nor is it that, having taken too radical a stand toward some of the most fundamental of human aspirations, we cannot approach him with scientific detachment. The difficulty so far has perhaps been chiefly the failure to attack the "problem of Rousseau" with the aid of a method which would avoid those obstacles that it is possible to avoid.

That there is only one method of approaching Jean-Jacques is a proposition which only a dogmatist would maintain. But we may say that before we can evaluate his significance adequately, a clear account of the facts of his life and a comprehensive exposition of his doctrines must be made available. This is more important certainly than praise or blame, which tells us more about the writer's prejudices than it does about the subject. And it is more important than interpretations on the basis of a "thesis"—as for instance that of his double personality, which accounts for the rhythmic oscillations of his thought; for these serve mainly to exhibit the ingenuity of the scholars who construct them.

The biographical task was recently accomplished with notable success by Matthew Josephson. The task of a comprehensive exposition of Rousseau's doctrines is now undertaken by Professor Hendel, a man known to students of the history of philosophy as the writer of a distinguished study of Hume. Before these two studies there was hardly anything in English capable of meeting the need. Of course books about Rousseau have not been lacking. But it can hardly be said of any one of them that it is fully adequate, whatever special virtues may be granted to most of them.

Professor Hendel approaches his task with deliberate ease and with a quiet but thoroughly sympathetic interest. He has presented a more complete exposition of Rousseau's ideas than any other the reviewer knows of. And he seems intent throughout the six hundred-odd pages in discovering what Rousseau meant, rather than in noting what he should have meant. This is perhaps the chief value of the book. To grasp the meaning of Rousseau's ideas is not always easy; easier it always is to disagree with him and thereby miss his profound insights into the topics over which the passionate light of his mind played for years. But Professor Hendel has done more than this. He has charted the thought to which Rousseau was heir. Valuable in itself, this is indispensable for the discovery, or perhaps it were better to say, for the surprise, of Rousseau's actual meaning. The intellectual currents playing on Jean-Jacques's sensitive mind are studied, and a picture emerges which reflects considerable light on the nature of his problems and the ways he had open to him for their solution. Nor has Professor Hendel neglected to throw light on Rousseau's doctrines by frequent references to relevant biographical data. He has not psychoanalyzed away Rousseau's thought; but he has avoided the contrary vice of presenting a body of ideas as if it took its rise solely from another body of ideas, irrespective of the personal and the social forces which shaped the thinker, and in obedience only to the laws of deductive logic.

Professor Hendel finds Plato the predominating influence upon Rousseau's thought. That Jean-Jacques was a platonist after a fashion would not be claimed by him as a discovery, but credit is due him for the careful manner in which he has traced the varied connections between master and disciple. The discipleship was never abject, and at times it seems paradoxical, as when we are informed that Rousseau finds sanction in Plato for his democratic ideas. But this he found because it was not Plato's metaphysics or even his articulate vision of the world that primarily attracted Rousseau. He went to the Greek mainly for inspiration, for moral propulsion and fundamental direction, and from Plato Rousseau derived the profound sense of the relation between educational, moral, and political matters which was perhaps the most important discovery of the greatest of the Greeks.

One might have expected an explicit treatment of those fundamental incoherences and confusions in Rousseau of which his critics have so frequently complained. It has been noted, for instance, that might remains the foundation of political obligation even for Rousseau, since his mystical "general will" turns

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out in actuality to be nothing but the will of the majority. This is a knotty problem, which it seems to the reviewer has not been adequately faced. Nor is this the only one. The superficial impression one gathers is that Rousseau was quite free from fundamental difficulties. But perhaps the reason why no attention was paid to them in an explicit fashion is that Professor Hendel does not take Jean-Jacques's importance to consist in his greatness as a systematic thinker, but rather in his having revealed the meaning and the force of certain germinal ideas, and in having cast them into forms which his age could use, whereas it is the work of methodical philosophers afterwards to explore them systematically. Professor Hendel's distinctive achievement has been to explore methodically and to give systematic presentation to Rousseau's ideas.

ELISEO VIVAS

Drama

The Actors Are Come

ADMIRERS of Gilbert and Sullivan have something new to talk about at last. For years their memories have been going back to that production of "Iolanthe" which Winthrop Ames staged in the long ago and which seems in retrospect about all that a production of such an opera should be. But if one may judge by its first offering, the D'Oyly Carte company now visiting this country at the Martin Beck Theater is quite capable of equaling even the memory of that now almost legendary "Iolanthe." It can sing, it can dance, and it can act. What is more, it can do all three at once, and this is exactly what the Gilbert and Sullivan operas somewhat unreasonably require. Ordinarily one must put up with a compromise, but no member of the present organization seems to ask any quarter. Every larynx is as agile as every pair of legs, and one would be hard put to it to decide whether the cadenzas or the jigs deserve the highest commendation.

To the Gilbert and Sullivan tradition the D'Oyly Carte company is, of course, what Bayreuth is to Wagner—the representative of a sort of apostolic tradition. The father of the present manager built the Savoy Theater, where the most successful of the works were first performed. To his son he handed down not only the blessing which he had received from the masters but also the original annotated prompt books and the orchestral score, which has never been printed—with the result, so it is said, that all other productions have to use a score approximately reconstructed from the piano version. Every piece of business is, we are assured, precisely what the dictatorial and irascible Gilbert approved, every nuance in strict accord with the original production. Nor does any of this piety seem to weigh upon the spirits of the performers as one naturally feared it might. To be reverently irresponsible and whimsical by strict rule sounds difficult. One might anticipate with dread something like the churchiness which so stultifies most performances of Shakespeare's plays. But if the members of the company are oppressed by the sense of being part of a National Institution they manage to hide the fact.

Looking back upon the performance as a whole, one can detect, perhaps, some of the characteristics for which long tradition is responsible. One remembers, for example, the easy and flowing movements by which the transitions are made from one grouping to another; the absence of those embarrassing moments, frequent in the half-impromptu performance with which we are most familiar, when a character who has finished a song or a dance seems to wonder just how he is going to get himself to that part of the stage where he needs must be if he is to make proper connection with the companions of his next

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escapade, vocal or pantomimic. But during the actual performance one is aware of nothing except the almost miraculous ease with which all the evolutions seem to be executed and the pleasant sense of security which comes from the assurance that even the best-remembered and favorite bits will more than come up to expectations. That suggests what is probably the best way of summarizing the superiority of the D'Oyly Carte performances. Ordinarily what one actually hears and sees needs to be assisted by one's imagination of what it might conceivably have been; in this case one is delighted to find a sprightliness and humor even beyond what had been imagined in one's most enthusiastic moments.

"The Gondoliers"—with which the company began its engagement—is a delightful piece without being quite the equal of the two or three supreme examples of the genius of the collaborators. However, the bill is to be changed twice weekly, and by the time this notice appears "Iolanthe" will just be giving way to "Pinafore."

Joseph Wood Krutch

Films

The Unregenerate Art

If the recent "The World Moves On" is a sample of the kind of thing that the League of Decency has in store for us, the prospects for the newest of the arts in the near future are anything but encouraging. From almost any adult point of view the picture is one of the most indecent exhibitions in a long time. And one refers not so much to the mawkish religious appeal in the last scene as to the same sort of dishonest romanticism of big-business values that this column objected to last spring in "The House of Rothschild." Here it is a family of international cotton merchants whose triumphal march through the ages is traced out for our edification. We assist at the founding of the firm in New Orleans at the beginning of the nineteenth century, when a pact is made that the "interests" of the family shall be placed above everything else. The impression is created that this declaration of loyalty constitutes about the noblest gesture of which the human spirit is capable. Almost immediately we are hurtled forward to the eve of the World War, when representatives of the various foreign branches of the family convene in New Orleans for the purpose of drinking another toast to the family. Much comic business is got out of the assorted nationalities, and the American heir, played in an obviously shamefaced manner by the ubiquitous Franchot Tone, of course falls in love with his beautiful English cousin. Following a brief and stereotyped war sequence, a cocktail party in a New York pent-house serves to reconstruct the jittery epoch of the twenties. The young cotton prince is riding high on the boom-time wave; he does not heed the warnings of his wife or those of one of his foreign cousins, who has somehow, in the meantime, acquired a priestly garb. Of course he is completely wiped out in the crash and returns to the ancestral home in New Orleans only to find everything in ruins. Not quite everything, however, for it suddenly occurs to his wife to point to a crucifix hanging over the mantel. And with this most literal *deux ex machina* the tawdry and unconvincing chronicle is brought to a close. One has taken the trouble to give so long a summary because it is all too likely that it is by means of such disingenuous subterfuges as these that Hollywood will attempt its regeneration during the coming season. Nothing in "The World Moves On" will bring a blush to the cheek of any maiden or cardinal. Its indecency is of another order—the sentimentalization of those values in American life from which the American public has been driven to seek relief in the uninhibited humors of James Cagney and the Junoesque curves of Mae West. But it is perhaps too much to expect that an organization calling itself the League of Decency should be concerned with the problem of decency in any serious sense.

It is pleasant to be able to turn to one or two new films which reveal no effort toward our immediate moral salvation. "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back" is much too sophisticated to do us either very much good or very much harm of a spiritual variety. How much the peculiar quality of the Bulldog Drummond pictures has depended on Ronald Colman's individual personality one cannot be certain, but it is to be noted that anything at all resembling it has been found only in those too rare pictures in which he appears. It is a quality which comes out of a very special gift for suggesting the ridiculous in even the most serious dramatic situations; and because such a gift, requiring as it does a certain detached intelligence, is so rare among screen actors, Ronald Colman must be counted among Hollywood's most priceless possessions.

"One More River" was not one of the late John Galsworthy's most respectable achievements in the novel-writing field. It suffered considerably from being at least the thirteenth retelling of the one story that he had to tell—the one about the beautiful and misunderstood woman who is rescued from a brutal husband by a sensitive young admirer. But so good are Diana Wynyard and Frank Lawton in the principal roles of the screen version that the old story takes on a new reality. It is almost as if it were impossible for this pair to give a poor performance even when dealing with second-rate material. The courtroom scenes in the picture are also rendered with a finer authenticity than the story deserves.

William Troy

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The Nation

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ON THE WITNESS STAND, before the Senate committee investigating the sale of munitions, the four du Ponts, members of the firm of E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company, testified that their business in the war years of 1914-18 paid an average dividend on common stock of 49 per cent. The total gross sales from 1915 through 1918 were $1,245,000,000. Profits on this sum amounted to $250,000,000. Irénée du Pont, doubtless speaking also for his two brothers and his cousin, expressed himself in most forcible language as of the opinion that the munitions industry should remain in private hands. Mr. du Pont does not, understandably enough, wish to inconvenience the goose that lays golden eggs in such large quantities. On the witness stand also, Colonel William N. Taylor, European representative for the du Pont Company, was disclosed as the author of a letter to his home office which contained a pretty bit of prophecy. He wrote on January 18, 1933: "There seems to be the beginning of a decided increase of activity in the ammunition business in Europe. The immediate cause of excitement is the possibility of revolution of the Croats in Serbia, which, if it takes place, will cause considerable trouble."

BUSINESS, in other words, was looking up. And the du Ponts, the Curtiss-Wrights, the manufacturers of poison gas and guns and bombs and all the rest were on the job. They were ready with bribes ("palm oil," "grease," "take care of," "fix," were some of the elegant circumlocutions to avoid the short and ugly word), they jumped in on both sides of a controversy (both Bolivia and Paraguay were customers of Curtiss-Wright), treaties and agreements between nations were scraps of paper to them (there were numerous efforts to sell to the countries involved in the Chaco dispute although the United States embargo on the sale of arms to the Chaco was in effect, and the du Ponts were aware that arms they sold and sent to Holland were designed for Germany in contravention of the Treaty of Versailles). In short, the disclosures which Senator Nye's committee is bringing forth every day make it perfectly clear that not only is the arms business a menace to the peace of the world but it is a dirty business in itself. Fortunately it is not necessary to find words to characterize it further. The words have been pungently supplied by one of its employees. In a letter to Owen Shannon of the Curtiss-Wright Company, dated December 27, 1933, Frank Sheridan Jonas, representing the Remington Arms Company and Federal Laboratories in South America, described the business in which he and his associates were engaged in the following terms:

> The Paraguay and Bolivia fracas appears to be coming to a termination, so business from this end is probably finished. We certainly are in one hell of a business, where a fellow has to wish for trouble so as to make a living, the only consolation being, however, that if we don't get the business someone else will. It would be a terrible state of affairs if my conscience started to bother me now.

And yet, with disclosures about this "hell of a business," requiring neither honor nor conscience, popping about once an hour, it has been decided, according to the New York *Herald Tribune,* to move the Senate hearings to a smaller room. *"The testimony,"* it seems, *"has not attracted as many spectators as had been expected"!* (The italics and the exclamation point belong to us.)

THAT BULL in the china shop of labor relations, Hugh Johnson, has lunged again. Choosing with unerring instinct the most delicate moment in the textile strike, hesitating not a second over the fact that an official board appointed by the President himself was busy preparing a report, the country's leading strike-breaker denounced the textile walkout, accused its leaders of bad faith, implied that they had unleashed the "forces of riot and rebellion," and reported that his heart was weeping for George Sloan. This is the second major strike in which the indescribable general, representing a supposedly neutral Administration, has declared himself in favor of the employers and given encouragement to their hysterical henchmen, the red-hunters. It is time that President Roosevelt let the workers know just how official General Johnson's strike-breaking speeches are, particularly in the present walkout, which is above all an NRA strike motivated by the faith of the workers in the New Deal. As for

Mr. Sloan, he stands in little need of General Johnson's tears. With the insolence of the well-fed he has presumed to say that "the vast majority of the workers in the cotton-textile industry have no dispute with their employers," and continues to repeat that the code raised hourly wage rates 70 per cent. An increase of 70 per cent in, say, Mr. Sloan's income would be impressive. For the cotton-textile worker, whose pay even in the era of prosperity was notoriously low, this grandiose figure represents an increase of 15 cents an hour, from (approximately) 22 to 37 cents; since June he has worked thirty hours a week or less. Such wages, combined with the stretch-out and other abuses, are not calculated to make satisfied workers, Mr. Sloan to the contrary notwithstanding. If further proof is needed of the poverty of the textile operative, particularly in the South, it is to be found in the fact that only a week after those on strike had received their final pay, 70 per cent increase and all, Joseph Shaplen reported in the New York *Times* that "thousands of strikers" were hungry and that "a good deal depended upon the ability of the strike organization to feed at least those families whose condition was described as 'desperate.'" Meanwhile employers and the authorities of the textile States prepare for violence by arming to the teeth, and the only persons seriously hurt in the spreading "riots" continue to be strikers.

WHATEVER THE OUTCOME of the national textile strike, and whatever friction develops between labor leaders and federal officials or among labor leaders themselves, no one can doubt that a new spirit of solidarity has gripped the rank and file of organized labor and that it is ready for the show-down that now appears inevitable. Even the most sanguine expectations of union leaders did not prepare them for the size and spontaneity of this walkout. Since the original strike call went out, we have witnessed the American Federation of Labor giving its support to the strikers—a rare enough action lately—a successful eighteen-hour general strike of all unions and 22,000 workers in Hazleton, Pennsylvania, and the walkout of several thousand hosiery workers in Philadelphia, despite existing contracts and against the wishes of their leaders. These things indicate a ferment not at the top but at the bottom of labor's forces. The Hazleton idea threatens to spread all through the Pennsylvania coal regions in an effort to close mills which are still operating. The strike has also brought other things not so encouraging, such as the calling out of the troops in several States, Rhode Island's fake red scare, and the drastic injunctions issued against Paterson silk dye workers forbidding even discussion of a strike. But these things are not new, while the solid labor front is.

ALTHOUGH THE RECENT CRAZE for Mexico and things Mexican has subsided, a returning traveler from that storied land has seen in action a labor technique which may provide an odd moment of speculation for gringo labor and industry alike. One of the problems developed by the present textile strike is that of federal administration of relief. Well, in Mexico our traveler learned that strikes may be lawful or unlawful, and that they are lawful when, according to the constitution, they "aim to bring about a balance between the various factors of production, and to harmonize the rights of capital and labor." (What more, despite Mr. Sloan and General Johnson, is the textile strike trying to do?) Also, in Mexico when an employer discharges a workman without proper cause or for having joined a union or taken part in a lawful strike, he must, at the option of the worker, either take him back without cavil or provide three months' wages as indemnity. If a strike is declared, workers have the right of embargo, at the discretion of a court of arbitration. Recently President Rodriguez settled a strike of thousands of workers at the Aguilla Oil Company, and one of the provisions was for payment of wages in full during the period of the strike, because it was lawful. The important thing about this Mexican set-up is that both labor and industry seem to be satisfied, and that while exorbitant demands on either side are given short shrift, just grievances receive careful consideration.

THE INDICTMENT of eleven directors of the New York Title and Mortgage Company marks the first attempt to punish the officers and directors of the title companies which fleeced the public of millions of dollars by the sale of so-called guaranteed first-mortgage certificates. After evading the issue for many months, District Attorney Dodge was literally forced to act by the three hundred thousand victims of the guaranteed-mortgage racket who have been demanding prosecution ever since the reprehensible practices of the title companies were revealed at the Moreland investigation in May. The certificate holders demanded action at that time, but District Attorney Dodge, who admitted that the evidence had been in his hands for several months, put them off by telling them that "certain legal technicalities" stood in the way of prosecution. The July grand jury in its investigation of the title companies charged the District Attorney with "lax presentation of evidence." Finally, on August 11, Mr. Dodge appointed three deputies who were "specialists in such matters" to make a thorough investigation. However, the certificate holders were not satisfied with this gesture and on September 6 they picketed the District Attorney's office. The next day Mr. Dodge announced that he had appointed Albert Unger Acting District Attorney so that he himself might devote his entire time to the investigation of the guaranteed-mortgage companies. Though the indictment of the New York Title and Mortgage Company directors has been obtained, the certificate holders should not relax their vigilance. Many lawyers believe that these directors should have been indicted for larceny, not for misdemeanors and felonies. In next week's issue of ***The Nation*** Harold Seidman will tell the whole sordid story of the guaranteed-mortgage racket.

THE DEFEAT of Josephine Roche in the Democratic primary by the present colorless Governor of Colorado is a misfortune not only for her State but for progress everywhere. It was a rare opportunity for the voters to obtain as the head of the party one who is entirely in accord with the spirit of the New Deal and remarkably fitted to govern the State from a different angle from that of the usual politician. It seems incredible that so true and tried a friend of labor could have lost, but the opposition to her on the part of big business and its press, coupled with a most regrettable prejudice against her sex, seems to have been sufficient to defeat her. Certainly every woman should have welcomed the chance to vote for one of her sex who has shown herself a most enlightened mine-owner, an efficient and humane corporation manager, and a pioneer in social progress. Instead, a mediocre Governor will contend in November with a Republican candidate of exactly similar type. The Governor gives a half-hearted support to the New Deal, while the Republican opposes it. If it is the privilege of every democracy to make sad mistakes, Colorado has most assuredly availed itself of that privilege.

POLAND'S ATTEMPT to denounce the minorities treaty which gives the League of Nations supervision over her racial minorities would win wide sympathy if she had shown some capacity for generosity to the non-Poles committed to her care. The issue raised by Foreign Minister Beck at Geneva is the now increasingly important one of equal status. Poland, flushed with the realization that she is a powerful state of thirty million inhabitants in the heart of Europe, wishes to wipe out the distinction between herself and other states whose minorities are not supervised by foreign authorities. The Polish Minister promised that the minorities should have as much protection without a treaty as with one. The promise will frighten minorities more than it will reassure the League. For, despite the League, Poland has oppressed, persecuted, and outraged many of her non-Polish subjects. The treatment of the Ukrainians, in particular, is one of the brutal chapters of recent European history. The League has not ventured to do much of anything about it. So long as France dominated the League and Poland was the ward of France, complaints against Poland could be easily muffled at Geneva. Poland's plea for equality presupposes that Poland has been mature and just to her minorities. In a sense the Versailles treaty put her on probation. Now to relieve Poland of her responsibility to the League for her treatment of minorities would be to reward her for her persistent disregard of her trust. Britain and France, also parties to the minorities treaty, quickly served notice that they would not tolerate a unilateral denunciation, and Poland is hardly likely to press her point to the logical conclusion of leaving the League.

POLAND'S ACTION made a sensation at Geneva because it set everyone to figuring whither Poland is heading, and stirred up much talk of a partnership between Poland and Germany. The talk is premature. Poland is not so much going somewhere as she is leaving somewhere. She is withdrawing from the alliance with France and setting herself up as an independent unit, unallied with any group. The advent of Hitler, with his promise of restoring Germany to her former strength and influence in the world, made Poland's position as an ally of France somewhat doubtful. France's influence had been waning, and it was an increasing gamble whether the French people would ever want to support Poland in a purely local quarrel with Germany. Poland, too, wanted far more capital than Paris cared to lend. The Poles saw themselves destined more and more to take care of themselves. Just after Hitler came to power Warsaw was ready for a preventive war against Germany. Paris was not. It was the last chance to keep the Franco-Polish alliance alive. Poland turned her back on France, signed a pact of non-aggression with Germany, assured herself of the unchallenged possession of the Corridor for ten years, and began posturing like an adult nation. When political students said that Poland had drifted into the orbit of Germany, Warsaw denied it. Even when Hitler's man, Dr. Rosenberg, sought to lure Poland with a slice of the Russian Ukraine, Warsaw argued that Poland had nothing to gain from lying between a strengthened Germany and a weakened Russia. This still remains the Polish thesis. If Poland only had the innate strength she might well maintain a position of neutrality between Germany and Russia, playing off one against the other as a buffer state must do. The danger is that the drawing power of Germany will prove irresistible.

THE ANALYSIS of the vote cast for Hitler at the recent election shows that the highest percentage—except in the internment camps, which usually went 100 per cent for the man responsible for the imprisonment of those voting—was in Rhenish Bavaria, the Palatinate, with 96.6 per cent. This is really astounding, for the Palatinate is overwhelmingly Catholic, and one might have thought that in view of the murder of a Catholic leader, the protests of the Pope, and the admirable philippics of Cardinal Faulhauber, there would have been a marked dissent. Even in East Prussia, where one would have expected an almost solid vote because the East Prussians feel cut off from the Reich and bound to show their fidelity to it at every opportunity, the vote was but 95.9 per cent. In Upper Bavaria, which is again overwhelmingly agricultural and Catholic, the pro-Hitler vote dropped to 90.9 per cent, while in Lower Bavaria it was 92.6 per cent. The lowest vote for Hitler was cast in Berlin with 81.5 per cent, in contrast to "red Dresden" where the vote was made to come to 91.9 per cent. Cologne and Aix gave 81.8 per cent, the next lowest to Berlin. Of course the question remains of just how many of these figures were faked. An able expatriate thinks the number of protestants was probably between ten and eleven million. All this is but guesswork. At the same time it is inconceivable that the 22,000,000 former Socialist and Communist voters have gone over to their enemies to the extent of three-quarters of their number. Meanwhile it is interesting to note that Dr. Goebbels, who said that the increase of a single no vote would be a bad blow to Germany's standing abroad, has not peeped since the election, and that Hitler's promised campaign to dragoon every protestant into line does not yet seem to have begun.

THE LAST YEARS of Catherine Breshkovsky represent one of the tragic casualties of the Russian Revolution. After working and suffering all through her adult life to bring about the end of tyranny in her native country, after hurrying joyously back from exile in Siberia in 1917 at the age of seventy-four to greet the overthrow of the Czar and the triumph of Kerensky, Breshkovsky found the tides of revolution sweeping into power a new absolutism—the rule of the Bolsheviks. To the old revolutionist the dictatorship of the proletariat was as objectionable as that of the Czar. She considered Lenin and his followers traitors to the cause of freedom and democracy, and tools of the Germans. She left Russia and has since lived in Czecho-Slovakia, an exile from both her country and her cause. The "Little Grandmother" of the revolution became one of its abused stepchildren. It was her lot to be always in the opposition; a humanitarian and a liberal born into a time and a country ruled by ruthless forces, first of reaction and then of revolution.

From California to Maine

MAINE has added its surprise to the astonishment of Upton Sinclair's nomination in California. Much of the intrinsic importance of the Congressional campaign is already lost in the certainty about its outcome. What remains to be seen in November is how small is the concession which the Democrats must make to the normal swing-back of the political pendulum. They expect to lose from twenty-five to thirty members in the House of Representatives and to gain a few, perhaps six, in the Senate. Their hold in the new Congress will be as sure as in the old. The Republicans never hoped to recapture more than eighty or ninety seats in the House; since the Maine election they can hardly aspire to more than fifty. The Democrats figured they could lose two Congressional seats in Maine, and by that indication still keep a safe majority in the country as a whole. Instead they won two. Our Washington letter points out that the Democrats stand every chance of exceeding a normal expectancy in November. It also calls attention to the significant fact that the mid-term elections have always given an unfailing forecast of the popular vote in the Presidential election to follow. The Republicans sent a number of national speakers into Maine and spent a good deal of money. They were determined to show the country that there was a great recession in the feeling for the President, and that they could take heart all over the country, both as to the results this year and two years hence. The outcome makes them look very small indeed.

It was too much to hope that Senator Hale would be defeated in Maine for a fourth term. But it would have been a blessing if this small-minded, imperialistic, and big-navy Senator could have been retired to private life. He adds nothing to the dignity or the value of the Senate. There is better hope of getting rid of Simeon Fess in Ohio, but the chance of defeating Senator Robinson in Indiana, something also greatly to be desired, seems not so good as it seemed three months ago. It will be surprising if the Democrats hold their own in that State, where a Democratic governor has been a serious disappointment, notably in tinkering with State institutions.

In New York, surprisingly enough, the Republicans in revolt from the leadership of W. Kingsland Macy, the State chairman, instead of selecting James W. Wadsworth for the governorship have offered the honor to New York City's vigorous park commissioner, Robert Moses. Among New York Republicans are three men who are being mentioned for the Presidency, not one of them qualified for the office. These men are Wadsworth, Congressman Bertrand H. Snell, and Ogden Mills. Inconspicuous as Snell is, his friends really believe that he has a chance. They argue that the nomination must go to New York if Roosevelt is to be beaten, and that Wadsworth and Mills will kill each other off. They actually imagine Snell being acclaimed as the leader and savior of the Republican Party!

As for Wadsworth, who will support Moses while pursuing his own candidacy for Congress, he entered politics at twenty-seven, a man of personal attractiveness, bearing a historic name—his grandfather fell in the Wilderness as a major general and his father had been a Congressman for years—and it seemed that a great political career lay before him. In 1905 he became Speaker of the Assembly, ended the graft in connection with that office for the first time in a generation, and showed real talent as a parliamentarian. But in two years politics "got him." Personally honest, his influence in Albany could have been little different if he had been the worst of the political crooks who then dominated the State organization and lined their own pockets at every opportunity. To his credit it must be said that he showed courage in coming out early for the defeat of prohibition, and refused to yield under pressure on this and other issues. But that Jim Wadsworth should be considered by anybody as a fit candidate to defeat Franklin Roosevelt is almost inconceivable. The President is fortunate indeed in his adversaries.

In South Carolina is to be marked a change from Southern traditions. Olin Johnson, who began his career as a sweeper in a cotton mill, did not hesitate to exploit this fact and to indorse organized labor in his campaign, at a time when the textile strike had aroused much public hostility. He won the nomination for governor in the second, or run-off, primary. The majority of legislative candidates were also pro-labor. Johnson's platform was chiefly of local interest, with such planks as three-dollar automobile license tags, fairer treatment for teachers in the public schools, the subordination of the highway commission to State authority, and exemption from taxation of small homes and farms. The outstanding "aristocrat" in the first primary, J. C. Sheppard, was the one candid anti-labor candidate, and he was snowed under.

The result of the Colorado primary (to which we refer in a special paragraph) and the increase of the Republican vote in the Michigan primary are offset by the gain in the number of Democratic voters in many other States. Some swing-back is unavoidable. Even in November, 1898, after a successful foreign war, the large Republican majority of 1896 was severely cut in the normal reaction against the party in power. But it is obvious that the Republicans have not begun to recover from their disaster of two years ago. What is still more serious, they show no sign of having learned anything from that experience, except for the single instance of the Moses nomination. If the Republicans dream of coming back to power as the conservative party in America they might devote themselves to a thoughtful study of the Conservative Party of Great Britain. We hold no brief for British conservatism, but it does understand that leadership in an industrial democracy cannot ignore the need of a social fabric strong enough to bear the strain of a depression. British Tories would not gloss over, as have the Republicans, the evasion of trusteeship by those controlling the concentrated financial power of the nation. Part of Tory political philosophy, too, has been nourished by the humanity of Disraeli. The novels of that statesman would make more instructive reading for Republicans in search of a campaign victory than the recent literary outpourings of Herbert Hoover.

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Majority Rule

LABOR must be protected in its rights of self-organization. The President's interpretation of Section 7-a must be upheld. Rationalizing its behavior by appealing to both of these lofty ideals, the National Association of Manufacturers offers comfort and aid to any employer who wishes to fight majority rule in collective bargaining. Specifically, it stands ready to encourage court tests directed against the theory of industrial relations set forth by the National Labor Relations Board in the Houde decision. Here, it will be recalled, the board held that one and only one labor organization—that chosen by the majority of the workers as representative—was entitled to execute the collective agreement on behalf of the employees. Further, the board ruled that the employer—acting in "good faith"—was obliged to negotiate with the majority representative toward the consummation of such an agreement.

Only the tender-minded will accept at face value the manufacturers' arguments directed against majority rule. It would be strange if our open-shop employers were overnight possessed of a solicitous sympathy lest their workers be done out of the right of collective bargaining. Also, if Messrs. Emery and Gall intrench themselves behind theories attributed to the President, they do so because these theories appear helpful to their clients, and not because these theories incorporate ultimate truth and justice. In short, the N. A. M. resists majority rule because the N. A. M. opposes collective bargaining except as an abstract right suspended in a vacuum. By giving in to the principle, as stated in the Houde decision, anti-union employers would in effect grant workers the power to determine standards of pay and working conditions. And we may reasonably assume that most employers will never by their own volition grant such power.

Reduced to simplest terms, collective bargaining implies that the terms of the wage bargain are set by a formal agreement, the outcome of negotiations between representatives of employees and management. Two conditions are necessary to its fulfilment. First, the employer must be inspired by a will to agree. In the language of the Railway Labor Act—language to which most of the labor boards now extant have had recourse—every reasonable effort must be exerted to make and maintain collective agreements. Second, there must be a determined representative of the employees with whom the management can strike the bargain. Where two or more labor organizations claim to be representative, the obvious solution is to decide the issue by a referendum. Elections of this kind, trade union opposed to company union in most cases, are the formula for initiating collective bargaining first evolved by the National Labor Board, and since then pursued by the National Labor Relations Board, the Railway Mediation Board, the Petroleum Labor Policy Board, the Divisional Bituminous Coal Labor Boards, and the National Steel Labor Relations Board.

In calling for elections each such board has come out for majority rule. The precedent was set in the National Labor Board's Denver Tramway decision last spring. Here it was decided that a trade union elected by the majority of the workers was exclusively authorized to negotiate the collective bargain, and that the terms of the bargain should apply to all employees, union members or not. The uniformity with which the labor boards have applied majority rule cannot be explained as a mere transfer of homely, familiar political concepts to a new context of industrial relations. Once granted that collective bargaining is made quick and alive in the collective agreement, it is doubtful that collective bargaining is possible at all in the absence of majority rule. On the one hand, if no one labor organization is authorized to conclude the bargain, this simplifies evasion and sidestepping by employers determined never to make such contracts with any labor organization. On the other hand, if many labor organizations are authorized to conclude separate bargains, this opens the way to a plurality of agreements differing as to terms.

Unfortunately, in the automobile settlement of last March 25 the President did not see eye to eye with his boards on majority rule. Taking into account the balance of opposing forces, Mr. Roosevelt conceived of collective bargaining implemented by a vaguely defined works council on which there would be proportional representation of majority and minority, trade-union and company-union groups. So far as the settlement was based on principles rather than on strategic exigencies, the principles were those elaborated by Messrs. Johnson and Richberg. Each and every employee group forms an autonomous entity for collective bargaining. Each and every employee group is entitled to conclude its own agreement, if any. But the automobile settlement did not commit the government to an official doctrine of collective bargaining. What doctrinal elements it contained have long since been negatived by virtually all the boards established for the purpose of construing and applying Section 7-a.

David Lamson

IN the death row at San Quentin, California, is a young man less than thirty years old to whom the processes of American justice must present a weird, ironic, dreadful face. He has been in the death house for a year, and is now awaiting the results of an appeal for a new trial. The crime for which he was convicted is the murder of his young wife. There is ample reason to believe that he is innocent.

David Lamson, a graduate of Stanford University in 1925, was sales manager for the Stanford Press in May, 1933. His wife, Allene, also a graduate of the university, was the secretary of the local Y. W. C. A. The Lamsons were the ordinary type of educated, mannerly, intelligent young people that one would expect to find in a university community. They had a two-year-old daughter. They lived in a small house with a garden. Their diversions were spending evenings with their friends, dancing, taking part in amiable conversation, probably going to the movies now and then. Lamson, by the testimony of his friends, was not a drinking man, although he took a cocktail or a glass of wine at dinner parties sometimes. He did not keep liquor in his home. He did smoke a pipe and cigarettes. There is no indication that he had any bad habits, that he owed money, behaved improperly, or was other than a tender and considerate husband and father. There is a great deal of specific testimony on his good character and his devotion to his wife. There is no testimony, aside from a very small amount of completely irresponsible gossip, to indicate anything else.

On Memorial Day, 1933, according to the story of the defense, Lamson, who had been burning rubbish in the yard, went into the house about nine o'clock and found his wife dead in the bathroom. She had bled to death from a wound in the back of her head; she was lying half out of the bathtub, with her head hanging down. Lamson, in his desperation and terror, tried to lift her up, getting himself covered with blood in the process, and then ran out for help. Neighbors came in at once, the police in about a quarter of an hour. From the first the police officers suspected him of having murdered her. His account of what happened after he found her and of just how he found her was incoherent and confused, which was exactly what it would have been if her death had been accidental, as the defense contends. Measurements of the bathroom and careful observation of the plentiful bloodstains found there and in other parts of the house—Lamson carried a trail of blood with him when he went for help—indicate with the highest probability that Mrs. Lamson slipped in the tub, hit her head on the faucets of the washbasin, fell in a faint, and died from loss of blood. This is made more likely by Lamson's explanation that she had suffered from indigestion the night before, was still feeling weak so that he had had to help her into the bathroom before he went out to the rubbish fire, and was subject to fainting spells. The prosecution's story is that Lamson, because she had resisted his love-making the previous night, became infuriated with her, beat her to death with a piece of lead pipe, took the pipe out into the yard and put it in the rubbish pile—where, indeed, a piece of lead pipe was found along with a lot of other trash—and was able to maintain the utmost composure in conversation with his neighbors until the time when he went in and pretended to discover the body.

Even from this brief outline, it is obvious that the defense presented the only plausible explanation of the death. Yet not only the police but the prosecuting attorney seemed immediately convinced that a dastardly murder had been committed, inexplicable by any knowledge of Lamson's character or his relations with his wife, amply testified to by their mutual friends. Moreover, the case was taken up by the yellow press as a sensational sex story, Lamson was made out a pervert and adulterer (the allegation being that he was the father of a child by their nursemaid, who almost immediately married the man she claimed as the father), and the defense was given almost no opportunity to present its theory of how Mrs. Lamson met her death, although the story of the prosecution, equally circumstantial, was given to the last improbable detail. The trial judge, by his exclusion of defense testimony and by his charge to the jury, made his own bias against Lamson clear.

The whole story is a macabre nightmare, involving the ruin, both financial and spiritual, of a family and, unless the Court of Appeals grants a new trial, the hanging of a man about whose guilt there is much more than reasonable doubt. Yet it involves more than this, for such a disaster might overtake any of us who became, by some hideous accident, caught in the impersonal talons of the law. A pamphlet by Yvor Winters and Frances Theresa Russell, both members of the Stanford faculty, gives the defense story in considerable detail. Possibly a widespread public protest might help. And it would help not only David Lamson in San Quentin but every person who might find himself in like case.

Bending the Bough

ON more than one occasion we have been intrigued by references made here and there to "Motion Picture Appreciation" as an item in the curricula of American schools and colleges. In his acid study of our universities Abraham Flexner paused a moment to wonder just what the content of such courses might be, and we hasten to inform him, as well as others interested, that we need wonder no longer now that English Monograph Number 2, published by the National Council of Teachers of English, has appeared under the title "Photoplay Appreciation in American High Schools." The method employed is described at length and the discussion is supplemented by an elaborate statistical analysis of the results achieved.

Our intrepid investigators were, of course, faced with the difficulty which confronts all who attempt to make scientific measurements of phenomena for which no yardstick exists. It is, to be specific, hard to gauge an increased preference for "good movies" unless one can find out what a "good movie" is. This difficulty was hastily leaped over by means of the somewhat dangerous assumption that a poll of teachers' opinions on the "best photoplays of the year" would be conclusive, and that the improvement in the pupils' taste could be scientifically measured by the increase in its tendency to coincide with that of the teachers. From this point, however, the most critically rigid methods were used. The experiment was conducted on a nation-wide scale, and control groups which received no instruction were set up to correspond roughly to those guinea pigs which are allowed to pine vitaminless away while their better-fed companions grow sleek.

What were the results? Briefly, they were stupendous, and we can give only a dim idea of their importance by citing a few miscellaneous facts. For instance: the percentage of students who discussed films with their friends rose from 50.9 to 77.9; the percentage of those who made a habit of "seeing whether the story is by a good author," rose from 44.8 to 59.5; and the percentage of those who, before selecting a picture, asked teacher about it jumped from 3.9 to 14.3—which, as the authors of the report point out, represents an "extraordinary gain" of 267.6 per cent. Other results were hardly less gratifying. Before the course only two in ten could recall "a screen character to be admired for honesty," only four in ten a character to be admired for devotion to duty, and only four in ten, also, one to be admired for bravery; after instruction the proportions rose, respectively, to five in ten, five in ten, and six in ten.

Individual reactions were equally gratifying. After seeing that tasteful and reverent masterpiece "The Sign of the Cross," an eleventh-grade girl in Memphis "went to church on a week night"; seeing "The Conquerors" made an impressionable pupil in Newport News "more friendly to bank officials"—but here, perhaps, we had better pause before the question whether or not this ingenuous youth ought or ought not to feel more friendly to bank officials raises the general question of whether or not it is safe to try to mold taste and opinions before coming to some conclusion concerning what they should be molded into. We have not the National Council's simple faith that to be more like teacher is inevitably and without question to be by just so much improved.

Burlingame Public Library Burlingame, Cal.

Issues and Men

The Morro Castle and After

THAT the Morro Castle disaster has humiliated as well as horrified Americans everywhere is obvious. No longer can we talk about what happened on the French liner La Bourgogne when the crew knocked down women and children and saved themselves. No longer can we speak of the Vestris or the Titanic as evidence of the decay of organization and seamanship in the British merchant marine.

Let no man be misled by the talk of red plots and the firing of the ship. Why should some human devil in Havana, if there was such, or on the ship, wait until the vessel was within twenty miles of New York harbor and safety before setting fire to it? The second officer, Mr. Hackney, testified that when he entered the writing-room he saw flames issuing from the ceiling. As Captain Felix Riesenberg has pointed out in an article written for the North American Newspaper Alliance: "Cigarettes do not set ceilings on fire." The watchman, too, testified that he first saw smoke rising from a ventilator above the midship section—not from the writing-room stationery closet. Captain Riesenberg and Captain Evans, formerly head of the United States Shipping Board schools, unite in their belief that the fire was electrically started. They point out that the ship's lighting system failed all over the vessel a few minutes—some say five, some say fifteen—after the discovery of the fire. This is proved by the facts that the electric steering gear failed, putting the ship out of control, the electrically operated whistle ceased to function, the telephones went dead, the engine-room was in darkness, and most important, so far as the saving of passengers was concerned, the electric fire alarm went out of business. Some further light may yet be thrown upon this breakdown—which also affected seriously the work of the chief wireless operator—if additional testimony can be brought out as to just what happened in the engine-room, to which, be it noted, the chief engineer did not go after being aroused, preferring to rescue himself rather than to do what the chief wireless operator did—stay at his post until he began to burn.

What makes this explanation the more likely is that there have been a number of similar fires on other vessels. This is not an isolated case. In fact, a majority of the casualties on sea-going vessels are now declared to be due to fire. A parallel case is that of the French luxury liner Georges Phillippar, which burned in the Gulf of Aden two years ago, with great loss of life. The new French steamer L'Atlantique burned mysteriously in the Channel with only her crew on board. Then, too, there were charges of sabotage, of Communist plots. When the official investigation was made, the authorities could not confirm any of these stories, but had to admit that the origin of the fire must remain a mystery for all time because of the complete inner destruction of the ship. There were two fires on the Bermuda, of the Furness Line, one in Hamilton, Bermuda, the other when she was in dock at Belfast, Ireland, the second resulting in her complete destruction. Again, there were rumors of sabotage, and again nothing whatever was brought out to sustain the charge. The North German Lloyd's Europa was swept by fire in the twinkling of an eye before she was completed. It is obvious from this record alone that fire is the chief peril which confronts the modern ship captain.

Accepting a fault in the electric wiring as explanation of the origin of the Morro Castle fire, the most striking fact is that the automatic fire detector, which is supposed instantly to report a conflagration to the bridge, did not work on that ship. But if it had worked, and if the fire alarm supposed to be in each stateroom had worked, it must be set down as extremely dubious whether, even with an entirely competent crew, an experienced captain in charge, and all the officers at their stations, heavy loss of life could have been prevented. The reason for this is the craze to make of the modern luxury liner not a ship but a floating hotel, decorated, like so many of our city caravansaries, with heavy hangings, wooden partitions of a flimsy character, costly paneling, heavy carpets, everything calculated to create the illusion that the passenger is in a floating Waldorf-Astoria, and everything bound to offer the best possible opportunity for the spread of flames once a fire has started. The Morro Castle, fine ship that she was, was one of the worst examples of this. These coastwise ships are not as heavily and carefully built, so far as the superstructure is concerned, as transatlantic liners. The Morro Castle had an enormous amount of costly walnut and mahogany paneling even in the staterooms, and none of this wood was fireproofed, as the woodwork in some of the newer ships, for example, those of the Export Line, is fireproofed. Everything was there that could possibly have been supplied to make the spread of the flames as rapid as possible.

All of this is, of course, no excuse for the disorganization of the crew, for the obvious uncertainty of the acting captain as to what he should do. The report of the second wireless operator that he could not get any orders from the bridge where the officers were "running around," and that the SOS signals were sent out, or at least the CQ stand-by signal, without authority from the captain, a procedure which is absolutely forbidden under heavy penalty by wireless regulations, shows that the unfortunate acting captain, placed in a doubly terrible position by the sudden death of the captain and the breaking out of the fire, did not have in him the stuff of which a great ship's commander or a hero is made. I was much struck by the testimony that the acting captain gave when asked if he had given the command to lower the boats. He answered that he had by word of mouth from the bridge. There was at that time nothing else that he could do, but how far did his voice carry in that storm with the rain pouring down, with the ship divided in half by the midships fire, the passengers, some of them at least, crowding the decks, and the crew busily engaged in getting away in the boats? Obviously what these liners need is the simple device used in every modern hospital by which a telephone operator can call any doctor, wherever he may be, by the monotonous grinding out of his name through loudspeakers on every floor until the doctor replies. A device by which orders given from the bridge could be heard along the life-boat deck and the deck below, from which passengers are put into the boats on many of the ships, would seem to be very much in order. Then there should be portholes large enough for passengers to crawl through. But beyond that, President Roosevelt is right in indicating his belief that Congress at its next session will legislate for the fireproofing of the living quarters, notably the assembly rooms, of the liners. If the Export Line can fireproof the woods that it uses without affecting their appearance, other lines can do the same.

But let us return to the human material. No one can read the testimony of the navigating officers without being struck by the fact that they were men of little education; several of them could not talk grammatical English. Upon the stand they did not make the impression of men of fine quality. There is the case of the captain of the President Cleveland. Six of his officers do not wish to serve under him any longer. Although he was only twelve or fourteen miles away from the Morro Castle at 3:50 a.m. and his ship makes eighteen knots an hour, he did not reach her until 5:20, and after arriving he took forty-eight minutes to lower her first life boat. The testimony as to the friction between several departments on the Morro Castle is not surprising in view of the way his ship was worked—all passenger ships are now worked. It used to be considered necessary for every vessel to have at least a week in port between trips. The pressure for tonnage during the World War, and the economic distress since, have made owners turn their steamers around in very short time and send them to sea again. The Morro Castle was to have left the very day of her arrival.

It has been testified that the stewards, among whom there was a considerable turnover, were dissatisfied because they were lucky to get six hours' leave when they were in port. The stewards are always the hardest-worked people on the boats. A steward on the sister ship of the Morro Castle stated recently that it was not surprising that he and his mates drank when they had a chance to do so, because they were being worked eighteen hours a day. In the case of the Bremen and Europa, which make more voyages in a year than any other Atlantic ships, the line provides reliefs for officers and heads of departments so that each officer gets a full month's vacation. Otherwise they would not be able to stand the dreadful grind of being in port only twenty-four hours before being sent to sea again. The stewards get no such relief, I believe. More than that, in those trades in which there are slack seasons, stewards and stewardesses are put "on the beach" the instant, for example, the summer traffic falls off. The men so laid off from the English ships go on the dole.

I note with sorrow that President Roosevelt has abandoned another of the historic positions of his party, namely, his opposition to ship subsidies, which in the 80's and 90's were advocated only by the Republicans, notably President Harrison, and announces again that he is convinced that we have got to have subsidies to support our merchant marine—another form of indefensible and perverted nationalism and big-navy mania. Well, if he does put this through he ought to insist that no line shall draw one dollar of government money that does not treat all members of the crew like human beings. There are some American lines today that are paying their able seamen only $30 a month, and of course every crew is engaged for the voyage and may be set ashore at any moment without recourse. But even the seamen are better off by far than the unfortunate stewards. Lord Byron once wrote in an appeal for the under-dog in England of "the wretched mechanic who is famished to death." Would that some Lord Byron could get up and state the case of some of these poor men who go down to the sea in ships!

Oswald Garrison Villard

The Rout of Republicanism

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

Washington, September 17

HERE are some of the things being said about the political campaign:

The Republicans bitterly regret that they are not proving to be the party of business, receiving the active support of just ordinary business men. Local communities want so much from Congress and the Administration in the way of help and cooperation that organizations of local business men are supporting the Democratic candidate for Congress. They do this frankly on the ground that a Democrat can get more out of Washington than a Republican.

The real motive behind the formation of the American Liberty League was not to influence the present campaign, but to make certain that the Republican Party for the next two years would remain under reactionary control. The league is attempting to determine the issue on which the next Presidential election will be fought.

The one outside chance the Republicans see for themselves in two years is that the President will be washed away by the "wild men" in the new Congress and will not be able to prevent inflation; or, if he succeeds in preventing it, that he will be able to finance his gigantic program only through a capital levy or by taxation of staggering weight. They believe the country might then swing back to their particular brand of "orthodoxy."

Jim Farley has now publicly committed four mistakes in political judgment. He intervened to defeat LaGuardia in New York City; he backed Clem Shaver against Holt in West Virginia; he backed George Creel against Upton Sinclair in California; he backed West against Donaghey and White in Ohio. Only in Ohio was his man more liberal than the man who beat him. Friends of the President explain his loyalty to his national chairman on the ground that he will be needed to hold conservative Democrats in line in the next Presidential election.

The Hoover articles in the ***Saturday Evening Post*** and the formation of the American Liberty League are making votes for the New Deal. Maine was the first proof. By joining the Liberty League Al Smith became nearly as archaic, politically, as Hoover.

The outcome of the November elections is conceded by Republicans in all but their formal utterances. Their most comfortable explanation is to quote Al Smith that "people don't shoot Santa Claus." They talk of the mass bribery of the electorate. This is not good political argument unless it implies that the Republicans in power would be less generous in giving relief than the Democrats. The real basis of Democratic strength is that in addition to their normal support they have all or nearly all the farm and labor vote. To win in 1936 the Republicans would have to recapture the farmers and at least half of industrial labor.

One sagacious political writer explained last week why in the nature of things there can be no clear party line in this country between liberals and conservatives. The Republicans, he said, maintained power by an alliance between capitalism in the East and agriculture in the West. Farmers, he explained, are not naturally radical and only become so when broke. Just as soon as farmers begin to make money again they will run out of their alliance with labor. Any permanently liberal party would depend on this alliance.

But farmers will not be prosperous until they find a way of making a profit from the home market alone. In years past the American wheat fields raised crops for foreign buyers, and America could pay in wheat for the capital it had borrowed abroad, as well as in cotton, tobacco, and copper. Today America is not in debt to Europe, and the only way to dispose of a wheat surplus would be to lend capital which ultimately would reach wheat-consuming countries.

The largest foreign food market is Great Britain, not a borrowing country, which must take wheat from Canada, Australia, and the Argentine in repayment of British investments in those lands. Other potential food markets are the industrial countries—Germany, Italy, Czecho-Slovakia, France, Japan. They are not likely to borrow money to buy American wheat, and the European countries have vastly reduced their foreign needs by stimulating home production. Only a few years ago scientists were worked up over the menace of a world-wide food shortage within a generation. They were seeing one of the strangest mirages yet visualized by experts.

If all that is hindering a permanent farmer-labor alliance is the early prospect of old-fashioned farm prosperity, the alliance can safely proceed. It could count on nearly a generation of fruitful life, a long time for any political alliance.

President Roosevelt, however, shirks a straight issue between liberalism and conservatism. He did it in his campaign two years ago; he is repeating the same strategy this fall. He continues to pitch his voice on two levels, oftener up on the radical pitch, but sometimes down. His Green Bay speech, the keynote address of the present campaign, was most of it kept in the radical register. It was even more radical, I am told, than Professor Raymond Moley wanted it to be. Evidently the President was intuitively better aware of what might happen in California and Maine than the often very perceptive professor. But the Green Bay speech contained this paragraph:

> This government intends no injury to honest business. The processes we follow in seeking social justice do not in adding to general prosperity take from the one and give to the other. In this modern world the spreading out of opportunity ought not to consist of robbing Peter to pay Paul. We are concerned with more than mere subtraction and addition. We are concerned with the multiplication of wealth through cooperative action—wealth in which all can share.

If this means anything it means that the redistribution of wealth is not to be sought by a system of taxation weighing still more heavily on those now able to bear it. For that would be taking from one and giving to another. Only newly created wealth is to be more justly distributed.

The speech is a neat example of the Roosevelt technique. The left-wing New Dealer will praise it because it says that the New Deal has come to stay. The conservative Democrat will ask you to take particular note of the paragraph quoted above. "That" he will say, "is the really important passage."

The fall campaign is being fought over the issue of leadership and not over a concise, unequivocal program. One might think that America, a mature democracy, might be voting for a program, not simply for a gifted and winsome man. What is wanted, with peculiar justification since the results in Maine and California, is a clear choice between liberalism and conservatism. The liberal alliance between worker and farmer on the one hand and the people everywhere who want a better social order is potentially in being.

Two years ago Roosevelt swept into power after a noncommittal campaign. His victory represented in the main a revolt against Republicanism and a demand for action of another inspiration. The campaign this autumn is the President's first opportunity to appeal to voters not in revolt, and to obtain their soberly bestowed mandate for a precise policy. Instead, the appeal is for indorsement of the general spirit of the Administration, its energy, and its abstract pledge to govern for the common good. After two years of extemporization which have thrown up such striking contradictions as—to name for instance—General Johnson and Lloyd Garrison—no attempt is being made to draft a long-term program which is consistent throughout and on which the public can express itself.

The President may be waiting to be precise in two years. Certainly the present vagueness is politically safe. Only wishful thinking moves any Republican to count on capturing more than fifty seats in Congress in November. The normal swing-back in the mid-term elections works out at seventy-nine seats, I am told. The Republicans will not do even as well as the average party in the opposition. They must concede their rout before the votes are cast.

Mid-term elections throughout American history have given an unfailing forecast of the Presidential election which followed. As went the mid-term election so went the Presidential election. The forecast was falsified only once, in the mid-term election before the Hayes-Tilden campaign; Tilden subsequently polled the greater popular vote, only to lose the Presidency in the Electoral College. To defeat Roosevelt in two years the Republicans must first see the swiftest profound change of political opinion ever witnessed in this country.

[*Mr. Swing contributes a regular weekly letter from Washington.*]

Sanctified Birth Control

By DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

THE belief that every woman has a "safe" or a sterile period in her monthly cycle has been an old wives' tale since time immemorial. A comparatively small number of women have proved by the trial-and-error method that they have such a period. But the great majority who have relied upon the nineteenth-century conception of the "safe period" have found that it is not safe, and the theory itself, as dogmatically enunciated, has had limited scientific standing. Within the past few years, however, researches have been published which have aroused much discussion in medical circles, while popular books recommending the "safe period" to the laity have been brought out both here and abroad by Roman Catholic authors with ecclesiastical sanction.

These books frankly accept the necessity for some sort of control. "The problem of family limitation is an intensely real and personal one today," says the Reverend John A. O'Brien, in his "Legitimate Birth Control According to Nature's Law," a small book which carries the imprimatur of Bishop Noll of Fort Wayne, Indiana. "There is unemployment," Father O'Brien concedes, "lack of sufficient means to provide food and clothing for the children already born, worry over the prospect of even greater economic privation and suffering, and at times the depletion of the mother's vitality and strength from a recent childbirth." "There is no obligation," he continues liberally, "on any couple to beget any specific number of children, much less to give birth to the largest possible number." Going farther he recognizes that "even within the Catholic fold the use of contraceptives is much more widespread than most of us are willing to admit." Writing in the same mood, the Reverend Joseph Reiner, in an introduction to "The Rhythm of Sterility and Fertility," by Dr. Leo J. Latz of Loyola University, Chicago, admits that "the advances which the heresy of birth control have made within a decade are terrifying." Father Reiner rejoices, therefore, that a new discovery of medical science "shows us a way out of the difficulty without a compromise of principle."

The "safe period" has been recognized for some time by the Roman Catholic church as an ethical alternative to "immoral and unnatural" means of birth control. Pope Pius XI said in his Encyclical on "Christian Marriage," issued on December 31, 1931: "Nor must married people be considered to act against the order of nature if they make use of their rights according to sound and natural reason, even though no new life can thence arise on account of circumstances of time or the existence of some defect. . . ." With the words "circumstances of time," Pope Pius XI put the papal seal on a church doctrine that was already well established. In 1880, at a time when the birth-control movement was gaining headway on the Continent as well as in England, the Sacred Penitentiary laid down that "the confessor is allowed with prudence to suggest this practice [that is, limiting marital relations to the "safe period"] to those couples whom he has in vain endeavored by the use of other means to draw away from the hateful crime of onanism." At this juncture the Catholics were alarmed by a German doctor's invention in 1882 of a mechanical contraceptive device for women. Accordingly, in 1883 a Roman Catholic Hollander, a Dr. Capellman, published his "Pastoral Medizin," in which he advised family limitation by means of the "safe period." Although Capellman had no scientific data to go on, he counseled women that "exact observance of abstinence from the fourteenth full day until within three or four days of the commencement of the following monthly cycle gives as much certainty as any form whatever of sterile coitus." Ironically enough, Capellman's "safe period" covering the first half of the cycle included days which are now thought to be the most fertile of all.

The "safe period" as defined by Capellman was discredited years ago. But during the World War interesting data were collected in Germany, where the government allowed the married men in the army to revisit their homes periodically so that the fittest members of the race might continue to breed. It was noted that the men's visits of two or three days resulted in some instances in their wives' becoming pregnant and in others not. A subsequent examination of the histories of 1,000 women showed that the largest number of conceptions had occurred during the first two weeks of the cycle as judged by the dates of their husbands' leaves. While this evidence could not be considered above suspicion, the preponderance of conceptions during the first half of the cycle was impressive. Several years later, Dr. K. Ogino, an outstanding gynecologist in Japan, concluded from observation of a series of patients on the operating table that the conception period for women with regular twenty-eight-day cycles falls between the eleventh and nineteenth day, counting from the onset of menstruation. Dr. Herman Knaus of Austria, by a different method of observation, reached substantially the same conclusion—that fertilization can only occur between the eleventh and seventeenth day among women with regular twenty-eight-day cycles, and that conversely the first ten days and the last ten days of a twenty-eight-day cycle constitute the sterile or "safe" period.

Ogino and Knaus both admit that the sterile period is not so easily determined for women whose cycles are irregular or not of the four-weekly type. Yet according to the books which have been written about their theory, it would appear to be fool-proof for the great majority of women. The author of "Legitimate Birth Control" asserts that the new law may be applied "in its entirety to 90 per cent of fertile women, and that 9 per cent of the remainder can make a partial application of the formula." Similarly, Dr. Latz makes the claim: "The Ogino-Knaus method is as reliable as any physiological law can be. In other words, where you have a normally functioning woman in normal condition, you have certainty that there will be no conception during the sterile period." In a pamphlet advertising Dr. Latz's book the Latz Foundation claims that "upwards of 50,000 cohabitations, during most varied menstrual cycles, and under the greatest variety of circumstances, are evidence of the reliability of the rhythm theory." The only one of the Roman

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Catholic books which warns the reader that the "safe period" is still somewhat of an uncertainty is "The Sterile Period in Family Life," written by the Very Reverend Canon Valère J. Coucke of Bruges and Dr. James J. Walsh of New York, and carrying the imprimatur of Cardinal Patrick Hayes of New York. While describing the Ogino-Knaus method in detail, and printing a calendar for women readers' use, Dr. Walsh admits that both the existence and the limitations of the "safe period" are still questioned by scientists.

The new "safe period" is being propagandized by commercial organizations as well as by Roman Catholic publications. An Indiana company, offering for sale a patented calendar intended to aid women in calculating their "safe period," broadly declares in its literature that "sexual intercourse *cannot* lead to conception except on the seventeenth, sixteenth, and fifteenth days preceding menstruation." But in smaller type the sentence is added, "The reliability of the method depends entirely upon whether a woman menstruates at regular intervals." Another Indiana concern, a manufacturer of baby foods, is attempting to cater to doctors by supplying them with information about the "safe period," and with free copies of their "ovulation time table."

Let us see what is actually known about the "safe period" at the present time. Knaus reports that the University Women's Clinic at Graz, Austria, now has "many thousands of patients who are controlling conception by abstaining from sexual relations during the fertile period." But he says nothing of the number of cases where the method was not applicable or where it failed, and for this reason his reports have been criticized as incomplete by scientific men. In this country Dr. A. G. Miller of Hobart, Indiana, read an interesting paper on the "safe period" at the American Conference on Birth Control and National Recovery convened by Mrs. Margaret Sanger in Washington in January, 1934. Dr. Miller reported that he and Doctors C. H. Schulz and D. W. Anderson had records of 136 patients who had avoided conception by limiting their relations to the sterile period. But only 25 of the 136 women had since conceived at will, so that the comparative data on sterile and fertile periods is still lacking. To be set against the claims of success are numerous cases of failure. Dr. Robert L. Dickinson, honorary secretary of the National Committee on Maternal Health, tells of two unmarried women who relied upon the Ogino-Knaus "safe period" to their own regret. Dr. Norman Haire of London says that "a very large number of his patients, even though they were following Dr. Knaus's calendar, have become pregnant against their will."

The fact that conceptions are known to have occurred during the "safe period" throws doubt on the theory. At the 1934 birth-control conference Dr. Hannah M. Stone, director of the Birth Control Clinical Research Bureau, told of the data she had collected in her private practice for the past three years on women whose menstrual cycles averaged between twenty-seven and thirty days. Among these women she has records of twenty-four conceptions which took place after isolated coitus, that is, after marital relations had been indulged in but once during the month. She found that seven of the twenty-four conceptions occurred during the Ogino-Knaus "safe period."

It is possible that some women—no one knows why—can conceive at any time of the month. Dr. Dickinson, in his "Control of Conception," has analyzed 1,342 conceptions which had occurred after isolated coitus among women with twenty-eight-day periods. These cases included a good number of the German war cases as well as others on which data were available. He found that 37 per cent of the women had conceived during the first week of the cycle, 35 per cent during the second week, 20 per cent during the third week, and 8 per cent during the fourth week—assuming that the dates they gave were correct. If these figures are valid, they show that 37 per cent plus 8 per cent, or 45 per cent of the total number of conceptions, occurred during the days that Ogino and Knaus call sterile.

Even if the average woman has a period of physiological sterility, it still may be impossible for her to determine when this period begins and ends by a rule of thumb that will work every month. Dr. Ludwig Fraenckel has said that the most regular phenomenon about the menstrual cycle is its irregularity. It should be remembered, too, that the feminine cycle may suddenly be thrown out of kilter by a strain on the emotions or by some physiological change. If a woman were going to calculate her sterile period with any degree of accuracy, she would first have to keep a record of her cycles for a full year before she could rely on the method—and after each pregnancy she would need to wait for three or four months until her cycles had resumed their regularity, and then begin her calculations all over again. Secondly, she would need to consult a physician for directions from time to time. This may explain Dr. Knaus's success. In a number of the cases which he reports, he says that "cohabitation was directed by the doctor." Dr. Dickinson says in his "Control of Conception": "Although every woman has a long series of infertile days in her monthly cycle, there is enough variation between different women so that no general rule can be formulated that will safeguard all women. It can be stated with a degree of definiteness, however, that during the week preceding the menstrual period the chance of pregnancy is one-fifth as great as during either of the first two weeks."

Dr. Emil Novak of the Johns Hopkins University, writing in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* for January, 1934, goes a little farther in support of the theory. "In women with cycles approximating the four-weekly type," he says, "there is reason to believe that the immediately postmenstrual period (up to the eighth day) and even more the immediately premenstrual period (after the twentieth day) are almost entirely, though perhaps not absolutely 'safe periods' for those anxious to avoid conception. In women with irregular cycles the problem is more difficult and less certain. . . . Not a sufficient time has elapsed as yet to demonstrate clearly how great or how slight a degree of fallibility pertains to this method. . . ."

There are still several fundamental questions to be settled before any definite conclusions can be reached about a sterile period. First, there is the unsolved mystery of ovulation—when and how often one or the other ovary gives off an egg which is ready for fertilization by the male sperm cell. For a number of years gynecologists have been looking for evidences of ovulation in the ovaries when the latter are removed or can be examined in the course of operations. It is now known that when the ovum escapes from the ovary it leaves a collapsed follicle behind it, plainly visible to the surgeon's eye. Prior to Ogino, some two score surgeons had looked for these follicles and had estimated the time of ovulation from their appearance. The bulk of these laparotomies seemed to show that conception had occurred between the twelfth and the nineteenth day. Ogino timed his operations whenever possible at different points in his patients' menstrual cycles, and found what he believed to be freshly burst follicles only around the middle of the cycle. It is on this evidence that he has based his theory of the fertile and sterile periods. Criticism of his conclusions has been made by Carl G. Hartman, Ph.D., research associate in the Laboratory of Embryology, Carnegie Institution, Washington, on the ground that it is impossible to tell the age of a ruptured follicle in either humans or animals.

In Austria Dr. Knaus made a different approach to the same problem. Experimenting first with rabbits, he found that an injection of pituitrin would stimulate the uterus before but not after ovulation. Next he injected women with pituitrin and found indirect evidences of ovulation between the eleventh and the seventeenth day of the cycle—and at no other time. Knaus's conclusions are consistent with Hartman's experiments showing that ovulation in the monkey occurs between the tenth and sixteenth day of the menstrual cycle, but oftenest on the thirteenth and fourteenth day.

Should it be determined that spontaneous ovulation takes place in women around the middle of the month, instances of conception which are known to have occurred early and late in the cycle must still be explained. It is possible that some women ovulate more often than others. For it is certain that some women are more fertile than others. It is also possible that ovulation in women may be induced, or at least precipitated, by the climax of intercourse. This is known to happen in the rabbit. Dr. Emil Novak says that while "there is no proof of this in the human being, its possibility cannot be denied, even if one accepts the usual doctrine that spontaneous ovulation is the rule and that it occurs at fairly stated intervals." Professor Grosser, the anatomist, of Prague, thinks that ovulation may be stimulated by intercourse. Hartman, the biologist, says: "The prevailing opinion that ovulation may occur at any time of the cycle cannot be brushed aside without much further proof, at least so far as the human species is concerned." Still, he attaches weight to his numerous observations on monkeys, which menstruate very much as women do and have a definite sterile period.

If and when the mysteries about ovulation and impregnation are finally cleared up, and if and when, by some simple method, a "safe period" can be determined for every woman, the question will remain whether it is a completely satisfactory method of controlling conception. Dr. Matsner, medical director of the American Birth Control League, points out that the method would offer no relief to that large class of women whose husbands will not cooperate with them in preventing conception. Where the husband will cooperate, as most husbands of sensibility will, it would still seem unfortunate that the physical union of a man and wife should have to be regulated by the calendar. But while the recent researches on the "safe period" do not at present afford a fool-proof or even an entirely happy solution to the birth-control problem, they are undoubtedly an important contribution. If the sterile period can be definitely delimited, so that any given woman can be sure of when it exists for her, the need for contraceptive precautions will be eliminated during, perhaps, half the month.

Putilov's Revisited

By LOUIS FISCHER

Leningrad, July, 1934

THE moment I arrived at the Astoria in Leningrad and dropped my bags, I telephoned to Paul Otz, the director of the big Putilov plant where I had spent a week in the summer of 1932. Otz immediately sent a car for me. I talked with the chauffeur. "I used to work in the tractor foundry," he said, "but my lungs are bad and they gave me this job."

"Then you must be pleased," I commented.

"No," he replied. "There I was producing something. Now I am merely serving somebody."

The factory is much cleaner than it was two years ago. Roads have been asphalted. Gardens have been planted and more are being planted. Young trees line the pathways. On my previous visit the open spaces between Putilov's many shops were dirty and chaotic. Today raw materials are neatly piled and sorted in the yards, and order reigns throughout the nine square miles which Putilov's covers. This has cost Otz a great deal of effort. But the improved aspect of the works is his reward.

Otz is only forty-two. He has many more gray hairs than he had in 1932. It is no easy task to run one of the largest and most important metallurgical plants in the Soviet Union. Yet I had not talked to Otz for five minutes before I realized that the last two years had made him a much bigger and a much stronger man. He is now master in his own household. The diarchy of 1932 has disappeared. Then Otz shared his authority with the central organization of Putilov's Communists—the party committee. "Director Otz," I wrote, "accepts dictation from the party committee." The party committee was then "the supreme authority at the factory." This is no longer true. Otz said so; I knew it from his demeanor; and the party committee confirmed it. Formerly the party committee deliberated on the same management and personnel problems as the director and usually forced its decisions upon him. But since 1933, and particularly after the resolutions of the Seventeenth Party Congress in January, 1934, Otz has been in sole command. He brooks no interference in strictly managerial matters. In days gone by, if the factory had failed in its output program, the party committee would have reprimanded Otz. Today it summons the Communists of the plant and blames them for having failed to stimulate the enthusiasm of the workers. The party committee is limiting itself to the propaganda, educational, and social activities which make a Soviet factory the nucleus of the worker's life. The director, the party committee, and the trade-union committee (*Zavkom*) of a plant constitute an almost equilateral triangle whose common function is the raising of productivity and the improvement of the status of labor.

But efficiency is relative, and every departure from mass production makes for less rational production. Putilov's continues to be what it was in 1932—an industrial department store. It turns out turbines, compressors, and transformers for the electric industry, agricultural cultivators, railway freight platforms, trolley-car parts, spare parts for tractors, hydro-technical equipment, and the like. This weakness was apparent two years ago, but every time I mentioned it then somebody either condoned or tried to explain it. On this visit, however, all agreed. Otz was worried about it. He had deplored it in a *Pravda* article. But what was he to do? He had an order to make some locomotive fly-wheels. Several big lathes needed for turbine production were occupied with this task, and the turbine output was consequently falling behind schedule. Red Putilov's "difficulty" lies in its highly skilled cadres of workingmen and engineers who can honorably discharge any pioneering assignment the state gives them. That is why they get so many assignments. They made the first tractors in the U. S. S. R. As soon as they had mastered the art, tractor production was transferred, together with some Putilov engineers and workers, to Stalingrad and Kharkov. At present the Putilov tractor foundry is turning out cultivators. A cultivator is twice as complicated as a tractor and saves three times as much of the peasant's labor. The cultivator will be the great benefactor of Soviet agriculture; it eliminates the tedious weeding by hand for which the collectives and state farms have too few people. Putilov's is very proud of its role of pathfinder for Soviet industry. But its workers know that in 1936 some new plant will be supplying the country with cultivators, while Putilov's will be struggling with another new manufacturing process.

During the last twenty-four months Putilov's has registered long technological strides forward. It can now produce the complicated turbine. The turbine factory was just nearing completion in the summer of 1932. In 1932 it made fourteen turbines (42,000 kilowatts), in 1933 twenty-three turbines (88,000 kilowatts), and the program for 1934 is thirty-nine turbines (220,000 kilowatts), but I suspect that part of the program will remain unfulfilled. It can now produce the difficult cultivator, which represents a combination of all that the world has to offer in this field. Foreign models were studied and their best features copied. Putilov's, finally, has registered much progress in its own steel foundry. It can now produce non-rust steel of excellent quality, nickel steel, chromium steel, and other alloys which formerly were imported. In another extremely important aspect Otz has been relieved of many worries: his pig-iron supply is steady. In 1932 the Soviet iron industry had not advanced far enough to provide Putilov's and other plants with a regular flow of metal. At that time a three-day reserve was considered satisfactory, and a three-week reserve the ideal. Sometimes the iron on hand sufficed to keep the shops going for only a few hours. Everything depended on the arrival of the morning's freight train, and if it failed to put in an appearance, Putilov's foundries were idle. Today, however, Otz has a constant pig-iron supply large enough to keep him going for five months. This is the one of the results of the first Five-Year Plan.

If there is enough raw material, there are still too few workers. The turbine shop, for instance, employs 1,300 people. Its manager, however, told me that he needs 400 more and cannot get them. On occasions machines remain cold because no hands are available to operate them. Putilov's has its own school where youngsters are trained to be skilled mechanics, but this source does not fill the entire need, and so, Otz explained, he is forced to send agents to railway stations to waylay incoming peasants and entice them with all sorts of promises to take jobs in the factory. Or he recruits men in neighboring agricultural collectives. Labor turnover is lower than in 1932 but still considerable, especially during summer months when workers who have not yet severed their connections with the village leave to help in the harvesting. I asked Otz whether he takes such men back. "I don't like to," he replied. "But if I must, I do." This situation is forcing the management to mechanize and rationalize more and more of the "dirty work" of the plant, with the result that Putilov's employs fewer men (28,000 as compared to 34,000 in 1932) yet produces as much as it did two years ago. Individual productivity is higher. It can be lifted higher still. What the plant needs, above all, is more mass production and fewer small, stray orders.

Each worker is producing more. Is he living better? The average wage in 1932 was 162 rubles per month. It went up to 177 rubles in 1933. Now it is 185 rubles. Considering the sharp rise in prices—the doubling, for instance, of bread prices in August, 1933, and again in July, 1934—these increases are infinitesimal indeed. Simultaneously with the most recent bread-price rise, wages of Soviet workers receiving 140 rubles or less per month were increased by an amount equal to the price rise. But the employees in the higher brackets suffered—and they protested. Accordingly, the government just a few days ago decreed a 10 per cent wage increase for all persons employed in factories engaged in work which is important for national-defense purposes. This includes the entire metallurgical and chemical industries and scores of other plants. It is merely an indirect way of raising the individual income of millions of workers, and of course it affects everyone at Putilov's.

The trouble in the U. S. S. R. at present, however, is that agricultural prices have been rising faster than wages. The economic scissors are opened to the disadvantage of the urban centers and the advantage of the peasants. In certain regions which have a good harvest this year and had a fine crop in 1933, factory workers are seeking admission into village collectives. Thus, the latest addition to wages notwithstanding, there is still vast room for an improvement of the real income of workers.

Yet real income in the Soviet Union cannot be judged by wages alone. In one significant respect the Putilov proletarians are much better off than they were in 1932. Their factory restaurants serve more and better food. Each section of the plant has its restaurant. Each worker gets two meals a day in such a restaurant. In the morning one can have tea, kasha, sausage sandwiches, and bread with butter for between fifty and sixty kopeks. In the restaurant of the tractor foundry, which serves 2,000 workingmen, dinner consisted of macaroni soup at thirty kopeks, meat cutlets with cabbage at seventy-four kopeks—the cutlet weighed 125 grams when cooked—or pork with barley meal at one ruble thirty kopeks for the second dish, and unlimited quantities of tea at six kopeks a glass. Two hundred grams of bread were given free of charge to each worker. In addition, anybody could buy himself up to five sandwiches. A ham sandwich with twenty-five grams of ham cost fifty-three kopeks; a cheese sandwich with twenty grams of cheese, thirty-five kopeks. The day before my visit the tractor restaurant had received twenty kilograms of ham and two kilograms of butter for that day's meals. Meat is included on three days out of five, on the other days fish. I spent two hours in three restaurants. I noticed quite a number of people whose plates contained left-overs when they rose from the tables. I talked to many men and women while they sat at their meals and asked them whether they were getting enough. Invariably they answered, "Yes." Often they pointed to a slice of bread or some meat which they could not finish. I addressed one man with a beautiful long face tipped with a blonde beard and wonderful ivory teeth, and inquired how they ate. "You can see," he replied, "that I have not consumed all I got today. Our meals, to be sure, could be more varied. But when they are not, we know why. We know that the building of a powerful and prosperous socialist state requires sacrifices. Recently," he continued, "a girl in our shop was running her lathe badly and spoiling it. The manager was too lenient with the girl. Thereupon we workers protested and had her removed. Why? Because that lathe was bought with the food we had not eaten last year and two years ago, and we did not want her to ruin it." The manager who stood by my side confirmed the facts.

Every Putilov worker, then, can have two satisfying meals a day at his factory for approximately two rubles. This charge is excessive. The prices are too high. In 1932, however, the restaurant had no such supply of food and no such varied diet. This improvement is the result of the establishment of the *sovhozi,* or state farms, which were either just getting under way or existed only on paper in 1932. The factory farms counted 550 cows in 1933; now they have 750 cows and 250 calves. They had 400 pigs in 1933 and 120 sows; now 600 pigs, 200 sows, and 200 pigs in young litters. The rabbit farms have not justified the hopes reposed in them two years ago, but all other branches of Putilov's agricultural economy are making excellent progress. This year the factory's *sovhozi* are delivering to its kitchens and stores, which supply 60,000 individuals—the workers and some of their dependents—744,000 liters of milk, 60,000 tons of pork and ham, 16 tons of rabbit meat, 1,616 tons of vegetables plus 300 tons of potatoes, as well as butter, cheese, berries, and other products. Putilov's, in other words, has solved its food problem. Whereas in 1932 I could write, "This winter promises to be a difficult season" (it was), I can now say with equal certainty that the future has in store a rapid increase in the workers' food supplies and a rapid rise in their living standards. The purchasing power of the ruble, now that deflation has set in, is mounting, and with money wages going up too, real wages will inevitably rise.

The fact remains, nevertheless, that food takes too large a portion of the workingman's budget. Rent constitutes about 10 per cent of his month's expenditures. Clothing prices are low in relation to food prices. Thus, at Putilov's cooperative store a man's ready-made suit sells for from sixty to eighty rubles, silk for from ten to eighteen rubles a meter, and a pair of shoes for from fifteen to thirty-three rubles. Food costs will have to come down before the Putilov employee ceases to complain.

In my two days at the Putilov factory I visited many workers' homes. I avoided the fine cooperative apartments where some 4,000 of Putilov's personnel are comfortably housed, and concentrated on the temporary barracks. These are two-story wood buildings stuccoed inside and out for warmth. I visited the apartments of married folks and then of the single men, which, as might have been expected, looked bleaker and dirtier than those of the unmarried women. In the last I walked down the corridor and knocked at random at a door. A gay "Come in" was heard and I entered. Six iron beds stood end to end along the long sides of the room. Near each bed was a small table with the inevitable powder box, soap, here and there a hand mirror, a paper-covered book, a purse. One girl lay on her cot covered with a white sheet which did not conceal her contours. Her naked arms were exposed. She wore a red kerchief on her head. She and the two other girls in the room had been reading. Not one of them showed the slightest trace of embarrassment at the sudden appearance of myself and the men and women who accompanied me on my tour of inspection. There was no quick hiding of a bit of underclothing and no hasty attempt at making up. The Russians are simple and uninhibited. They gladly answer questions on all sorts of private and intimate matters. I proceeded to interrogate one of the girls. She was an assistant locomotive driver at Putilov's. She earns 165 rubles a month; pays 2 rubles a day for breakfast and lunch at the factory restaurant, and spends 30 rubles additional a month for food at home. Each girl prepares her food separately in the kitchen downstairs. She is never hungry. Just now she is on a month's vacation. "Why a month instead of the usual fortnight?" I inquired. "Because my job is regarded as injurious to the health." She is spending the first half of her vacation at home. "What do you do?" "I lie on the grass getting sunburned. And when I get bored I go into town to an amusement park." In eight days she would enter one of the rest homes on the Neva Islands for a two weeks' stay. "There is always a lot of jolly company in those places. The food, too, is as good as in a fine restaurant. I had a wonderful time there last summer."

She pays fifteen rubles a month for rent. "Aren't you crowded?" "No," she replied, swinging around as if to say, "See how much room we have." Four days ago she bought a dress for sixteen rubles. "Half a dress, really," she added with a smile, and took it off a hanger to show—a plain cotton print of the kind one sees on all Soviet streets. Three months ago she bought an excellent cloth coat for eighty-five rubles. That too hung above her bed. Ordinarily she had about thirty rubles a month left for spending on movies, theater—once a month—carfare, and so forth.

Polya had borne up very well under my machine-gun cross-examination, smiling and even volunteering information. I was ready to go further. "How old are you?" "Twenty-three." "Married?" "No," and then, when I had paused to muster courage, she spared me some embarrassment by adding most naturally, "But I have a friend." Soon she was giving me a brief autobiography. I repeated this performance in another room and encountered the same healthy readiness to talk frankly about personal affairs. These girls in the barracks were earning just a little less than the average Putilov salary, and they were all apparently well and happy. But it is to be hoped that next year they and several thousand other Putilov workers will be housed in good stone dwellings.

"End Poverty in Civilization"

By UPTON SINCLAIR

Los Angeles, September 12

I AM writing this brief statement after five crowded days in New York and Washington. Our friends all want to know how we wrought our "political miracle" in California; they also want to know whether we are going to be victorious in November; and they want to know what they can do in the East to help us.

It is a movement of the whole people, and the people are doing the work. I have explained to them everywhere that I am not hankering for the job of being governor of a State; but we are confronting a crisis, and it just so happens that I have been giving my whole lifetime to the study of that crisis and the remedies and efforts at remedies which men all over the world have worked out and presented. We have a plan, a perfectly definite and concrete plan; we have put it before the people; and 450,000 voters have gone to the polls and said that they were for it.

It is an American plan. It has been especially worked out from that point of view. It is in line with our traditions of self-help and self-reliance. It makes use of no long foreign words and it says nothing about class struggle. It takes note of the fact that almost everybody in California is middle-class; even those who belong to the working class don't know it or won't admit it.

Many people question whether the plan will work. We who are promoting it intend to make it work. Thirty years ago I wrote, "Socialism is not a theory but an act of will." And we of the "End Poverty in California" movement know that we can do it, because we know ourselves and we know the people of our State. All through these dreadful five years of depression the people have been organizing and helping themselves. They have formed barter groups, and have managed to produce a little bit of this and that; they have overcome all the obstacles which business men and politicians have been able to put in their way. Now we are going to put the credit power of the State of California behind them, and they are going to expand into a giant cooperative in which 1,250,000 persons will take care of themselves.

We know something about the preparations our enemies are making to try to frighten the people. A confidential friend of ours has been inside the two rooms where they have prepared hundreds of forged photographs, showing, for example, such things as "Upton Sinclair trampling on the American flag at San Pedro." During the primary campaign it was charged that I was an agent of Moscow, and I have no doubt that before long they will produce plenty of letters to prove that I am directly in the pay of Stalin. They have charged that I am an atheist—and does it make any difference that several years ago I wrote the sentence, "An atheist is as dogmatic as any theologian"? They have been saying that I am a millionaire, and they will go on saying it—despite the fact that I was afraid to write a small check in New York, not being sure that I had the money in the bank at home. They have accused me of the dreadful offense of being a vegetarian—despite the fact that I abandoned this evil practice twenty-five years ago. I suppose I ought to be happy over the fact that the only true charge they have been able to bring against me so far is that I am a "believer in telepathy."

How much all this will frighten the people, who can say? To win the general election on November 6 we shall have to get about twice as many votes as we got at the primaries. We shall get a good many of the votes which went to our Democratic rivals, but three of the old-time Democratic politicians have already gone over to the enemy, and each will take a few of his followers with him. To make up for this we shall have to get the votes of the progressive Republicans; and of course we shall get many votes from persons who believe in our program but who didn't trouble to vote in the primary. Only 55 per cent of the registered voters voted in the primary, but in the general election the number ought to run to 75 per cent.

What can our friends in the East do for us? A few enthusiasts were all set to start a caravan of automobiles across the continent. I telegraphed our campaign committee to ask about that, and the answer was, "Newspapers already carrying the story 'Red Invasion Begins.' " You see, the only chance they have to beat us is to fasten the "red" label on us; and of course, to the California newspapers, anybody who comes from the East is a "red" if he brings any sort of an idea in his head. It is quite all right for our enemies to get millions of dollars from Wall Street to influence the California voters, but it would be a grave offense for any friend of social justice to come in and make speeches for us.

What our committee asks is that our friends in the East organize where they are and spread the good word in their home cities and States. We will send you the books at $50 per thousand, and we will send you our weekly newspaper, *Epic News*, at 2 cents a copy wholesale, profits all for the campaign.

Also, and above all, you can raise some money for us. We need money desperately, for it always has to be spent before we get it. Nobody in any of our headquarters gets any pay, but there are rent and telephone bills and postage and printing, and, above all, radio time. Our opponents have hired most of it, but there is still a little left—if we are quick. In order to engage time we have to pay cash in advance—no favors are granted to disturbers of the social order. The radio is the most powerful of all campaign weapons. The newspapers don't mention our Epic programs, but we get word to our clubs all over the State and they get busy on the telephone and so we have large audiences. What we need is to have a regular quarter-hour period every evening on a certain station; then gradually we can teach the whole State to listen in at that hour. Our friends in New York are proceeding to organize a New York Epic Committee. Once a group is started it will grow rapidly. At least it will unless there is a very great difference between the people of New York and those of California. Our name Epic means "End Poverty in California," but there is no reason why the slogan cannot be changed to read "End Poverty in Civilization."

In the Driftway

THE Drifter would like to put into the evidence for this week a letter from an unhappy housewife whose complaint arouses an answering throb in his own bosom. "Can nothing be done," she asks, "to stop the offensive, highly costly, and altogether undesirable practice lately adopted by the makers of baker's bread of selling their loaves wrapped up in waxed paper and *already sliced?*" The Drifter, not being a man of action, does not know what can be done, but he is perfectly willing to agree that it is an outrage. His correspondent points out that bread sliced before it is sold becomes stale more quickly than bread sold in a whole loaf; and the slices are too thick for comfort—"but I suppose that is intentional, so that the loaf will be used up quicker." Obviously it is a plot on the part of wholesale baking companies to sell more of their second-grade product, and as such the Drifter deplores it as much as does the letter-writing lady. And quite apart from the frivolous suggestion of a friend (male) that he was most troubled by wondering how they could slice the loaves without cutting through the waxed paper, the whole matter is but another aspect of one of the most deplorable features of modern life, namely, the decline of bread.

* * * * *

WHEN the Drifter was a boy the bread was baked on Wednesdays and on Saturdays. Along about eleven o'clock in the morning it came out of the oven, brown and crisp, smelling sweetly to heaven. If a small boy was lucky enough to be around at that delightful time, he might get a slice hot, depending on the amiability of the cook; and if he did, it was better than turkey, ice cream, all-day suckers, and apple pie combined. But even when the bread was cold it was still good. It was solid, fine-grained; its crust was tough and demanded proper chewing. The slices were thick and large, and everybody ate a lot of them, with butter or gravy or jam. Incidentally it was made of white flour. Nobody had yet thought of the torture of subjecting the human race to "whole wheat." "Brown bread," in those days, meant something steamed in a round tin and served with baked beans on Saturday nights.

* * * * *

CONSIDER how far we have fallen from this high estate. In the first place, about half of us—most of the women and many of the men—are afraid to eat bread at all because of increasing avoirdupois. In the second place, we no longer make bread at home. We buy it at the corner grocery, a light, limp, coarse lump shot full of air and without any taste whatsoever. The Drifter has been told that bread nowadays is so poor because the flour is generally of an inferior grade. If this be taken as the fault of the milling and handling, and not as an aspersion on that noble plant, wheat, the Drifter is quite ready to believe it. But it is an indictment of modern man that he has been willing to sit spinelessly back and see the staff of life corrupted to the taste and consistency of a rather good grade of blotting paper, slightly salted. There is one minor silver lining to this important cloud. In certain sections of New York City inhabited by Hebrew or German families it is still possible to buy damp, heavy, crusty rye bread full of caraway seeds. Spread this thickly with sweet butter and it is really Not At All Bad!

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Father Haas

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Your issue of September 5 contains a letter by J. W. Edelman of the Federation of Hosiery Workers defending the Reverend F. J. Haas, federal mediator in the Minneapolis drivers' strike last month, against charges made in my article on the Minneapolis strike in the August 8 *Nation*. Mr. Edelman liked Father Haas's work as mediator in textiles and is sure he would have liked him in trucks. That may be. But the fact remains that Father Haas did try to put something over on the strikers, and since the writing of the article to which Mr. Edelman objects he has tried it again—and failed again.

The main facts of this second attempt are simple. A settlement drawn up by Father Haas and his colleague, E. H. Dunnigan, was accepted by the union and rejected by the bosses. Governor Olson declared martial law and for several weeks the troops pounded the strikers. Father Haas reappeared with a settlement of unknown origin which, he admitted, was bad for the union in many respects. When the strike leaders turned him down, Father Haas appealed over their heads to the rank-and-file strikers. They, through several score rank-and-file spokesmen, accused him of trying to put over on them an impossible settlement drawn up by the bosses. At the end of their questioning, Father Haas, a moral and almost a physical wreck, withdrew his indorsement of the scheme he had urged the strikers to adopt. He refused, however, to announce publicly this withdrawal and left it to the strikers to fight off an added charge, that they had rejected a settlement regarded as fair by the bosses and the federal mediators.

All the facts are printed in the August 14 issue of the *Organizer*, the daily strike bulletin of General Drivers' Local 574, Minneapolis. There are almost a hundred witnesses of what occurred when Father Haas faced the rank-and-file strike committee. He has never denied the charges, and it is too late for him to begin to do so now.

New York, September 8 HERBERT SOLOW

Polishing the "Silver Lining"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The *Standard Oil Bulletin* for July, 1934, a monthly publication of the Standard Oil Company of California, proclaims the general strike in the San Francisco Bay area "a complete failure"; and congratulates its readers that "the record of a general strike never having succeeded is intact." The editorial article conveying so much good news is entitled The Silver Lining—which at least concedes a noticeable cloud in the industrial and economic sky of sunny California. The "complete failure" has also convinced the editor that "the public will not tolerate a general strike," and that for such a demonstration "the rest of the country owes something to California." Indeed, his eulogy of the "general public" becomes rhapsodic as he declares that "showing a spirit unsurpassed even in the Great War," they "gained a victory for law and order."

Roselle, N. J., September 6 ELIOT WHITE

Labor and Industry

The Southern Worker Organizes

By OLIVER CARLSON

I'm a-going to starve,
Everybody will;
'Cause you can't make a living
In a cotton mill.

THE present textile strike really began on July 17, when about 24,000 workers in more than forty mills in northern Alabama voted to go out. For the first time in their lives these Southern workers left their looms and spindles to answer the strike call of the United Textile Workers; and it was the accumulated grievances and the great fervor of the newly organized South sweeping like a tide over the national convention that forced the general strike, with its basic demands for the thirty-hour week, a $12 minimum wage, elimination of the "stretch-out," reinstatement of union workers, and collective bargaining.

The spread of organization in the South is almost phenomenal. It is safe to say that more than 150,000 workers are already unionized in North and South Carolina, Tennessee, Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, and Virginia. At the national convention there were 474 accredited delegates from the entire country. It was generally conceded that if every unit, particularly in the poverty-stricken South, had been able to send its full quota of delegates there would have been 3,000 or more.

The grievances of the South are deep and widespread. Before the NRA a few of the workers drew fair wages. Now the NRA minimum has become the general maximum. Delegates asserted that they could produce "bushel baskets full of pay envelopes" to prove this. The forty-hour week exists only on paper, and the stretch-out is worse than it has ever been. Delegates told of persons who are still working ninety hours per week; the following affidavits are two of many exhibited at the convention:

> I worked for the ——— Knitting Company in the finishing department. I was inspector.
>
> I could not make my percentage and I signed the "yellow-dog" contract quite a number of times, and Mr. C. in his speech instructed us not to punch our cards when we saw we could not make production and this I practiced for about two months.

> My percentage was so high I could not make it and I asked Mr. C. to have the rates changed and he would not do it and he told me to take care of the matter by not punching my card or I would lose my job, and this I have had to do ever since we have been on the eight-hour system and the percentage is much higher now than it was when we had ten hours.

In one Alabama mill, the workers reported, 1,600 employees are doing more work for less pay than in 1929, when 2,200 were employed.

The attitude of Southern mill-owners toward unionization has been amply demonstrated since the strike began. At present, according to the New York *Times*, in the Carolinas alone "the armed forces mobilized by the mills and the authorities to guard the plants have reached a total of 14,000, of which 10,000 are special deputies and the rest companies of the National Guard." The South is determined to preserve that "good, cheap, docile, white labor," with which it is able to draw textile manufacturers to its towns. For the migration of spindles into the cotton belt continues, and at an accelerating rate. The small-town chambers of commerce beckon, and the Northern capitalists come. Free sites, tax exemptions, and special rates on water and power are given with a lavish hand.

Last summer I saw a county courthouse turned into a shirt factory. The community was building a plant for a garment company. Meanwhile, in order to train a staff of workers, sewing-machines and other equipment had been installed in the courts of justice. Daily pep meetings were being conducted throughout the community, urging men and women to contribute to the factory-building fund or else to register at the courthouse and get six weeks' training "free."

Corinth, Mississippi, built a $150,000 plant and turned it over to an Eastern hosiery concern from Reading, Pennsylvania, which was trying to get away from the Hosiery Workers' Union. A Memphis paper recently carried this item:

> *Columbus, Miss., July 23:* Columbus business leaders have launched a drive to raise $96,000 in pledges to erect a garment-making plant for the Seminole Manufacturing Company, looking for a Southern home. Citizens are pledging from $1 to $50 per month for thirty months.

For the past fifteen years the story has been fundamentally the same in community after community throughout the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi. Once the mill or factory is established in such a small community, it becomes the axis around which the town moves. Town officials heed its every beck and call. The local newspaper shouts its praises. Most, if not all, of the local lawyers are given some small job to do from time to time. The shopkeepers and retired plantation owners are permitted to invest a little money in the concern. As for the newly created industrial wage-earners, they become more helpless than they ever were before. To go back to the soil is very hard; tradition as well as lack of funds prevents moving to another town; there is no other work to be had.

Not long ago I received this letter from a group of workers in a Southern mill town:

> KIND SIR: Just a few words to see if you can help us out. It was the plan for all cotton mill workers to get $12 per week. . . . I am sending you some of the pay envelopes to show you that some are only getting $8 per week for forty hours' work. Mister, to save your life, to save my life, I cannot support a family of nine or ten on this little wages.

The letter goes on to describe the stretch-out that is being forced upon them. Women and girls must run nine "sides" in the spinning room and from twenty-four to twenty-eight looms in the weaving shop. This, the workers claim, is almost a physical impossibility, but the bosses tell them to do it or get out. The letter concludes:

> Please help us out. We are in need. Winter is near and so is school, and I know of people who cannot send their children to school. We are backing you with our prayers to God for you.

During an organization campaign which I conducted in the South last fall I received literally scores of similar letters from the mill towns of Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana.

Despite the enactment of the NRA, peonage continues in the South; no other term can be used to describe the conditions imposed upon the mill and factory operatives. The June issue of the *Monthly Labor Review* shows that the six industries which pay the lowest average wages in the United States today are (1) cotton-seed oil, cake, and meal; (2) fertilizers; (3) turpentine and rosin; (4) cigars and cigarettes; (5) chewing and smoking tobaccos and snuff; (6) cotton goods. It is significant to note that all six of these industries are confined almost entirely to the South. In the cotton-goods industry Virginia, which paid the highest average hourly rate for the entire South, ranked well below Maine, which paid the lowest rate for the rest of the country. Alabama, which has enjoyed an influx of mills within the past decade, pays the lowest rate in the South, with South Carolina and Georgia ranking just above it.

The South is still primarily agricultural, but few people realize the speed of its industrial development. In 1880 the value of all manufactured goods produced in the South amounted to $338,000,000. By 1900 this had risen to $1,184,000,000. Since the turn of the century the pace has become even more rapid, so that today the value of its manufactured goods amounts to nearly $10,000,000,000, and its wage-earners number 1,588,000. From 1914 to 1930 the New England States lost 3.6 per cent of their wage-earners, the Middle Atlantic States gained 8.7 per cent, and the South gained 40 per cent. Owing to the phenomenal expansion of the automobile industry during this same period the eastern North Central States were able to show a somewhat larger gain than the South.

Two other facts may be cited to indicate the rapid economic development below Mason and Dixon's Line. Developed water power in the United States has increased far more rapidly in the Southern States during the past fifteen years than in any other part of the country. The per capita output of electric current by public-utility plants has increased more rapidly in the South since 1920 than in the country as a whole. This is all the more significant when it is realized that in the use of electricity for domestic purposes the South lags far behind any other part of the United States.

The cotton-textile industry is to the South what steel is to Gary, what automobiles are to Detroit. More than 300,000 workers are employed in its mills. Other allied industries play their part; knit goods, hosiery, clothing, rayon, and silk have joined the southward procession. The tobacco industries are confined almost exclusively to the Southern States. Lumbering and wood manufacturing are well developed. In fact, from 1900 to 1927 the South led the whole country in lumber production. It still produces about 40 per cent of the total for the United States. Birmingham, Alabama, has become one of the world's great iron and steel centers. Fifty years ago it was a sleepy village of 4,000 inhabitants. Today it boasts a population of 260,000, almost entirely accumulated during the past quarter-century. Coal and iron mines lie adjacent to the city's huge steel plants.

Since the textile industry dominates the Southern industrial scene, a brief survey of its development is pertinent to an understanding of the present wave of labor unrest. Such industry as had obtained a foothold in the Southern States prior to 1860 virtually passed out of the picture during the Civil War and the Reconstruction Period. Not until the close of the 1880's did industrialization get under way again. Logically enough, the first industry to develop was that of cotton-textile fabrication. New England had had a virtual monopoly in this field for many years. It soon found in its Southern competitor a dangerous rival. Although the industry as a whole grew rapidly, there was an even more rapid shift from North to South. Of the nine million spindles in the United States in 1880 only half a million were in the South—in North and South Carolina and to a lesser extent in Georgia—while the remaining eight and a half million were in New England. The value of the total output of the Southern mills at that time amounted to $13,000,000. Proportionately, this was much less than the spindle ratio would seem to indicate. By 1921 the South had 15,709,000 spindles and New England had 18,388,000. The New England mills, to save themselves, were compelled to concentrate on the production of finer cotton goods. The manufacture of coarse goods passed almost completely to the Southern mills.

The Harding-Coolidge-Hoover era witnessed the complete supremacy of the South. By the beginning of 1930 New England had lost nearly 6,000,000 spindles while the South had gained 3,000,000. The ratio then stood: New England, 12,538,000 spindles; the South, 18,541,000. Textile production took a tail-spin during 1930-32 along with all other industries. But note what happened! At the beginning of 1933 New England's active spindles had dropped to 7,228,000—1,250,000 less than in 1880—but Southern mills were using 16,858,000—more than two to one.

North and South Carolina are still the leading cotton-textile States, with 96,000 and 75,000 wage-earners respectively. But the trend westward has been very pronounced during the past fifteen years. Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana have seen mill after mill set up. The looms and spindles have crept deeper and deeper into the cotton-growing regions of the old South.

The Negro has always been considered in the South "God's gift to the white man." In view of the heavy Negro population, ranging from 18.3 per cent in Tennessee to 50.2 per cent in Mississippi, one would expect to find a very large percentage of Negroes working in the factories. Such is not the case. Only 31 per cent of the Southern Negroes live in urban centers. Most of these are employed as domestic servants or in other menial capacities. The industrial wage-earners are overwhelmingly white. In no industry, to my knowledge, do Negroes form even a substantial minority.

Not only is the Southern industrial worker white; he is also native-born of native stock. From 97 per cent to 99 per cent of the white population is so classified by the United States Census Bureau. The Slavs, the Italians, the Poles, the Irish, and the Germans are conspicuous by their absence from the industrial scene. Thus, for the first time in the history of the United States, we are witnessing the rise of a strictly American proletariat. They cannot go back to the land. They cannot migrate to new regions or to lands beyond the sea. Whether they like it or not, they must remain in the mill towns, tied to their looms and spindles. Without funds and without adequate guidance these men and women are nevertheless organizing into labor unions from the Carolina Piedmont to the Mississippi Valley. The day of "good, cheap, docile, white Southern labor" has ended.

Labor Notes

A New Strike Threatens

THE cotton-textile strike may be reinforced on October 1 by a walkout of cotton-garment employees. The cotton-garment manufacturers have threatened mass disobedience against the NRA's order to reduce the maximum work week from forty to thirty-six hours, but to preserve intact the present minimum wage rates of $12 and $13. In this strike, if it takes place, three unions—the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, the International Ladies' Garment Workers, and the United Garment Workers—will constitute a united front. Each has a foothold in certain segments of the industry, although the industry as a whole is not highly organized. Certain doubts may be raised as to the wisdom *per se* of shortening the work week in the cotton-garment industry. It is another embodiment of the "share-the-work" philosophy whose pertinence to a capitalistic recovery program is not quite clear. There is abundant evidence that the employers failed to comply with the original labor provisions of the code. Clearly, so long as the industry remains substantially unorganized on the labor side, the code provisions, no matter how generous, must remain a dead letter. Nevertheless, the employers' defiance will provide the unions involved with an opportunity to engage in an organizational drive. If the drive succeeds, this will not only benefit the cotton-garment wage-earners; it will also relieve the competitive pressure of cotton-garment merchandise produced at code minimums against other needle-trades merchandise produced at union wage scales. This, in the last analysis, is the fundamental question in the controversy: Can industry survive half unionized and half open-shop? Shall manufacturers who honestly subject themselves to trade-union standards be exposed to the competition of manufacturers operating under much lower code standards?

The Automobile Code

DURING the last week in August representatives of the automobile manufacturers and of the A. F. of L. automobile workers' union appeared, separately, in Washington. The union men met and discussed what improvements they ought to urge for the code that would succeed the one due to expire on September 4. They considered the question of shorter hours, higher wages, and seasonal employment. The Administration had long ago disapproved the merit clause, and had recently come out against averaging of hours, both of which were in the code. Probably therefore, so the unions argued, the manufacturers would ask to have the code extended till June, 1935, though they would be glad to get rid of it altogether. On September 1 General Johnson recommended extending the code for sixty or ninety days; President Roosevelt extended it sixty. There was no public hearing at which the union could present its demands, but the Administration can hardly avoid one in October, when renewing the code for seven months is to be discussed. The unions may be better off than if the Administration had chosen ninety days, which would have put the hearing off until after the elections. But the round goes to the manufacturers. The code was renewed for sixty days instead of nine months, the industry may refuse a further extension, and the President may fail to impose a code. It was renewed unconditionally; this endows the averaging and merit clauses with a degree of Administration approval. The renewal postpones for nearly sixty days the union's chance to raise effectively the question whether the Automobile Labor Board is upholding Section 7-a. If the board is to be reorganized, it should be done well before the winter, when men are taken on and chances for discrimination increase.

Injunctions in New Jersey

NEW JERSEY'S antiquated chancery courts still function well and unceasingly in the issuance of drastic anti-labor injunctions. Vice-Chancellor Charles M. Egan, who already has a long string of strike-breaking ukases to his discredit, on two successive days recently gave utterance to enjoinders which must rank with the most unfair in labor history. It will be remembered that the right of picketing was the issue at stake in the Miller Furniture Company case in Jersey City last spring. This was recently settled by the federal District Court in Newark, which ruled that the Norris-LaGuardia Anti-Injunction Act was applicable and protected the Furniture Workers' Industrial Union. It was the climax of a long fight waged by organized labor and the American Civil Liberties Union to establish the right of picketing. The very next day, however, Vice-Chancellor Egan, at the instance of the Restful Slipper Company of Jersey City, issued an injunction against the United Shoe and Leather Workers' Union, an independent organization, restraining members from even communicating to anyone the fact that there was collective-bargaining trouble at the plant. The following day Egan issued a similar injunction against 20,000 Paterson silk dye workers who had threatened to join the textile strike.

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* * * * *

Other new books of interest to Nation readers include: OLIVER CROMWELL by John Buchan, the story of one of the most successful dictators in history (Illustrated $4.50); NO MAN IS SINGLE by Stuart Hawkins, a distinguished first novel which reviewers compare to Somerset Maugham's "Of Human Bondage" ($2.50); RICO by Fierro Blanco, the story of a Spanish American bandit-dictator, by the author of "The Journey of the Flame" ($2.00); THE BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES edited by Edward J. O'Brien, and including stories by such authors as Caldwell, Faulkner, Callaghan, Komroff and many younger writers ($2.50); RIDERS OF THE SKY by Leighton Brewer, a magnificent narrative poem describing the life and adventures of a young American aviator in the World War ($2.50); and LISZT by Sacheverell Sitwell ($4.00).

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He said he was tired of being kicked around. . . . The White House tub wasn't big enough for him.

He could rave about the least of things, but he was soon over it. . . General Sawyer delivered twenty-four barrels of whiskey. . . .

When he was courting, orchids and golf came ahead of affairs of State.

He traded at Piggly Wigglys and had his hair cut while at breakfast. . . .

He surrounded himself with "yes men" Of all Presidents, he worked the hardest and was the hardest to work for

His call on President Hoover was tense . . . His wife ordered hot-dogs for the Inaugural Reception.

Books and Drama

The World's Great Age

These Hurrying Years. By Gerald Heard. Oxford University Press. $3.

THOSE who read "The Ascent of Humanity" know Gerald Heard's gift for bold and interesting speculation. They may also feel that his striking generalizations are sometimes almost too facile, and in his new volume they will find both his virtues and his defects conspicuously exhibited. As to its vivid interest there can hardly be two opinions, but as to its soundness there may possibly be several. At moments his prophecy takes on an almost apocalyptic strain, and the effect will depend largely upon the reader. Some will be quite swept away; others may only be inclined to murmur, "Important if true."

In external form "These Hurrying Years" belongs with the various popular books dealing with recent history, but it differs from the others in two important respects. In the first place, its stress is upon crucial events instead of, as the custom has been, upon fads, fashions, and other picturesque superficialities. In the second place, the record is presented in accordance with a quasi-mystical philosophy of history which is then projected forward into prophecy. We are faced, so Mr. Heard insists, not with a crisis in human affairs but with *the* crisis. The accelerated rate of increase in the efficiency of the machine and in our ability to control nature is one thing, but it is almost unimportant by comparison with an entirely new insight into human psychology and an entirely new metaphysical knowledge of the relationship between mind and what used to be called external reality. To him—rather more clearly and rather more indubitably than to most thinkers—the new physics, the new psychology, and the new metaphysics all fit together in a fashion which shows conclusively that the development of civilization is not a process in the course of which man learns to adapt himself to the conditions imposed by a static reality external to himself, but rather a process in the course of which reality is at least modified in accordance with his conception of it. An epoch which began with the Paleolithic Age ended with the Victorian era, and our generation is set apart from all previous history by the following three things:

> . . . (i) our generation's growth in self-knowledge, (ii) its discovery of where are to be sought the hidden springs of human motive (though they are yet to be mapped and their volumes gauged), and even more fundamental and more consequential, (iii) the discovery which unites the new self-knowledge with the outer knowledge, the discovery that not only is our most detached observation of the outer world an act of creative selection but that that selection is made because of and through a fundamental relatedness between inner consciousness and outward experience, between "mind" and "matter."

Holding these convictions, Mr. Heard regards as mere symptoms what are commonly called the "causes" of the present world disorder. Wars, economic maladjustments, and the threatened breakdown of democratic government are not the disease. They are the outward disturbances which arise as the result of a certain failure of nerve. Instead of using the new powers and, above all, the new consciousness, we are appalled by the responsibilities entailed. Instead of molding the universe by our understanding of it, we are reduced to panic by the tendency of the "hard reality" to dissolve. Political regressions into dictatorships of one kind or another are merely manifestations in one field of a general tendency to turn back because we are afraid to look forward; but they can solve nothing. The new world must be created from within not from without. It can only come into being after the mind has accepted its creative responsibilities, only after it has accepted the fact that not merely political institutions but even Nature herself takes form in accordance with the forms of our consciousness.

It must be admitted of course that even the most elusive and tenuous of Mr. Heard's metaphysical ideas are not his alone. Other philosophers have recently asserted his most revolutionary proposition, which in effect abolishes the distinction between subject and object by attributing to the consciousness a function far more active than that of merely being aware of reality, and by insisting that the one interpenetrates the other to such an extent that reality tends to become what the human mind is capable of understanding it to be; even if it is not—as popular pseudo-religions tend to suggest—exactly responsive to the whims of the individual who can banish a toothache by not believing in it. I suspect, however, that comparatively few people are yet ready to accept both the very newest and most revolutionary theories of physics and the boldest speculations of the most adventurous metaphysicians as simple, all-but-indubitable facts. Mr. Heard apparently is, to an extent which would, for example, appall an Einstein or a Planck. But unless one does so accept them, his book becomes in places at least a flight into regions where the air is so thin that the brain reels and one returns to earth with the sense that one has been on an interesting adventure of which not much more can be said.

On the other hand Mr. Heard's sketch of recent history seems remarkably well informed, and in general it must be said that the closer he is to events, the more illuminating and convincing he is. To me at least his comments upon communism, fascism, and the causes of both seem exceptionally fresh and interesting. He sees humanitarianism, the great force of the nineteenth century, temporarily defeated when it came up against what were regarded as unescapable realities both of human nature and the economic processes. The result of this defeat was the development of the two falsely opposed political philosophies, which are alike in a boasted "realism" and in a complete surrender to alleged inevitabilities which involves the abandonment of all the original aims of revolution. The humanitarian became convinced that he must turn "realist," but he failed to observe that in so doing he can set up no new state which is not characterized by most of the defects of the old. Nor does one have to follow Mr. Heard in all his conclusions to see that he very tellingly analyzes the failure of both communism in Russia and fascism in Italy and Germany. The two fascist states are merely attempts to set the clock back. The rulers of Russia have not discovered any means of achieving their ends which do not—*vide* the suppressions, brutalities, and tyrannies—have the fatal defect of deliberately destroying what they are attempting to reach.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Schoolmaster's Holiday

Black Monastery. By Aladar Kuncz. Translated from the Hungarian by Ralph Murray. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.75.

IT is not until one has got through almost the whole first half of this book that its curious mixture of naive charm and macabre horror begins to have its proper effect. For one thing the situation is of a type that requires a certain length of time to unfold itself—a group of Germans, Austrians, and Hungarians trapped in France in July, 1914, and condemned to imprisonment for the remainder of the war. The personalities of the different members of the group, their efforts at adjustment in the various internment camps to which they are sent, the intense relationships that spring up among them—these constitute the substance of the work, and these do not take shape until we are well settled with the author in the dank and sinister barracks of Noirmeutier, the Black Monastery of the title. Another reason for the early lack of interest is an impatience with the type of passive and ineffectual intellectual with which the author identifies himself in the opening pages. A little Hungarian schoolmaster touring Normandy and keeping up with the latest in French verse, Aladar Kuncz offers no great resistance when the authorities of his *pays du cœur* hasten him off to a four years' sojourn in what prove to be some of the worst prison holes in Europe. There is none of the protest, none of the propagandist ardor which usually serves as a balm for bruised sensibilities in works of this sort. In fact, the absence of indignation even makes us wonder a little concerning the author's intelligence.

But gradually it becomes apparent that what gives a very special quality to the book is precisely this lack of any kind of intellectual attitude, this air of innocence betrayed, which comes to us like the breath of a lost world. Certainly no such melancholy surprise would be possible to the intellectual of our own day in the same circumstances. The gentleness of this frustrated Hungarian aesthete has all the pathos of the archaic. For Kuncz imprisonment meant a first encounter with the world; the nasty little worlds of Noirmeutier and L'Ile d'Yeu became *the* world; and he was forced to see it in a harder and clearer light than he was ever prepared to see it. It is because he communicates so successfully his own wide-eyed surprise and terror before the discovery that he manages to make us rediscover what we have already known, or think we have known, all along. This is nowhere better illustrated than in his portrait of the female impersonator Dr. Kurz—a portrait which is none the less unforgettable for the author's complete mystification concerning his subject.

Meaning enough may be found in the book by those who prefer to derive from Kuncz's experience a lesson in the futility of the submerged class to which he belonged. It is even possible that the American publishers, in bringing out this translation at this time, are playing upon a fear that may exist subconsciously in the minds of good, kindly, sensitive people—school teachers, writers, liberal-minded thinkers—everywhere in the world at present. For them this record of an initiation into the infernal mysteries may take on the significance of a warning. What Kuncz's beautiful little book brings out, among other important things, is the complete irrelevance of everything that we mean by taste and fine sensibility in a world in which such things as he describes can take place. WILLIAM TROY

A Footnote on Religion

A Common Faith. By John Dewey. Yale University Press. $1.50.

THIS little volume, embodying the Terry Lectures of Yale University on science and religion, is something of a footnote on religion added by America's leading philosopher to his life work in philosophy. Inasmuch as Dewey's empiricism and naturalism are in more obvious conflict with the presuppositions of the historic religions than the older idealism, this footnote has long been awaited with interest. Dr. Dewey's Gifford Lectures, published under the title "The Quest for Certainty," disappointed those who expected him to deal with the religious problem specifically in them. His present volume is disappointing only in the sense that it is too brief to do full justice to the problem or allow the author scope in elaborating his thesis on religion.

His thesis can be briefly stated: There is no specific religious experience and no specific religious object. But all experience contains a religious element, and it is directed toward an aspect of reality which may be defined as "the unity of all ideal ends arousing us to desire and action." The expression of this religious element in experience must be emancipated from the claim of monopoly of historic religions upon it; and this task of emancipation belongs to modern culture and philosophy. The emancipation is necessary for three reasons: (1) The religious element in experience is vital only when it is organic to the whole of man's experience and therefore atrophies when the effort is made to cultivate it as an end in itself. (2) Historic religions are all supernatural, implying that "ideals are real not as ideals but as antecedently existing actualities." Thus faith "that something should be in existence as far as lies in our power is changed into the intellectual belief that it is already in existence." (3) Historic religions suffer from an encumbrance of incredible mythical beliefs at variance with the facts revealed by modern science and a heritage of dogmatism in conflict with the freedom required by, and achieved in, modern science.

Of the three objections to historic religions Dr. Dewey's criticism of supernaturalism is most central to his own philosophical position. His own view of the relation of ideals to reality, he thinks, may be regarded by more vigorous naturalists as "an emotional hangover from childhood indoctrination." Religion is "whatever introduces genuine perspective . . . into the piecemeal and shifting episodes of existence," or again, "any activity pursued in behalf of an ideal end against obstacles and in spite of threats of personal loss because of conviction of its general and enduring value is religious in quality." The two legitimate aspects of religion are thus the poetic perspective which brings order and meaning into total experience and the moral vitality expressed in devotion to ideals. Dr. Dewey's emphasis upon the first point brings him really closer to qualified theists than to humanistic dualists. He wants religion to include nature as a realm of value and meaning. "The essentially unreligious attitude is that which attributes human achievement and purpose to man in isolation from the world of physical nature and his fellows." He thinks that "militant atheism is also affected by a want of natural piety. The ties binding man to nature that poets have celebrated are passed over lightly." His "God" is not merely the unity of all ideals projected by the moral imagination but "it is this active union of the ideal and the actual to which I would give the name of 'God.'" "A religious attitude . . . needs the sense of a connection of man in the way of both dependence and support with an enveloping world that the imagination feels is a universe." Dr. Dewey insists, in other words, that religion is not only devotion to ideal ends which transcend the world of reality but appreciation of the real world as a realm of value and meaning, that is, as a universe.

This kind of credo comes closer than Dr. Dewey is willing to admit to the primary tenets of prophetic religion. Dr. Dewey may insist that he does not believe in the ideals as "antecedently existing actualities," but he does believe in a world in which the possibility of realizing ideals exists. He believes in appreciating the world of nature as a realm of meaning even where it does not obviously support man's moral enterprise but is in conflict with it. This is the kind of faith which prophetic religion has tried to express mythically and symbolically by belief in a God who is both the creator and the judge of the world, that is, both the ground of its existence and its *telos*.

It is questionable whether the supernature against which Dr. Dewey protests, a realm of being separate from the natural world and interfering in its processes, is really the kind of supernature about which really profound prophetic religion speaks. Its God is not a separate existence but the ground of existence.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Prophetic religion contrives to express in its paradoxes faith both in a meaningful universe and in a dynamic one which has not exhausted the meaning suggested in its actual realities. This kind of faith is not arrived at by a scientific observation of the detailed facts of existence. It is an a priori involved in all knowledge and action, since both knowledge and purposeful action presuppose a meaningful world. To use Dr. Dewey's own phrase, "the *imagination feels* that [the world] is a universe."

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

Roots of National Socialism

Hitler—Whence and Whither? By Wickham Steed. Review of Reviews Corporation. $1.50.

NATIONAL SOCIALIST literature has produced numerous discussions of what its writers are pleased to call "Hitler's philosophical system." Wickham Steed is the first, to my knowledge, to have undertaken this task from an opposition point of view and in the English language. He sees National Socialism as the outgrowth of the doctrines of Alexandre de Gobineau and Houston Stewart Chamberlain, colored by the pan-Germanism of Dr. von Schönerer and the anti-Semitism of Karl Lüger, the Austrian political leaders from whom the young Hitler received the powerful political impressions which gave direction to his later development. Gobineau's work in the middle of the last century probably laid the foundation for the conception of Aryan racial superiority which Mr. Steed considers the fundamental social and political tenet of the Third Reich. Chamberlain, who exchanged his British birthright for German citizenship in the eighties and spent the latter half of his life in Germany, was the most efficient promulgator of the idea of Teutonic supremacy.

"Hitler—Whence and Whither?" is an analysis of the fundamental social and governmental ideas of Hitlerite Germany against the background of these philosophical systems, but it fails to substantiate the promise of its sweeping title. It must fail, in my opinion, because the author seeks to establish a philosophical system where there is only the "systemlessness" of rank opportunism. Hitler's political strength lies in the fact that he had no unified philosophical conception, that with the unerring instinct of the arrant demagogue he took from each what at the moment promised the greatest and most immediate return. Fascism, socialism, nationalism, militarism, Aryanism, and anti-Semitism are all definite concepts around which a unified *Weltanschauung* may be developed. National Socialism accepts them all: nationalism, because post-war conditions developed the inherent nationalism of the German until it overshadowed every other impulse in the nation's life; and militarism because the parade exceeds every other form of propaganda in the potency of its appeal. With a "national" socialism Hitler appealed to those masses who, though they still believed in the fundamental philosophy of socialism, had lost faith in its leadership and were looking elsewhere for quicker results. With his anti-Semitism, perhaps the only real conviction in the collection of opinions Hitler espouses, he swept the middle class off its feet. The fundamental fascist philosophy, on which National Socialism is based, is his contribution to Germany's industrialists, who see in the corporative state the only alternative to social revolution.

The reader who ignores this fundamental contradiction in Mr. Steed's nevertheless valuable contribution to anti-fascist literature will read this book, particularly its chapters on the Nordic Legend, Mass Suggestion and Persecution Mania, and the Third Empire and the Totalitarian State with profit and intellectual enjoyment. Mr. Steed's long years of experience on the Continent as European correspondent and later as editor of th London *Times*, his World War activities, and his special

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LUDWIG LORE

Prosperity Regained

The Coming American Boom. By L. L. B. Angas. Simon and Schuster. $1.50.

FOR those who believe in the efficacy of monetary measures as a cure for the depression Mr. Angas has written a significant and highly encouraging volume. Its importance lies in the fact that it is both a sympathetic interpretation of the Administration's financial policies, in itself a rarity, and a prediction that these policies will usher in a period of unparalleled prosperity. For Wall Street brokers and their clients, jaded by a never-ending stream of "confidential" memoranda predicting an imminent breakdown, this is indeed a refreshing view. And there is just enough truth in the analysis to make it intriguing to honest observers who are striving to anticipate the probable trend of events.

The basis of Mr. Angas's optimism is simple. He sees the primary factor in the termination of all depressions to be what he terms "redundancy of money." Non-monetary factors, such as war debts, tariffs, and other dislocations in the economic structure, may cause slumps, but the immediate factor in the upward turn is always monetary. In the past the accumulation of surplus funds has come about through the natural decline of prices and trade, but it can also be achieved by means of the inflation of currency or credit. While he admits that no inflation has occurred so far, he insists that the accumulation of bank deposits and idle bank reserves is bound, sooner or later, to lead to rising prices and a revival in business activity. That this has not occurred to date is immaterial; the pressure exists, and while it takes a certain amount of time for it to be effective, the result is inevitable.

To most economists this view will seem incomparably naive. The expansion and contraction of bank credit are indices of business opportunity, not the cause of it. If it could be shown that the New Deal was placing more purchasing power in the pockets of the population as a whole, there would be some justification for Mr. Angas's thesis. But with living costs rising more rapidly than wages and salaries, and government expenditures on the decline, his whole case becomes fantastic.

It is difficult to understand how a book which is so wholly unrealistic should be enjoying such a wide sale. Perhaps it is because a sympathetic and reasonably coherent interpretation of the Administration's policies is long overdue. A modern psychologist would be more likely, however, to attribute the book's popularity to the influence of wishful thinking.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

Dark-brown Tragedy

Now in November. By Josephine Johnson. Simon and Schuster. $2.

FOR some reason the first object of many beginning writers at the moment seems to be Style, and particularly if the writer is feminine, the fashion—beginning perhaps with Virginia Woolf—seems to require a sort of drugged running lilt that never takes a breath. Miss Johnson, apparently, borrows the prolonged accent of Irish keening to tell a story of mortgages, drought, and agricultural disparity, not to mention fire, insanity, and suicide on a Missouri farm.

It is too bad that Style wags the story, for beneath the unflagging dark-brown manner can be discerned the faint outlines of real substance. Miss Johnson seems to have a feeling for her Missouri hill farm; she has observed a true type of American farmer in the dry and grittily humorous character of Grant Koven; Merle Haldmarne sometimes comes alive as a robust farm girl; and even Kerren, who goes insane, is recognizable at moments as a rebellious midland off-type. But the strained effort at darksome poetic tragedy leaves these realities mute beneath the surface. And we are not certain even what the tragedy really turns on, whether economic or natural disaster, unrequited love, or congenital human flaws. None of these factors is investigated to its source. Everything swims in a sort of brown soup, like the palette of a bad period of painting.

May we hope that Miss Johnson, who obviously has talent and something to write about, may forget the grand manner when she writes her next book, and listen instead for the real tones and overtones of her material?

FERNER NUHN

An Aesthetic Dish

Plastic Redirections in 20th Century Painting. By James Johnson Sweeney. The University of Chicago Press. $1.50.

IN this pretentious tract Mr. Sweeney undertakes to analyze the abstract elements of modern painting from the collapse of impressionism to the ultimate absurdities of sur-realism. He uses the aesthetic slang of the professors of pure art with exceptional ease, and has every confidence that his felicitous gabble about plasticity and architectonics has a direct bearing on the meaning and purpose of art. It might, indeed, have a very intimate bearing on one side of art if he were not committed to the theory that design is essentially a manifestation of structural eccentricity.

Mr. Sweeney is obviously familiar with the terminology of the professional aesthetes, but his writing discloses little understanding of the relation of the composed picture to the experienced facts of life, and little knowledge of art as an activity proceeding from and affecting the lives of men. He restricts the meaning of art to the recognition of its abstract basis, attaches fabulous and unintelligible merits to the infantile fancies of Rousseau and to amusing African sculptures, believes in the symbolical litter of the sur-realists, and arrives at the conclusion that "the twentieth century has been characterized by a return to a new archaism, a pre-logical mode of expression"—whatever that may signify. Surely, in this troubled modern world, we should all rejoice that at last art has something to offer humanity—a new archaism, a pre-logical mode of expression!

Surely we should be profoundly comforted by the information that "Matisse and the Fauves, seeking a means to thaw conventionalized visual concepts and build up new plastic entities, were given their lead by Oriental art to an exploitation of this very process in the inverse direction." The sentence is typical. We should be grateful to Mr. Sweeney for his breadth of vision, his depth of feeling, his visual penetration.

Stripped of its esoteric chuckles and its show of erudition, this book is no more than a belated plea for that form of art appreciation in which none but the specialist can participate. Mr. Sweeney is a worshiper of structure—not structure employed as an instrument of communication, but structure in the abstract. He is interested only in how things are put together, in methods operating on other methods, in tidy little jobs of coordination. His efforts to reduce the higher values of art to the whimsical juggling of particles of dead matter will deceive no one; for few will have the patience to read him, and no one reading him will be convinced save those pathetic painters who must lean upon Picasso or die. His tract is a museum dish for pallid aesthetes with no stomach for an art enriched by the impurities of the real world, a morsel of consolation for those whose convictions and investments are at stake.

THOMAS CRAVEN

Recent Fiction

Grammar of Love. By Ivan Bunin. Translated by John Cournos. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. $2.

These short stories are psychological studies of the effect of sudden love upon the person frustrated by that love. And love, for Bunin, is always an abrupt and violent awakening. Never does it spring from slow-growing friendship; and though the lovers may not see each other again, though life may flow on conventionally thereafter, the moment of physical delight is not lost. The stories are quietly told. If the action reaches a moment of hysteria, this moment is described briefly. In the story called Sunstroke the account of the hours of love is given in a page. Then the nameless Russian heroine vanishes. There follows a penetrating analysis of the frustration of the sophisticated lieutenant as he goes about the little town determined to conquer his absurd emotion, every aspect of the town heightened by the experience of love which he would deny as anything other than trivial but which he cannot put out of mind. The unforgettable scenes in these tales are those in which the author, with perfect insight, presents action or speech against a sensory background. Sight, sound, taste, smell are a part of every high-pitched emotional moment. The little town on the Volga, the railroad station, the night at sea, the green Russian estate, the great Novosilsk road are indelible living pictures. Atmosphere here is not merely local color; it is an integral part of every complex experience. In point of view and in technique Bunin belongs of course to the old Russian tradition. He has not the imaginative power of the greatest of the Russian novelists but he has perfect mastery of the short story. Indeed, his powers seem best displayed in this concentrated form.

Love on the Dole. By Walter Greenwood. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

This first novel by a young English workingman is well worth the reading because of its authentic treatment of the lives of working people. Walter Greenwood is not always master of narrative technique. The structure of his novel builds to no climax in action or in thought. But his book is so honest, his characters are so real and their lives and speech so soundly portrayed, that occasional slips in technique can be overlooked. He sometimes stops over-long to describe a scene rather than to translate it into action; his expository introductions to chapters could be omitted or made an intrinsic part of his story; but these are faults due merely to inexperience. Hanky Park, that district which is one of the many industrial townships comprising the Two Cities, is the scene; and the scene is filled with tired old women, overworked middle-aged men, young boys who dream of being engineers only to have their dream realized too soon and too sordidly, their initiation into manhood forced by drudgery and responsibility. As for these young boys' sisters, still young enough to be unafraid and beautiful, they too must enter a life made up of poverty and insecurity. Mr. Greenwood is himself a young man. He sees that youth among the working class is only the briefest of illusions. But he is not bitter, nor is he given to propaganda. He describes youth tenderly and pityingly, but not sentimentally. Yet his book, because of the story it tells, is the best kind of propaganda. It teaches, as all art teaches, through its honesty of representation, its wholeness of conception. "Love on the Dole" is truly moving.

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Prayer for the Living. By Bruce Marshall. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

This novel is a satirical, yet tender study of life in a Scottish preparatory school. The boys are presented with standards—patriotic, moral, religious. Presently they will emerge from this sheltered atmosphere into a world at war. The school is a little world in itself, and this little world reflects the real one only idealistically. The masters, the pastors, the pupils, all live in an immediate present. Boys must be taught sports, they must read books, they must learn religious creeds. What happens to them afterward is in God's hands. Bruce Marshall handles his material with much understanding. Here are pathos and satirical wit. Unobtrusively the author builds up the sinister background of the war. All his characters live. Their talk is authentic school talk—of trivial things, of school discipline, of confirmation, of a love affair between one of the young teachers, about to leave for the war, and the headmaster's daughter. Mr. Marshall has made real and moving this picture of a group of innocents, young and old, pirouetting on the edge of a precipice.

Harvest in the North. By James Lansdale Hodson. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

"Harvest in the North" is a sociological novel, à study of the Lancashire mills in the years of the cotton boom and crash. It has the fault common to such studies: since the characters in so far as they represent different groups do not, and perhaps cannot, know each other, the plot is not "woven" so much as it is built up in layers. But Mr. Hodson handles his characters so well, whatever their class, that his book is worth reading chiefly for the people in it. The author allows himself the privilege, which was always granted to the eighteenth-century novelist, of explaining his theme, pointing his moral, and indicating his philosophy. Throughout the narrative he intersperses long expository passages and thoughtful observations which are often interesting but tend to retard the flow. Unfortunately Mr. Hodson's talent for creating atmosphere is limited. The mill does not become, as perhaps the author intended, the protagonist in the book. The writing on the whole is smooth, though the prose is not distinguished and trite phrases creep in. Obviously the author knows more about the people of Lancashire than about the economic forces that affect them. He is mainly concerned with the intricacies of character and the manner in which disastrous circumstances heighten or submerge human qualities.

Contributors to This Issue

DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY has just completed a new book on birth control, of which her article in this issue forms a chapter. The book will be published this fall by Harper & Brothers under the title "Birth Control: Its Use and Misuse."

LOUIS FISCHER is the Moscow correspondent of *The Nation.*

UPTON SINCLAIR is the Democratic candidate for Governor of California.

OLIVER CARLSON, formerly research associate at the University of Chicago, has just returned from a two years' stay in the South.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR, professor of applied Christianity at the Union Theological Seminary, is the author of "Reflections on the End of an Era."

LUDWIG LORE, formerly the editor of the New York *Volkszeitung,* now conducts a daily column, "Behind the Cables," in the New York *Post.*

THOMAS CRAVEN is the author of "Men of Art."

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Drama

In Them Hills

A GOOD deal of earnest work has obviously gone into the making of "Tight Britches" (Avon Theater). John Tainter Foote evidently studied his Smoky Mountains with the scientific eye of the professional folklorist and then, with the aid of his collaborator, Hubert Hayes, followed skilfully the accepted rules of good play-making. As a result, his tragic melodrama has about all the virtues possible to a piece from which the spark of genuine inspiration is lacking. The language is richly picturesque, the characters are as convincing as study can make them, and the action is rather more compelling than one would expect in advance from what is, after all, only a very workman-like synthesis of pretty familiar situations. Thanks, in addition, to sound acting by the whole cast and to one performance on the part of Frank Camp which is rather more than that, the whole thing is convincing enough to deserve the success which it has at least a fair chance of achieving. Yet the fact remains that for all its useful virtues "Tight Britches" never lifts itself to the level of anything really memorable.

Inevitably a comparison with "Tobacco Road" suggests itself. For all I know to the contrary, the latter, with its emphasis on the degradation of characters below the human level, may be less "true to life." If the younger personages in "Tight Britches" look, for all their rags and their accents, just a bit too civilized, it may very well be that they are still less distorted than Erskine Caldwell's unforgettable grotesques. But that is not the point. The fact remains that Caldwell writes like a man possessed, while the Messrs. Foote and Hayes are only competent workmen. Caldwell projects a vision so powerful and so self-consistent that one hardly cares whether or not it corresponds to anything outside itself. The world of his imagination exists because he described it, even if it exists nowhere else, and that is enough. No one is likely to forget "Tobacco Road"; no one is likely to confuse it with any other play. "Tight Britches," on the other hand, falls readily into a familiar classification. It may be—indeed, it is—a good deal better than most of the plays it reminds one of, but it is only better in the same way that the others are more or less good. The authors have no new vision, and hence the spectator, however well his interest may be held, receives no new experience.

In "Lady Jane" (Plymouth Theater)another competent cast of well-known players struggles manfully to earn for a very conventionally smart comedy the success which it is said to have achieved in London. Perhaps Frances Starr, for all her ability and charm, is slightly too grave to realize the effect which Marie Tempest is alleged to have produced in England, but it is difficult to see how any performance could be right enough to make one forget how well worn the situations are or how mechanically the epigrams repeat the familiar themes. The story is one of those which deal with the doings of the younger generation as seen and rebuked by their more sophisticated if more conservative elders. At any moment the moral might be one thing or another, but it turns out in the end to be that if one really must commit adultery on the side it is just as well not to be too open about it. To me, at least, the dialogue seemed pretty stodgy-brilliant, but tastes differ; and as I was making my way back to my seat for the last act I overheard a fragment of lobby conversation. Said one gentleman to his companion: "There's some good lines in this show, like when that guy said, 'Every woman is an undiscovered country. . . .' "

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THE LAST OF THE PRIMARIES before the November elections has been held, and the impression of the Maine and California votes has been confirmed. Mayor Curley of Boston has broken the conservative leadership of Senator David Walsh in Massachusetts. Even Governor Albert Ritchie of Maryland, who was renominated, felt moved for the first time to indorse the New Deal after seeing the strength of an obscure physician who ran against him as its champion. Democratic conservatism has had only two important successes—in Colorado, and in Georgia where Eugene Talmadge was renominated for Governor. The nomination by Wisconsin Democrats of John M. Callahan for the Senate cannot be called a conservative victory, for it probably assures the election of Senator Robert La Follette, who should be able to count in November on the liberal Democratic vote as well as his own Progressive following. Philip La Follette, running on the new Progressive ticket for Governor, will have a closer fight. His opponent, Governor A. G. Schmedeman, is not a conservative, and to win he must attack the same liberal Democrats who he hopes will vote for his brother Robert. The showing of the new party in Wisconsin was fairly satisfactory, but its full strength cannot be estimated until the November election. Philip La Follette will suffer somewhat from the distinction drawn between him and his brother in the President's Green Bay speech. It transpires that the President had Philip in mind as one of the "well-meaning people who have the right general objective but insist on their own approach," while he was indorsing brother Robert for the Senate.

RESULTS IN OTHER STATES tend to bear out our contention that the country as a whole is ready for more radical action by the President. The nomination of Governor Theodore Bilbo of Mississippi to the Senate is not to be dismissed as simply the kind of queer thing that can happen in the South. The Governor complains that he did not promise to "raise more hell in Washington than Huey Long." He promised to raise more hell for the common people. We do not understand how Governor Bilbo could convince Mississippians that he could serve them effectively, but we sympathize with their determination to be served more demonstratively than they have been by Senator Stephens, whom Governor Bilbo defeated, and by Senator Pat Harrison, who supported Stephens. In California Upton Sinclair has captured the State Democratic machine, and press reports say that George Creel and Senator McAdoo have swallowed a much-modified EPIC. Our inference is that Sinclair has embodied the Ohio Plan in his own, and that the newspapers still do not know enough about either to tell which is which. Our readers will be glad of the analysis of the two in the Washington letter of this issue. The primaries have given no hint that Republicans have even a rallying-point far behind the battle line where they may gather their broken forces. The campaign was to have been fought with plenty of money. A million dollars was going to be easy to raise. The million was not forthcoming, and the fund reached little more than $200,000. The bankruptcy of Republicanism in social philosophy is notorious, but that the National Committee should be insufficiently financed indicates decrepitude in the one power in which the Republicans have been supreme.

THE LONG-IMPENDING CRISIS in the German evangelical church has come at last. The autocratic methods of the Reich church have precipitated a nation-wide schism in the church organization. The attempt of the Reich church government to apply authoritarian principles to the control of the evangelical church and to do away with the historic system of parish government, which since the time of Martin Luther has been the foundation of the Protestant church, has met with the determined and as yet unbroken opposition of the Protestant clergy and their congregations. Opposition first raised its head when the Reich church attempted to force the church organizations of Bavaria and Württemberg to accept its control. Both organizations replied with prompt secession. The conflict reached its height when Reich Bishop Müller, without previous notification of the Berlin synod, entered the cathedral in Berlin and proclaimed his primacy over the German Protestant church. This gesture marked the official repudiation of the right of the German synod to conduct the affairs of the church. The dissident clergy left no doubt of its sentiments. In hundreds of congregations throughout the Reich protests were read against the arrogation of ecclesiastical power by the political clergy, and a uniform declaration was adopted which stressed the fact that Bishop Ludwig Müller, Dr. August Jäger, Church Commissioner of Prussia, and their supporters had "read themselves out of the Christian brotherhood and had forfeited every right within the church." The gravity of the opposition with which Hitler will have to reckon may be estimated from the fact that, according to the *Frankfurter Zeitung,* in Bavaria 90 per cent and in Württemberg 85 per cent of the Protestant clergy have taken their place behind the dissident bishops. To the church and its leaders, Protestant as well as Catholic, belongs the credit of having been the first to venture an open and organized opposition to Nazi tyranny.

THE REPORT that the Soviet Union and Japan are nearing an agreement regarding the sale of the Chinese Eastern Railway, if accurate, removes the immediate threat of war in the Far East. While the rumor that a definite understanding has already been reached is probably premature, it is distinctly encouraging to note that the price reported to be offered by Tokio—170,000,000 yen—is ten million yen higher than the amount demanded by the Soviet Union in August. With the purchase price practically settled, negotiations are likely to be concerned largely with the means of payment. Tokio is said to have offered one-third in cash and bonds and the remaining two-thirds in commodities, while Moscow will doubtless hold out for a larger cash payment. The chief barrier to settlement, however, remains the Japanese demand for Soviet recognition of Manchoukuo. Here no easy solution is apparent. Although Litvinov recently asserted before the League Assembly that the Soviet Union "cannot be morally responsible for decisions taken by the League in the past without Russia's concurrence," it is difficult to see how the Kremlin could take a step at this time which is in such flagrant opposition to world opinion. On the other hand, there can be no doubt that as an immediate neighbor the burden of the League's non-recognition policy falls much more heavily on the Soviet Union than on any other country, and it would scarcely be justified in carrying this burden at the risk of war. It is an issue which bids fair to tax the skill of Soviet diplomacy to the utmost.

FASCISM SUFFERS an important defeat in the retirement of General Owen O'Duffy from the leadership of the United Ireland Party and the Blue Shirts. His place with the Blue Shirts is taken by Commander E. J. Cronin, who is confident he can exert influence enough to keep this organization within the bounds set by former President Cosgrave, now the real leader of the opposition to de Valera. O'Duffy's resignation ends the danger of an early fascist assault on the existing order in the Free State. The General was an outspoken believer in the corporate state, and for a time he was drawing youth to his camp as though Ireland were destined to endure a great upheaval. President de Valera, himself dependent on the enthusiasm of youth in his opposition days, was paying the price of being in power in that he could not produce changes swiftly enough to satisfy his young followers. O'Duffy's gains, however, reached their peak, and Free State conservatism found itself unwilling to go the whole way with him. Cosgrave at last denounced some of his public utterances as extreme, reckless, and irresponsible. His resignation may not bring immediate peace, for hotheads in the Blue Shirt army may feel like forcing a last desperate fight before giving up their dreams. The downfall of O'Duffy coincides with news of the decline of the fascist movement in Great Britain. The break in the alliance with Lord Rothermere last summer checked its growth, and now the flow of contributions from hidden industrial sources has dwindled. Doubtless the Hitler massacres of June have had much to do with this decline.

AS A DIRECT OUTCOME of the Administration's crop-restriction program, the production of cotton abroad this year, for the first time since the Civil War, exceeded that of the United States. Preliminary figures indicate a total foreign output of approximately 13,650,000 bales, as against 9,250,000 in this country, a deficiency of 4,400,000 bales on the part of American producers. Behind these figures lies a very simple economic law, of which the Administration, unfortunately, appears to be completely oblivious. Any device which serves to raise the price of a given product tends to encourage production throughout the world, as well as to curtail demand. Foreign buyers naturally transfer their purchases to the cheapest market. One merely needs to look at the record. Five years ago, prior to the establishment of the Federal Farm Board, the United States furnished approximately 60 per cent of the world's supply of cotton, half of which was exported. During the first two years of the depression, as a result of the Farm Board's activities, American exports declined while the consumption of foreign cotton increased. In 1931-32 the attempt to support cotton prices was largely abandoned and the United States regained much of the ground lost in the two previous years. But with inauguration of the present restriction policies, foreign sales have once more declined, while foreign production has risen by 20 per cent. The threat of a permanent loss of our market for cotton would not be serious if it could be shown that the land and labor formerly devoted to this crop were now being more efficiently utilized in some other manner. But this is, of course, not the case. The fact is that as a nation we have deliberately abandoned one of our most profitable enterprises for the doubtful pleasure of maintaining one of the highest tariff walls in the world. And the price will be paid, as always, by those least able to bear it—share-croppers and other marginal producers, who will be forced from the land to seek a doubtful living from the relief authorities of the various Southern cities.

THE NEW YORK CITY TAX PLAN to finance unemployment relief, which the Board of Aldermen passed after it had refused the Mayor's 0.5 per cent tax on the gross receipts of business, has succeeded in pleasing nobody. The Mayor accepted it with reluctance because, although estimates of the revenue to be derived from it vary considerably, it is generally conceded that it will fall far short of the fifty million dollars needed, and other means to raise the balance will have to be found. The plan is threefold: it consists of

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a tax of 0.1 per cent on the gross receipts of business, which will, of course, be passed on to the ultimate consumer; a 15 per cent tax on federal income taxes paid in New York City, which will be difficult to collect, especially from non-residents; and the much-mooted city lottery. The last has aroused considerable protest on moral grounds, but it might be objected to more properly because of its costliness—it is estimated that not more than 44 per cent of the profits of the lottery will go to the city. It is a pity that the La Guardia administration, along with its admirable efforts to reestablish the city's credit, could not have devised a more acceptable means of increasing revenues, and that it should not have begun by insisting on a reduction in the sums paid to the bankers who hold first lien on city income. And it is a still greater pity that the Mayor, in his zeal to force through his own program for a business tax, should have temporarily cut off city relief on the ground that there were no funds to meet these obligations.

OF RUTH HALE, who died on September 18 at the age of forty-nine, the obituary articles said that she had been a newspaper woman herself, that she was the founder of the Lucy Stone League, that she had been the wife and was still the friend of Heywood Broun. What they might have added was that in these activities and in any others in which she chose to engage she was always and without ceasing a passionate contender. There were many causes that she championed, the outstanding one being the position of woman as at least the equal of man. But more than the cause she loved the fight. She never gave ground, never admitted the possibility of defeat, never asked for quarter. She was a good one to have on your side, and she would make it highly uncomfortable for you if she wasn't. In her whole life she was probably never once willing to accept a compromise. In addition her spirit was generous, high, sharp, and proud. She fought to be thought as good as a man, and her epitaph might well say that she was a better man than most of her opponents.

A SHOCKING DENIAL of ordinary rights to Negroes at a supposed court of justice has occurred in Pemiscot County, Missouri. Hailed before Justice of the Peace Max Kelley in the small town of Steele as a result of their organization activities for a Negro fraternal order, the Pacific Movement of the Eastern World, four St. Louis Negroes were unmercifully beaten by the spectators who thronged the courtroom. Their lawyer, also a Negro, was forced to flee and had no opportunity to represent his clients. As if this outrageous performance in his court were not enough, "Justice" Kelley proceeded to impose on each of the unfortunates maximum sentences for "unlawful assemblage"—a year in jail and a fine of $1,000, in effect 500 more days in jail at the rate of $2 a day for non-payment of the fine. We hold no brief for the Pacific Movement of the Eastern World, and it may be that these organizers would have done no particular good in Pemiscot County. Yet had they been confessed criminals they should have been protected from a courtroom beating. The Missouri Supreme Court, greatly to its credit, promptly took a hand in the situation. Sitting *en banc* it decided forthwith that the Negroes had been deprived of a fair trial and ordered their discharge. The extreme southeastern county of Missouri deserved a rebuke and it got one.

The Textile "Victory"

FRANCIS GORMAN'S exuberant claims of victory in the textile strike take on a bitter irony in the light of the news from the mill centers, where union members are being locked out by the hundreds and the workers are faced with one of the worst sell-outs in the history of American labor leadership. For even if the employers comply with every one of the recommendations of the President's board of inquiry, whose report the executive council of the U. T. W. A. accepted with such indecent haste, the workers gain not one of the specific immediate concessions for which they went on strike. Their union fails of immediate national recognition; the stretch-out system is not abolished; wage and hours for the time being remain as before. The Bruere board, which has been completely ineffectual in protecting the rights of textile labor, is to be replaced by a new tribunal created under the authority of Public Resolution 44. But the records of the steel and automobile labor boards, which are cited as models for the new textile labor board, are not encouraging, and these boards have been up against industries no more opposed to genuine collective bargaining than George Sloan and his fellow-manufacturers.

On the surface the report was not unfavorable to the workers. It admitted practically all their contentions, and, in passing, it outlined the fantastic procedure of the Bruere board in handling complaints from employees: "A digest of the complaint, omitting the complainant's name, was prepared by the board and forwarded to the Code Authority, a body composed entirely of textile manufacturers except for the three government representatives without vote." No wonder the employers played fast and loose with Section 7-a, and made the unskilled minimum the maximum even for highly skilled workers. The new board will at least be independent of the Cotton Textile Institute.

The stretch-out is to be studied by a Textile Works Assignment Control Board, composed of a labor representative, a management representative, and an impartial chairman. After February 1 an increase in the machine load will not be permitted without a license from this board, which will be issued only if the employer proves that the increase is necessary and desirable. But meanwhile the textile worker's load, which had become intolerable and, with low pay, was the principal grievance in the strike, remains unchanged.

The board recommends an investigation by the Bureau of Labor Statistics of actual wages and earnings now prevailing, and concurrently an investigation by the Federal Trade Commission into the economic status of the textile industry to determine "whether a wage increase based upon reduction in hours can, under the prevailing economic conditions, be sustained." But again the textile worker must be content with his present insufficient wages—providing he gets his job back—until these investigations are concluded.

In other words, the Winant report provides a framework, but nothing more, for improving the industry's labor standards and promoting collective bargaining. The textile worker, who has gone through three payless weeks of dangerous picket duty, martial law, and even concentration camps, has every reason for losing faith in his alphabetical heroes, the NRA and the U. T. W.

A Challenge to the A. F. of L.

FOR all practical purposes, the organized labor movement in the United States is synonymous with the various unions, international and federal, which together constitute the American Federation of Labor. Anti-union employers, busy fashioning employee-representation plans, will hasten to deny this statement. Persons of a social-revolutionary turn of mind will no doubt squirm at the thought. But it is indisputably true; and that is why the hearts and thoughts of millions of American workers now turn toward San Francisco as the leaders of the A. F. of L. assemble for their annual convention. Will the federation profit by the psychological forces set in action by Section 7-a and define a future policy which will make it possible to realize the vision of a labor movement covering the entire rank and file of the American working class? Or will it relapse into familiar bad habits and concern itself principally with the job monopolies of the "aristocrats of labor"—the printers, carpenters, electricians, and machinists?

Within the past year and a half the federation has experienced an extraordinary growth. Although reliable data are not yet available, it is probable that membership totals have risen to four million or more. For the most part this expansion has been localized in two groups of constituent unions: on the one hand, some of the industrial or quasi-industrial internationals, such as the mine, textile, needle trades, petroleum, steel, and brewery workers; on the other, the numerous federal organizations by means of which the A. F. of L. has sought to push its way into the mass-production industries, such as automobiles, rubber, chemicals, and aluminum. But the expansion has been of a mushroom character, and even now the United Automobile Workers' Union seems to be in process of disintegration and the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers is rapidly losing ground. What is more, the feudal overlords of industry continue to push the company-union movement with unrelenting determination. The recent pronouncement of the National Association of Manufacturers on the Houde decision clearly indicates that open-shop industry will never voluntarily retreat from the stand it took in the Budd, Weirton, and Harriman cases—a stand which, unfortunately, was sanctioned by the President's settlement of the threatened automobile strike last spring.

Does the federation genuinely wish to preserve the gains of the past year? Does it truly desire to clear the way for the complete unionization of the American working classes? If it does, its course is clear. It must throw the full weight of its support behind those of its unions, already industrialized, which alone among the internationals have shown themselves competent to grasp the opportunity of Section 7-a. There must be an end, for example, of the kind of jurisdictional craft sniping by which the teamsters have sought to weaken the brewery workers. And the Executive Council, now as ever heavily weighted down by representatives of the craft groups from the building, metal, and printing trades, must be expanded to give full voice to the industrial groups.

More important still, the federation must preserve intact the organic unity of those lusty infants, the new-born federals. (These, it is said, number some 1,300.) The carpenters are on the warpath, and will probably attempt to perpetrate a craft raid upon the lumber and furniture workers. The machinists and the molders, it is to be feared, have not yet abandoned the idea, dating from early last summer, of breaking the automobile workers into jurisdictional bits. The electricians are sure to cock a contemplative eye at the public-utility workers. Given the slightest encouragement by the convention, the dues-hungry leaders of the craft internationals will not hesitate to tear the federal locals apart. Thus they will wreck that organic unity which at present constitutes the chief hope of a truly industrial trade-union movement in the United States. If the A. F. of L. permits this destruction to occur, it will not only be abandoning the best chance it has ever had of organizing the workers in mass-production industries; it will also forfeit all right to pose as the representative of the aspirations of American labor.

But it will not be enough merely to protect the federal unions against the threatened dismembering by the craft internationals. The A. F. of L. is in duty bound to go beyond this and to form the federals, wherever practicable, into internationals on their own account. No doubt it would be unwise, in view of the youth and immaturity of the federals, to set them all on their own feet at once. But at least two of them—the unions of the rubber workers and the automobile workers—are sufficiently advanced to warrant such treatment without delay. Moreover, there is reason to suppose that the automobile federal locals may disappear from the A. F. of L. scheme altogether unless they are granted autonomy—an autonomy that is unconditioned by any hand-picking of officers by Mr. Green and his inside group. In any event, the federal unions are highly suspicious of the good faith of the metal-trades and building-trades departments. These suspicions will not be allayed unless and until the A. F. of L. definitely gives them independent status.

Above all, the convention must be on the alert to repulse the efforts of Mr. Woll and his cohorts to conjure forth a red scare, and to commit the federation to a program of tracking down and ejecting its left wing. By its very nature such a red scare would be directed against the youthful, militant rank and file which has swarmed into the A. F. of L. during the course of the last year and a half. Any attempt to initiate an anti-red drive can have but one motive—to kill the marked tendencies toward industrial unionism which have been manifesting themselves in the A. F. of L. since the summer of 1933, and to preserve it as a paradise for the highly skilled craft aristocrats.

Code by code, the NRA has brought together industries for "self-government" on a vertical basis. It becomes all the more imperative, therefore, that the A. F. of L. should free itself from ancient subservience to craft concepts and begin to transform itself on industrial lines. Only thus can organized labor, unskilled standing side by side with skilled, make common cause against organized capital. This is the basic issue with which the A. F. of L. convention of 1934 must reckon.

Guaranteed Mortgages

THE story of the guaranteed-mortgage racket told elsewhere in this issue of *The Nation* adds a sordid chapter to the history of American business. By questionable practices ranging from misleading advertising to the sale of certificates based on defaulted mortgages, the title companies marketing so-called guaranteed first-mortgage certificates deprived 300,000 investors of millions of dollars. Many of the victims of the mortgage racket have been left destitute by the loss of their savings, yet the New York Legislature has refused to provide adequate relief for certificate holders. Though numerous violations of the law were uncovered at the Moreland investigation, both city and federal officials have been extremely reluctant to prosecute the men who profited from the guaranteed-mortgage business. The legislators and the public prosecutors have been more than cautious when dealing with the wealthy and influential title-company directors, whom District Attorney Dodge described as "men of high standing."

Almost all the mortgage-relief measures passed by the legislature have been for the relief of the title companies, not the certificate holders. In April, 1933, the legislature enacted several laws to help the title companies out of their difficulties, but did nothing to protect the certificate holders. In fact, the laws passed at that time endangered the rights of the investors. This spring Governor Lehman vetoed the O'Brien bill, which would have permitted the reopening of the title companies under their old officers and directors. When the legislature was called in special session in August for the specific purpose of providing relief for certificate holders, the assembly had the audacity to pass the Cornaire bill, which was almost a replica of the notorious O'Brien bill. Fortunately, the measure was killed in the senate.

Many months elapsed before United States Attorney Conboy and District Attorney Dodge of New York City could be persuaded to take steps to prosecute the officials and directors of the title companies. When the whole unpleasant story was first exposed at the Moreland investigation in January and May, it was manifest to all that Martin Conboy, whose firm formerly represented the New York Title and Mortgage Company and who himself had acted as lobbyist for a group of title companies in 1933, was unfit to handle the mortgage investigation. The New York *World-Telegram* called on Mr. Conboy to have a special deputy appointed to examine into the affairs of the title companies. But Mr. Conboy refused to do this for many months, and it was not until August that Walter Brower was appointed to investigate the question whether or not the title companies had used the mails to defraud. District Attorney Dodge was equally slow to act. When the certificate holders demanded action, Dodge put them off by telling them that "certain legal technicalities" stood in the way of prosecution. A month later he was charged with "lax presentation of evidence" by the grand jury. The certificate holders picketed the District Attorney's office, and the New York *Post* and the New York *World-Telegram* persistently demanded prosecution; finally, on September 14, eleven directors of the New York Title and Mortgage Company, including W. Averell Harriman, Stanley P. Jadwin, and James A. O'Gorman, were indicted. These delays are extremely important because the statute of limitations for misdemeanors, with which some of the New York Title and Mortgage Company directors are charged, forbids prosecution for misdemeanors committed more than two years before. It is obvious that guilty officials benefit by every month of delay.

If State officials had properly supervised the business of the now defunct title companies, the present plight of the certificate holders could have been avoided to a large degree. Superintendent of Insurance Van Schaick permitted the four largest title companies to pay huge dividends in 1931 and 1932 when they could no longer meet their obligations. Mr. Van Schaick is now suing the companies to recover these dividends, which he should never have allowed to be paid. Violations of the insurance law were called to the attention of the Superintendent of Insurance, but nothing was done about them. Mr. Van Schaick has admitted that the State Insurance Department permitted the State Title and Mortgage Company to continue in business for two years after the department's examiners had reported violations of the law.

As long as the problem of providing relief for certificate holders remains in the hands of politicians, no adequate relief will be forthcoming. The assemblymen and senators at Albany have shown themselves to be chiefly interested in the patronage possibilities of relief legislation. The loud public outcry stimulated by the certificate holders and progressive newspapers practically forced District Attorney Dodge to act; perhaps the same tactics might prove effective in the case of the legislature.

An Ace in the Hole

TWO items of news from Washington, if placed side by side, make suggestive reading. One is the admission in Treasury circles that the budget will not balance next July, as promised by the President. The other is that a Minister of Transport may be added to the Cabinet. The items have no immediate relation. The unbalanced budget is a thing apart, a dismal proof that the recovery confidently expected a year ago has not materialized. Appointment of a Minister of Transport would be recognition of the vital place of transport in national affairs. What suggests itself is that the railroads, if the Administration only willed it, could be made a singularly potent agency to stimulate business, raise the general level of production, and help balance the budget.

The lag in recovery this year is not necessarily a defeat for the spending theory of the Administration. Spending has been much too late and not wisely planned. The original concept of the NRA was that the expenditure of $3,300,000,000 would revive business, while through other provisions advantage would be taken of the revival to make important social adjustments. But the three billions were not spent, and the other provisions tended to curb recovery. A new spending campaign was launched a year ago under the CWA, which again failed to bring sufficient returns. And now a further spending campaign is under way, much of it for relief. The result of the spending is not negligible; it has helped maintain a fair volume of retail consumption. But the depression is not so much due to the decline of retail consumption as to complete stagnation in the consumption of capital goods, such as machinery, transportation equipment, factories, and houses.

The campaign to induce householders to borrow money to repair their homes is an attempt to stimulate business without increasing government expenditure. The campaign has been slow to get under way but is being pushed with persistence in Washington, and its sponsors hope to see an ultimate volume of building of $1,200,000,000 a year. The full measure of success will not be apparent before the early spring. The economic theory of the Administration seems to be that business can bump along at its present level, helped by the gaining volume of building, and that by next spring the production level of 90 (Federal Reserve index, 100 being the 1923-25 average) can be attained. At this point it is hoped the capital-goods market will awaken of itself, and recovery of a normal kind will get under way.

This is banking on the success of the housing campaign, also on the spontaneous revival of the capital-goods market at a production level of 90. The President himself must wonder about the safety of waiting for the dice to fall. To use another gambler's idiom, he need not wait, he has an ace in the hole. He can bring a complete recovery to the capital-goods market any time he decides that the federal government will rehabilitate the railroads. Transportation stands at the beginning of a new era. An end has come to the development of heavy equipment. An end may have come to the development of electric motive power. The future may belong to light, streamlined trains propelled by Diesel motors. The future, too, may be a time of very much cheaper transportation.

The entire reequipment of American railways would cost a staggering sum. It also would meet formidable opposition from shortsighted capitalist interests which have everything to gain from cheap transportation. The railroads already are organizing a Railway Institute to prepare for the fight against nationalization. But it would be far wiser to spend government money in some such way than to go on pouring out indefinitely $100,000,000 a month in relief. We hope the talk of a Ministry of Transportation is well founded; for if the President decides to play his ace, it will help if the Transport Minister is already in the Cabinet to carry through the project.

Sweetness and Light

FOR persons slightly wearied of the constant alarms of the depression there is a refuge, an ivory tower, where only slight hints of the real world ever penetrate. While democracies and dynasties crumble, while governors and police chiefs shriek to Washington for troops else they perish, while millions walk the streets and quays of the world rubbing their bellies, a high calm prevails in the gravure sections of the nation's newspapers, sometimes called the slick-paper sections, or rotogravure. In the midst of elaborate devices for transforming into photographic drama one of the critical periods of history sit the Trappists of journalism dealing out quaint scenes in Brittany, Elks' parades, cute bear cubs at play, and curling movie queens.

A close examination of more than twenty-five leading newspapers a week after the textile strike had been called indicated that for gravure editors the world was a jolly place, mainly concerned with kings, queens (cinema), and animals. The most popular picture was a close-up of two butterflies displaying their gorgeous coloring. Pictures of women in various poses of undress numbered twenty-seven. Kings were runners-up with seventeen. France is definitely a backward country with the slick-paper editors. The Germans on parade are better, the British have their sure-fire king, and Mussolini is always lenient about posing with his "ruler" to help him crash the gravures. The actual count on kings stood: King George 7; Leopold of the Belgians 1; Carol of Rumania 2; Boris of Bulgaria 3; Victor Emanuel of Italy 3; and Gustav of Sweden 2. Stalin made one of the sections.

The Detroit *News* (the "home newspaper") used four pages of "Hollywood Unvarnished" as hundreds of thousands of textile workers were led away from their looms. These included two pages devoted to Mary Pickford and flashbacks of once famous screen stars. Mention was made that many girls went to Hollywood, some to stardom, some to crime, and others to "a fate worse than death." A faint hint that all might not be right with the world was contained in the Des Moines Sunday *Register,* which used the mural by a Tarrytown artist attacking the New Deal. The *Register* also ran two pages of "Hollywood Uncensored," showing Mae West from various angles, a smashing shot of her bedroom, and two pages of baby champions. While a harried man sat in the White House smiling and scores of bewildered hill-billies in the South rubbed their clubbed heads, the Milwaukee *Journal* printed in color Raphael's Alba Madonna, reported to have been bought from the Soviets for $1,500,000 by Andrew W. Mellon, along with the Elks' Band of Two Rivers, Wisconsin, two pages of "Under Hollywood's Skin," and an unusual picture of a Wisconsin wheatfield.

The New York *Herald Tribune* used a front half-page of a flying squadron of strikers on the march in the South and two other pictures of the textile strike. The New York *Times,* which is proud of its labor-news coverage, used no picture of the strike. It did manage to squeeze in a couple of pictures of some thrilling excavation work in Asia Minor.

Upton Sinclair may frighten editorial writers but not the gravure editor of the Los Angeles *Times,* who ignored the wolf in the donkey's clothing in favor of a page of "Glimpses of Africa," yachting, King George, the Bishop of London, and "Wonders of the West." The *Times* also displayed Mrs. Edward B. McLean, wearing the Hope diamond, back from Russia "after thrilling 'poor dismal Russia' [the phrase is Mrs. McLean's] by displaying her jewels." In New England, proud home of hundreds of textile mills, the Springfield *Republican-Union* used nothing on the strike. It did run a picture of onion workers in McGuffey, Ohio, but the caption failed to mention that the ungrateful onion strikers had left their useful work at ten cents an hour to whoop it up for better wages.

In the nation's capital the Washington *Star* featured the Roosevelt picnic, a pretty picture of the Mexican national cathedral, the ubiquitous butterflies, and a page of tobacco growing in Prince George County. North Carolina's Raleigh *News* indicated no strike but ran a picture of some geese taking part in the Magna Charta pageant in England.

LIBRARY

Issues and Men

The International Traffic in Arms

WHEN it comes to internationalism, pure and unadulterated, commend me to your big business men. You can always count on them to stand up in a merchants' association meeting or that of a chamber of commerce and denounce those misguided persons who believe that in international organization lies the chief hope of saving our present civilization. The internationalist of this type your business man classifies with Communists and everything else unpleasant. But, good heavens, when it comes to *practicing* internationalism you can't beat the banker, the manufacturer, the exporter, and the importer. They don't know any national lines when it comes to doing business, and they are absolutely opposed to giving any consideration whatever to international good-will or sound international policies if these conflict with their getting the almighty dollar. They don't care a straw to whom they sell airplanes, submarines, poison gas, rifles, munitions, battleships, or anything else. They are after the business and they propose to get it.

Senator Bone described the situation very accurately when he let out to the reporters who are covering the arms inquiry in Washington what some of the manufacturers were saying privately to the members of the committee. Senator Bone declared that these "merchants of death" admitted *in camera* to the committee that they knew this armament race we are engaged in was going to bankrupt the world, but that if they did not sell munitions somebody else would, so what was all the fuss and bother about? You cannot, of course, make a man like President Carse of the Electric Boat Company see that there is something immoral in licensing submarines to Germany contrary to the Treaty of Versailles. You cannot make the gentlemen of the aircraft companies, who are selling airplane engines to Germany by the hundreds, feel that there is something wrong in rearming a country with which we fought only a few years ago and whose subsequent disarmament we helped to decree.

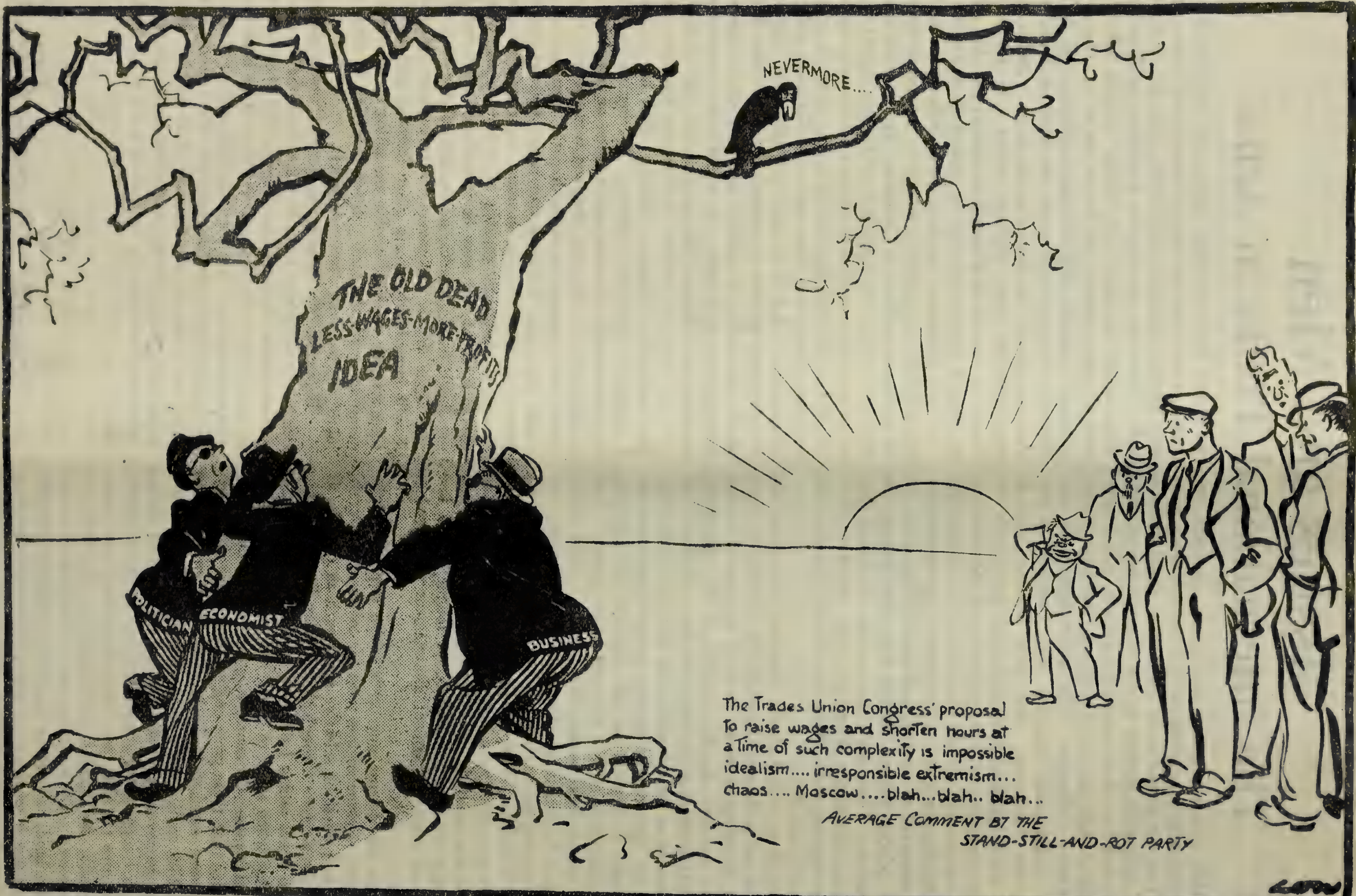
I know the defense put up by these airplane gentlemen—that the airplane engines were for commercial aircraft. But there isn't anything selective about such an engine. If it can pull an airplane through the air from Berlin to London in two hours and a half with a load of passengers, it doesn't refuse when asked to repeat the trick with a load of soldiers and bombs. Of course it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that these same engines may some day be directed by men engaged in hurling bombs upon American soldiers. This seems utterly impossible now, but so did our going into the World War seem beyond the range of reason. Here again I suppose the answer will be that if we Americans don't give the Germans the airplanes they want somebody else will. Nor must it be thought that only Americans behave this way. We are all tarred by the same brush, especially England, which has apparently forgotten that the noble army that it sent to the Dardanelles was torn to pieces by British-made shells fired from British guns supplied by the British armament trust. Of course British gun-makers would explain that they never dreamed that there would be war between England and Turkey, but that is surely no alibi. I have not the slightest doubt that the British armament makers will be perfectly willing to supply Adolf Hitler with all the armaments that he can use and pay for without stopping to consider whether those armaments will not some day in the future be used against the flower of Great Britain. And not merely the flower of its youth. Bombs are no more selective than airplane engines. If English-made bombs are dropped on England in the next war they will fall on English women and children as well as on English men.

It is refreshing, therefore, to have Secretary Hull declare that his department is absolutely opposed to the export of arms or munitions to Germany. He was able to prove that he had taken this position as far back as August 5, 1933, and that he had notified an aircraft company on September 11, 1933, that "this government would view the export of military planes from this country to Germany with grave disapproval." But let us go farther than that. Let us forbid the export of arms in every direction, and then let us go ahead and declare a national monopoly of the business of making weapons of death. It would help us enormously in meeting the problem of the gangster, who has no more difficulty in buying sub-caliber machine-guns from the company that makes the Thompson weapons than has Holland or Germany or any other country. During the war Lloyd George solemnly promised a delegation of coal miners that if, thanks to the Almighty, England won the war, he would immediately proceed to nationalize the manufacture of all deadly weapons. I suppose that people will say that this is chimerical, that the nation must have private manufacturing establishments capable of making arms, which on the outbreak of war may be immediately set to producing ing shells, hand-grenades, mines, and all the rest. Others will argue that if the government takes over this industry it will immediately create great factories and insist upon these arsenals working steadily and piling up more and more munitions, with the local politicians helping in order to get more jobs for their respective voters.

Beyond doubt these are arguments worth considering. But surely something must be done about the present internationalism of the munitions makers and their stirring up of war scares and armament rivalries. This is nothing but a form of anarchy. Are we going to sit down and admit that we are doomed to that anarchy and that reasonable human beings can work out no other way of life? If so, the world is not only going bankrupt, as the munitions makers admitted to Senator Bone, but the nations are going to kill each other off.

Oswald Garrison Villard

A Cartoon by LOW


NEVERMORE....
THE OLD DEAD LESS-WAGES-MORE-PROFITS IDEA
POLITICIAN
ECONOMIST
BUSINESS
The Trades Union Congress' proposal to raise wages and shorten hours at a time of such complexity is impossible idealism.... irresponsible extremism... chaos.... Moscow....blah...blah.. blah...
AVERAGE COMMENT BY THE STAND-STILL-AND-ROT PARTY
LOW

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GOSH! LOST IN AN IMPENETRABLE FOREST!

"Was Europe a Success?"

WHILE Mr. Krutch's series of four articles, Was Europe a Success? was appearing in *The Nation* from August 15 on, a number of persons whose opinions it was thought would be pungent and interesting were invited to comment on them, whether or not they found themselves in agreement with Mr. Krutch's general thesis. Some of the answers will be found below. Others, including letters to the editors, will follow in an early issue.

Albert Einstein

Your articles Was Europe a Success? must make a great impression on thoughtful people. The humanitarian ideal of Europe appears indeed to be unalterably bound up with the free expression of opinion, to some extent with the free-will of the individual, with the effort toward objectivity in thought without consideration of mere utility, and with the encouragement of differences in the realm of mind and taste. I agree with you that these requirements and ideals comprise the nature of the European spirit. One cannot establish with reason the worth of these values and maxims, for they are matters of fundamental principle in the approach to life and are points of departure which can only be affirmed or denied by emotion. I only know that I affirm them with my whole soul, and would find it intolerable to belong to a society which consistently denied them.

I do not share the pessimism of those who believe that full intellectual growth is dependent on the foundation of open or concealed slavery. That may be true for eras of primitive technical development, where the production of the necessaries of life requires physical work by a majority of the people to the point of total exhaustion. In our time of high technical development, with a reasonably equitable division of labor and adequate provisions for all, the individual would have both time and strength to participate receptively and productively in the finest intellectual and artistic efforts his abilities and inclinations allowed. Unfortunately nothing approaching such conditions exist in our society. But everyone devoted to the specific European ideals will do his utmost to achieve aims of whose desirability and practicability an increasing number of right-minded persons are convinced.

You ask if it is justifiable to set aside for a time the principles of individual freedom in deference to the high endeavor to improve economic organization. A fine and shrewd Russian scholar very skilfully defended this point of view to me in comparing the success of compulsion and terror—at least at the outset—in a functioning Russian Communism with the failure of German Social Democracy after the war. He did not convince me. No purpose is so high that unworthy methods in achieving it can be justified in my eyes. Violence sometimes may have cleared away obstructions quickly, but it never has proved itself creative.

Bertrand Russell

First of all, what do we mean by Europe? As Mr. Krutch uses the term, it stands for a certain culture which was successively Greek, Roman, Arabic, West-European, and finally almost world-wide.

What are the distinctive features of this culture, as compared with that of, say, China? I do not think they are to be found in the realm of literature and art. One may prefer Greek poets to those of China, and Greek sculpture to that of Buddhist temples, but the difference is not so great as to cause us to regard the two civilizations as of different kinds. Nor is it easy to find any ethical difference between East and West. Mr. Krutch seems to regard the urbanity of Plato as something distinctive of Europe, but in this he is unjust to the Chinese philosophers, who were even more urbane, and certainly more favorable to individual liberty. Plato held that the state should teach a religion which he himself regarded as false, and that men should be persecuted for throwing doubt on it. Neither Confucians nor Taoists would have countenanced such a Hitlerite doctrine. And as for Christianity, all its moral precepts were taught by Chinese sages before the Christian era.

What made the Greeks peculiar among nations was geometry combined with a modicum of science. It is mathematics and science that have, throughout, characterized what we agreed to call "Europe." It is scientific preeminence that has enabled Europe to conquer the world, culturally in Japan and politically in most other regions. The gentlemanly elegance of Plato is not distinctively European; Europe has been warlike and clever rather than urbane. Plutarch's account of the defense of Syracuse by Archimedes gives the keynote of Western civilization.

Tolerance is a virtue which has been commoner in every other continent than it has in Europe. Christianity has been far the most persecuting of religions. During the last 150 years, it is true, there has been a brief interval of liberalism, but now the white races are reverting to the theological bigotry which the Christians took over from the Jews, who first invented the notion that only one religion could be true, and whose contribution to civilization has been part of the European tradition since the time of Constantine. Mr. Krutch seems to regard democratic envy as a falling away from Western ideals. Has he forgotten the ostracism of Aristides? Just about everything unpleasant in our age existed among the Greeks. They had fascism, nationalism, militarism, communism, bosses, and corrupt politicians; they had pugnacious vulgarity and religious persecution. They had good individuals, but so have we; then, as now, a considerable percentage of the best individuals suffered exile, imprisonment, or death. The only serious superiority of Greek civilization as compared to ours was the inefficiency of the police, which enabled a larger proportion of decent people to escape.

Europe has been superior to other continents, not in art or morals, but in knowledge and the power that comes of knowledge. When missionaries and firearms arrived together in Japan, the Japanese tolerated the former until they understood the latter; they perceived at once that Christianity was no better than Buddhism, but that guns were superior to spears and daggers.

I do not disagree with Mr. Krutch as to what I like and dislike; I disagree only in not regarding the disagreeable features of communism and fascism as any serious departure from the European tradition. Would either of us have found Sparta any pleasanter than Soviet Russia? Should we have liked to live in societies which put eminent men to death for not believing in witchcraft? Could we have endured early New England, or admired Pisarro's treatment of the Incas? Should we have enjoyed Renaissance Germany, where 100,000 witches were burnt in a century? Should we have liked eighteenth-century America, where leading Boston divines attributed earthquakes in Massachusetts to the impiety of lightning rods? In the nineteenth century, should we have sympathized with Pius IX when he refused to have anything to do with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals on the ground that it is heretical to believe that man has any duty to the lower animals? I am afraid Europe has always been rather horrid. The period from 1848 to 1914 was better than most, but must not be regarded as typical.

Fascism and communism result from the new possibility of realizing Roman ideals. The Romans had the religion of the state, which led them to institute roads, armies, and proconsuls. But with their technique they could not give effect to their belief in the corporative state. We, with machines, wireless, poison gas, and airplanes, can make the state as strong as Caesar would have wished it to be. No doubt the result will be a great change in the outlook and character of ordinary men and women, but it will be a change exactly in line with what has been distinctive of Europe. Government, except as the despotism of one individual, is a European invention, and has acquired in Europe more strength and more stability than elsewhere. The new type of man, if the modern experiments succeed, will be more docile and less individual than the men of other times; he will—under orders—be more cruel than Europeans of the last hundred years, but not more cruel than Europeans of all other ages; he will revert to the traditional intolerance, and will subordinate art, religion, and science to warfare and to collective wealth. But in all this he will be only carrying out the Roman tradition.

It is possible to admire Europe for the creation of scientific knowledge, and for conferring upon man a mastery over his physical environment such as no other continent had the intelligence to achieve. More organization and less personal initiative is necessary if the new power is not to bring disaster; and I do not doubt that, in the long run, increase of scientific knowledge must bring increase of happiness. We must not judge the society of the future by considering whether *we* should like to live in it; the question is whether those who have grown up in it will be happier than those who have grown up in our society or in those of the past. And the comparison must be with the average, not with the exceptionally fortunate. For my part, though this is a mere guess, I still think it probable that within another century or two mankind will achieve a new stability, in which there will be a higher level of average well-being than has ever yet existed. But if Mr. Krutch thinks otherwise, I cannot prove that he is mistaken.

ALDOUS HUXLEY

I should like to take this opportunity of saying how admirable I think these articles are. For condensed statement and judicious commentary they could not be bettered.

It is, no doubt, a typically and discreditably bourgeois reaction to events; but the fact remains that I become more and more firmly convinced of the need, *pari passu* with social planning, for individual psychological planning, for the investigation and systematization of old and the discovery of new techniques for getting the most out of the individual spirit, for enlarging the sphere of consciousness, for canalizing available energies. If social and economic planning is successful, the need for psychological planning will become desperately urgent; for it will be a world of widespread leisure. Mystical Communists seem to think that men will automatically turn into collective men and that such individual planning will be unnecessary. I find this impossible to believe, though I am convinced that it would be possible for governments which really understood the arts of education and propaganda—which at present, luckily, they don't—to do an enormous amount of mischief in the way of imposing a standard mentality on large masses of individuals. All the existing systems of psychological planning, such as the Christian mystical technique and the yoga technique, entail a great deal of ascetic self-control and "one-pointed" concentration; and the problem is how to make such painful efforts acceptable—for I imagine that any possible system of personal planning will entail the same labor. Can it be done without invoking some external and absolute imperative? I think it probably can. It is remarkable, for example, how many people will accept the hardships and self-denials of athletic training. It ought not to be impossible to make mental and spiritual training seem equally acceptable.

H. L. MENCKEN

The European system that Mr. Krutch was lately describing in *The Nation* is too new in the world for its probable fate hereafter to be made out with any confidence. Its beginnings, to be sure, go back to Periclean Athens, and maybe even beyond, but it remained only a closet dream of philosophers until the Renaissance, and it did not take on full reality anywhere until the end of the seventeenth century. It had a bitter struggle with the Asiatic system from the start, and that struggle is still going on. A great deal less than half of Europe, by Mr. Krutch's specifications, is European at this moment. Russia, after a timorous glance westward, has swapped one Asiatic despotism for another, and Italy, Germany, three of the four Austrian succession states, and nearly all the Baltic and Balkan states have yielded to the prevailing *Drang nach Osten*. The process may be only beginning, or it may be near its end.

The current, at the moment, seems to be running very strongly, and even irresistibly, in the former direction, but that seeming may be only seeming. The European system has always been extremely uncomfortable to multitudes of people, and more than once they have tried to wreck it, every time in vain. There is a kind of man who objects to it on the ground that it works against public order, and so imperils the great values of tradition, discipline, and security, and there is a kind of man who objects to it on the ground that it puts heavier burdens on the common run of men than they can bear. Both objections are heard today, and sometimes from the same man.

Without doubt, some plausibility is in them. That "movement away from the usual" which Mr. Krutch lists first among the manifestations of the European system is obviously full of dangers. The right to be one's own man involves the right to play the fool, and playing the fool is a sport that has been pursued with unprecedented assiduity for a century past. We have accumulated, during that time, far more new knowledge than all the ages preceding, but we have also had to endure a great increase in the world's stock of folly and delusion. Every time a new insulin or tetanus vaccine has come in, a new patent medicine has also come in, and every time some old superstition has been laid, two new ones have been launched. In government, the most backward of all the sciences, we have made some progress, and the common man is better off today than he ever was in the past, but we are still so far from a government that satisfies every reasonable human desire that debate on the subject continues to be violent and is almost universal, and quacks naturally find a great many customers for their nonsense.

But the right to be one's own man not only involves the right to play the fool; it also involves personal responsibility for one's follies, and with them for one's other errors and deficiencies. It is in this department that the European system works its worst hardships, and stirs up its bitterest enemies. The average man enjoys being foolish, for God hath made him so, and he glories in being incompetent for the same reason, but he is always greatly upset when he has to face the natural consequences. At such times he is prone to assume that his discomforts are the work of wicked men who have taken advantage of him, and to demand that the government protect him against them. The reasoning here has some holes in it, but it undoubtedly seems convincing to those who resort to it. And in cherishing it they are always supported by large synods of eloquent charlatans, each with something to sell.

At the moment such charlatans hold the stage, and their triumph seems to be almost complete. They have been given powers that match those of Sennacherib and Genghis Khan. It becomes, in many places, a felony to question their buncombe, and nearly everywhere it is at least an indecorum. But that they are in for a long reign is by no means sure. They'd have been wiser if they had been less eager to seize power. As it

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is, they are in the dangerous position, for all their high mightiness, of the poor fish who essays to be his own man. Soon or late their gaudy imbecilities will come home to roost, and having tasted the sweet music of the mob's huzzahs they will have to face the dreadful hazards of its ire. Each of these inspired and consecrated men has but one throat to cut. There has been some hemorrhage already, and there may be plenty more anon.

Well, what then? My guess is that the European system will turn out to have been very little damaged by the raid from Asia. Some of its defects I have rehearsed; its merits are too plain to need cataloguing. It is the system of civilization as opposed to barbarism; it is, for all its weaknesses, the great masterpiece of modern man, and the sum of all his achievements. Its salient virtue is that it liberates the mind of the individual, and throws him on his own. That great multitudes of men have nothing properly describable as minds and are lost when they are thrown on their own is an inconvenience, but hardly a valid objection to it. If it uses them badly, then the Asiatic system uses them even worse. Perhaps, after all, it may be well for humanity that they *are* used badly. The great problem before the world today is not how to preserve them but how to get rid of them. For so long as they survive, whether at the breast or on the bottle, the solution of every lesser problem of mankind will be impeded by the roaring of rogues and mountebanks.

James Burnham

The charm of Mr. Krutch's manner must not be allowed to hide the danger of his ideas. His recent series, Was Europe a Success? is in effect a moral attack on the revolutionary movement, an attack all the more persuasive because written with such absence of bitterness, such a striving for impartiality, such evident sincerity. In brief, Mr. Krutch declares, the European man has painfully won for himself the assertion of certain key values—freedom, individuality, personality, detachment; whatever the evils that have accompanied the assertion of these values, they give meaning to life in the European sense; the revolutionists promise the destruction of these values, which is in result the destruction of European civilization and the European man; consequently (the conclusion is left implicit), to stand for civilization—in the only sense that civilization has meaning for us, in the European sense—is to stand against the revolution; the revolution, from the point of view of cultural values, is barbarism.

It will be seen that for writers, artists, intellectuals, to whom the articles are chiefly addressed, Mr. Krutch's argument undermines the moral foundations of their allegiance to the revolutionary movement. He tells them that to accept the revolution is to deny everything that they, and their cultural ancestors, have cherished. It makes allegiance to the movement an unstable emotional tie, comparable to sudden religious conversion of the psychopathic kind, since it involves a complete apocalytic break with the past instead of the integrated response of a developed personality to the totality of his intellectual and social environment.

It is not my purpose here to question the particular values in terms of which Mr. Krutch defines the European man. I shall grant that Mr. Krutch's values are roughly descriptive of what gives meaning to life for the European man, and reply: Not only does the socialist revolution not threaten to destroy these values; it is the revolution alone that gives any promise of preserving what of them is worth preserving. Mr. Krutch has written under a double confusion. His first confusion is metaphysical: though without an absolutist metaphysics to justify doing so, he treats his "values" as absolutes, that is, as having concrete meaning in the abstract. Now the truth is that values do actually have meaning only as embodied in specific historical circumstances. What the revolutionist rejects are freedom, individuality, personality, detachment, as these are embodied in capitalist society—that is, free competition and freedom of the workers from the instruments of production, individual lack of social responsibility, detachment to avoid the need for taking sides in the class struggle and to serve the interests of capital without directly engaging in exploitation (the detachment of the scientist inventing tear gas or new methods of mining). Because of his confusion Mr. Krutch identifies this specific rejection of concrete embodiments of these values with their "absolute" rejection.

Because of the capitalist associations tied to the words, revolutionists often write as if they rejected these values "absolutely." Such rejection in fact, however, would have no meaning. Mr. Krutch himself points out that freedom in the abstract is meaningless. It is only this freedom and that freedom that concerns us. Socialist society offers concrete freedom from exploitation, from starvation, from the constant worry over economic security that has so strangling an effect on intellectual and artistic effort at the present time, the morally tremendous freedom from the necessity of contemplating a world whose essential principle is injustice. Again the collectivization of production and distribution, quite to the contrary of what Mr. Krutch supposes, is designed precisely to release the individual, to enable him to develop his personality creatively and to the fullest possible extent by freeing him from abject dependence upon the economic order, by consciously making that order serve man and not man the economic order, as today he must. Likewise, the possibility of genuine detachment, we might almost say of actual as distinguished from illusory liberalism, depends for its realization on the establishment of a classless society. Every man is a social animal, and so long as society is irrevocably divided by the class struggle, detachment, liberalism, can be no more than veils of reaction or refusals to face the objective consequences of our attitudes. Thus, while it is true that Mr. Krutch's values as we know them—soiled by capitalism, at their best hardly more than noble wishes—will disappear, the revolution will not destroy but transform them. The revolution is not the enemy of civilization but the condition for the realization of a truly human civilization and for the historical embodiment of those values which Mr. Krutch will not willingly let die.

Mr. Krutch's second confusion is understandable. The writings and agitation of many Marxists themselves make the revolution appear the enemy of civilization. This may readily be explained. It is partly because the practical tasks of the revolution often make all other problems sink into the background (Ezra Pound once said that we do not argue over freewill in the midst of a shipwreck). Partly it is because the working class is the carrier of the revolution; and since the workers have never shared in what freedom, individuality, personality, detachment capitalist civilization has allowed, they are not so worried about preserving them. Partly, too, it is because of the corruption that has entered into Marxism under the leadership of the present regime in the Soviet Union, which includes an intellectual and philosophic degeneration that must indeed be resisted. Such resistance, however, is worse than futile from the enemies of the revolution. It can come effectively only from its active friends.

No, Mr. Krutch puts this question wrongly. He is right to be concerned over values: it is not a society of animals to which we look forward. But it is the old order that threatens the destruction of his values. Can Mr. Krutch, who has written so well on the disintegration of values in the modern world, doubt this to be so? And it must be so. Hitler is no Teutonic accident. He is the cultural price we pay for the preservation of the rights of private property. And black Germany is an early twilight to the darkness that lies close in the capitalist future. The side of Mr. Krutch's values, the side of civilization, is the side of the workers' revolution.

Exposing the Death Business

By WILLIAM T. STONE

Washington, September 19

IN the course of three weeks' public hearings in Washington the Senate Munitions Committee has exploded more dynamite than the armament makers ever dreamed of producing. Whatever the final outcome may be, the opening phase of this unique investigation has brought out more information on the subject than has ever been exposed to public view before. It has confirmed virtually all the charges brought against the private armament industry in the past. The committee has demonstrated that the armament industry has fomented war scares, sold instruments of death to both sides in civil wars and international wars, bribed government officials at home and abroad, blocked armament embargoes, disregarded treaties of peace, interfered with disarmament conferences, lobbied for armament programs, employed spies in foreign armies, used army and navy officers as sales-promotion agents, profiteered at the expense of governments, participated in secret international agreements for splitting profits and dividing world markets, and sold patents and secret designs to foreign countries.

Each of these charges has been established by correspondence taken from the files of the American armament corporations and amplified by the sworn statements of armament officials. Bribery, the committee has discovered, is generally accepted in the trade as a necessary element in the promotion of munitions sales. It is the customary practice, although not always the public policy, of those engaged in this bloody business to pay "commissions" which sometimes amount to 40 or 50 per cent of the gross contract price on an armament order. With Sir Basil Zaharoff, who received more than two million dollars for promoting submarine sales for the Electric Boat Company in Europe, the practice is delicately referred to as "doing the needful"; with other less tactful agents it is simply acknowledged as "graft" or "grease."

Arming both sides in time of war is revealed as another common practice among the so-called "reputable" munitions firms. Du Pont powder was sold to Bolivia and Paraguay in the Chaco war; Curtiss-Wright airplanes were sold to Colombia and Peru in the Leticia conflict; United Aircraft motors were sold to all four South American belligerents and to Japan and China. Federal Laboratories, Inc., of Pittsburgh, carried the fine art of double-dealing to even higher levels when it sold gas bombs simultaneously to all factions in strife-torn Cuba during 1933. The Cuban agent of this enterprising concern was authorized, according to a memorandum submitted for the Senate record, to take a 15 to 20 per cent commission on all contracts signed with the Grau San Martin Government in November, 1933, and 10 per cent on sales to the Mendieta opposition faction. Previously Federal Laboratories had furnished Machado with weapons to combat the revolution.

Arms embargoes and similar efforts to terminate hostilities mean little to munitions makers. The du Pont company assured President Roosevelt of its whole-hearted cooperation in enforcing the embargo on shipments to Bolivia and Paraguay, and then promptly advised its secret ally, Imperial Chemicals, Ltd., of London, to bid on this business. Du Pont was prepared to take its share of the profits without any noticeable twinge of conscience.

International agreements, the Senate committee has discovered, are disregarded with equal *sang froid*. The huge du Pont Company, which boasts of the part it played in preventing the United States from becoming a "German colony" in 1917-18, is now revealed in the act of signing a contract with a notorious military spy for the sale of military propellants and explosives to Nazi Germany. The United Aircraft and Transport Corporation has stepped-up its sales of engines, planes, and parts since Hitler's advent to power and sold its patents on high-powered, air-cooled engines to the Bavarian Motor Works, which is producing military machines for Göring's huge air rearmament program.

Disarmament conferences, according to correspondence from the British firm of Vickers, Ltd., would appear to be "meddlesome" bodies which interfere with armament contracts, while efforts to settle South American disputes are described by officers of the Electric Boat Company as the "pernicious activities of our State Department." In 1925 the Electric Boat Company actually approved a plan to have its South American agent appointed a delegate of Peru to a League of Nations disarmament conference. The agent, who had formerly been a commander in the Peruvian navy, wrote the company that his motto would be "no quotas for submarines" for South America. The company's sole opposition to this appealing plan, it seems, was the fat expense account demanded by the agent for the trip.

The operations of the profit system as applied to the manufacture of instruments of death are brought out by the histories of the Electric Boat Company of Groton, Connecticut, and the E. I. du Pont de Nemours Company of Wilmington, Delaware. The first is engaged primarily in the manufacture of submarines for the United States government and foreign navies; the latter is a vast industrial empire built in part from the profits of smokeless powder sold to the United States and the Allies during the World War.

When the Electric Boat Company was organized about 1900, it held certain basic patents for the construction of submersible boats. These boats had no commercial use. Had the United States navy possessed the designs it would have been able to build a vessel superior to that built in any other country. As the property of a private concern, however, the basic patents were subject to exploitation for private profit. Accordingly, within a year of its organization, the Electric Boat Company began to sell its patents. It began by making a secret agreement with the British firm of Vickers, Ltd. This agreement as modified in 1912 and 1924 remains in effect today. The British firm agrees to pay its American partner some 40 per cent of all profits for submarines built for the British navy, and 40 to 50 per cent of the profits on all boats built by Vickers for European countries. It divides world markets between the two companies; the territories of the British empire are reserved exclusively to Vickers, while the United States, its territories and possessions, and the Republic of Cuba are reserved exclusively to the American firm. The rest of the world, with certain exceptions, is described as "common territory" in which both companies are free to ply their trade.

Such agreements, of course, are typical examples of monopoly capitalism. Their social consequences are startling when applied to the traffic in arms. Under this alliance, for example, every submarine built by Vickers for the proud British navy brings a profit of more than $100,000 to the American concern. The latest secret processes in the United States are revealed to the British navy, and through Vickers to Mitsubishi in Japan and to Vickers subsidiaries in half a dozen other countries. Moreover, through license agreements sold by the American concern directly to private companies in Spain, Belgium, and other countries, American-designed submarines have been built all over the world. In fact, even the German submarines which took their toll of American shipping during the war were built in part on American designs—although they were stolen, it would seem, from a company which had been licensed to build American submarines in Austria-Hungary in 1913. The Electric Boat Company actually sought to recover $40,000 on each of the 400 submarines built by Germany during the war.

Similar in all essentials are the agreements between du Pont, Imperial Chemicals, Ltd., of England, and the German explosives trust, D.A.G. (Dynamit Aktion Gesellschaft). These three companies share profits and divide the world market as do Vickers and Electric Boat. They act in concert to choke off outside competition, share the expense of sales promotion in South America and Europe, and freely exchange confidential information on new processes which they develop. When an independent European firm sought to build a powder factory for the Argentine government a few years ago, du Pont and Imperial Chemicals cooperated successfully to block the contract. The establishment of government factories in profitable sales areas is not to be encouraged. It was this secret compact with Imperial Chemicals, Ltd., which permitted du Pont to circumvent President Roosevelt's arms embargo in the Chaco.

When the Nye committee disclosed the fact that profits from armament sales come before patriotism, it punctured one of the pet arguments used by munitions makers to support the private manufacture of war materials. The contention that private industry is patriotically supporting the national-defense program of the United States is effectively shattered when it is shown that armament orders placed with American concerns are transferred to foreign associates whenever the financial return appears to warrant. Of the 391 submarines built by the Electric Boat Company during its thirty-five years of activity, 238 were constructed in foreign plants operated by its licensees or associates. When this same American company was invited to bid on submarines for Chile in 1927, the vice-president of Electric Boat cabled Vickers suggesting that the British firm take this business, since Electric Boat was already building submarines for Peru, and relations between the two countries were strained over the Tacna-Arica controversy.

The conflicting loyalties of these armament firms has been brought out in other ways. From the testimony of Electric Boat officials it appears that relations with the United States Navy Department were somewhat strained for a period of years because the navy wished to use Electric Boat designs without the recompense which this private concern felt it deserved. The company followed with apparent satisfaction the unsuccessful efforts of the navy to build its own submarines in navy yards without Electric Boat designs.

The practice of sending naval missions to South American countries is a case in point. Beginning in 1920 the Navy Department sent a large naval mission to Peru to advise that government on a naval expansion program. The commission, it appears, recommended among other things the purchase of submarines, which were eventually furnished by the Electric Boat Company. A few years later, however, when Peru became involved in the Leticia controversy with Colombia, the Navy Department "loaned" an officer in the naval air force to advise the Colombian government on an adequate defense program against Peru. This officer, Lieutenant Commander James H. Strong, submitted a program for the defense of the ports of Colombia against attack from Peruvian submarines and other naval vessels built on the recommendation of the earlier naval mission to Peru. His report to the Colombian government was drawn up in collaboration with L. L. Driggs, president of the Driggs Ordnance and Engineering Company, whose guns were strongly recommended as the best available. In both cases officials of the American companies testified that the naval advisers had been "helpful" in securing the armament orders.

The army and navy appear to be "helpful" in many other ways. In 1929 the United States cruiser Raleigh was used in Constantinople to demonstrate Driggs guns to Turkish officials who were then contemplating a naval program. The War Department, moreover, was willing to release the designs on its latest anti-aircraft guns to the Driggs Company for inspection by foreign governments, provided the company was able to obtain a "substantial" foreign order. The War Department and the Navy Department have given private armament firms the benefit of secret processes developed for the United States government at the cost of millions of dollars to the American taxpayer. The Commerce Department has cooperated with private airplane companies by recruiting former United States army and navy pilots to operate flying schools in China, thus promoting military sales in the Far East.

What will come of this investigation? The more immediate question is whether it will be allowed to continue. Pressure has already been brought and heavier pressure will follow. So far, the committee has not allowed itself to be deflected from its course. Senator Nye and a majority of his associates declare that they have only begun to scratch the surface and will proceed. But the test will come in November when the committee plans to resume public hearings. Then the heat will be turned on in deadly earnest. It will be charged by interested parties that the investigation will inflict irreparable damage on American commerce in Latin America and throughout the world, that it will wreck American firms which are striving to keep their heads above water, that it will play into the hands of foreign competitors, and that it will undermine our whole system of national defense. It is quite likely that American armament firms will suffer a loss in foreign trade as a result of the Senate exposure—although more than one will doubtless continue to draw profits from its European associates and licensees. And the War Department may well fear the exposure of its existing system of national defense. For if the committee is to serve a useful purpose, it must inevitably examine the basis of our national-defense policy. When it does, it will discover that the War Department's mobilization plans are only remotely concerned with the defense of American soil, and that they are designed primarily to meet the needs of a mass army of four million men for participation in another world war in Europe or Asia. The munitions makers are indeed essential to that plan. They are part and parcel of the war system, as well as the profit system. In the final analysis they and their bloody traffic can only be curbed through a basic revision of our national policies.

The Trade Union Congress

By HAROLD J. LASKI

London, September 9

THE British Trade Union Congress has just concluded its annual session. The keynote of its proceedings was, I think, to be found above all in the speech on fascism by the secretary, Mr. Citrine, which preluded a resolution of the congress reaffirming its faith in democracy and democratic methods. Mr. Citrine showed with great ability the injury that fascism has done to working-class standards of life. He exposed with eloquence and conviction its brutalities, its complete lack of any coherent philosophy, its inability to solve the problems of capitalism in crisis. But when it came to the more positive task of explaining how the trade unions of Great Britain propose to fight the development of fascism in this country, I do not find that Mr. Citrine had any concrete suggestions to offer.

The congress considered the problem of war, and it duly registered a proper abhorrence of it. But it was not prepared to do more than pledge itself, if war seemed imminent, to calling a special congress to decide upon what action should be taken. While it was careful not to rule out the general strike against war, the emphasis laid on the unfairness of asking the trade unions to bear the brunt of a fight against it, and the insistence that the breakdown of trade unionism in fascist countries limited the validity of the technique, suggested to most observers, I think, that any drastic pacifist action by the unions was hardly likely. If we drift into war again as in 1914, it is not unfair to suppose that the industrial side of the movement will be as unprepared as it was on the previous occasion.

The congress passed some mild resolutions demanding a public corporation for the iron and steel industry and the establishment of a control board for cotton. Mr. Clynes moved a resolution—hardly discussed at all—stating in general terms that capitalism had broken down and that only socialism could provide a remedy for the ills of the time. But the whole atmosphere of the congress was, I think, essentially reformist in temper. Speech after speech was made of which the emphasis was almost an anxiety to rebuke the left wing of the political movement. The mind of the trade-union leaders, unless I am gravely mistaken, is occupied with maintaining the present position rather than with searching for the foundations of a new equilibrium. One acute observer of the proceedings remarked to me that the leadership today is more conservative than at any time since the close of the war. That is, I think, an exaggeration. But it is certainly true that the leaders are less inclined to any action which might jeopardize the present position than at any other time in my memory. Their bitterness against the Communists, who are certainly the least wise of strategists, is so profound that their antagonism extends even to a Marxian diagnosis of the position in which British capitalism finds itself. The result is that trade unionism in Great Britain is marking time. It needs some big event to galvanize it into that reconsideration of its fundamental principles which it gravely needs.

But the congress bodes ill for the Labor Party conference which meets at the beginning of October. That conference is likely to be a historic one. It will set the direction of the party for the next general election about as decisively as any event in the next two years. Roughly speaking, there are two main tendencies at work in the party. The first, by which its executive is dominated, may be described as Fabian in temper. While it sets before itself a general Socialist objective, it is anxious at all costs to avoid antagonizing any section of public opinion whose votes may give it seats. It is as passionate in its opposition to the Communists as it is to the National Government. It seeks to evade any discussion of those delicate issues, like the power of the Crown, which it is traditional in England to screen from the public view. It refuses to think of the class war as the basic issue of all politics in a capitalist democracy. It is for the public corporation as the best way of nationalizing industry. It is vague about India and colonial policy. Its international outlook is built upon the assumption that good-will and energy can make the League of Nations work and effect a large measure of disarmament. It is for large measures of social reform, especially in the field of education; but it does not face, notably in education, that bias of class in the system which is the real curse of the British structure. I do not do this school of labor thought any injustice, I think, if I say that its outlook is pretty much what one might expect from a Liberal of the *Manchester Guardian* outlook. It hopes to transform capitalism piecemeal without attempting any measures which would forfeit the confidence of a liberal-minded capitalist.

The other tendency is represented by Sir Stafford Cripps, behind whom are most, though not all, of the intellectuals, the remnants of the old Independent Labor Party, perhaps the major part of the Opposition front bench—including Mr. Lansbury, the leader of the Parliamentary party—and a few of the younger trade-union leaders. They still hope for a peaceful transition to a Socialist state in England. But they take the view that a Labor government which seeks to retain the confidence of capitalists will merely meet the fate of the government of 1929-31. They want therefore a drastic and immediate Socialist program which attacks the foundations of capitalist power. They prefer to say frankly what this program may imply even if it meets

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with defeat at the next election. They are anxious, whatever the cost, not to win merely by the disgust of the voters at the reactionary policies of the National Government, but positively by electoral acceptance of the right to go forward immediately on a wide front. They may be described as neo-Marxists who take the class war as the basis of their program and refuse to delude themselves into the belief that capitalism can be overthrown in any way save by a frontal attack.

The significance, I think, of the Trade Union Congress is the indication it offers of the attitude the big unions will take to this cleavage of opinion. There seems every reason to suppose that they will line up solidly behind the executive. Sir Stafford Cripps will influence the local parties; but unless there is some big shift in the next two or three weeks, he will not be able to influence many of the three million votes the unions will cast. He will have the cooperative delegates solidly against him. He will be attacked for raising issues which it is unwise to discuss in the public view. He will be told that hundreds of timid voters in the last batch of by-elections either abstained or voted conservative for fear of his program; and he will be warned that in discussing industrial issues he is entering a field that belongs to the trade union and not to the political leaders.

There have been occasions in the last twelve months when Sir Stafford Cripps has not, perhaps, been as wise in his choice of phrases as a more experienced politician would have been. But that he is right, and the executive wrong, in the diagnosis of the position the Labor Party confronts I have no doubt at all. What pays in politics is courage and frankness; Sir Stafford Cripps has both. The policy he stands for may not win the next election, but it is the only policy that would make it possible for a Socialist government to move directly to Socialist measures. The policy which the executive proposes either demands a period of capitalist recovery—which there is now reason to expect—or will mean a repetition, after the first few weeks, of the experience we encountered under the MacDonald-Snowden regime. Winning socialism is not likely to be a picnic under any circumstances, and the executive's notion that it can be effected with the good-will of those whose privileges are to be abrogated seems to me contrary to all historic experience.

It is quite true, as the executive insists, that Sir Stafford Cripps causes deep disturbance among the opponents of socialism. I believe myself that a Socialist leader ought to arouse a sense of disturbance in such quarters. But it is also true that, Mr. Lansbury apart, no one figure in the movement has anything like his hold upon the mind and heart of the rank and file of the party. In 1924 and in 1929 a Labor government sought to win the confidence of capitalism by socialism without tears. The only result of its policy on each occasion was its contemptuous rejection by the electorate. What the party has to realize now is that the electorate is prepared for big achievements and in the mood to respond to a big lead. All the evidence goes to show that it is sick and tired of a position in which Mr. MacDonald is far behind even the best progressive opinion of Conservatives. But the electorate is not yet certain that the Labor Party knows in which direction it is to move. If we are to remain a capitalist society, it not unnaturally thinks that the direction of such a society is best intrusted to those who believe in its principles. The Labor Party has to do something more than affirm its faith in socialism. It has also to develop a strategy which convinces the voters that its faith is something more than a pious aspiration. The October conference has the chance of providing that conviction. But I confess that the proceedings of the Trade Union Conference do not leave me persuaded that it will be forthcoming.

EPIC and the Ohio Plan

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

Washington, September 24

A STRANGE catalogue is on view in an office of the Federal Relief Administration. From a commercial standpoint it is not prepossessing. Large and ungainly, with thick sheets, it is not even printed, but consists of photostat copies of a lay-out of drawings and text descriptive of an array of manufactured goods. This catalogue is not for you and me, unless you happen to be unemployed, and live in Ohio. But if you fill both conditions, the catalogue shows you the products you may obtain from the dozen factories operated under the Ohio Plan. You cannot pay for them with money, but you can buy them nevertheless. The currency of your purchase is the work you do in excess of the hours you work to draw your $20 relief money.

This catalogue, and all it represents, poses one of the many fascinating questions of economics thrown out by the New Deal. The unemployed are working for the unemployed. They are making goods to be exchanged among themselves outside of ordinary business channels. Immediate questions suggest themselves. Has the government financed these men to compete with ordinary business? Was Upton Sinclair right when he told California voters that EPIC was in line with what the government is doing? If relief money finances production outside the business system, does it reduce production within the business system? What is the political philosophy behind a policy which sets the unemployed to work for one another?

EPIC and the Ohio Plan may look alike but they have fundamental economic differences. EPIC, as Sinclair originally proposed it, included a plan to place the unemployed in an insulated community, working to provide one another with all their necessaries, the cost of their relief to be lifted from the shoulders of taxpayers. Under the Ohio Plan workers are not insulated. They do not provide one another with all necessaries. The plan does not reduce the cost of relief to taxpayers by a penny.

Assume that there are enough usable farm lands and idle factories in California to make EPIC a going concern, capable of supporting 250,000 adults. Assume, too, that the support of these people can be lifted from the shoulders of the taxpayers, and that this will save $20 a month for each person, or $60,000,000 a year in relief. (It does not matter to the argument if these are not the correct figures.) Private business would thus be deprived of $60,000,000 of expenditures, unless taxpayers spent the money otherwise, which they would not do. This sum would be the loss to private business, and workers in private business would have to be laid off. The new unemployed would join EPIC; private business would suffer still more; and a process would be begun which must end in the bankruptcy of private business and the absorption of all labor in EPIC. This would be socialism, achieved through the bankruptcy of private business. It is the most roundabout route to socialism yet proposed. When he was in Washington, Upton Sinclair was shown the photostat catalogue and told about the Ohio Plan. He announced that he was delighted with it. Since then peace has been made between Sinclair and George Creel in California, which sounds as if the Ohio Plan would be substituted for EPIC in California.

I have said that in the Ohio Plan the unemployed are not insulated and the money spent on their relief is not reduced by any production they undertake. Does this production still compete with private business? A dozen factories have been leased in Ohio to make the articles advertised in the photostat catalogue. These factories were previously idle and are not now in production for any consumers but the unemployed. A pledge has been made by the administrators of the plan that if ever a factory is able to manufacture profitably for general consumption, it will be turned back to the private business world. A pledge also has been given that if a worker in a leased factory refuses a job under a private employer, he will be dismissed. These are the guaranties that the system will be limited to supplying the unemployed and will not compete with private business.

Suppose, however, that a recipient of relief buys a pair of trousers from an Ohio Plan factory. Does private business lose the sale of a pair of trousers? The trousers are not bought with relief money; they are paid for in labor. The amount of relief remains the same, $20 a month. With only this much to spend, the worker might not have bought trousers. But this does not fully answer the question. Ultimately the worker might have to buy trousers, and if he could not take them from one of the Ohio Plan factories he would go to his local clothing store. A considerable volume of private business is done in supplying the needs of people on relief. Some of this business is being lost to merchants. It begins to look as if there were truth in the charge that the government is setting up the unemployed to compete with private business. But let the argument be carried a step farther.

If an unemployed man in Ohio has $20 to spend and does not have to spend any of it on a pair of trousers, he will spend it on something else. He may, for example, pay his rent, which otherwise he could not do. Then his landlord has money to spend. The clothing store, where he might have bought the trousers, is poorer, but the landlord's merchants, perhaps his tailor, will be richer. The owner of the clothing store may feel he has a grievance against the Ohio Plan, but actually his grievance is against the change in the distribution of the money spent. His business in particular has suffered, but another business has benefited. Business as a whole is as well off as before.

The value of the goods produced by all the schemes of the FERA similar to the Ohio Plan was $60,000,000 last year, and this year will be $150,000,000 or $200,000,000. More than half of this is in foodstuffs, chiefly canned goods. This is not money lost to private business as a whole; it is the amount of money subject to a different distribution owing to the fact that the unemployed are producing for one another.

The economic effect on private business is only one consideration. The effect on the recipient of relief is surely as important. In Ohio a man who receives only $20 a month in relief can obtain more in goods by working extra time. He can have clothing, furniture, bedding, which otherwise would be beyond his means. The cost of his relief is not increased, yet some semblance of a decent standard of living is restored to him. That is the philosophy behind the project.

It may be reasonably argued that the production now done by the unemployed could be done still better by private business. In Great Britain all unemployment benefits and relief are paid in cash, which flows straightway to the channels of private business. The unemployed worker on the dole in England buys his necessaries from his local store or his cooperative. Relief in England helps maintain a steady minimum level of private enterprise (if the cooperatives for the moment can be considered private). It raises no problem of redistributing a given volume of business.

Private business may look askance at the Ohio Plan, at the numerous canning factories operated in conjunction with relief, at New Hampshire, where all the clothing needed by the unemployed is made by the unemployed themselves, at the sewing rooms in North Carolina which have dressed thousands of Negro children in the State. But all these are efforts to stretch the relief, to make it of greater aid to the unemployed. If the business community wants to have this production, it may and can have it. The answer is to increase the amount spent on relief. Instead of $20 a month, the amount might be increased to $40 a month, which for five million cases would cost $200,000,000 a month. At this rate, the need to stretch relief would greatly decrease. A bargain might be made between the Administration and business that at this rate the unemployed would not be permitted to work for one another. Business cannot consistently complain of the disturbance to business and at the same time oppose increasing expenditure for relief. So long as the sum paid to relief recipients is only $20 a month every human impulse must urge relief administrators to stretch this as far as it can go, provided the activity is not deflationary. If business is disturbed in the process, business can choose whether it prefers the disturbance to heavier borrowing for relief.

What is there to prevent the nation-wide application of the Ohio Plan? Upton Sinclair is sure to extend it in California; why not let the unemployed everywhere maintain as high a standard of living as possible? That presupposes that the Ohio Plan is here to stay, to be embodied in the economic system of America. It would be a novel and cheap system of relief. A destitute family in this country now receives about half as much as a similar family in Great Britain. By the widest extension of the Ohio Plan the American family could maintain as high a standard of life as the British. The plan also satisfies the objection of Americans to paying aid in cash, an objection long since silenced in England.

But the Administration is not thinking of making the Ohio Plan part of the American social structure. It is discussing two general lines of approach—social insurance as one type of security and genuine recovery as a still better type. Nobody in Washington wants to see relief on a vast scale given a major and permanent part in the American system. Hence the inventors of the Ohio Plan stand little chance of seeing its nation-wide operation. If they advocated it, they would be certain to meet strong political opposition. The plan would lead to a nation-wide dislocation of business, even if it did not reduce its total volume. The businesses hurt would set up the loudest howl. And it would be hard to prove to them that they were only being hurt for the benefit of other businesses. Nor would it satisfy them to be told they had to make only one such readjustment, for many of them would be facing permanent loss. Great political pressure would be brought on the Administration to curb the radicals under Harry Hopkins. It would be the kind of pressure the Administration could not easily withstand, unless it was ready to make the Ohio Plan part of the lasting scheme of things.

If the Ohio Plan on a nation-wide scale would encounter political objections, the men in the FERA must ask themselves if it is worth doing at all. It is safe politically only if it is kept within modest bounds, as at present. But if it is held to a small scale, it does not stretch the relief for all recipients, and some are better off than others. Such is the dilemma which arises in a vast social experiment like federal relief. The appearance of Upton Sinclair has not made the solution any easier. California receives a federal grant from the FERA of $42,000,000 a year. The Ohio Plan is pretty sure of a great boost if Sinclair is elected.

[*Mr. Swing contributes a regular weekly letter from Washington.*]

The Guaranteed-Mortgage Racket

By HAROLD SEIDMAN

NO relief is in sight for the 300,000 holders of so-called "guaranteed" first-mortgage certificates. Completely absorbed by the races at Saratoga and by partisan political battles, the New York State Legislature displayed neither desire nor willingness to provide adequate relief for certificate holders at its recently concluded special session. Meanwhile these victims of practices which Assistant State Attorney-General McCall said "even a most questionable stock promoter would hesitate to imitate," have been left holding the bag containing $800,000,000 in certificates which they have not been able to liquidate. Their repeated pleas for relief have either gone unheeded or been met by legislation primarily designed to aid not the unfortunate victims of the guaranteed-mortgage racket but the defunct title companies.

A vast majority of these certificate holders are small conservative investors, the proverbial widows and orphans, who were attracted by the apparent safety of this type of security. They were told that they had a triple guaranty—the financial security of the bondsman, the security of the mortgaged property, and the guaranty of the company. It was pointed out to them that as far back as 1918 the New York Legislature had authorized executors and trustees to invest in mortgage certificates. The advertisements of the title companies continually stressed above all else the safety of their securities. Led on by the apparently irrefutable arguments of the advertisements, many persons invested their entire life's savings in mortgage certificates.

Almost all this advertising was either false or misleading. W. B. Clarke, vice-president of the Bond and Mortgage Guarantee Company, admitted that a statement in a booklet to the effect that the company confined its loans to "improved property" was incorrect. He said that his company had placed no reliance on any of the three advertised guaranties except the security of the mortgaged property. Even after it had ceased payment of principal on certificates which it had already sold and was marketing certificates based on defaulted mortgages, the Bond and Mortgage Guarantee Company advertised "Two billion dollars' worth of mortgages and not a single loss," and advised prospective investors, "If you wish to buy an investment that will be safe through the depression buy our guaranteed first-mortgage certificates." Almost up to the moment that it was taken over by the State Superintendent of Insurance for rehabilitation the New York Title and Mortgage Company claimed that its mortgage certificates were "as secure as the bedrock of New York."

Many certificate issues were based on mortgages on vacant land, untenanted buildings, and other non-productive property, while property was frequently appraised at far above its actual value. The New York Title Company made a loan of $75,000 to the Solal Company on a parcel of vacant land in Queens. Of this sum $49,000 was used to pay off an old mortgage and arrears, and the rest to repay a loan from the Bank of Manhattan Company, which owned 98 per cent of the New York Title and Mortgage Company's stock. The same company loaned $350,000 to the Robert Beyer Company on an unoccupied factory "with the hope that because of it Paul Block and others closely associated with Mayor Walker would deposit funds in the American Trust Company," which had merged in 1930 with the Bank of Manhattan. It also loaned $2,000,000 on the Hampshire House, a projected apartment hotel which is today unfinished, has never produced a penny of revenue, and would require a million dollars more to be made ready for occupancy. All the title companies made loans similar to these. The Home Title Insurance Company went so far as to recommend as a conservative investment a house in Richmond Hill that had been swept by fire, wrecked, and was untenanted. Since mortgages on vacant land and unoccupied buildings could not be sold to banks and insurance companies, they were unloaded on the public in the form of guaranteed-mortgage certificates.

What was still worse, millions of dollars of certificates based on mortgages which were already in default, on which the property-owners were no longer making payments, were sold to the public. The New York Title and Mortgage Company marketed $2,495,000 worth of certificates against mortgages which were in default at the time of sale and still are in default. During the year ending March 1, 1933, the Bond and Mortgage Guarantee Company sold $35,469,000 worth of certificates on mortgaged property against which millions of dollars of taxes and interest were in arrears. In 1933 one out of four mortgages issued by this company was in default. Of $1,459,511 worth of mortgages sold by the Westchester Title and Trust Company between January, 1932, and April, 1933, $1,103,834 worth were in default at the time the certificates were sold.

Officials of the title companies disclaimed responsibility for the sale of certificates based on defaulted mortgages. W. B. Clarke of the Bond and Mortgage Guarantee Company stated that "the company did not know that the securities were in default." He said "the information was in the hands of the tax department of the Title Guarantee and Trust Company, which had failed to inform us." The Bond and Mortgage Guarantee Company was a subsidiary of the Title Guarantee and Trust Company. Frederick Condit, former vice-president of both companies, placed the blame for the sale of defaulted securities on clerks in the extension department. He thought, however, that the late president, Clinton Burdick, "should have known something about it." Thomas E. Foster, vice-president of the Westchester Title and Trust Company, whose title business was also controlled by the Title Guarantee and Trust Company, said that the officers had never asked for a list of arrears on mortgages against which certificates had been sold, but simply went on selling certificates.

Foreclosures were concealed from certificate holders. The title companies transferred foreclosed property to subsidiaries, which in turn issued new mortgages, thus relieving the parent company of its responsibility as guarantor. The principal amount of the mortgage, all costs of foreclosure, and taxes and interest in arrears were placed on the books of the subsidiary, while the parent company carried on its books as an asset the total of the same items. In filing its federal income-tax return the New York Title and Mortgage Company deducted $5,700,000 for interest in arrears and foreclosure costs unpaid, but listed the same amounts as assets in the balance sheet submitted to the State Insurance Department. In 1930 and increasingly in 1931 and 1932 the companies were paying out as interest on mortgages money which they never received from the mortgagors. More than a million dollars was expended in this manner in 1932. It was evident that this practice could only result in disaster. Nevertheless, the title companies did everything in their power to stave off the day of reckoning. Every title company without exception set out to save itself at the expense of the certificate holders.

An obscure eighteen-months clause was invoked which permitted the title companies to postpone payment of principal on mortgage certificates. This clause was printed in very small type at the bottom of the certificates. In fact, Joseph C. Shields, vice-president of the New York Title and Mortgage Company, experienced considerable difficulty in finding the clause when asked to do so at the Moreland investigation. After they had suspended payment on certificates which they had already sold, the title companies embarked on a high-powered sales campaign to persuade the public to buy more of their securities. New purchasers were not told that the eighteen-months clause had been invoked. Joseph C. Shields admitted that "we didn't bring it up if they didn't ask." When purchasers complained about the stoppage of payments and inquired about the prospects of the companies, the custom was, instead of answering them in writing, to send some one to see them and try to sell them more certificates.

When these expedients failed, the title companies turned to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation for aid. The New York Title and Mortgage Company borrowed more than $10,000,000 from the RFC between May 31, 1932, and February 25, 1933. But the RFC was not to be fooled as easily as the certificate holders. To meet its requirements, the New York Title and Mortgage Company went through its group-series mortgages, against which it had issued certificates. It withdrew the better mortgages and placed them as collateral with the RFC and substituted poorer ones; $10,464,000 in acceptable mortgages was taken out from behind nine series of certificates, and $9,800,000 in mortgages on which the RFC would not lend money was substituted. Hubert Breitweiser, vice-president of the company, admitted that the certificate holders were far worse off after the RFC loans than they had been before.

Despite the fact that they could no longer meet their obligations, four of the larger title companies now in rehabilitation continued to pay handsome dividends to their stockholders in 1931 and 1932. The Lawyers Mortgage Company, the Bond and Mortgage Guarantee Company, the Lawyers Title and Guaranty Company, and the New York Title and Mortgage Company paid dividends aggregating $13,150,000 in these two years. The New York Title and Mortgage Company expended $8,900,000 in dividends after it had ceased paying certificate holders. At the time of its last dividend the company had invoked the eighteen-months clause on $17,000,000 worth of certificates and was in actual default on $121,900 worth of certificates which it had guaranteed to pay. Largely as a result of its lavish dividends and the RFC loans, the quick assets of the New York Title and Mortgage Company declined from $30,000,000 in 1931 to $5,000,000 in 1933.

In the early part of 1933 it was obvious that the New York Title and Mortgage Company could not survive much longer. To avoid in part public onus for its subsidiary's collapse, the Bank of Manhattan Company transferred it by an exchange of stock to a Delaware corporation. The bank was thus enabled to tell complaining customers and investors that it no longer owned the New York Title and Mortgage Company. The Title Guarantee and Trust Company managed to extract many of the remaining good mortgages from its subsidiary, the Bond and Mortgage Guarantee Company, before the latter's demise. Between January 1 and February 6, 1933, the Bond and Mortgage Guarantee Company borrowed $2,300,000 from the Title Guarantee and Trust Company on unsecured promissory notes. On March 13, after the bank holiday, the Bond and Mortgage Guarantee Company repaid the loan, but immediately borrowed $2,250,000 more, giving good mortgages as security. Superintendent of Insurance Van Schaick has instituted proceedings to recover $2,870,000 worth of mortgages turned over to the Title Guarantee and Trust Company by the Bond and Mortgage Guarantee Company.

When the inevitable crash came, the officials of the title companies had already taken steps to protect themselves and their "preferred" customers. A list of a hundred names of

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individuals and corporations able to collect payment for certificates from the New York Title and Mortgage Company, sometimes in advance of the date of maturity, after the eighteen-months clause had been invoked, was presented at the Moreland investigation. Most of the favored purchasers were either clients of the Bank of Manhattan Company or friends and relatives of directors of the title company. F. H. Lemmerman, director of the New York Title and Mortgage Company and a member of the executive committee of the Bank of Manhattan, was paid $100,263 on his certificate investment in October, 1932. Other officers received full payment with interest, although the eighteen-months clause had been invoked in September, 1931. Preferred customers obtained more than a million dollars from the New York Title and Mortgage Company in 1932.

From the very beginning the title companies have experienced little difficulty in obtaining favorable legislation from the New York Legislature. On the pretext of aiding struggling home-owners, the home-owners being in many cases the companies themselves, the title companies in 1933 asked to be relieved of their guaranties. However, insurance companies and trustees of estates who held large blocks of certificates could not legally waive their guaranties. Therefore the title companies had a law put through the legislature in April permitting "an executor, administrator, trustee, or other person holding trust funds invested in guaranteed-mortgage certificates to adjust, reduce, modify, postpone, or compound the same or any terms or conditions thereof including the rate of interest or any instalments thereof, and [the trustee] may at any time release the same." As Benedict Leerburger pointed out in *The Nation* for May 17, 1933, "certainly no possible benefit can accrue to those who waive the provisions of their contracts, and the legislation appears meaningless unless it is contemplated to exert some coercive pressure upon those institutions that hold a large amount of these mortgages, particularly those under the supervision of the same State superintendent as the life-insurance companies."

At the same session the legislature enacted laws authorizing the Superintendent of Insurance and the banking board to adopt rules and regulations concerning corporations under their supervision. Superintendent of Insurance Van Schaick promptly ordered the title companies to make no payments of principal and interest on guaranteed mortgages except when they received the money from the owner of the mortgaged property. Otherwise, the companies were free to use and dispose of their funds as they saw fit. In other words, the title companies could expend their assets for any purpose whatsoever except to pay certificate holders.

The Schackno law passed at the same time further impaired the rights of certificate holders. Under the provisions of this law the Superintendent of Insurance, acting as rehabilitator, "may promulgate a plan of reorganization on his own initiative or at the request of at least one-third of the principal amount of the certificate holders." After it is approved by the rehabilitator, the Supreme Court, and two-thirds of the certificate holders, the plan becomes operative. By consenting to such a plan of reorganization, it would appear that the certificate holders automatically release the companies from their guaranties. In an attempt to overcome this difficulty, the framers of the law included a clause to the effect that "the liability of any guaranty corporation with respect to any mortgage investment sold, issued, distributed, or guaranteed directly or indirectly by it shall not be discharged by an action taken pursuant to this act." However, this clause is of doubtful legal value, for the certificate holders automatically surrender their contract rights by entering into a new agreement with the mortgagor, or by accepting the stock of another corporation in lieu of their certificates. According to Judge Frankenthaler, this section is "manifestly unconstitutional" because "at the time the guaranty corporations issued their guaranties they had the right to expect that any modification of the guaranteed indebtedness without their consent would discharge them from liability." In addition, the law makes no provision for the payment of any sum to certificate holders refusing to consent to a plan of reorganization. Dissenters acquire no share in the property, yet they also lose their contract rights. Many of the plans of reorganization approved by the rehabilitator have been flagrantly contrary to the best interests of the certificate holders. Judge Cropsey pointed out in a recent opinion that certificate holders are often asked to give up something and get nothing in return. In rejecting the plan before him Judge Cropsey said that the Superintendent of Insurance should not give his approval to applications devoid of merit.

The O'Brien bill passed by the legislature this spring would have restored the title companies to the same individuals and organizations which had already fleeced the public of millions of dollars. In vetoing the bill Governor Lehman pointed out that "the measure would have made possible the reorganization of a company and opened the way for it to start the sale of guaranteed-mortgage certificates under the very same provisions of the law which afforded the holders no protection and under which holders of guaranteed-mortgage certificates are now sufferers." The only important mortgage legislation enacted at the recent special session was a bill authorizing banks and insurance companies to lend money on mortgage certificates. There is considerable doubt at the present time whether the banks will be willing to make these loans. But even if the banks do make the loans, it is difficult to see how the certificate holders can repay them. The result may be that the bankers, who in many cases are the very ones who benefited from the business carried on by the title companies, will gain control of thousands of certificates by paying a fraction of their listed value.

The whole process of rehabilitation is being carried on at the expense of the certificate holders. During the indefinite period of rehabilitation the certificate holders are not permitted to sue the title companies. The obligations of the companies are being scaled down, and assets which ought to be conserved for the certificate holders are being expended in a vain attempt to put the companies on their feet again. Samuel Untermyer recently charged that "Van Schaick had used his powers in connection with mortgage certificate holders for patronage purposes and had not done anything of great benefit for more than 2 per cent of the holders."

The only salvation for the certificate holders is in the immediate liquidation of the defunct title companies. The remaining assets, instead of being expended in a hopeless effort to rehabilitate the companies, should be conserved for the certificate holders. Rehabilitation can only extinguish liabilities, it cannot create assets. The certificate holders have suffered enough at the hands of the title companies, and should not have to bear the entire burden of rehabilitation.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter was asked a simple question the other day—and he has been having complicated thoughts ever since. Moreover, it was a question particularly fitted to a drifter, and the fact that he cannot answer it has set him to wondering what careers Mr. Pitkin has open for a professional wanderer who is ageless but slightly stooped and knows nothing about salesmanship. It was a hard-working, too conscientious young woman who asked the Drifter innocently where she should go for a real vacation. At first the Drifter was involuntarily confident. It was a question he had been answering glibly these many years. "North Africa," he said "is very exotic." "But in North Africa," said the young lady with a pained expression, "women have no freedom and the blacks are horribly exploited. I was reading about it only the other day." "Well," said he, "there's Mexico. It's picturesque and colorful, and they've already had a revolution." The young lady was visibly shocked. "But don't you know," said she, "that the counter-revolution has gained control and that the workers and peasants are ground under the heel of a new despot? Why, Carleton Beals says—"

* * * * *

SO through the sunny September afternoon the Drifter and his questioner thought and thought. The Cotswolds, the Lake country, Cornwall—lovely names, lovely country. But there would be John Strachey and the coming struggle for power lurking behind every bush, rising out of every lake, like the monster of Loch Ness, elusive and fearful. Ireland is green but there are the land-bound peasants of Seán O'Faoláin. Paris? Around the throat of that lovely pampered city "the red necklace" of its Communist suburbs draws tighter. "I don't like riots," said the young lady sadly. "It isn't," she hastened to add, "that I'm against the class struggle or the revolution. I just thought that if I could get away from it for a month I'd be more useful." "Alaska," said the Drifter," is too cold for this time of year." "And besides," rejoined his companion, "Nome has just burned to the ground and hundreds are homeless." "Spain," droned the Drifter, "is terribly interesting." "Yes," said his friend dully, "the peasants eat dogs there, so Louis Fischer says." "But yes," cried the Drifter, "why not Russia?" "But no," said the lady, "it would be *much* too stimulating." The sun went down and the air cooled. "I have it," said the Drifter, "why don't you take a cruise? You wouldn't need to touch land and you could just lie on the deck in the sunshine." "Have you forgotten," she said, "the Morro Castle? Don't you know that all boats these days are manned with overworked, underpaid seamen?"

* * * * *

THE Drifter excused himself and went to dinner at the Ritz. But he can't get the young lady and her problem out of his thoughts. It is just possible that she could find a mountain peak in the Rockies where the class struggle has not sullied the clear blue air. He can think of no other refuge except possibly William Beebe's bathysphere or a movie star's mind.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Antonio Bellussi

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In June, 1933, Antonio Bellussi was arrested without warrant by a federal agent for expressing opposition to fascism at an open-air meeting in Wilkes-Barre, addressed by Art Smith, head of the Khaki Shirts. His rooms were searched without warrant, and on the basis of some anti-fascist literature and an out-of-date membership card in the Communist Party he was held in a county jail for nine months and finally sentenced to deportation to Italy. Bellussi is an old fighter against fascism. He was forced to flee Italy in 1924 because his anti-fascist activities endangered his life. His return would mean a long jail sentence or worse.

The Provisional Committee for Non-Partisan Labor Defense has obtained the right of voluntary departure for Bellussi and has been working for a rehearing of his case. Bellussi must now leave on October 1. He remains, however, without a passport and without funds. The committee hopes to obtain a visa for him to some country other than Italy even without a passport. This requires money. Three hundred dollars are urgently needed to pay for Bellussi's passage and to keep him from leaving the country penniless. We appeal to readers of *The Nation* to come to the aid of this courageous anti-fascist fighter by sending contributions at once to the Provisional Committee for Non-Partisan Labor Defense, 22 East Sevententh Street.

New York, September 17

GEORGE E. NOVACK, Chairman

Western Literary Messenger

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

I am preparing to write a history of the *Western Literary Messenger,* a magazine published in Buffalo, New York, in the "fabulous forties" and the "feverish fifties" of the last century. I shall be very much obliged to anyone who can give me material, especially in the form of letters. There are incomplete files of the magazine available here and there; but the early volumes (I-IV) are scarce. Any information bearing directly or indirectly upon this subject will be gratefully received. My address is 162 Bellmore Street.

Floral Park, N. Y., August 18 ERNEST W. CLEMENT

Contributors to This Issue

WILLIAM T. STONE is the Washington representative of the Foreign Policy Association.

HAROLD J. LASKI, professor of political science at the University of London, is the author of "Democracy in Crisis."

HAROLD SEIDMAN is a member of the department of political science at Brown University.

MARK VAN DOREN, who is well known as critic and poet, has just completed a novel which will be published next January.

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN, formerly an associate editor of *The Nation,* is now on the staff of the Baltimore *Sun.*

GEORGE FORT MILTON, editor of the Chattanooga *News,* is bringing out this fall a book on Stephen A. Douglas, to be entitled "The Age of Conflict."

Labor and Industry

One Million Excluded Men

By HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT

TO the general public an "outside salesman" is a man who rings the doorbell and insists upon interviewing the householder, thereby invading the privacy of the home and destroying the peace of the day. But the technical term "outside salesman" includes far more than the door-to-door vendors. Aside from the 63,769 canvassers listed by the Census of 1930, plus the emergency house-to-house sellers developed by four years of depression, there are hundreds of thousands of men who are engaged in the vital process of distributing the products of industry as "outside salesmen." No authority is willing to vouch for the exact number. Daniel Bertrand, of the Division of Research and Planning of the NRA, replied to an inquiry: "The number of 'outside salesmen,' to my mind, is conservatively about 1,000,000."

In May of this year Samuel Untermyer appeared in Washington at a hearing for outside salesmen, who had been trying for five months to present to the Recovery Administration their exact plight. They are not the forgotten, they are the excluded, workers in industry. Of the four hundred or more codes which have now been approved by the Administration authorities, the motor-vehicle industry code is the only one which specifically provides for its outside salesmen.

> Full-time outside salesmen who are unrestricted as to hours and receive remuneration on a commission basis shall be guaranteed a drawing account of not less than $17.50 a week in any city of 500,000 population, or in the immediate trade area of that city.

Supplementary paragraphs of the code provide for lesser sums to be paid as drawing accounts in smaller cities, with a minimum of $10 weekly in towns of 2,500. These few paragraphs represent all that industry as a whole has done to protect the employees who sell its products.

The majority of these million men ring no private door bells. They have few dealings with the ultimate consumer of any class of goods. In the main they are engaged in carrying from the factory to the retailer or jobber new products, new styles, and improvements upon older styles. About one-third of them—223,732 in 1930—are "commercial travelers," men who go from one city to another and who represent not only manufacturing units but agriculture, through food combines or large wholesale jobbers, and who deal with imports and exports as well as national products and services. Thousands of these outside salesmen are technically trained experts, whose task is largely one of education. A biological chemist visits hospitals, institutions, and physicians, telling of the new commercial developments in the culture of bacteria for the treatment of disease; college graduates with special training are required to explain the intricate manipulation of the latest tabulating and accounting machinery; graduates of agricultural colleges sell blooded stock or fruit-bearing trees to farmers. The traveling salesman of Pullman-car fame still exists, but his standards are higher, and he is supplemented by large numbers of high-caliber men who represent industries and services which were unknown a score of years ago. The remaining two-thirds of the million outside salesmen are district or city salesmen, each one definitely engaged by a business house. The bulk of their selling is to factories, stores, offices, and other business houses. Certain industries, such as refrigeration, vacuum cleaning, heating, insurance, books and magazines, do send out men who might be classed as canvassers since they sell direct to consumers, who are in the main householders.

In 1929, 900,000 men were engaged in outside selling, and of this number 90 per cent were paid regularly for their services. Some received salaries based on a record of minimum sales, plus a commission on all sales over the amount represented by the salary. Others were granted drawing accounts, which meant that they were privileged to draw from the concern which employed them an amount not to exceed a certain figure each week, and that this sum would be deducted from their earned commissions. The traveling expenses of men sent from city to city and from State to State were paid by the employers as a matter of course.

Four years of depression have changed all this. The outside salesman, formerly a fairly paid, well-considered employee, has become a hanger-on of industry who fitfully receives any commissions which may be due him. Mr. Untermyer's statement at the Washington hearing that salesmen have suffered and are still suffering more from the depression than any other class is not in the least an exaggeration. One-third to one-half the one million employed outside salesmen are receiving less than the minimum NRA wage of fifteen dollars a week. Men who in the 1920's were making from $10,000 to $15,000 a year are now earning from $40 to $60 a week. Three to four million persons are presumably dependent upon the earnings of a million outside salesmen and fully half of this number are already or soon will be in actual need.

The reduction of the volume of business and the curtailment of markets are factors which the salesman is prepared to accept as beyond his control. But the change in his position as an employee has forced him to demand recognition of his rights as a worker. In 1934 not 90 per cent but 10 per cent of the outside salesmen employed are receiving salaries, drawing accounts, or traveling-expense money from their employers. Whether they succeed or fail, commercial travelers are required to finance their own trips. City outside salesmen are required to report to offices daily or twice daily and to pay their local expenses. They get their commissions at such time as the employer pleases to pay them, a time which varies from the date of sale to thirty, sixty, or ninety days thereafter. The great majority of employers withhold 20 per cent of commissions against failure of the buyer to meet payments.

In order to sell its products in the year 1934, industry is "employing" 900,000 men with no risk to itself and no investment save that of office overhead. The "employee" risks his traveling expenses, his time, his energy and ability while he advertises the products of the concern with which he is connected. Despite the condition of the market, the number of salesmen employed has steadily increased, while districts or territories assigned to men have grown steadily smaller and commissions have in many cases been considerably cut. Why not? Men eager for a chance at earning anything will assume all risks, and the deferred payment of commissions helps the employer to finance his business. It is obvious to all employers that the more men engaged in trying to sell products, the greater the chance of sales. Even if no immediate sales result, to have a large number of men talking about particular products day after day has distinct advertising value.

Up to 1930 there was among the larger and more reputable employers of salesmen a kind of code of honor that prevented a salesman from handling the goods of more than one concern. The free-lance commission salesman has always been known, but until recently he has been a negligible factor in the selling field. Industry as a whole looked askance at a man who carried the products of more than one house. Salesmen willing to sell as free lances were suspected of carrying inferior goods upon which higher commissions could be obtained. Reputable manufacturing concerns insisted upon salesmen devoted to one exclusive interest. Today in one industry alone 100 free-lance peddlers are selling the merchandise of over 500 manufacturers and jobbers. In 1929, 500 salesmen represented these manufacturers and received salaries and commissions for their work.

When the NRA codes came into being industry had decided to exclude the outside salesman. By inference he was included in the original retail code, but when the code went into effect an administrative order was issued to the effect that wage provisions did not apply to him. For months the motor-vehicle code was the only one which provided for him. At this writing codes for the upholstery and drapery trade, the solid braided-cord industry, the retail monument industry, and the coal-dock industry have indirectly made provisions in his favor in that he is not specifically mentioned among the exceptions to the code provisions, and is presumably to be accorded the same treatment as other employees. All other codes of industries which employ outside salesmen, which means practically all remaining codes, deliberately and specifically exclude them from any participation in code rights and benefits. Minimum wages, hours of work, terms of service are determined for employees "except outside salesmen." The salesman is thus placed outside all regulation.

Salesmen are not members of unions. There are some seventy-five organizations of salesmen, sixty-four of which are now grouped in a kind of federation known as the National Council of Traveling Salesmen's Associations with an estimated membership of 900,000. Seventy delegates from this federation attended the hearing for outside salesmen held in May by the National Recovery Administration. The Order of United Commercial Travelers and other organizations also sent delegates.

Representatives of factory owners, wholesalers, and jobbers arrived to present the employers' point of view. The great majority of them opposed salaries and drawing accounts; many refused to consider an expense account. Their arguments were: "You cannot control an 'outside' man. You do not know how many hours he works. A commission keeps men hustling. They would lie down on the job if paid salaries." These two arguments would have applied equally well during the years when salesmen received salaries, or drawing accounts, and expense accounts. The third and fourth arguments reflect conditions of 1934: "A salary plan adds a cost to business. Can business stand it? Can insurance, real estate, publishing, vacuum cleaners, refrigerators, etc. endure without unlimited men on commission basis?" To which there was but one reply for the representatives of the salesmen. They quoted the President of the United States. "No business which depends for its existence on paying less than living wages to workers has any right to continue in this country."

Joel Berrall of the National Labor Advisory Board presented a survey of salesmen, employers, and the attitude of the public, and offered a recommendation which provided a trial period for outside salesmen at a cost to the employer of $30 per man, a minimum salary or drawing account of $15 weekly, traveling expenses to be paid by the employers, and all commissions settled in full within sixty days after date of sale.

General Hugh S. Johnson called upon a number of the thousand salesmen who had journeyed to Washington for the hearing. "Do you understand," he inquired, "that this proposed guaranteed salary or drawing account will greatly reduce the number of salesmen employed?" Each salesman when called replied that he did. Some of them also replied, sturdily, that men receiving less than $15 a week are not employed. The issue is here made clear. If the figures given out by business men are at all accurate, the fixing of any minimum requirements as to salaries, drawing accounts, and expense accounts would throw one-third to one-half the men now "employed" as outside salesmen into the ranks of the acknowledged unemployed and business would in all likelihood lose a number of sales.

Labor Notes

Two Settlements

AFTER a bitter, protracted walkout lasting several months the Montana copper workers have finally won their strike against the Anaconda Copper Company. Although the agreement does not concede all the demands of the International Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers, the union has succeeded in obtaining much better terms than those set forth in the code. The basic wage rate will be $4.75 per day, substantially higher than the code minimum. Furthermore, the basic rate will be adjusted upward, on a sliding scale, depending on the sales price of copper. The work week will be a straight forty hours, uncorrupted by the averaging provisions which virtually nullified the maximum work week of the code. Finally, the mines will be run as closed shops. These terms represent genuine improvements, but the union might have been able to drive a still better bargain if the building and metal trades employees, in the true A. F. of L. tradition, had not seen fit to negotiate separate settlements. In any event, the copper workers, facing Anaconda, have succeeded where the aluminum workers, facing the Aluminum Company of America, failed. The aluminum strike settlement had nothing to say on the chief issues—seniority rights to govern mass lay-offs and reinstatements, elimination of the wage differentials among the different plants, and recognition of the union in the form of a written agreement. Instead, the management addressed a letter to the union pledging that it would in the future, as in the past, abide by the requirements of Section

7-a. This letter the leaders of the strike were content to accept as a righting of past wrongs and as a guaranty of future good behavior. If the union can survive this patent let-down of the rank and file who forced the strike, the capacity of American workers to bear with "misleaders" must be unlimited.

The War on Majority Rule

THE invitation of the National Association of Manufacturers to employers to defy the National Labor Relations Board on majority rule is already bearing fruit. For the first time the board has been dragged into the federal courts. Ordered to conduct an election at which its workers might choose between representation by an A. F. of L. federal union and a company union, the Ames Baldwin Wyoming Company, of Parkersburg, West Virginia, manufacturers of shovels, responded by bringing suit in the Richmond, Virginia, Federal District Court. The suit attacks the constitutionality of Public Resolution 44, the formal basis of the board's authority, and asks that the board be restrained from carrying out any such election. It is the Weirton case all over again except that the legal initiative this time is taken by the anti-union employer instead of by the government. Furthermore, the Houde Engineering Corporation of Buffalo, New York, against which the precedent-making majority-rule decision was directed, has refused to surrender its Blue Eagle, although ordered to do so by the NRA upon the recommendations of the Garrison board. The company takes the stand that the Blue Eagle was given to it by the Code Authority, which is thoroughly satisfied that Houde bargains collectively. This attitude, if persisted in, will force the board into the federal courts once again—a consummation devoutly to be desired, for it is high time that the government brought judicial authority to bear against employers who resist their obligations under Section 7-a. For a time, also, it seemed that the Kohler Manufacturing Company, by refusing to submit to an election, would precipitate further immediate litigation. At the last moment Kohler gave in and will submit to the election "reserving legal rights." This means, however, that Kohler will refuse to recognize the A. F. of L. union, if that is chosen by the majority, as the exclusive agency authorized to bargain on behalf of the workers. In short, in this case also, the board will eventually be forced into the courts.

An Election in Steel

WHEN, on September 6 last, the National Steel Labor Relations Board conducted a collective-bargaining referendum among the employees of the West Virginia Rail Company of Huntington, West Virginia, it was the first break in the solid resistance of the steel industry. The results of the election, now announced, make the industry's attitude easy to understand: 237 votes were cast for the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers, the A. F. of L. union; 134 votes were cast for the Huntington Steel Workers' Association, the company union. Accordingly, the board has certified the Amalgamated and ordered its acceptance "as the representative of the employees—for the purpose of collective bargaining, with all the rights and privileges vouchsafed by law to such choice and certification." So far, so good—but the board's real troubles are about to begin, now that the ubiquitous Weirton case has been thrown on its hands. Although the government is continuing its suit against Weirton on the ground of "coercion," the charge that the company refused to permit an election has been withdrawn, and the election petition of the workers has been submittd to the Stacy board. This, for all practical purposes, cuts the heart out of the suit now pending. But looking forward to such future litigation as the Steel Board may institute, it puts the government's case on much firmer ground. In view of the joint resolution and the executive order there can be no doubt of the Steel Board's authority to order elections and to apply the principle of majority rule.

A Victory for Railway Workers

THE Railway Mediation Board has come through its first court test successfully, and the cause of organized labor among the railroad workers thereby takes another step forward. Acting under the authority of the Railway Labor Act of 1934, the board conducted an election among the clerks employed by the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad to determine by what labor organization they should be represented in collective bargaining. Immediately thereafter, the C. and O. Railway Clerks' Association, a company union, brought suit in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia to enjoin the board from counting the votes. The petition contained two charges: first, the board "improperly struck" from the voting list the names of 372 "excepted" employees, that is, private secretaries and other semi-executives; second, the board "improperly" added the names of 188 "extra" employees, that is, workers on furlough who still retained their seniority rights. Judge Letts refused to grant the injunction, holding that the board had acted with reasonable discretion in both cases. He observed: "The Railway Labor Act clearly places on the Mediation Board both the right and the duty to exercise its own discretion and judgment. This right is not to be denied by any court unless the board acts arbitrarily and capriciously, which has not been shown in this case."

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Presidents at Home
The Memoirs of "Ike" Hoover

Forty-two Years in the White House. By Irwin H. (Ike) Hoover. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

THERE are nuggets of pure gold in this book, especially for the historian—not without some dross, it must be admitted, for really it was hardly worth while recording how Theodore Roosevelt addressed his intimates, what was the taste in dress of the Presidents, and who were their valets. None the less, no biographer of any of the ten Chief Executives whom the chief usher of the White House saw at closest range, in dress and undress, together with their families, until his death on September 14, 1933, will dare to overlook this volume. As in his work he made himself indispensable by his tact, quiet efficiency, and good manners, so Mr. Hoover made his memoirs indispensable to historians by setting down simply, honestly, and modestly his impressions of the men and women he served so loyally.

Literary talent he naturally lacked, and as a result his manuscript—which he left unfinished and unrevised—has undergone a double editing, first for publication in the *Saturday Evening Post* and secondly for publication as a book. In consequence there are startling differences between the texts. In a foreword Houghton Mifflin state that they have altered the narrative only by deleting repetitions and irrelevant matter, and changed the original wording only when necessary for the sake of clarity. It is to be hoped that Mr. Hoover's comments on living individuals were not toned down. But if they were, that is another reason why the original manuscript should be placed in the Library of Congress, or in some other place where it may be available to students and writers in its pristine form. The variations of the narrative naturally leave the reader puzzled to know which version is the correct one. For example, in his discussion of Colonel House Mr. Hoover is made to say in the *Saturday Evening Post:* "He was more sought after than the President himself." This sentence and the three following it do not appear in the book.

With reference to the League of Nations, according to the *Saturday Evening Post* Colonel House "and the President were planning and putting their heads together over such a solution." In the book one reads: "Long before the ending of the war the Covenant of the League of Nations was talked about." What is much more important, when it comes to the question of the "supposed holding of Cabinet meetings without the knowledge or consent of the President," Mr. Hoover is made to declare in the *Saturday Evening Post* that "the President knew all along of these Cabinet meetings, and in his feeble way approved of them." In the book one reads, "All the talk about Cabinet meetings being held unknown to the President and without his permission was but a pretext advanced *by a third party*." Now when it is remembered that Secretary Lansing was dismissed from the Cabinet with contumely because he called those Cabinet meetings, this statement is of great importance. Who wrote the dismissal? Who was the third party? It could only have been the second Mrs. Wilson or Dr. Grayson. Mr. Hoover indicates that this same influence separated Colonel House from the President. Mr. Hoover also gives us the first detailed account of what actually happened when Mr. Wilson was stricken, declares that he was much sicker than the public knew, throws a lurid light on how the facts were concealed from the government and the people, and tells us how the country was actually ruled for a number of months by Mrs. Wilson and Dr. Grayson.

If there are people who still think that Calvin Coolidge was a great man Mr. Hoover's description of him will undeceive them. He pictures him in all his smallness, pettiness, and bad moods. "When Coolidge reigned," writes Mr. Hoover, "we thought he was an odd person, but with the coming of Hoover we changed our minds by comparison. Coolidge was queer and did queer little things, but Hoover was even more peculiar." "Those who saw Coolidge in a rage," says Mr. Hoover, "were simply startled. The older employees about the White House who had known [Theodore] Roosevelt used to think he raged at times, but in his worst temper he was calm compared with Coolidge." Delightful is the picture of President Coolidge on his summer vacation fishing in white kid gloves and merely holding the rod; the Secret Service men who had to bait the hook and take off the fish nearly struck, declaring that this was not part of their job of safeguarding the President's life! Incidentally, this close observer confirms what I have often written—that it is impossible to safeguard the President. "Yet how useless," he writes, "is the whole business of Secret Service men following the President! There is never a time when anyone disposed to harm a President could not find an opportunity. In quiet conversation the Secret Service men themselves acknowledge this fact."

Mr. Hoover's most important contribution, however, to our knowledge of Calvin Coolidge is his convincing, inside story of Mr. Coolidge's phrase, "I do not choose to run." He makes it clear that the President never intended that statement to be taken at its face value. He wanted the renomination, and when he came back from the White House offices after hearing the news that Hoover had been chosen as the nominee of the convention, "the effect it created was shocking. . . . He was a changed man. . . . He threw himself across the bed and lay there for a long time. He had no lunch. . . . He remained in his room the rest of the day and night, not emerging until nearly eleven o'clock the next morning. Even then it was a different President from the one we knew. . . . In plain words, the President hoped to be the nominee, expected to be the nominee, and was disappointed and distressed when he was not chosen by the convention. . . . Upon his arrival in the West he became a nervous wreck."

Finally, be it noted, Mr. Hoover testifies that no other President worked so little as Coolidge. He slept from two to four hours every afternoon, and did just as little as he possibly could. The hardest worker seems to have been Herbert Hoover, but the chief usher did not think that he knew how to work. The intellect which "Ike" Hoover most admired was that of Woodrow Wilson. As he accompanied President Wilson to Paris, this part of his narrative and his story of the relations between Wilson and House are of great value. As for the Herbert Hoovers, they alone were unpopular with everybody. When they left the White House for their summer camp everybody in the household was glad to see them go, and when they left their camp there was equal rejoicing by those who were left behind.

As for the ladies of the White House, Mr. Hoover seemed to cherish the greatest regard and respect for Mrs. Cleveland, but Mrs. Coolidge stood high with him as she did with almost everybody else with whom she came in contact. About some of the others he is not so enthusiastic, but throughout the volume there is nothing set down in malice. Those of us journalists who have been in and out of the White House these many years can testify to the correctness of Mr. Hoover's judgments on both men and women.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

"Just One Clique"

Fontamara. By Ignazio Silone. Translated by Michael Wharf. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. $2.50.

THAT such a novel as this should have become a best seller in fourteen countries of Europe is powerfully suggestive of the high degree to which Mussolini and his government must be hated beyond the borders of the country which they bless. It is a poor novel by any test, even by that of propaganda. It is sketchy and coarse, and sounds like an exaggeration. It may not be that, but so it sounds, and nobody not rabidly anti-fascist can be conceived either as believing it or as liking it.

The protagonist is a village—Fontamara, an obscure huddle of huts in the arid Apennines where a few ignorant peasants learn day by day how much of a monster the new government is. It taxes them to the point of starvation, it steals their water supply, it prohibits their discussions at the tavern, it plagues them with a hundred demands for permits, identification papers, and license fees, it sends men in black shirts to ravish their women under the pretext of searching for arms, and finally, for no other reason than that a few of its slow-witted citizens have been talked by an agitator into issuing an independent newspaper, it sends more men in black shirts to commit mass murder in the streets.

Fontamara itself is drawn with some lively strokes, and not a few of its people are set out with a certain witty clearness. But for the most part it is a village with a purpose—the author's purpose, which is to bring the completest possible indictment against Mussolini's agrarian policy, whatever that is. What it is Fontamara never knows, since it does not boast a single intelligent citizen. All it knows is that the national government has ceased to be personal as once it was—a miscellany of groups and interests fighting it out man to man—and has become "just one clique," working selfishly and solidly against the poor, the uneducated, and the helpless generally. All of which I am quite willing to believe is true in Italy. In this novel, however, it does not sound true. Where there is so much crudeness and confusion, and where there is no intelligence clarifying any issue, nothing gets proved.

Yet in the middle of the book there is a paragraph which throws one ray of revealing light. Any reader who has been wondering what kind of creature it is that likes to march in a black shirt, a brown shirt, a silver shirt, or whatever uniform stands locally for Law and Order, is pretty sure to learn something from Silone's description of the Fascisti who swarmed one evening into Fontamara:

> Some of these men in black shirts we knew. They had been obliged to come out at night to keep their courage up. Most of them were stinking with wine and if you looked at them from close to, right square in their eyes, they could not face your gaze. They were poor men too. But they were a special class of poor, without land, with no trade or with many trades—which is the same thing—all rebels against hard work. The problem of nourishing themselves they would meet week by week with new makeshifts. Too feeble and cowardly to rebel against the wealthy and those in authority, they preferred to serve them, so as to have free license to rob and oppress other poor people, farmers, squatters, and little landholders. When encountered by day on the street they were humble and obsequious; in a gang at night they were malicious and bad. They had always been at the beck of the man on top and they always would be. But their enrolment in a special army, with special insignia and a special brand of weapons, was a novelty of the last few years.

Libera nos, Domine. MARK VAN DOREN

Soviet China

The Chinese Soviets. By Victor A. Yakhontoff. Coward-McCann. $2.75.

ONLY a few weeks ago an American correspondent in China wrote that Chiang Kai-shek was purposely allowing the Red armies in the interior to live in order to have an excuse for not attacking the Japanese invaders. The implication was, of course, that Marshal Chiang could wipe out these Soviet forces at any time he pleased. Other writers have no less confidently declared that the Soviet movement in Central China amounted to nothing more than a series of minor agrarian uprisings such as China has witnessed for centuries. Still others, constituting perhaps a majority of these "observers," have put the Red soldiers down as "bandits" and let it go at that. From Moscow, at the same time, have come reports and statements veering toward the other extreme. The Communists there do not contend that the Chinese Soviets have yet achieved stability and permanence, but they assert that the groundwork has been laid for "a revolutionary democratic dictatorship of the proletariat and peasantry." They say flatly that "the first place among the Communist parties of the world after the Bolsheviks of the U. S. S. R. belongs to that of China. . . . That party is in control already of a territory larger than France or Germany."

Mr. Yakhontoff is himself not a Bolshevik, nor does he appear to be especially prejudiced in favor of the Comintern. In fact, he was a member of the *ancien régime* of Russia before the October revolution. Nevertheless, after studying all of the available documents and literature on the subject and after discussing it with partisans on both sides, he comes to the conclusion that Moscow is more nearly right than the foreign correspondents and business men of the Chinese treaty ports. He quickly and successfully disposes of the fanciful notion that Chiang Kai-shek could exterminate the Red armies if he did not wish to let them live. He shows that this renegade heir to Sun Yat-sen's national movement has made every effort within his financial ability to crush the revolutionary forces. He has sent six expeditions into Soviet China, each larger and better equipped than the one before, only to have every one of his huge armies decisively defeated, partly through the stratagems of the Red leaders, partly through the wholesale desertion of his own men to the Red side. Piecing together the fragmentary press dispatches dealing with Chiang's campaigns against the Soviet armies, one finds substantial support for the author's statements. Each time that an army has been sent against the rebels Chiang has announced that the Soviet scourge would this time be blotted out for good. But one scans the press reports in vain for any announcement or other evidence that this goal has been attained. Rarely does a dispatch report even a temporary victory for the nationalist troops. So far as the newspaper-reading public is concerned, Chiang's armies have one by one simply disappeared.

The author traces the roots of Soviet China back through the agrarian rebellions of the past, the Taiping rebellion, the growth of the secret societies, the Boxer uprising, the revolution of 1911, and the rise of the Kuomintang. He suggests, on the one hand, that the Soviet development is not merely the product of Comintern agitation, nor even largely the result of the activities of Michael Borodin and other Communists, but has issued gradually and naturally out of Chinese history and, more particularly, out of the increasingly unsuccessful struggle of the peasantry to free itself. On the other hand, he does not simply dismiss the movement as another Taiping rebellion, another agrarian uprising, for the evidence he examines gives clear indication that Soviet China has gone far beyond the selfish dreams and narrow policies of Hung Sui-tsuen. It has a government actually in being. Under this government live upward of eighty million Chinese. True, the territory it controls expands and contracts occasionally, depending upon the fortunes of the Red armies, but the tendency for the last four years has been definitely toward progressive expansion of Soviet China.

The author discusses the program and principles of the Soviet leaders, the reforms achieved, the hopeful and actively sympathetic attitude of the people, the part which the proletariat has played in the movement, the position of the Comintern and the imperialist Powers, and the probable future of the Soviets. He arrives at the opinion that it would be "going rather far" to assert that "China will at once turn Communist in the orthodox meaning of that term." There are too many unknown factors, present and future, to permit a hard-and-fast answer to this question. Yet he concludes:

> There can be little doubt that further extensification and intensification of the revolutionary crisis in China is inevitable, and it is quite likely that the process will follow the lines of Sovietization. . . . Partial setbacks must, of course, be expected. Severe defeats may even be inflicted by the counter-revolutionary forces, so well supplied with the foreign-made modern instruments of warfare. . . . Local retreats of the forces of revolution are to be expected also. . . . But in general one is inclined to predict a mounting tide of the revolutionary waves.

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

New England Hostages

The Cold Journey. By Grace Zaring Stone. William Morrow and Company. $2.50.

MRS. STONE'S book proves that a *tour de force* can be an achievement of magnitude rather than a merely effective and skilful stunt. It is a competent study of a group of people who lived two hundred years ago and were faced with a situation entirely removed from present possibilities, but who nevertheless reacted quite as we, their distant progeny, would expect them to, or even as their ancestors, a thousand years ago, might have done. It is probable that hostages taken in the Trojan Wars underwent the same fundamental reactions as did those in the Great War, even though the cruelties practiced by the Allies or Germans were certainly more refined. For this reason Mrs. Stone, writing of a band of colonial New Englanders most of whom were taken to Canada as hostages, is able to interest her readers as much as if she were dealing with contemporary conditions and contemporary people. She displays courage in writing a book so different from her others, which gained for her a wide and expectant audience, although basically the present volume is similar to "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" in that it also compares contrasting civilizations.

In "The Cold Journey" Mrs. Stone has not been content to deal with different continents but has gone back to another century for her subject, to the opposing civilizations in our own land. And while the story is founded on an actual raid made by the French and Indians on Deerfield, Massachusetts, the result is less a historical novel than a psychological study of men and women who endure physical hardships, endless humiliations, and the deep spiritual crises in which important decisions and subtle adjustments have to be made. Many of these brave men and women were seduced by the life in Quebec or by the more colorful religion of the French; others were temperamentally bound to resist. Also there were those who were held in the forests by the Indians, among them the not astonishing Abel, who found their severity preferable to that of his father, the minister, a man reminiscent of the Reverend Mr. Davidson in "Rain" and the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale in "The Scarlet Letter." Mrs. Stone's characters are real, and the solutions of their problems are never difficult to understand because they are presented with keen insight in a prose which combines austerity with a pliable poetic gift. Her sentences are chilled and accurate, with occasional rich figures and heady metaphors.

LEONARD AMSTER

John Hunt Morgan

The Rebel Raider: A Life of John Hunt Morgan. By Howard Swiggett. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.50.

HISTORIANS are supposed not to concern themselves with might-have-beens, but any inquirer prodding about among the dark places of the American Civil War must be attracted to the dozen or so occasions when the tipping of the scales a little bit the other way might have brought success to the South in the arbitrament of arms. One such might-have-been was that involving Northwestern assistance to the Confederacy. There are few chapters in Civil War history more shrouded in darkness or offering more fascinating possibilities of research and development than that connected with the conspiracies of Southern sympathizers in Indiana, Ohio, Missouri, and southern Illinois.

Mr. Howard Swiggett's study of General John Hunt Morgan, while satisfactory enough in its depiction of the *beau sabreur,* is chiefly valuable for the light it throws upon the subterranean activities of Confederate agents and Northern Copperheads. In any event, it is a crisp and sparkling sort of book. One may at times disagree with its conclusions on controverted points, but one must admit none the less that it is well worth reading. The author is neither professorial historian nor professional debunker. He hails from Greeneville, in eastern Tennessee, where General Morgan met his death. Most of his life has been devoted to the textile industry, but he seems to have a great zest for exploring the lacunae of American military history, for this is his second volume in that field.

The author depicts the amazing Morgan as one whose cavalry raids had more political than military causation, and whose failures were damaging to the Confederacy for political rather than for military reasons. Even so, Mr. Swiggett's portrait of Morgan as a soldier and a man is rather skilfully done. One might suspect that a shift in emphasis on various facets of the evidence would result in the presentation of a different and more pleasing Morgan than the one we find. But Mr. Swiggett has authority for his statements of fact, and considerable persuasiveness in his inferences of character construction. The Rebel Raider he reveals is a curious personage, a magnetic man who attracted the affection without the complete respect of his men, who seemed afflicted with an often damaging neglectfulness and irresolution, and blessed with a wit generally quick enough to repair his blunders.

We first see him as a young man in the Kentucky blue-grass; we have a glimpse of the roistering blade, the young lawyer, his unhappy first marriage, and the first Mrs. Morgan's death on the eve of war. More important is the picture of a Kentucky torn by conflicting loyalties. Lincoln's exceeding care to keep his natal State from seceding, aided by Confederate blunders, slowly turned the State from an initial neutrality to firm Union attachment. But these factors did not keep the hot-spurs of the blue-grass from flocking to the Stars and Bars. John Morgan raised and commanded one of the first regiments that were organized. As accustomed to command as to the saddle, he did well in the first few brushes in the war in the West. In a few months' time he was at the head of a brigade and then was promoted to command the division of Kentucky troops. He was fortunate, at the outset, in having on his staff a few well-qualified organizers and tacticians. Thus, so long as he had by his side St. Leger Grenfell, tactically the most competent of the group, Morgan never was surprised or beaten.

But so far as his own military genius is concerned, Morgan seems seldom to have taken even ordinary precautions against sudden enemy movements or surprises. His dependence was upon élan, boldness, the charge of horsemen, the prestige of a name that soon became mythical. And as Mr. Swiggett points out, after Grenfell was alienated from his chief, Morgan's plans never worked out well. In military matters the Kentucky leader's chief fault was an unwillingness to subordinate his own desire for independent command to the needs of the army. This led him into repeated insubordinations and failures to obey instructions. Also it deprived Bragg of his chief cavalry dependence at Stone's River and in the early stages of the Chattanooga campaign. Incidentally, this lust for independent command was one of the factors which crippled the Confederate military effort and helped to bring the final defeat in the field.

This trait of Morgan's was not out of character. He was a moody, selfish man, with an occasional flash of genius and an even more frequent willingness to seek the fleshpots and let the war go hang. During the months immediately before and after his second marriage, he was quite ineffective in the field. The episodes leading up to his death in Greeneville in 1864 do not add to his military credit. Indeed, they resemble the sort of intrigue Napoleon's marshals would have carried on with a fair lady of a foreign court.

The raid into Indiana and Ohio, the most spectacular of Morgan's exploits, seems to have failed completely in its purpose of arousing the Knights of the Golden Circle because of the bad discipline of the Confederate troops. Morgan was a failure, one of those men who almost do things but whose inner infirmities keep them from complete success. From Mr. Swiggett's swift-moving, colorfully written book the Rebel Raider emerges stripped of his mantle of myth, two parts Adam and only one part Marshal Ney.

GEORGE FORT MILTON

Drama

Tempests in Teapots

THE season is yet to see its first major production. Until one arrives, however, the playgoer can hardly do better than pay a visit to the Henry Miller Theater, where he will find an innocent and often touching little comedy from the Hungarian, somewhat noncommittally entitled "The Bride of Torozko." The play, based upon a not very substantial anecdote, concerns itself with the misadventures of a peasant girl who upon the eve of her wedding finds herself wrongfully convicted of being a Jew. Her bewildered lover hesitates; she flees for protection to the only member of her supposed race resident in the village; and when the affair is finally straightened out it serves to point the moral enunciated by the latter worthy, who says: "Everybody ought to be a Jew for four weeks—maybe two would be enough."

To Sam Jaffe in the role of this half-cynical philosopher belongs about ninety-nine per cent of the credit for making the play pointed, humorous, and touching besides. Everything else about it is mostly pasteboard, but either the author surpassed himself in writing this one particular role or Mr. Jaffe, by sheer force of personality, makes it seem that he did. Indeed, it would be difficult to find a more perfect delineation in miniature of what seems, to the Christian at least, the eternal Jew—shrewd,

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kindly, long-suffering, and at the same time touched with a half-ludicrous masochism which leads him to make a virtue out of necessity by finding a real delight in the enumeration of his sufferings. This peculiar characteristic Mr. Jaffe suggests again and again with exquisitely delicate humor but nowhere else perhaps so well as in the scene in which he is reading the Talmud to the new convert. "It's a wonderful book," he says. "Look here or here or here—no matter where you turn something terrible is happening to the Jews." Jean Arthur is attractively tomboyish if not especially convincing as the peasant girl, but it is Mr. Jaffe's play.

Elmer Rice's political melodrama "Judgment Day" (Belasco Theater) has made a great deal of noise both literally and figuratively. By now everyone interested in the current theater knows that it is based pretty directly upon the Reichstag-fire trial and that it is tumultuous and frenetic to a degree hitherto unequaled by anything on the stage or in life—unless perhaps by the Reichstag-fire trial itself. Unlike many such plays it is not painful, for the sheer violence of the melodrama is too continuous to permit one to be aware of anything else, and I for one was certainly not bored. Neither, I must report, does the play seem to achieve more than the good sound beating it indubitably administers to the nerves of the spectator.

Mr. Rice is a playwright inclined to strike back at his critics. To Brooks Atkinson, who called him "intemperate," he has already replied, "So were Aeschylus and Shakespeare." It behooves me, therefore, to state with some care my objections to his play, which I find to be two. In the first place, it seems to me obvious that if a rip-snorting melodrama is the only thing which can be made out of the subject in hand, then the subject is obviously not a suitable one for a serious play—as quite possibly it is not. In the second place, I am not at all impressed by the argument that the "importance" of the theme makes it the duty of every honest citizen to admire the play. Back in the eighteenth century it used to be said in defense of every dull piece that "it recommends virtue," and few seemed to take into account the fact that "virtue"—like honesty, tolerance, and the other qualities which Mr. Rice "recommends" by inversion—profits little from the earnest repetition of the obvious. Indeed, Mr. Rice's sermon reminds me somewhat of the one which Calvin Coolidge, in the classic story, is said to have reported so reluctantly at the luncheon table. "What did the preacher talk about?" "Sin." "Well, what did he say about it?" "He was against it." Mr. Rice is against intolerance, brutality, and the corruption of judicial processes. But aren't we all? At least all of us who are likely to buy tickets to his show?

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

Russia à la Mode

THE imagination can become a horrible thing indeed when it is given as much scope and freedom as Von Sternberg apparently enjoyed while making his version of the Catharine the Great legend. Or perhaps one had better say that when, as happens every so often, Hollywood decides to make a mistake, it is able, because of the vastness of its resources of every kind, to make a truly colossal mistake. Rouben Mamoulian has on several occasions (once, it may be remembered, in a picture in which Marlene Dietrich appeared) revealed the epic scale on which bad taste can be displayed on the screen. Josef von Sternberg now shows us just what can be hatched when an overcharged imagination is set loose upon an eighteenth-century Muscovite background. One had always recognized that the Russia to which Catharine came as a bright and ambitious young bride must have been far from a pleasant and civilized sort of place. But in "The Scarlet Empress" one is transported to such a nightmarish realm as never existed outside the less plausible tales of Hoffmann and Poe. Evidently Von Sternberg has read or been told that the Moscow palaces of Catharine's time retained many crude Tartar influences in their architecture and furnishings. This seed of archaeological discovery blossoms immediately in the directorial fancy into the most original grotesqueries of every description. Huge amorphous gargoyles leer from behind every chair and bedstead. Hardly a square inch of background in certain scenes is free from these swollen phantoms of Von Sternberg's Hollywood *Schwärmerei.* And the effect of presenting most of the scenes in almost complete darkness is not to make them any less depressing. Indeed, the lighting, or rather the absence of lighting, in the picture is alone sufficient to create the feeling of the sinister and the unhealthy, the uneasy conviction that what one is witnessing can only be the product of an elephantiasis of the imagination.

Except for a serious but not altogether consistent attempt by Sam Jaffe to do something with the role of the mad young Czar to whom Catharine is married, the acting in "The Scarlet Empress" is completely at odds with its melancholy and pretentious décor. Louise Dresser, as the Czarina Elizabeth, introduces a familiar and not entirely unappreciated note of Broadway vulgarity. As for Miss Dietrich, who retains the identical bisque-doll expression through half a hundred costumes, her performance is less an exhibition of acting than of mesmerism. Of all Von Sternberg's creations she is perhaps the most fantastic, as she is certainly the most beautiful. The unfortunate thing is that with the increasing absurdity of the creations the beauty is becoming less and less important.

It so happens that the same week in New York which saw Von Sternberg's researches into eighteenth-century Moscow also saw another and far more successful effort to evoke the atmosphere of a particular period of the Russian past. The picture is "Petersburg Nights" (Cameo), and the atmosphere is that of St. Petersburg during the romantic, genius-ridden period of the eighteen thirties. Based on a rearrangement of two early stories by Dostoevski, it traces out the familiar enough pattern of the proud and uncompromising artist in struggle with society. The old conflict is here resolved when the provincial genius, broken by years of misery and neglect in the capital, hears a song that he composed in youth being sung by a band of workers on their way to Siberia. Although the picture is so admirably done that the thesis seems valid enough for the time that we are in the theater, a few doubts begin to arise afterwards. The emphasis on the extreme independence of the artistic temperament, for example, seems strangely inconsistent with the collectivist ideal as promulgated in the U. S. S. R. There is also some confusion between the theme of aristocratic patronage of the arts and the theme of the degradation of bourgeois taste; the two social classes, at least as far as refinement of artistic taste is concerned, cannot be so easily identified. But what makes the film one of the best that have come out of Russia in a long time is not so much the cogency of its argument, which opens up all sorts of questions, as its manner and style of treating its subject, which hardly leave any question at all. For "Petersburg Nights" represents a significant departure for the Russian school of direction—a turning from the tedious documentary naturalism of the last few years to the poetic stylization of materials. The mood established by the acting and the photography—a combination of pathos, nostalgia, and sophisticated baroque satire—happens to be exactly right for the subject. But the return to any mood at all, after the neutralized tone of so many recent Soviet films, would be an important enough event.

WILLIAM TROY

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S radio address on September 30 had more edge and a little less amiability than is customary for him. Evidently the criticism which has been leveled at the Administration and at the NRA has not failed to touch him—and this is just as well. Not necessarily because the NRA is so desperately in need of criticism, but because a fighting Roosevelt, a Roosevelt on the defensive, will stand considerably more chance of putting through a program for the next year or so than one who feels everything is going his way. The President in general asked for more time to work out the principles on which the NRA had been founded; he was disposed to scold business men who objected to the codes on the ground that they themselves had devised these regulations and would presently have an opportunity to amend them; he reviewed the increased security which the NRA has brought to investors and to business and labor generally; and he laid most emphasis on the truce he proposed between capital and labor, during which neither employers nor employees would retard the progress of business recovery by taking up "the weapons which lead to industrial war." All this will prove unsatisfactory to those critics of the Administration who have asked for a more definite program; but it is hardly fair to make such demands with election a month away. It is fairer to assume that once the uncertainties of November 6 have been resolved, the President will put before the people proposals as clear and specific as his last address was forceful. Until that time we can afford to let nature—or the NRA—take its course.

WITH GENERAL JOHNSON tearfully removed from the scene, reorganization of the NRA has proceeded with amazing alacrity. Administration is to be vested in a newly constituted National Industrial Recovery Board of five members; policies will be laid down by an Industrial Policy Committee which is to be headed by Donald R. Richberg; while juridical questions will be handled by a third agency yet to be designated. The outcome is undoubtedly a victory for the so-called liberal wing of the Administration, who were unwilling to see the entire NRA apparatus turned over directly to the industrial leaders. It is also important to note that the NRA machinery as such is to be divorced (by a final, not a nisi, decree) from jurisdiction over labor disputes, which appears extremely fortunate when one considers the personnel of the new board. But precisely what effect the change will have on general policy remains unclear. The President's radio talk reveals a growing tendency in Administration circles to question the desirability of limitation of production and price-fixing, particularly in the case of goods sold directly to the consumer. Whether either of these evils can actually be abandoned in the face of intrenched business interests is an open question. There is no indication, however, that the consumer is to be provided with a more effective weapon for combating the monopolistic powers of big business, or that there is to be a noticeable weakening in the trend toward increasing rigidity in the economic structure. Until there is a disposition to grapple with these underlying problems, the continuous scrambling of the various alphabetical agencies is not likely to be very helpful.

FACED with the united resistance of the cotton-garment manufacturers to his recent executive order modifying their code, the President has beaten a retreat. The thirty-six-hour week did not go into effect on October 1, as originally contemplated. The force of the order will be stayed until at least October 15, and it is possible that the order will never be executed. Concurrently with the stay the newly established National Industrial Recovery Board created an "impartial" committee of three to hear the complaints of the manufacturers, and to report back to the President by October 10. To be sure, the committee may find that the 10 per cent reduction in the work week was justified, and recommend accordingly. But the fact that an inquiry committee was created at all—after the exhaustive hearings and investigations that the NRA had earlier conducted on the subject—suggests that a compromise is in the making. There is food for thought, too, in the President's gentle and considerate treatment of employers who have openly announced their defiance of code provisions imposed on them by the government. They are not threatened, they are not even reasoned with; instead, the code provisions drafted by the manufacturers themselves remain in effect, and the NRA prepares to beat a graceful retreat. Possibly the NRA feels that it is treading on dangerous legal ground, in view of the lapsing of the license provision, in trying to force on recalcitrant manufacturers labor standards not of their own making. But the textile workers, when they protested against a code in the formulation of which they had virtually no part, were not treated with equal gentleness and consideration. On the contrary, they were cajoled into returning to work largely by promises that the Bureau of Labor Statistics and the Federal Trade Commission would undertake studies on wages, hours, and man-hour productivity. And before the strikers could obtain even these mild concessions, they were subjected to a reign of terror—murders, beatings, raids, concentration camps. We wonder if this is what the President meant when he said that sometimes government intervention "seems necessary to produce . . . justice and right conduct."

THE SUDDEN RESIGNATION of the Samper Cabinet on October 1 leaves the Spanish Republic confronted by the gravest crisis of its history. Neither the right nor the left has been satisfied with the vague policies of the Samper coalition during its five months in office, yet neither is in a position to take power without violence. The Catholic Popular Action Party headed by José Maria Gil Robles, the strongest party in the Cortes, which hitherto has rather regretfully tolerated the government rather than risk an uprising by the left, has been primarily responsible for Samper's downfall. Socialists and Communists, on the other hand, in celebrating their "united front" against the threat of a Catholic-fascist coup, have openly asserted that the Second Republic was broken and that only a Marxist regime could now fulfil the just demands of the workers. Another election is out of the question because of the Socialists' declaration that they will abstain from voting, but neither will they submit to a government in which they are not represented. Added to these difficulties has been the strong discontent of Catalan leftists, controlling the autonomous regional government at Barcelona. Feeling between the Catalonians and the Madrid government has been particularly tense since the latter declared a local land-cultivation law to be unconstitutional. In the crisis it is doubtful whether President Alcalá-Zamora can form any government which can command general support. Yet failure means that civil war in inevitable.

APART FROM ADMITTING the Soviet Union into membership, the fifteenth Assembly of the League of Nations achieved little worthy of note. Conforming to the usual formula, nothing was decided, and all important issues were neatly sidetracked for subsequent consideration. Poland's demand for a generalization of the minorities system was overwhelmed by joint action of the Great Powers, mere routine consideration was given to the troublesome issues connected with the Saar plebiscite, while the Chaco conflict was disposed of by reference to another Committee of Twenty-two "for further study and recommendation." Fundamental issues such as those pertaining to the possible revision of the League Covenant were ignored. In fact, if it were not for the indiscretion of M. Litvinov, the various delegations could have returned to their respective homes without the painful necessity of having to think about mundane matters. Untrained in the niceties of League procedure, the Soviet representative was crude enough to remind the Assembly of the languishing disarmament conference, and, what was worse, to suggest that the nations abandon the pretense of disarmament discussions and terminate the meeting of the Assembly with a report from the chairman regarding the establishment of a more suitable form of organization. After having spent an uncomfortable twenty-four hours trying to decide what to do with this request, the Assembly decided, at the suggestion of Mr. Sandler, its president, "to confine itself to taking note of the Russian proposal." Against such diplomacy even M. Litvinov is helpless.

RECENT COMPLAINTS on the part of a few powerful minority groups in Europe have tended to overshadow the fact that a number of small nationalities have been subject to more or less continuous oppression for many years. Among the more vocal of these smaller groups are the Macedonians, who were distributed rather indiscriminately by the Treaty of Neuilly among Jugoslavia, Greece, and Bulgaria. In theory the full cultural and political rights of the Macedonian minorities, like those of the Ukrainians and Germans in Poland and the Ruthenians in Rumania, were guaranteed by treaty; in case of an infraction of these rights they were given the privilege of appealing directly to the League. Nevertheless, from the time of occupation Greek and Jugoslav authorities are alleged to have completely ignored all treaty commitments. Schools and churches in the Macedonians' native language (Bulgarian) are said to have been closed; Bulgarian books, including the Bible, have been strictly forbidden; and many Macedonians are reported to have been killed or driven into exile for alleged political activities. In contrast, conditions in Bulgaria have been until recently much more favorable. But the dictatorship set up by the coup d'etat of May 19 has been avowedly pro-Jugoslav and has ruthlessly endeavored to crush the rising Macedonian nationalist movement. Hundreds of Macedonians have been arrested and many interned, and the press has been subjected to a strict censorship. Possibly some of these complaints are exaggerated—whole nations frequently seem to suffer from a persecution complex—but if even a small proportion of them are true, the Macedonians are amply justified in demanding a thorough international investigation by a disinterested group.

FOR NANKING the failure of China to secure reelection to a seat on the League Council and the sweeping victories scored by the Red Army in Szechuan must come as a bitter disappointment after the high hopes entertained a few months ago. Scarcely a year has elapsed since Dr. Rajchman, director of the health section of the League Secretariat, arrived in China as the head of a group of technical experts who were to guide the Chinese in planning and carrying out a somewhat grandiose scheme for national rehabilitation. Both the invitation and its acceptance were generally recognized as deliberate moves to counteract Japan's bid for hegemony in the Far East, although the plan, as presented by Dr. Rajchman in April, appeared to have been drawn up with the specific purpose of combating the growing Communist movement in the interior of the country. Alarmed by

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the far-reaching character of the program, Japan, although no longer an active member of the League, was able to bring sufficient pressure to bear to prevent Dr. Rajchman from returning to China. With his chief assistant, M. Borcic, likewise withdrawn from Nanking and no one sent out to replace them, there is great anxiety lest the whole program for national reconstruction be allowed to collapse for lack of League assistance. On the home front the situation is equally discouraging. Although Chiang Kai-shek's sixth annual anti-Communist campaign has made a certain amount of progress in the province of Kiangsi, the heart of the Red area, it has been recently reported that Liu Hsiang, commander-in-chief of the Nanking forces in Szechuan, has suddenly resigned his post and departed for parts unknown. As a result the entire province of Szechuan, one of the richest and most densely populated in China, threatens to fall under Communist control. The Red forces also appear to be making considerable progress in Kweichow and Fukien. And as if these woes were not sufficient, China is struggling to discover some means of protection against America's silver-buying program.

WITHOUT SURPRISING ANYBODY, the New York State Democrats have renominated Governor Lehman to head the State ticket. The Governor will probably make a fair-to-middling campaign, and the protests of the milk producers from upstate and of the guaranteed-mortgage certificate holders from the cities will sound dismally in his ears as he makes his preelection speeches. But he has the irresistible weight of the New Deal behind him and there is small doubt that it will push him safely back into office on Election Day. The Republicans, on the other hand, have chosen in Robert Moses a campaigner who is vigorous, spirited, plain-spoken, a man with a long record of uniquely useful public service—so unique, indeed, that one might very well refrain from voting for him for Governor because he is so excellent a Park Commissioner. But in a State which has had Democratic governors for the last twelve years, and in a year when the Democratic Party throughout the country is highly in the ascendant, Mr. Moses may campaign as well as he can; the bets are all against him. It is likely that the Republican party leaders dimly sense something of the kind, for if they had thought they had a fighting chance to win they would not have chosen a man who has consistently refused to play politics and who does not care whom he offends while he is performing what he forthrightly considers to be his duty.

THE CAMPAIGN presents several amusing ironies, not the least of which is the spectacle of Mr. Moses, whose park program began under the governorship and with the aid and friendship of Alfred E. Smith, at the head of the crowd which Smith fought all through his long service as Governor of the State. And on the other side, Mr. Smith comes in again, offering Governor Lehman's name in nomination with lavish encomiums for his term of office, not once mentioning the New Deal which Mr. Smith's own party created and is pledged to, and referring only to Franklin D. Roosevelt as "Governor" Roosevelt, when it is fairly well known that he has since attained to a higher office, although not with the help of Mr. Smith. A kind of perverted amusement may also be derived from a reading of the two party platforms. One of them, after describing the new ease, security, and peace which have come upon the country, adds: "Chaos and panic have been banished, fear dispelled, hope and confidence restored." The other platform paints a darker picture, finds our national credit damaged, our people suffering, "industry torn by strife," "bewilderment, fear, and despair on every hand; radical, demagogic, and extravagant promises to every group and element in the country, except the thrifty." Every pupil above the third grade may now step up and say which is taken from the Democratic platform and which from the Republican. After which both of them may be referred to that estimable journal, the *New Yorker, f*or inclusion in its Ho-hum Department.

THE CONGRESSIONAL CARAVANS organized by the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom seem to us to indicate a significant growth of realism and sincerity in the peace movement of this country. Not so many years have passed since peace organizations confined themselves largely to pious resolutions deploring the horrors of war, or at most to the encouragement of individual pacifism. More recently activities have largely centered around so-called educational campaigns in which an effort is made to analyze some of the underlying causes of war. The caravans of the Women's International League, however, are seeking by a nation-wide campaign to inform peace groups throughout the country concerning the concrete issues revealed by the munitions investigation, and to make these issues paramount in the fall elections. Organizers are to visit each Congressional district, hold meetings, interview candidates, and impress upon them the strength of the peace sentiment among their own constituents. In our opinion this is definitely a move in the right direction and should contribute needed clarity to the American political scene.

THOSE WHO LOOK for a new spirit and a new vision in the American Federation of Labor will not be encouraged by the results of the first skirmishes at the San Francisco convention. The Metal Trades Department, a craft-union stronghold, has come out flatly against the incorporation of its various jurisdictions in a single industrial grouping. It proposes, instead, a compromise whereby the various jurisdictions retain their present craft autonomy but join together in individual plants for the negotiation of common wage agreements. This proposal, to be sure, represents progress over the past attitude of the Metal Trades Department. If adopted, it will no doubt make for more effective collective bargaining in individual plants. But it avoids truly fundamental issues: how to make collective bargaining effective throughout the whole range of the metal industries; how to bring home the benefits of collective bargaining to the mass of semi-skilled and unskilled workers instead of confining these benefits to the skilled craftsmen. The Building Trades Department, in turn, has been torn asunder by a jurisdictional dispute of the first magnitude. The refusal of the groups currently in control of the department to reinstate, after seven years' absence, the triple alliance composed of the electricians, the carpenters, and the bricklayers is bound to have serious repercussions not only on the internal structure of the A. F. of L. but also on the progress of reemployment in the construction industry. When the various building trades made common cause for the first time in the formulation of the construction code, it appeared to some enthusiasts that the era of the jurisdictional strike had definitely passed. After the code was approved, moreover, progress was made toward the creation of machinery which would settle jurisdictional disputes within the A. F. of L. family. The rejection of the triple alliance crushes all these enthusiastic hopes and paralyzes all the proposed machinery. If the building trades revive under the stimulus of the Administration's housing program, a nation-wide outburst of jurisdictional disputes is likely to ensue. Such strikes would furnish anti-union employers in general with heaven-sent arguments against the strengthening of trade unions by governmental action.

THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION has been sending up the cry of "socialized medicine" and throwing the weight of its prestige against it every time any plan which threatens the ancient doctor-patient relationship is put forward. But more and more physicians are realizing the shortcomings of our present system of medical care and the need for meeting the drain of charity cases. The American Hospital Association, for instance, in convention in Philadelphia, unanimously indorsed group hospitalization. Speaker after speaker pointed out its advantages: how a group-insurance plan could solve the problem of meeting the cost of medical attention which afflicts so large a portion of the country's population, and how, from the professional point of view, it would provide an adequate income for the average doctor. The delegates actually cheered the proposal. The next day, in Pittsburgh, the Pennsylvania Homeopathic Medical Society heard from its president, Dr. C. Dudley Saul of Philadelphia, the unequivocal demand for socialized medicine. Both these instances, typical signs of the times, give fresh hope that physicians may at last be learning to heal themselves.

OUR PIOUS CONTEMPORARY, *Editor and Publisher,* which finds sermons in advertising linage figures and Richard Harding Davises behind every bush, is terribly, terribly upset by the American Newspaper Guild. The guild hasn't behaved as *Editor and Publisher* wanted it to, and instead of becoming a wishy-washy pseudo-professional group dabbling in questions of ethical standards, it is flirting with labor unions in an effort to win the recognition hitherto denied it. Not only is the guild a "radical trade union," but its monthly paper, Mr. Marlen Pew finds, is so "scurrilous" that it might be confused with the Communist *Daily Worker.* Mr. Pew left-handedly admits that, as charged in the indictment, publishers have "stalled them off, strung them along, refused to bargain, and spiked their every effort," but in as fine a confusion of cause and effect as there is on record he finds that this is because the guild is so radical and because it has sought to "make a license of NRA." (What else is the NRA, Mr. Pew?) When it is remembered that *Editor and Publisher* speaks not for the average newspaperman—reporter, rewrite man, and copy reader—but for editors and publishers, Mr. Pew's sound and fury may be taken with a grain of salt. It is true that the guild has veered somewhat to the left, as was pointed out in these columns several weeks ago, but even that doesn't bring it past dead center, Heywood Broun not being the whole membership. Newspapermen, like other workers, are interested in security, and if they can't get it on an individual gentleman-to-gentleman basis, they will get it collectively, as they are privileged to do by law.

The Rubber-Hose Convention

THOSE who are following the developments in the Lindbergh case may have been given pause by a special story appearing on the front page of the New York *World-Telegram.* Hauptmann, says the author, has not been given the "conventional third degree." The *World-Telegram* was "informed today" that there has been "no rubber hose" and "no modernized physical torture for him"; the case is too important and the "authorities" are afraid to jeopardize it by methods which might prove a boomerang.

It is nice to know that Hauptmann has not been passing his days in a torture chamber. We were not, however, aware that the "authorities" had been in the habit of admitting that a rubber hose and other "modernized physical torture" were "conventional" and used as a matter of course upon suspects less in the public eye. We were under the impression that the police department vehemently denied that it ever resorted to such methods, which are, of course, plainly illegal as well as indefensible on any grounds whatsoever. Who are the "authorities" who now casually admit that as a special favor Hauptmann is being granted the protection which the law prescribes for every accused person no matter who he may be? What do Mayor LaGuardia and his new Commissioner of Police think of their statement? Does not the Mayor owe it to himself as well as to everybody else to seek an explanation? Unless, of course, he too regards the beating up of prisoners as a "conventional" proceeding to be dispensed with only in cases where there seems to be some danger that the mistreatment of the prisoner may come to light and thus jeopardize the state's case against him. We note that an article in the New York *Law Journal* warns the police that confessions obtained by third-degree methods have no legal standing. Would it be necessary to issue such a *caveat* if the legal profession were not well aware that these brutal and extra-legal methods are "conventional"?

Oddly enough, however, we seem to make up for our brutality to unknown persons by a surprising tenderness toward those who have wealth or position, and if we treat—or mistreat—the suspect as though he were proved guilty, we sometimes treat the guilty as though they were really innocent. Consider, for example, the case of Bernard Marcus, the convicted president of the defunct Bank of United States, who has just been transferred from Sing Sing to the far more comfortable quarters of Wallkill, where, so a dispatch to the New York *Times* informs us, "every effort is made to avoid the usual prison atmosphere." The transfer was not recommended by Warden Lawes, and it seems a bit odd that Marcus should be lodged in a prison "built as a place to rehabilitate young first offenders and to protect them against association with hardened criminals." Perhaps, however, it will seem less odd when it is noted that among the other "young first offenders" housed at Wallkill are Leonard Teed, convicted of stealing $200,000 from Westchester County; Harold La Polt, convicted of embezzlement while treasurer of Middletown; and Arthur W. Morse, broker, convicted of fatally beating Mrs. Edna Leavitt in his Greenwich Village apartment.

A Federal Inquiry Is Needed

IN its issue of August 29 *The Nation* printed reproductions of two reports to Albert E. Boynton, managing director of the Industrial Association of San Francisco, covering police raids on radical and labor meeting places in San Francisco on July 17 and 18, the day before and the first day of the general strike. One of the reports was signed by the typewritten name "Carr" with the initial letter "P" penciled in. Both were headed "Strike Violence Memo." The person who sent the documents had been known to *The Nation* as a reliable investigator. Their authenticity was vouched for by the San Francisco office of the American Civil Liberties Union. It was stated by the sender that the reports were made by a member of the San Francisco police force. Before publication, however, *The Nation* was informed through the Civil Liberties Union that P. Carr was a private operative and not a police officer. In commenting upon the documents *The Nation* asserted editorially that they contained "circumstantial evidence" that the San Francisco Industrial Association "was actively involved in the raids on radical halls which helped to break the general strike," and urged that a thorough investigation of the role of the association be made by a properly qualified committee. At the same time the American Civil Liberties Union, in a telegram to Mr. Boynton, proposed that the Industrial Association open "its complete files dealing with the general strike to examination by an impartial national inquiry commission of outstanding persons."

Before the issue containing the reproductions of the documents had actually appeared on the Coast, *The Nation* received from Mr. Boynton a telegram charging that the article and the documents were "grossly untruthful and libelous" and denying that the association "had any previous knowledge or connection with any of the arrests in the strikes or in either the police or unauthorized raids on Communist quarters." He demanded that *The Nation* retract its "conclusions and implications" and offered for the inspection of any authorized agent the "full files of these reports." *The Nation* took up the offer and asked the American Civil Liberties Union in San Francisco to act as its agent, at the same time urging the Industrial Association to accept the proposal of the American Civil Liberties Union for a wider inquiry, and pledging itself to publish any findings that might result.

The representatives of the American Civil Liberties Union in San Francisco have completed their scrutiny of the file of the "Strike Violence Memos." Their report appears on page 411 of this issue. They discovered that "P. Carr" is in fact James K. Carr, a long-time employee of the Industrial Association whose function is to persuade San Francisco employers to hire non-union men on all possible jobs. Who inserted the initial "P" appearing on the document, neither the Civil Liberties Union nor *The Nation* knows. The reports in question are genuine and are two of a long series on the same subject made by a group of four "reporters" employed by the association. *The Nation* willingly states that the "full files of these reports" show no evidence that the Industrial Association was "actively involved" in the red raids of July 17 and 18. But it must be emphasized that the investigators were very literally limited to these files. At no time were they allowed to examine, as had been suggested, "the complete files [of the association] dealing with the general strike." Moreover, they were promised, and then denied, for unsatisfactory reasons, permission to make photostats even of a few of those reports which they were allowed to examine. (See Report III, Section 5.)

The Nation does not withdraw its demand for an investigation of the raids and of the role of the Industrial Association; for the report of the Civil Liberties Union raises more important questions than the one it answers.

The Industrial Association went to great lengths to get the detailed information contained in its "Strike Violence Memos." In his telegram to *The Nation* Mr. Boynton asserted that these "memos" were "simply news reports" gathered from police blotters and hospital records, and that no one in the association "had any previous knowledge" of the raids or the arrests. This statement is inaccurate. According to the Civil Liberties Union report, on at least two occasions the association got confidential "tips" on raids before they occurred. One of its reporters stated to the investigators that he often accompanied the police in their squad cars (Report V) and that he had known of the raids in advance; that he knew on Tuesday, July 3, of raids that were to be made on "Bloody Thursday," July 5; that he was the only reporter at the station to which he was assigned who had the information. Two of the reports to the association (Exhibit 5) contain references to a raid on Upton Sinclair's headquarters which never actually took place. The association picked up tips and reports from police radio calls on a radio set installed for that purpose in the office. It also, at least once, had a man posted on the top of a building to observe the industrial battle through field glasses.

Why should the Industrial Association spend time and money helping the newspapers do their job by compiling "simply news reports" out of material that was "open to the public," going even so far as to include the names and addresses of the hundreds of radicals caught up in the police net? The answer to this question, asked in the course of the Civil Liberties Union investigation, merely makes the question more pertinent and important. According to the report, Mr. Boynton said that "they wanted the papers to get all the strike-violence news possible" and that "they wanted a lot of such information direct and quick." The question still remains: Why? Was the association, perhaps, engaged in compiling a comprehensive blacklist for the use of its members? Considering that its purpose is to combat the closed shop in San Francisco, considering its avowed hostility to "reds" and radicals in general, considering the further fact that during the strike it brought 200 strike-breakers into San Francisco to move goods from the docks under police protection, it would seem reasonable to suspect that these names and addresses were not collected merely for fun or to satisfy a detached craving for information. The statement of James K. Carr (Exhibit 1) discloses that "quite frequently a member of our legal staff who was sometimes present at these trials as an observer carried with him a copy of these reports giving the names of the arrested . . . to assist him in locating the various courts where the arrested would appear." Why was the association interested in having a member of its legal staff present at trials?

More than once in the course of the Civil Liberties Union investigation it was implied by officers of the Industrial Association that organized labor itself was responsible for the raids. This was also charged in the press. It was vehemently denied by even the most conservative labor leaders. It was even denied by one of Mr. Carr's "reporters." (See Report V.) Is it true? If not, who was responsible? Widespread brutality and lawlessness are seldom wholly spontaneous. They are instigated and encouraged and led; sometimes they are paid for. More vigorously than ever, *The Nation* demands that the whole story of official and unofficial lawlessness on the Coast be uncovered. The technique of terror developed during and after the general strike is far more than a matter of local concern. It appears wherever the labor struggle is sufficiently intense to generate fear and anger.

Mr. Boynton declared to *The Nation's* investigators that the Industrial Association was "as innocent as a newborn babe." Manifestly only the examination of all the association's files dealing with the general strike can disclose fully the role it played. The American Civil Liberties Union, accredited representative of *The Nation,* has been refused access to these files. Obviously only a Congressional or Senatorial committee with full power to subpoena witnesses will be able to make a full investigation of the raids which took place in San Francisco during the general strike, and place the responsibility. We renew the recommendation that such an investigation be authorized by Congress and that Mr. Boynton be called as the first witness.

The Price Is Too High

THE "settlement" of the textile strike takes on a new significance in the light of President Roosevelt's proposal for an industrial truce, with all disputes to be handled through "mediation or arbitration of State or federal agencies." In the textile walkout the Winant board issued a report which was almost too fair to be good. It admitted all the grievances of the workers to be real, but it made no recommendations for their immediate or specific amelioration. Instead, it suggested two more boards and investigations. After February 1, when the various boards and investigating agencies will presumably have found out how hard a textile operative works for how little money a week—the fact that 400,000 were desperate enough to go on strike might be cited as evidence—they will make recommendations. The report fails to state what will happen if meanwhile the board assigned to investigate the textile industry finds that it is so inefficiently conducted and for other reasons in such a depressed condition that it cannot afford to pay Susy Jones $12 for thirty hours of skilled work. (It now pays her $10.)

That the leaders of the United Textile Workers of America should have accepted the board's report as a settlement and called off the strike without so much as waiting for the employers to agree to its fair-to-a-fault recommendations is a tragedy for the textile worker. It is also extremely significant in connection with the President's proposal for an industrial truce and the hearty indorsement of that proposal by William Green. The textile walkout was called off in spite of the pressure of the strikers who had brought it about. The pressure to end the strike came from a labor bureaucracy which had resisted it from the beginning—and from the President himself in the role of the protector of labor. The union rushed to comply with the President's request; the employers hung back until the strike had fallen to pieces and then made it clear by their actions if not by their public statements that they had very little intention of living up to the ideals of the Winant report. If the leadership of a strike of such proportions can be made to yield so easily to the pressures for peace that are applied in Washington, where will the rank-and-file worker be if he yields up, even temporarily, his only form of pressure, the right to strike.

In other words, the truce which Mr. Roosevelt proposes and which Mr. Green, afflicted with the love of official favor, so enthusiastically praises is entirely one-sided. The employers in the guise of the National Association of Manufacturers, encouraged by this prospect of a strikeless era beyond their fondest dreams, are already demanding a Presidential proclamation of an industrial truce during which the "status quo" of employment relations would be maintained until the end of the depression. It is hard to imagine that the President will even consider this insolent proposal. But for all practical purposes his own proposal can easily amount to the same thing. If the right to strike is interfered with in any manner, employment relations may in fact be frozen into a "status quo"—with serious consequences to millions of underpaid workers already struggling against rising costs of living, not to mention the avowed central policy of the Roosevelt Administration, namely, to bring about recovery by increasing purchasing power. For the ubiquitous labor board, the weapon which Mr. Roosevelt offers the worker in lieu of the strike, has proved all too often—in automobiles, in textiles, in shipping—to be a false hope leading to other false hopes in the form of more and more boards.

In saying this we are not overlooking the vast improvement in the point of view and the actual functioning of the labor board as an instrument of government policy since General Johnson removed himself as an authority on Section 7-a by seeking to compose the labor troubles of the steel industry on terms dictated by the Iron and Steel Institute. The improvement may be traced not so much to the creation of the independent National Labor Relations Board as to the steadily growing evidence that the Garrison board has clear and distinct ideas which it intends to enforce. The labor boards are gradually being divorced from the NRA and set on their own feet under Public Resolution 44. The best thing about the textile settlement is the fact that the Textile Labor Relations Board is entirely independent of the NRA, specifically of the Code Authority.

But even at their best—and there is, so far as we know, only one Garrison board—the existing State and federal agencies of "mediation and arbitration" have not yet shown their competence to guarantee to the worker his just share in the control of his conditions of labor. The strike remains his only effective weapon. He should not give up—and the President should not ask him to—his right to strike for a mess of boards.

Issues and Men

The Case of General O'Ryan

THE withdrawal of General John F. O'Ryan as Police Commissioner of New York ends a disheartening episode in the LaGuardia administration of New York City. I was largely responsible for the friendly attitude taken by *The Nation* toward General O'Ryan on his appointment. I remembered him as the most efficient militia general in France. I recalled that he made a number of admirable anti-war speeches on his return from France, and that he took a more liberal attitude on various questions than would ordinarily be expected from the regular military man. I was not aware that he was a member of the so-called Kernan board which refused to reveal the charges made by returning soldiers against the administration of justice in the army, or that he participated in the miscarriage of justice which the report of that board was. Certainly the friends of General O'Ryan were not prepared for the statement that he made during the taxicab strike: "My background has been military, and my training hasn't much to do with liberalism."

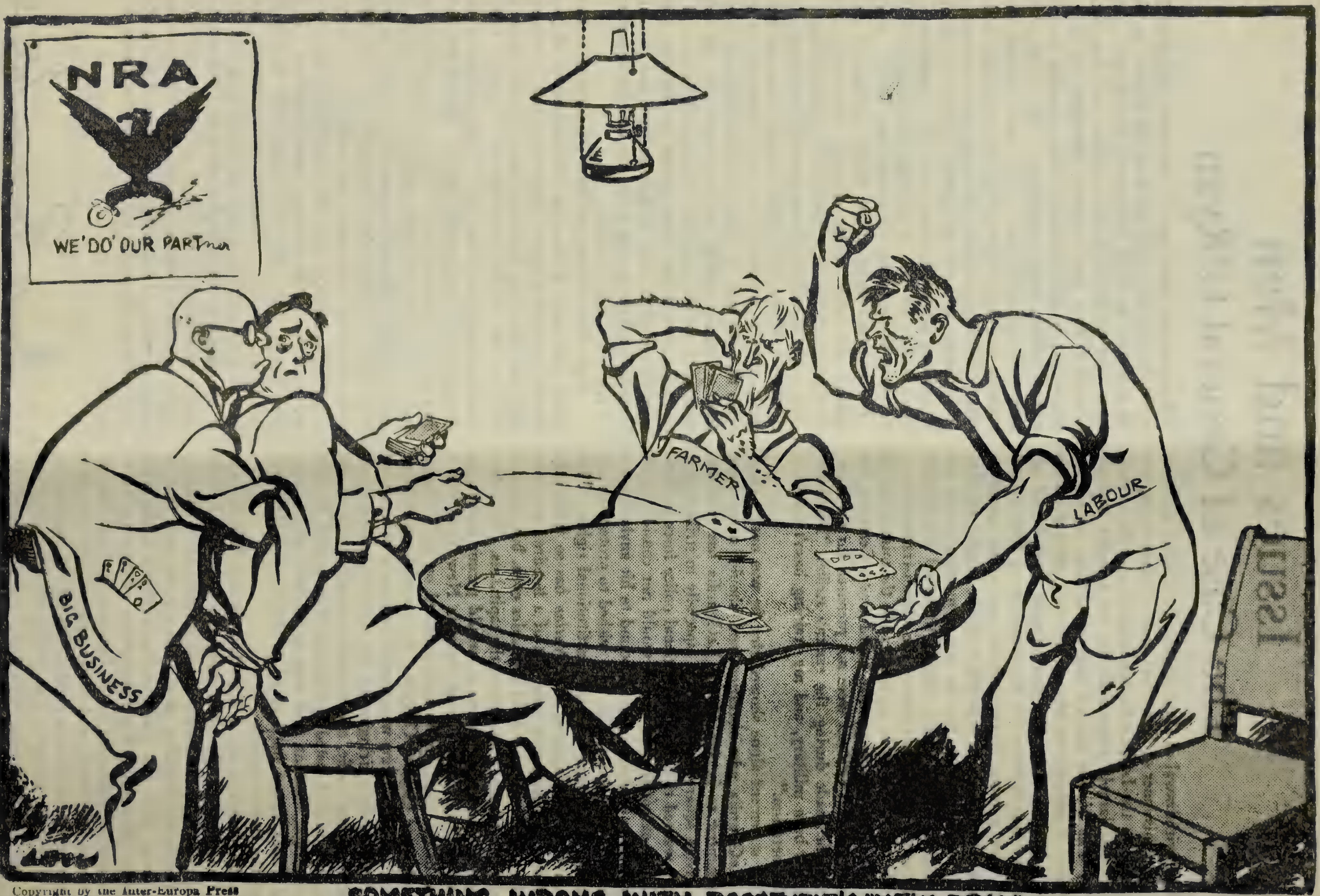
That statement alone showed that he was out of place in the LaGuardia administration and should never have been appointed to it, for Mayor LaGuardia has tried his best to give a square deal to labor, especially to strikers, and has really wanted to have an exceptional police force in New York City—exceptional in that it would not consider itself an organization of strike-breakers bound to hit anybody over the head who was on strike or who wished to protest against injustices in accordance with his constitutional rights. This was a great aim because, as *The Nation* has so frequently pointed out, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred our constituted authorities do not hold the scales even, but consider themselves agents and guardians of the capitalists. That does not mean we favor lawlessness or would permit strikers to resort to violence. The taxicab strike in New York was a disgrace to the city, and as such reflected on both Mayor LaGuardia and General O'Ryan. It was mishandled from the start, and the strikers were utterly lawless in overturning and wrecking cabs, infringing on the rights of innocent passengers, impeding traffic, and generally disturbing the public order. The much-boasted riot squads never seemed to turn up at the right moment, and even in the heart of the city, around Times Square, hundreds of strikers smashed their way through the theater crowds.

In only one case did I read that General O'Ryan was himself on the spot. The best thing about General Pelham D. Glassford, who did such a grand job with the Washington police in the handling of the bonus army, was that he rode a motor cycle and was always in evidence at the scene of trouble. General O'Ryan apparently—I do not wish to do him any injustice—stayed at headquarters according to army tactics in France, and rarely appeared on the scene. On the other hand, there is right on his side in claiming interference by the Mayor. You cannot have the police directed both from the City Hall and Police Headquarters. If early in the taxicab strike it was apparent that General O'Ryan was not handling it to the satisfaction of the Mayor, he should have been superseded, or the Mayor, by virtue of his authority as Chief Magistrate, should have personally taken over the direction of the police, and then discharged General O'Ryan just as soon as the strike was over. The simple fact is that General O'Ryan revealed himself as a narrow soldier, deeply opinionated. He is without the all-important realization that a high public official, intrusted with the vital duty of preserving safety and order in the chief American city, must not take sides with anybody in any labor dispute, and must not put his faith in preserving order by clubbing everybody whose methods, or manners, or party labels he does not like. Just one phrase in General O'Ryan's statement of September 24 stamps him clearly. Here it is: "The known attitude of the Mayor encouraged the Communists and *other vicious elements of the city* to exploit these occasions for their own ends" (italics mine). What right has he to call the Communists of New York a "vicious element"? There are hoodlums among them, and their leadership deserves condemnation, but it cannot be stressed too often that the bulk of them are law-abiding and that all of them are legally entitled to the opinions that they hold. Is their party not on the ballot? General O'Ryan could hardly commit a more serious crime against the American spirit, the spirit of the Declaration of Independence and the American Constitution, than to join in the hue and cry against a political opinion, a state of mind.

Right here we have, as I have often stated, a chief cause of the lawlessness in America—the lawlessness of the public official, his utter failure to understand and to recognize the rights of minorities, however unpopular, and above all the rights of the striking workingman. General O'Ryan is quoted as saying on April 10: "I don't believe in times of emergency in letting crowds collect." But it was his sworn duty to let crowds collect if they were peaceable and orderly and did not interfere with passers-by. The truth is that under General O'Ryan there was a lot of police brutality in New York, notably in the so-called Harlem riots, where the police exceeded their powers and authority and were guilty of outrageous attacks upon innocent persons, the report of a police official to the contrary notwithstanding. It is high time that he went. It is to be hoped that the new head of the police, Inspector Valentine, will cooperate with the Mayor in his desire to uphold the Constitution and the rights of individuals, precisely as they are upheld in London, where charges of police brutality are so rare as to cause intense indignation; where Communists and Anarchists are allowed to parade, in times of emergency as in times of quiet, under the supervision of the police, but with complete respect for their rights.

Oswald Garrison Villard

A Cartoon by LOW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SOMETHING WRONG WITH ROOSEVELT'S "NEW DEAL".

The Tragedy of the Political Exiles

By EMMA GOLDMAN

DURING my ninety days in the United States old friends and new, including people I had never met before, spoke much of my years in exile. It seemed incredible to them that I had been able to withstand the vicissitudes of banishment and come back unbroken in health and spirit and with my ideal unmarred. I confess I was deeply moved by their generous tribute. But also I was embarrassed, not because I suffer from false modesty or believe that kind things should be said about people only after their death, but rather because the plight of hosts of political exiles scattered over Europe is so tragic that my struggle to survive was hardly worth mentioning.

The lot of political refugees, even prior to the war, was never free from stress and poverty. But they could at least find asylum in a number of countries. France, Belgium, Switzerland were open to them. Scandinavia and the Netherlands received them kindly. Even the United States was hospitable enough to admit some refugees. The real haven, however, was England, where political rebels from all despotic lands were made welcome.

The world carnage put an end to the golden era when a Bakunin and a Herzen, a Marx and a Kropotkin, a Malatesta and a Lenin, Vera Sazulich, Louise Michel, and all the others could come and go without hindrance. In those days who cared about passports or visas? Who worried about one particular spot on earth? The whole world was one's country. One place was as good as another where one could continue one's work for the liberation of one's autocratic native land. Not in their wildest dreams did it occur to these revolutionaries that the time might come when the world would be turned into a huge penitentiary, or that political conditions might become more despotic and inhuman than during the worst period of the Czars. The war for democracy and the advent of left and right dictatorships destroyed whatever freedom of movement political refugees had formerly enjoyed. Tens of thousands of men, women, and children have been turned into modern Ahasueruses, forced to roam the earth, admitted nowhere. If they are fortunate enough to find asylum, it is nearly always for a short period only; they are always exposed to annoyance and chicanery, and their lives made a veritable hell.

For a time expatriated Russians were given some protection by means of the Nansen, or League of Nations, passport. Most countries were supposed to recognize that scrap of paper, though few did, least of all when politically tainted individuals applied for admission. Still, the Nansen passport was better than nothing at all. Now this too has been abolished, and Russian refugees are entirely outside the law. Terrible as was the Czarist time, it was yet possible to bribe one's way across frontiers. That is possible no longer, not because border police have suddenly become honest, but because every country is afraid of the bolshevik or the fascist germ and keeps the frontier hermetically sealed, even against those who hate every form of dictatorship.

I have already stated that political exiles are sometimes lucky enough to find an abode, but that by no means includes the right to work. Anything they do to eke out a wretched existence, such as lessons, translations, or any kind of physical labor, must be done furtively. Should they be caught, it would again mean the wearisome round of seeking another country. Politicals are constantly at the beck and call of the authorities. It is almost a daily occurrence for them to be pounced upon suddenly at an early morning hour, dragged out of bed, taken to the police station, and then expelled. It is not necessary to be guilty of any offense, such as participation in the internal political affairs of the country whose hospitality they have accepted.

A friend of mine is a case in point. He was expelled from a certain country merely for editing a small bulletin in English in order to raise funds for the Russian political prisoners. After we succeeded in bringing him back, he was three times ordered to leave, and when he was finally allowed to remain, it was on condition that he apply for a renewal of the permit every three months. For days and weeks he had to camp at the police station and waste time and health running from department to department. While waiting for the renewal he could not leave the city of his domicile. Every new place he might want to visit implied new registration, and as he was left without a single document while his renewal was pending, he could nowhere be registered. In other words, my friend was virtually a prisoner in one city until the renewal was granted. Few there are who could have survived such treatment. But my friend had been steeled in American prisons for sixteen years, and his had always been an indomitable will. Yet even he had almost come to the end of his endurance when the three months' renewal period was extended to six.

However, these miseries are by no means the only tragedies in the present plight of most political refugees. There are many more that try their souls and turn their lives into hideous nightmares. No matter how great their suffering in pre-war times, they had their faith and their work to give them an outlet. They lived, dreamed, and labored incessantly for the liberation of their native lands. They could arouse public opinion in their place of refuge against the tyranny and oppression practiced in their country, and they were able to help their comrades in prison with large funds contributed by the workers and liberal elements in other parts of the world. They could even ship guns and ammunition into Czarist Russia, despotic Italy, and Spain. These were certainly inspiring and sustaining factors. Not less so was the solidarity that existed among the politicals of different schools. Whatever their theoretical differences, there was mutual respect and confidence among them. And in times of important issues they worked together, not in a make-believe but in a real united front.

Nothing of that is left. All political movements are at each other's throats—more bitter, vindictive, and downright savage against each other than they are against their common enemies. The most unpardonable offender in this respect is the so-called Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. Not only is it keeping up a process of extermination of all political opponents in and outside its territory, but it is also engaged in wholesale character assassination. Men and women with a heroic record of revolutionary activity, persons who have consecrated themselves to their ideals, who went through untold sufferings under the Romanovs, are maligned, misrepresented, dubbed with vile names, and hounded without mercy. It is certainly no coincidence that my friend was expelled for a bulletin designed to raise money for the Russian politicals.

To be sure the Mussolinis and Hitlers are guilty of the same crime. They and their propaganda machines mow down every political opponent in their way. They also have added character assassination to the butchery of their victims. Human sensibilities have become dulled since the war. If the suffering of the German and Austrian refugees had failed to rekindle the dying embers of sympathy, one would have had to lose all faith in mankind. The generous response to their need is indeed the only ray of light on the black social horizon.

The Anarchists and Anarcho-Syndicalists have, of course, been forgotten. Or is it ignorance that causes the deadly silence about their plight? Do not the protesters against German atrocities know that Anarchists also are in Göring's dreadful concentration camps, subject to the brutalities of the Storm Troop barbarians, and that some of them have undergone more heinous punishment than most of the other Nazi victims? For instance, Erich Mühsam. Poet and social rebel, he paid his toll to the German Republic after the Bavarian uprising. He was sentenced to fifteen years in prison, of which he served five. On his release he immediately threw himself into the work of showing the inhuman conditions in the prisons under the Socialist and republican government. Being a Jew and an Anarchist and having a revolutionary past, Erich Mühsam was among the first to be dragged off by the SA gangsters. He was repeatedly slugged and beaten, his teeth were knocked out, his hair and beard pulled, and the swastika cut on his skull with a penknife. After his death in July, announced by the Nazis as "suicide," his widow was shown his tortured body, with the back of the skull crushed as if it had been dragged on the ground, and with unmistakable signs of strangulation.

Indifference to Mühsam's martyrdom is a sign of the sectarianism and bigotry in liberal and radical ranks today. But what I really want to stress is this: the barbarity of fascism and Nazism is being condemned and fought by the persons who have remained perfectly indifferent to the Golgotha of the Russian politicals. And not only indifferent; they actually justify the barbarities of the Russian dictatorship as inevitable. All these good people are under the spell of the Soviet myth. They lack awareness of the inconsistency and absurdity of their protesting against brutalities in capitalist countries when they are condoning the same brutalities in the Soviet Republic. A recent appeal of the International Workingmen's Association gives a heart-breaking picture of the condition of Anarchists and Anarcho-Syndicalists in Stalin's stronghold. Renewed arrests in Odessa, Tomsk, Archangel, and other parts of Russia have taken place. No charge whatever is made against the victims. Without hearing or trial they have been sent away by the "administrative process." Those whose sentences, some as high as ten years, have expired, have again been sent to isolated parts; there is no hope of liberation during the much-praised Communist experiment.

One of the tragic cases is that of Nicholai Rogdayeve, an Anarchist for years and an ardent fighter for the emancipation of the Russian people. During the reign of the Romanovs, Rogdayeve knew all the agonies meted out to politicals—prison, exile, and *katorga*. After the March revolution Rogdayeve came back to freedom and new activities. With hundreds of others of every political shade he worked untiringly—teaching, writing, speaking, and organizing the workers. He continued his labors for a time after the October revolution. Then the Bolshevik persecution began. Though Rogdayeve was well known and loved by everyone, including even Communists, he did not escape the crushing hand of the GPU. Arrest, exile, and all the other tortures the Russian politicals are made to suffer undermined his health. His giant body was gradually broken by tuberculosis, which he had contracted as a result of his treatment. He died a few months ago. What was the offense of Rogdayeve and hundreds of others? It was their steadfast adherence to their ideals, to their faith in the Russian revolution and the Russian masses. For that undying faith they went through a thousand purgatories; many of them, like Rogdayeve, were slowly done to death. Thus, Katherine Breshkovsky, at the age of ninety and blind, has just ended her days in an alien land. Maria Spiridonova, broken in health, if not in spirit, may not go abroad to seek a cure from scurvy developed in the inner Cheka prison; Stalin's sleep might be marred were she at large. And Angelica Balabonov, what about her? Not even the henchmen of Stalin have dared to charge her with having made common cause with the enemies of the revolution. In 1917 she returned from Italy to Russia, joined the Communist Party, and dedicated herself to the Russian Revolution. But eventually, when she realized the intrigue and the corruption in the Third International, when she could no longer accept the ethics of the GPU, she left Russia and the Communist Party. Ever since, Angelica Balabonov has been used as a target for villainous attacks and denunciations from Moscow and its satellites abroad. This and years of malnutrition have left her ill and stranded.

The Russian refugees are not the only rebels whose dream of a new world has been shattered. Enrico Malatesta, Anarchist, rebel, and one of the sweetest personalities in the revolutionary ranks, was also not spared the agony of the advent of fascism. Out of his great mind and his loving heart he had given lavishly over a period of sixty years to free the Italian workers and peasants. The realization of his dream was all but within reach when the riffraff of Mussolini spread like a plague over Italy, destroying everything so painfully built up by men like Malatesta, Fabri, and the other great Italian revolutionists. Bitter indeed must have been the last days of Malatesta.

Within the last year and a half hosts of Austrian and German rebels have been added to the list of radicals from Russia, Italy, Poland, Hungary, Rumania, Jugoslavia, and other lesser countries. All these lands have become the graveyard of revolutionary and libertarian ideals. Few countries are left where one can still hold on to life. Indeed, nothing that the holocaust and its aftermath have brought to humanity can compare with the cruel plight of the political refugees. Yet undying are their faith and their hope in the masses. No shadow of doubt obscures their belief that the workers will wake up from their leaden sleep, that they will once more take up the battle for liberty and well-being.

Let Us Demand a Housing Program

By ALBERT MAYER

THE present Administration has let the housing problem fade into insignificance, and in the National Housing Act has gone over to the antithesis of real housing. To clear the way for a new realistic effort to obtain housing it will be necessary first to face squarely the discouragements that have been encountered—the inexcusable delay in PWA housing, the way in which its original personnel was cavalierly dismissed without any effective protest, the lack of sincere interest in housing on the part of powerful government officials, and finally the passage of the National Housing Act, which is in direct contradiction to any sensible, useful housing program, and which cynically appropriated the word housing for a patchwork scheme of single-house renovation, new high-cost loans, and mortgage salvaging. A housing program should look forward, should start to undo the present mess in which our communities find themselves, but the present act encourages continuance, on a larger scale than ever, of the hit-or-miss speculative progress of our urban communities. For the first time speculative real-estate and building operations not only have the government's blessing, but are being begged to accept financial assistance. In the Hoover Administration they had a substantial blessing in the form of the Own-Your-Own-Home movement, but no financial assistance.

The PWA housing adventure was an abortive interlude which the government would not have undertaken had it understood the implications; it is now laboriously trying to spend the original small amount of allotted funds so as not to acknowledge failure. The allotment of $150,000,000, tucked away in a corner of a three-billion-dollar public-works program, should have warned us of the incidental character of the undertaking. Moreover, it soon became apparent that the interests opposed were much stronger and better organized than the social workers and the handful of persons interested in housing who were backing a genuine program.

The last fifteen months, however, have shown some positive gains. First, the CWA surveys made in a number of cities gathered useful facts preliminary to the preparation of housing projects. An inventory of real property was made, and a number of slum-clearance committees collected data on crime, disease, and excess city costs in slums. These surveys aroused wide interest, which continues in an unorganized way. Many persons are wondering why nothing further is done. These people are not yet effective advocates of housing, both because they are not organized and because they are not sufficiently informed, but ideas concerning the useful results of good housing have become popularized. Second, owing to the propaganda and the educational work on projects in various cities by Mr. Kohn and his staff in the PWA, a large number of architects, designers, and social and city planners have a grasp of the objects and the technique of housing. Finally, examples of housing that may eventually be built by the PWA will probably be useful for illustrative purposes, since it is difficult to arouse an active interest in housing without something specific to point to. Continuing pressure must be applied to assure that these projects proceed to completion. These things represent progress in housing when compared with the accomplishments of any previous year. But the new housing act marks a complete shift in emphasis. From the point of view of real housing, the act is not merely irrelevant but might be called definitely anti-housing. It is unlikely to succeed in any such measure as the government hopes despite the enormous fanfare in its behalf.

This "Anti-Housing Act" was conceived by the government and business to restore capital-goods industries. It was ingeniously drawn to take advantage of a hypothetically existent demand. But even in the short run it can hardly succeed, because while there is a demand for decent homes, people who have been struggling either to get out of debt or to keep out of debt are unlikely to take on new debts at high cost. In the long run it is certain to fail, because small-scale, haphazard construction of homes makes low- and medium-cost housing impossible; the result will be again overproduction for certain classes, with the lower-income group waiting for the deterioration of the new housing, then occupying it and creating new slums. Moreover, land speculation and subdivision will raise the cost of production and create new deceptive municipal tax structures. Finally, the continuation of uncoordinated irregular development means continuation of excessive city operating costs.

Large-scale, low-cost community housing would in the long run clean up this mess. In the short run it could be made to give more employment to men and to capital-goods industries, and to do this more quickly than would the Anti-Housing Act. Assuming an average individual expenditure of $5,000 for renovating or building a new house, every $2,000,000 expended would mean 400 separate contracts, separate investigations, separate title searches. But the same $2,000,000 represents only one moderate-sized, large-scale housing development, with one contract and one operation. Then why did the Administration let housing drift and plump for speculative building?

The answer is simple. Powerful, interrelated industrial, financial, and real-estate groups pushed the Anti-Housing Act, just as the same groups opposed the original housing program. The advocates of housing had cogent arguments; they made general, well-reasoned appeals to the unselfish interests of all groups and expected that all groups would more or less automatically back them. They did not appeal directly enough to any powerful group's self-interest. They used long-range arguments which were valid but which ran counter to the short-range interests of very powerful groups.

If housing is to go forward continuously on a significant scale, those groups must be mobilized to whom housing arguments make a vital short-run appeal, who are daily affected by bad housing, who need good housing, cheap housing, recreational and community facilities, but not at the expense of lower wages or lowered standards for other necessities and amenities. The Anti-Housing Act, of course, offers nothing whatever to them. But if these groups are educated to see that real housing is vital to them, they will become the battering ram for getting action. The other arguments—the wastes of unplanned development, chronic municipal bankruptcy—must be used to convince the secondary groups, such as city officials, housing officials, and so on. Other groups—heavy industries, building-trades unions—are not susceptible now because they look for employment and production from the present program. As soon as it appears that that program is failing, these last groups will undoubtedly follow along. Research, argument, exploration, and development of projects are parts of the campaign, because they produce something for people to see and get excited about, and when the Anti-Housing Act begins to stall, the Administration may grasp at projects that are ready to proceed.

The job now is to awaken and organize demand in specific large and powerful groups who, as consumers, need housing. Producers' groups, manufacturers, building-trades workers are only a fluctuating element of support. What they rightly want is work, and they don't care much what kind of work it is. The demand for housing must become specific, varying in detail as voiced by various consumer groups but in principle the same. There will then be an incessant bombardment of demands for housing, there will be life in the housing movement, and the Administration will take heed. The following groups should be organized to voice their demands: trade unions (A. F. of L. type); radical unions; Unemployed Councils, CWA groups, and the like; consumers' cooperatives; racial groups; locality groups; social workers; architects, engineers, city planners; building-trades workers; political parties and officials. The first six of these groups are primary spearhead groups which have consumer interest; the last four are secondary, essentially non-consumer groups which will follow along. The building-trades workers, as producers and consumers, could, if properly mobilized, take a leading part in housing. All these groups as consumers realize that they are badly housed, but they must be educated to know how to get good housing, to learn how it has been obtained in other countries.

The trade unions of the A. F. of L. type are well organized to make demands, but difficult to move to overt action except on wage and union-recognition issues. Generally, they have ample resources for the relatively minor expense of starting a housing organization and for the necessary research, publicity, and propaganda connected with it. The chief task is to convince the leaders of the compelling importance of housing, and to galvanize the rank and file into enthusiasm so that they will constantly press the leaders for action. This group has an advantage in that the trade union is an entity for building, management, and community life; it offers an alternative to government management, and is more understanding of and responsive to the needs of the people housed. This group will link up housing with social, health, and unemployment insurance, and with the maintenance of wage standards or the fluctuation of rent with wages. It has power and resources. Its demands can be met with the least violent change in the present disorganized set-up as the wages of the members are relatively less out of line with housing costs than are those of most other groups. Important steps in reaching this group have been taken by the Labor Housing Conference of Unions in Pennsylvania and New Jersey; similar beginnings are being made in New York and Boston.

Both the leaders and the rank and file of the radical unions are alive to the housing issue and understand its elements. They are articulate, they demonstrate, they parade, and they throw far more of a scare into the powers that be than their numbers warrant. At the moment they are handicapped by foreign nomenclature and tactics. But the power and number of these radical unions will grow rapidly as labor becomes disillusioned with the NRA and the New Deal. Their growth will be nourished from American sources. This increasingly indigenous make-up, combined with their present vigor, dash, and courage, should result in decisive action for what might be called radical housing.

The Unemployed Councils and the CWA unions have thrilling possibilities. They represent an enforced solidarity of interest throughout the most varied cross-section of American life—from common laborers and professional workers right through to former pillars of the middle class; in a word, the disinherited. This group is not in the position of some of the wage-earning groups who must fear that, eventually, improved housing may be paid for out of wages. The government gives them only a meager subsistence which it cannot diminish; for them it is simply a question of getting decent housing in addition. On recent foreign analogies the government has more to fear from this very large group of the disinherited than it has from any other. They cannot afford to pay for housing or for recreational facilities or for anything else, yet they are in a position to insist on getting them.

The consumers' cooperatives offer existing organizations as nuclei; their leaders and members are accustomed to thinking economic problems through, particularly the effects of maldistribution—problems closely akin to those in housing. They understand the importance of large-scale enterprise, and are experienced in administration. This group is particularly developed in certain sections of the country. The cooperative venture of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers in the Bronx has been outstandingly successful.

Racial or national groups tend to gravitate toward one locality with closely unified interests. It may be questioned whether this is desirable, but certainly in the case of Negroes it is a reality that is to be faced. As this external segregating pressure applies also to Negro leaders of even the highest type, there is an excellent set-up of leadership both for agitation and for administering completed projects. Since vested interests dislike the dislocation in property values which result when Negroes spread to new neighborhoods, they are likely to be less hostile to organized demand.

Those groups from substandard neighborhoods which I have called locality groups are sometimes led by the social workers operating there, sometimes by an ambitious local politician, sometimes by one of themselves. The solidarity of such groups is variable—some are cohesive, some are loosely organized, some are heavily sprinkled with local property-owners. But in individual cases these groups can be very important, particularly because they can influence local political representatives such as aldermen and assemblymen.

The social workers as a group have done valiant pioneer work and are largely responsible for the housing we already have. But this is about the limit of their usefulness, for an extraneous group not particularly powerful, cohesive, or numerous can never accomplish more than a certain amount.

Individual leaders in housing thought have up to now come from the group of architects, engineers, and city planners. Many of them—Henry Wright is a fine example—have faithfully and disinterestedly fought the battle. But as a group they want to be productive technicians, hence they are interested in housing only as one among various activities. Individuals among them will continue to exercise a stimulating influence, especially in thinking through the issues and the technique. In the field of action many of the enthusiastic younger men now beginning to come forward will probably cease to be mainly technicians and by reason of their technical training will become a valuable part of the important groups that will demand and eventually get housing.

The powerful, highly organized groups of building-trades workers now require employment so badly that they cannot be relied on to insist on the right kind of housing. But they are consumers of housing as well. When the Anti-Housing Act fails, they will, as producers, become convinced that only large-scale housing and city rebuilding offer a permanent pool of employment. With research pointing the way to new construction methods, they have it in their power to advance those methods that can make housing cheaper and better. As producer-consumers, building trade-union groups could start projects for themselves with fewer obstacles than any other group. Their labor constitutes a large proportion of construction cost, which gives them a point of control. The building trades as a whole would gain a great deal from experience in such projects because they would achieve an insight into administrative and coordinating problems that are now always left to building contractors and other business men, and into detailed questions of planning and use of materials which would be very valuable to them in working with, advising on, and even helping to promote projects for other union groups.

The major political parties will go only so far with housing as the pressure of powerful groups compels them to. That is the pressure that must be prepared. Locally strong political parties like the Farmer-Labor Party and the Progressive bloc in Congress are sensitive to the demand of the groups we have discussed because these groups form their support. The Socialist Party and the various Communist parties are alive to the necessity of housing. They are useful in keeping the demand for housing before the public. While in our American set-up they are not now in a position to achieve results directly, the indirect effects of their agitation are important.

The items of a good housing program do not need restating here. A satisfactory theory of housing has not been lacking. Nor has housing been hindered by a lack of technical competence or knowledge, though the government has tried to make it appear so. Housing has been delayed because we have failed to arouse the people who need housing. That is the chief task now ahead of us. The other task is to fill in the outlines of the program. The main features are clear, but there is no one kind of ideal housing which will fit all needs. The essence of a vital program is that it respond to the particular needs of each group that requires it. Each group will agitate for the kind of housing best suited to it. The demand must be specific, from a definite legislative program down to specific housing projects, and must be vigorously pushed, not by people who are unselfishly trying to obtain it for others, but by people who need housing themselves, who want it, and who mean to get it.

So This Is Bureaucracy!

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

Washington, October 1

THIS month marks the completion of the deal by which the Knoxville district receives cheap electricity from the Tennessee Valley Authority. Little Tupelo, Mississippi, was the first town to have TVA current. The Knoxville district, with a population of about 125,000, will be the first large area so supplied. Altogether eleven contracts to supply current have already been made by the TVA with municipalities. Applications for contracts number more than 300, some of them from districts too far away to be served.

The Knoxville deal is of first importance, both to the TVA and to the country as a whole. It establishes a precedent for federal power projects generally. The consumer receives current at rates not duplicated by any private utility. In Knoxville the reduction in the rates for a use of 240 kilowatt hours a month is 34.1 per cent. Even over the "promotional rates" offered by the private company when met with the threat of municipal competition, the saving to consumers is 16.4 per cent. The TVA rates in Knoxville include a 10 per cent surcharge which in ten years will pay off all the debt incurred in buying out the private company's facilities. Knoxville will have its distributional system free of debt and interest; at the same time it will buy current at well below the cheapest rate ever offered by the private utility.

The bond-holders of the National Power and Light Company, owners of the Tennessee Public Service Company, get back the issue price of the bonds, 96½. The preferred stockholders retain $3,300,000 in cash and liquid assets, as well as a street railway in Knoxville with a book value of $4,042,000, now to be helped to operate profitably. The common stock representing no investment whatever is not recognized in the transaction.

One night in 1930, after the depression was well under way, the company wrote up its books by over $4,500,000 and issued common stock on this write-up. In four years of the depression the Knoxville district paid $846,000 in dividends on such common stock representing no investment. At the same time it paid an 8 per cent return on the street-railway company, which was running at a loss.

In the Knoxville deal the TVA is now paying dollar for dollar of the real value of the property it takes over, and so lays down the principle which one assumes will be followed in the nation-wide electrification schemes of the New Deal. The Knoxville facilities of the company might have been replaced at less cost than the purchase price. But the TVA went the whole way to meet the claim of the owners of private property to honest treatment. The committee of bond-holders which had to examine the TVA offer admitted they were treated fairly. The treatment appears all the fairer in the light of the circumstances. Knoxville was scheduled to receive a PWA loan to build its own distributional system in competition with the Tennessee Public Service Company. Had it been built, the private company would have faced ruin. No doubt this threat made successful negotiations possible, but it was not used to condemn the property at a sacrifice.

In the negotiations one saw the New Deal face to face with big business. It was no local transaction. The holding company was in New York. The chairman of the bondholders' committee was chairman of the Public Utilities Securities Committee of the National Association of Mutual Savings Banks. Institutions represented on the committee included the Equitable Life Assurance Society, the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company, the Washington Trust Company of Westerly, Rhode Island, the Columbian National Life Insurance Company, and the New Hampshire Savings Bank.

This is an old story by now, but it is worth repeating. Big business justifies its opposition to the New Deal by citing such projects as the TVA. "Capital is afraid to put itself at risk," writes the *Wall Street Journal,* discussing my recent article on the strike of capital, "not because it fears that the state may interfere to limit or regulate its profits, but because it knows that the state can destroy it if it has a mind to do so. It has seen the state—in this case the federal government—engage in the duplication of privately owned plants. That is the potential, if not the actual, destruction of capital."

In a sense duplication of plant is inherent in all the power projects of the government, since the country already has a power supply. Yet the Knoxville deal is neither the potential nor the actual destruction of capital. It is the destruction of watered stock, quite another matter.

The TVA is a bureaucracy. The common supposition is that bureaucracies are slow to move, awkward in action, uninspired by inventiveness. The construction of the Norris and Joe Wheeler dams of the TVA are well ahead of schedule, and will be finished in 1936. They are already one-third completed, a little over a year after the creation of the Authority. The model town of Norris, near the Norris Dam, is more than three-fourths built, after careful attention to architecture, town planning, and other requirements of permanence. Cheap electricity is already being sold in the Tennessee Valley; what is more, a subsidiary of the TVA has induced manufacturers of electric appliances to make simple, cheap, standardized models for use in the district, so that these cost less to the consumer, yet greatly increase the volume of sales. A useful electric refrigerator, shorn of some of its gadgets, is to be bought for $79. It can be bought on the instalment plan, financed by this subsidiary at just over 5 per cent interest. The subsidiary is the EHFA (Electric Home and Farm Authority), and it is making business for private electrical manufacturers. At the same time cheap rates make it possible in Tupelo to operate an electric refrigerator, electric range, and electric hot-water heater on about $7 a month for current.

The bureaucracy known as the TVA is manned by a staff with a spirit not to be found in any private enterprise I ever heard of. Relations between employer and employee produce a team spirit which would be the envy of any corporation. More than that, employment includes the opportunity for education and training, so that men now working, for instance, on the Norris Dam are being fitted for permanent usefulness and economic value when the dam is finished.

Those who visit Tennessee and those who visit the great construction centers in Russia remark the same thing —the astonishing enthusiasm of the people on the job. What creates this enthusiasm in both communities is the same. It is the sense of doing something constructive and creative, for the common good. This is not the profit motive, supposed to be the only one which can keep the world going. It is the service motive, and in the Tennessee Valley it is already producing results better in every way than those to be had from the profit motive.

The TVA, admittedly, is no ordinary bureaucracy. Its functions are not simply defined. It can be taken as being merely a federal power project, utilizing the Muscle Shoals Dam and building other dams with the immediate objective of supplying electric current in the valley at rates unobtainable from private enterprise. In this perspective it links up with the five other major federal projects in other parts of the country. These are the Grand Coulee and Bonneville dams of the Columbia River basin, Boulder Dam on the Colorado River, Fort Peck Dam on the Missouri River in Montana, and the Casper-Alcova Dam in Wyoming. The total cost of the six has already been allocated and will be $230,000,000. Looking still farther, these six projects will be fitted into a still greater picture to include the St. Lawrence power project. Congress will be asked this winter once more to ratify the treaty which makes the public exploitation of the St. Lawrence River more possible. This time the issue should be clear enough for Congress to respond. When these projects are finished, the supply of cheap electricity to the homes of America, whether urban or rural, will be assured, and America will be on the way to an all-electrified material life. (I shun the word civilization, not wishing to describe civilization in terms of refrigerators and hot water.)

Within the bounds of its immediate objective the TVA looms impressively. It is sure to accomplish much in its own district, and as the valley has an area two-thirds the size of Great Britain, the project is a major one, by any measure. It becomes an intrinsic part of something still greater and more fundamental as part of a vast continental scheme.

The TVA is also an experiment in planned economy. The Tennessee Valley is to be transformed not by a cheap power rate but by human schemes in which cheap power plays a part. The valley one day is to be a vast community of decentralized industries. Workers will live a divided life between the factory and the small farm. After the building of Norris, one imagines scores of such villages coming to life, laid out for loveliness as well as cheap rents, supplied with comforts, with farm gardens where vegetables will be grown which the hapless Tennessee farmer now does not know. The farm gardeners will work in factories for their cash, or, put the other way, factory workers will farm part of each day for some of their daily food.

If it were not for the present low standard of life in the Tennessee Valley, such a final development might warrant closer examination to make sure it is not part of a de-

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Burlingame, Cal.

vice to give private industry contented cheap labor. But in a district where most farm families do not see more than $85 in cash a year, the outlook of a fair industrial wage supplemented by profuse kitchen gardens, and of a life in electrified communities with organized social activity and improved educational facilities, is above suspicion. Whether the Tennessee Valley development, once realized, would be a desirable model for the entire nation is an issue which does not need to be faced at present.

The immediate picture is enough to be grateful for. Knoxville throws off the embarrassing clutches of the utility company which has made the sale of electricity the pretense for dipping into its customers' pockets for unearned funds. The city now will own its own distributional system, and pay for it out of rates far below what it ever paid before. And the whole region affected directly or indirectly by the TVA can rejoice over a voluntary reduction in recent months of power rates by private utility companies amounting to $16,000,000 a year. This figure, compiled by the Scripps-Howard newspapers, is the saving to consumers in the eleven States from which the TVA has received applications for contracts. The reduction in five years will equal the sum already allocated to the TVA.

[*Mr. Swing contributes a regular weekly letter from Washington.*]

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has just received a rebuke, and although it is an anonymous contribution and by all the traditions of good newspaper and magazine offices he should severely throw it on the floor—the wastebasket being by the same traditions already full—he is willing to pass it on to such of his readers as feel that he has merited the censure.

> Your column on white, brown, and rye bread (advt.) touched upon a subject of great importance, but, being the Drifter that you are, you held back consciously or unconsciously from following the bread line to its logical and ultimate conclusions.
>
> Articles of diet are more responsible for reforms and changes in this world than most men dream of. I shall refrain from expatiating on the obvious proof of this statement, pointing out merely that total lack of diet has caused many a revolution, the French one not among the least.
>
> I knew a Communist at one time who, although he did not belong to the party, was the most radical person I ever knew. One night when we were sitting Gandhi-fashion in front of his open fire (he refused, as much as possible, to have anything to do with civilization), he told me how he had stumbled on his beliefs. He was a happy-go-lucky young American with an abundance of dollars in his pocket and a scarcity of sense in his head until one day he ate a few hot dogs. The next day he lay in bed complaining of acute appendicitis, cancer, heart trouble, and all the other diseases he had ever heard of. The doctor, however, prescribed a simple purge and warned him that if he did not want to go to, he had better stay away from, the dogs. This revolution in his digestion was the cause of an even greater and more drastic revolution in his mind.
>
> He began to ask himself why, if hot dogs were so injurious, the government allowed them to be made. Questions led to answers which were subversive to the existing order of things. Just as white bread sold in loaves already sliced could only be a product of a capitalistic civilization, so with hot dogs. Hot dogs led to capitalistic dogs, and soon he became so revolutionary that he advocated hounding everything which represented civilization off the face of the earth.

* * * * *

SO far, of course, the communication sounds merely like a friendly elaboration of the Drifter's thesis about the decline of bread. But toward the end it takes a sterner tone. A preoccupation with a subject like bread is, it seems, unworthy of the Drifter, and is an indication of his laziness of mind. And to make the Drifter's dereliction perfectly clear, the anonymous writer signed his letter: "From one who cannot understand how it is possible to drift in these modern days when all the streams have become swollen to raging torrents." The Drifter is willing to take his scolding meekly. All roads lead to Rome; and if you are not going to Rome, you had far better stay at home with the shades drawn and keep your mouth shut. Well, he will do it on one condition—that his anonymous correspondent guarantee to supply him with Significant Thoughts once a week out of which to make a suitably Roman Driftway. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Loyalty Oath

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

There must be no cessation of protests on the part of sincere opponents of war and fascism against the law requiring the loyalty oath of teachers which was recently passed by the legislature. The oath requires teachers to swear to support the Constitution of the United States and of the State of New York, and also that "I will faithfully discharge . . . the duties of the position of . . . to which I am now assigned."

The menace contained in this seemingly innocent oath is clear from two conditions present today. In the rapid and widespread preparations for war in this country, this oath is an instrument for regimenting the teaching staffs (private schools are included) and for tuning up the schools to echo the propaganda for war which is appearing daily in the reactionary press. That its greatest support came from the Hearst papers is ample proof of the primary intention of the loyalty oath. By means of it those teachers who honestly oppose war will be muzzled, and those who feel it their duty to the children to expose war propaganda in the schools, as such, will be charged with violating their oath to "faithfully discharge . . . the duties of the position of . . . to which I am now assigned."

It is significant that the loyalty oath received public support from the New York Superintendent of Schools, whose budget for the next year continues the economies which have been made for the last two years at the expense of both children and teachers. This budget carries on the policy of overcrowding classes, of ignoring the fifteen thousand unemployed teachers, and of taking no notice of the effect of five years of crisis on the health and well-being of the children. There is reason to believe that the bankers will call for another wage cut for teachers. This means, clearly, that teachers will have to organize for a vigorous fight if they are to preserve their own living standards as well as defend the welfare of the children in their charge. And this means that militant teachers are going to face the menace of the oath and its charge of disloyalty whenever they oppose the policies of the bankers and the Board of Education.

When the loyalty oath was first introduced as a bill at the last regular session of the legislature, it was opposed vigorously by such organizations as the National Education Association, the Public Education Association, the American Federation of Teachers, the Unemployed Teachers' Association, the Teachers' Union, the Classroom Teachers Groups, the Citizens' Union, the Bar Association of New York City, the United Parents' Association, and other teacher, civic, labor, and parent organizations. Its quick introduction and passage during this last summer's special session prevented expression of opposition from all but one or two of these organizations. Perhaps this explains the haste with which so vital a measure was passed without even so much as a public hearing. Protests must continue to the New York Board of Education against its use as an instrument of repression and intimidation of militant teachers, and to Governor Lehman as well, urging him to have it rescinded at the next legislative session.

New York, September 5 Blanche Hofrichter,
Chairman, Classroom Teachers Groups

Bankers and Money Changers

To the Editors of The Nation:

A year ago Herbert E. Gaston, deputy governor of the Farm Credit Administration, replying to my letter addressed to the Secretary of the Interior, in which I had asked for advice regarding the proper procedure looking to the securing of a mortgage loan on land in Gloucester County, New Jersey, inclosed "Circular No. 1," in which are set forth the provisions of the legislation described as "The Emergency Farm Mortgage Act" (signed by President Roosevelt on May 12, 1933). His accompanying letter simply told me to obtain from the Federal Land Bank of Springfield, Massachusetts, "detailed information and application blanks." The assistant secretary of this land bank, H. F. Johnson, after several days' cogitation, demanded "complete information" concerning the security offered, the purpose of the loan, amount of indebtedness, description of livestock and buildings, and so forth. In conclusion he said: "After receiving this information, if the bank feels that a loan could be considered, a formal application blank will be forwarded you to be filled out."

When Mr. Johnson acknowledged receipt of this information a week later, he said he had thought the farm was in Bergen County. In my first letter of inquiry I had explained to Secretary Ickes that the land in question was in Gloucester County. This letter was forwarded to Mr. Gaston, who, of course, forwarded it to the land bank as in duty bound to do. This Springfield, Massachusetts, land bank never lends any money on a farm unless its owner possesses large resources in addition to the value of his farm equity.

The final letter from the land bank, which reached the loan applicant a month subsequent to the date on which he opened negotiations, required him to make his application to the "Landis N. F. L. A." (National Farm Loan Association) in the town of Vineland in south New Jersey. He had to apply personally and could ill afford the expense. He lived in Bergen County. The bank expressed sorrow for its delay, which it called a "misunderstanding."

Mr. Waxman, who handled the business of the Landis N. F. L. A., told the applicant honestly that he knew by experience that the land bank would not lend him any money. He said, "You can make the application if you wish but it will cost you $20." This was a crushing surprise to the applicant because it had appeared from the emergency law and from the land-bank letters, that an N. F. L. A. agreement was binding on the money-lending powers. Mr. Waxman's frankness made him decide not to throw away his $20 without an authoritative opinion regarding his rights. I thereupon requested such opinion from Mr. Gaston and sent a copy of the inquiring letter to Mr. Slattery (the latter had replied to my first letter. He is in the office of Secretary Ickes).

Mr. Gaston's reply was full of platitudes and contained nothing responsive to my questions. The last lines of the letter said: "I am, however, forwarding your letter to the Federal Land Bank of Springfield for attention." These lines caused the applicant and myself to think—as I now see it was designed to do—that the bank, with the help of the FCA, would decide to "change its tune." Another letter came nineteen days later from Mr. Gaston's assistant, Horace A. Lake, saying, "Information is being requested from the . . . bank, and upon receipt of a reply we shall write you further." Since I had sent to Mr. Gaston copies of tax letters which showed how imminent was the seizure, by the tax-sale buyer, of the land in question, he (Mr. Gaston) was aware that action must be prompt if the land was to be saved for its owner, but no further communication or explanation came from the land bank or from Messrs. Gaston and Lake.

The FCA empowered the Land Bank Commissioner, Albert S. Goss, to make loans to refinance any indebtedness, et cetera, so on November 30, 1933, we applied for a loan of $1,000 to pay the taxes and for moving. This $1,000 loan is described on page 13 of FCA Circular No. 1 and is a "loan from the Land Bank Commissioner" not from the Springfield, Massachusetts, Land Bank. A full history of our negotiations with the FCA, the land bank, the tax officials, and the alleged tax buyer accompanied the application.

The reply came from F. D. Van Sant on December 23, 1933. He is "Assistant Deputy Commissioner Land Bank Division." He defended the conduct of the bank and Mr. Gaston regarding our former application of August, 1933. He conveyed the idea that the $1,000 would be forthcoming and said the Springfield, Massachusetts, Land Bank acted as agent for Mr. Goss. The emergency law does *not* say so. I reported to Mr. Van Sant the refusal of the tax buyer and collector to state just when the redemption period expired but told him that it was said to be "in March, 1934"; some days later I again wrote Mr. Van Sant giving him the names and addresses of such tax buyer and collector and requesting that he prevent seizure of the land while Mr. Goss's loan was pending. He replied that we had until early in April and that it was unnecessary to communicate with the tax officials.

On March 20, 1934, came a telegram demanding telephone conversation with one S. R. Bateman of Blackwood, New Jersey, who said by phone that we must call at his office next day, March 21, to give him facts about the land, and he intimated that the loan would be granted. We had to wait for him at his office on March 21 despite his promise that he would be in all day and then he searched among his papers for a land-bank letter of instructions but did not produce it. He then said that this letter had stated that the time for the redempion of the land expired on March 23, 1934. He wasted our time explaining the land bank's action regarding the application of August, 1933. He was ignorant of the new application to the Land Bank Commissioner, made in November, 1933. We showed him the letters of Van Sant et al., which surprised him. He said the land bank had not mentioned the application to Commissioner Goss.

On March 21 we explained fully to Mr. Bateman the applicant's honesty, resources, and farming experience and gave him the names and addresses of his references and showed him the covenants in the emergency law. He replied that he would

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report his belief that the $1,000 loan ought to be granted. He said we would hear from the bank very soon. Sixteen days later came a letter from F. D. Van Sant saying the Federal Land Bank of Springfield could not make the desired loan. The rest of the letter was contradictory and false. There was no "investigation of facts." The only "investigator" was the bank's puppet, who did not even know that part of the land was being farmed by the man who had taken possession of it. In this case where I conducted the negotiations the loan applicant was made to spend his money on fruitless journeys and long-distance telephone calls and he was kept waiting for an answer for eight months. Had he been given a refusal in August, 1933, he would have had the satisfaction of selling to a decent person before the tax sharks seized the land as they claim to have done. The emergency legislation for farmers enabled the land banks and the commissioner really to help farmers, but the banks treated the law as though it was what Pope called "the farce of state."

Rutherford, N. J., September 1 MARY E. LIVESEY

A Tribute to Mary Austin

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

As a feminist, though one of those judged rather harshly by Mary Austin in her autobiography "Earth Horizon"—my perhaps well-deserved punishment for fleeing from the severities of her rule in lodgings we once shared in a Surrey village—may I add a few words to your penetrating editorial on her personality and work?

Through many adventures after the Surrey incident, in London, New York, Washington, Carmel, and Santa Fé, she showed her deep and unselfish devotion to the cause of women. She collaborated with me on a pamphlet for the Nevada suffrage campaign; she planned the pageant of the National Woman's Party on the east steps of the Capitol for the reception of the suffrage envoys from the West by members of the Senate and House in 1916; we spoke often from the same platform for the national suffrage amendment; on an autumn drive together through the valley of the Rio Grande she completed the lines of her lovely poem "Campo Santo at San Juan," a poem that reveals her feeling for all women.

Her feminism was active and creative. But even if she had never opened her lips for the cause, her achievement as a naturalist and anthropologist, as an original and intuitive explorer into the depths of the subconscious—as a mystic, if you will—as interpreter of the Indian, of the land, of man in his environment, as a profound and versatile woman of letters undoubtedly places her in the first rank not as woman but as human being.

Her life and work, like that of Jane Addams and Madame Curie and countless lesser women who are going forth into the unknown and are holding their own in fields formerly monopolized by men, validate the rights of women the world over.

Denver, August 30 ANNE MARTIN

The Church and the Movies

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

James Rorty and *The Nation* seem to be in danger of mental collapse over the campaigns against the movies. The big battery against church groups who wish any sort of change in our social order which is not to the liking of the "proponents of freedom" is always at hand. It is necessary only to talk about "these blue-nosed reformers" in the churches who are the concentrated Mrs. Grundys of the world and the battle is practically won. The implications of both Mr. Rorty and *The*

The •RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS

SEX TECHNIQUE

IN MARRIAGE

CONDENSED RESUMÉ

PREPARATION FOR MARRIAGE
THE SEX ORGANS OF MEN; OF WOMEN
SEX INSTINCT IN MEN; IN WOMEN
ANALYSIS OF SEX INTERCOURSE
THE TECHNIQUE OF THE SEX-ACT
PRACTICAL CONSIDERATIONS
THE FIRST SEX-ACT
ADJUSTMENT TO SEX LIFE; DIFFICULTIES; MUTUAL CONSIDERATION
FREQUENCY OF INTERCOURSE
POSITIONS IN PERFORMING THE SEX-ACT
INFLUENCE OF AGE, SEX INSTINCT, HEALTH
SEX INTERCOURSE DURING PREGNANCY; AFTER CHILD BIRTH
INABILITY TO PERFORM SEXUALLY
MENSTRUATION AND THE "CHANGE OF LIFE"
CURABLE CHILDLESSNESS
THE VALUE OF BIRTH CONTROL

FIVE DIAGRAMS

THE MALE SEX ORGANS (TWO VIEWS)
THE FEMALE SEX ORGANS (TWO VIEWS)
MALE AND FEMALE REPRODUCTIVE CELLS

INTERNATIONAL ACCLAIM

Below are a few of scores of publications, lay and medical, that have praised SEX TECHNIQUE: Journal of the American Medical Association; Johns Hopkins Hospital Bulletin; The Lancet (London); American Journal of Psychiatry; Japan Medical World; American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology; Indian Medical Gazette; American Journal of Nursing; Irish Journal of Medical Science; Cleveland Press; Canadian Practitioner; San Francisco News; Medical Journal of Australia; Cincinnati Inquirer; Scottish Health; Providence Journal; Parents Magazine; Medical Times; British Medical Journal; Journal of Neurology and Psychopathology; King's College Magazine; Public Health (London); Eugenics Review (London); Middlesex Hospital Journal; London Hospital Gazette, etc., etc.

By ISABEL EMSLIE HUTTON, M.B., Ch.B., M.D.
Physician to the British Hospital for Functional Mental and Nervous Diseases, London

Foreword by IRA S. WILE, M.D.
Former Commissioner of Education, New York City

Authoritative Comment

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—Journal of the American Medical Association.*

"It is a book that can be safely recommended by physicians and parents."
—Johns Hopkins Hospital Bulletin.

* The membership of the A.M.A. consists of approximately 100,000 physicians.

"Sexual pleasure, wisely used, may prove the stimulus and liberator of our finest and most exalted activities."
—*Havelock Ellis.*

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Nation—not to mention all the other special writers who, with the subsidized movie press, have rushed to the recue of poor dear Hollywood—are that church people are all blue-noses, that they are really out for censorship, that they are woefully shocked if anyone says damn or reveals more of the anatomy than an ankle. All of which is what Al Smith could readily and effectively tag.

Church people by and large—and there may still be found a few people in the churches who possess some modicum of education and culture, even in reference to the drama—are fed up with pictures made for Lizzie the thirteen-year-old. Being themselves almost fourteen years old and having, therefore, better intelligence and training than Lizzie, they would like the privilege of going to the movies without having their intelligence insulted night after night. Furthermore, church people for many years were asinine enough to fall for Mr. Hays's pious remarks, in speeches before church groups and women's clubs. At last they have Will's number written inside their hats. The *Churchman* for more than two years, beginning in 1929, carried on a crusade against the Hays methods of bamboozling the public. It exposed the fact that the Hays organization was paying retainers to Dr. Charles Macfarland, general secretary of the Federal Council of Churches, under cover, and to Mrs. Jeannette Emrich of the same organization. They both resigned from the council. It revealed the fact that Dr. Charles Stelzle, having built up a reputation as press agent for certain social-welfare and similar organizations, including the Federal Council, tried to pull a fast one on editors of the religious press by announcing that he would send to them a series of blind releases—paid for by the Hays office and planned to spike the *Churchman* crusade. The one release ever mailed was printed, by a sweet bit of irony, only in the *Churchman*—along with the exposé! Releases from the *Churchman* were going to 900 newspapers a week. Mr. Hays's office was flooded with clippings. The Czar liked it all so little that he had his lawyers threaten the paper with both criminal and civil libel proceedings if it didn't retract and promise to be good—neither of which it saw fit to do.

Next Week

THE FALL BOOK NUMBER

of *The Nation*

Articles and Reviews by

Joseph Wood Krutch, William Troy, Ludwig Lewisohn, H. L. Mencken, Carl Van Doren, Harry Elmer Barnes, Agnes Smedley, Arthur Livingston, Oswald Garrison Villard, Kenneth Burke, Reinhold Niebuhr, Lewis Corey, Dorothy Van Doren, Lionel Abel, Eda Lou Walton, Broadus Mitchell, and Others.

All of these things I recite only to indicate that there is a good deal more behind this movie upheaval than appears on the immediate horizon. Church people are not all quite the "softies" that our noted writers wish to make them out. The *Churchman* has always opposed censorship in all fields and always will. So do the majority of church people. We'll back *The Nation,* Mr. Rorty, and all others in that fight, anywhere and any time.

New York, September 15 GUY EMERY SHIPLER,
Editor, the *Churchman*

Wish-Reporting

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I'm afraid Lew Levenson must have got some of his items for his California Casualty List in *The Nation* of August 29 from the Los Angeles *Times.* When he states that "Chester Williams, executive head of the International Labor Defense, was warned to leave San Diego after a speech before the Hammer Club," he errs at two points. I have no official connection with the I. L. D., and I don't think I was exactly warned to leave town.

The 250 veterans at this Hammer Club luncheon listened patiently to an address on civil liberties, and asked many questions. During the question period a legionnaire named Pardy made this remark: "I think we were wrong to cheer this man. He is a radical, and a damn clever radical. I'm in favor of giving him safe conduct to the door and telling him not to come back." Major Macaulay, the chairman, apologized for this rude suggestion, assured me that I was to be accorded the courtesies given guest speakers, and took care of my luncheon check. I did not consider that a warning to leave town. It was just the frothing at the mouth of a legionnaire who feared that my recitation of American history had misled the brethren. The Los Angeles *Times* headline, "Williams Near Bums' Rush" was the usual wish-reporting for which that publication is justly famous.

San Francisco, Cal., September 10 CHESTER WILLIAMS

Contributors to This Issue

EMMA GOLDMAN was exiled from the United States after the war, but was permitted by the immigration authorities to return last winter for a brief visit. Her autobiography appeared in 1931 under the title "Living My Life."

ALBERT MAYER has acted as consultant in housing design for various governmental agencies.

MARY W. HILLYER is on the staff of the League for Industrial Democracy.

RICHARD B. GREGG lived for a number of years in India as a member of the Gandhi colony. He is bringing out a new book this month, "The Power of Non-Violence."

EDA LOU WALTON, associate professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University, is the author of "Jane Matthew and Other Poems."

Labor and Industry

A Report on the Industrial Association

We print here the essential sections of the reports of an investigation of the files of the Industrial Association of San Francisco pertaining to documents called Strike Violence Memos 301 and 306, reproduced in *The Nation* of August 29, 1934, which seemed to indicate a connection between the association and the police raids on radical organizations during the general strike. The investigation was made by Chester S. Williams and Ernest Besig of the Northern California Committee of the American Civil Liberties Union, with the advice and cooperation of Austin Lewis, chief counsel of the Union.

Report I

At a conference at the offices of the Industrial Association attended by Messrs. Boynton, Carr, Carmody, Persons, Lewis, Williams, and Besig, with Miss Cutten acting as stenographer, Mr. Boynton in a preliminary statement made the following points: Early in June a special department was set up to collect information from such places as the police stations and emergency hospitals, from radio reports of the police, and general facts of importance or interest to the Industrial Association. Mr. James K. Carr, long in the employ of the association as director of the American Plan Promotion, was put in charge of this special department. He hired some young men to help him. Mr. Boynton referred us to Mr. Carr's report to him and to the files to clear up the points raised by Reports 301 and 306.

Mr. Lewis asked why the Industrial Association should spend time and money helping the newspapers do their job? Mr. Boynton answered that they wanted the papers to get all the strike-violence news possible, and that they wanted a lot of such information direct and quick.

Mr. Williams asked if the rumor was true that Lieutenant Malloy of the radical squad attended any meetings of the association officers? Mr. Boynton denied the rumor and said that the police had only come to them to check up stories that the association had "sluggers" riding around town and such matters.

Mr. Lewis asked what interest the association had in Communists and political groups, and Mr. Boynton gave it as his personal view that the radicals and Communists were preventing a settlement and stirring the thing up for their own ends. He said that Ryan told him that Bridges was a Communist and didn't want to see the strike settled. Mr. Boynton described how the association hired about 200 workers and imported them from Los Angeles to move cargo from the waterfront to the warehouses. When asked how he would receive an investigation into the causes of and responsibility for the raids, he said that the Industrial Association was innocent of any connection and would be pleased to see them investigated. The Industrial Association couldn't give any facts or assistance. He gave it as his opinion that the raids were started and pushed by union men, teamsters, because of opposition to the radical elements trying to disrupt their unions. . . .

Mr. Boynton gave us copies of bulletins dealing with radical movements published by the association for wide distribution.

[Signed] Austin Lewis
Chester Williams

Report II

Subject: Industrial Association's Strike Violence Memos 301 and 306.

1. "Strike Violence Memo" is the heading given to a series of reports made by James K. Carr to his chief, Managing Director Boynton, and other members of the staff of the Industrial Association, some of which were sent to the city editors of the daily newspapers and to the press rooms. . . . It is true that most of these reports record facts or data which were at the time "a matter of public record." It is not true that they contained nothing "which could not have been obtained by any private citizen of San Francisco." (See copy of Reports 286 and 287 listed as Exhibit 2.) The use of these reports is probably correctly stated. There is no evidence to the contrary, but it is impossible merely by inspecting them to reach the conclusion that only the uses stated were made of the reports.

2. Carr, the typed signature on Report 306, page 4, is the name of an official in the Industrial Association, James K. Carr, in charge of the American Plan Promotion. The task of this official in ordinary times is to promote the hiring of non-union workers wherever possible in order to protect the open-shop policy. He has been with the association since its organization in 1921. He was assigned the task of "collecting information on the strike," particularly that pertaining to violence. It is clearly demonstrated that Carr refers to James K. Carr and not to anyone else. As disclosed by a complete inspection of the file, the same typed name appears on all the 360 reports with the single exception of 301.

3. These documents are admitted to be authentic originals of the Strike Violence Memos with this exception: the hand-printed "P" before the typed name "Carr" does not appear on the original, and there is no explanation for this difference and no reasonable explanation of its appearance on the copy secured as basis for the photostats.

[Signed] Chester Williams
Ernest Besig

Report III

Subject: Mr. Boynton's telegram to *The Nation* dated August 25, 1934. Mr. Boynton's specific denials of charges are quoted and answered below:

1. Quote: ". . . information we obtained from police records after . . . arrests in Communist raids were made and entered in public records. . . ." As it pertains to Reports 301 and 306 this is correct as far as the records show. Everything points to the reasonableness of the hypothesis that these reports are records after the event, taken from records open to the public.

2. Quote: "No one in this association had any previous knowledge or connection with any of the arrests or with either the police or unauthorized raids on Communist quarters." This is not true. Exhibit 2 shows that the officials of the Industrial Association had "confidential" information before the raids were made as to the time and places of raids to be conducted.

3. Quote: "Our reports were simply news reports gathered from official records by newsmen posted at subsidiary police stations and public emergency hospitals in strike area." Further elaboration of sources of the information appears in Mr. Carr's statement, listed as Exhibit 1. In several cases the reports gave special "tips" secured by the reporters operating under the directions of Mr. Carr. One reporter was stationed at one time on top of a building in the strike zone with field glasses to observe and report. Report 132, listed as Exhibit 4, illustrates further how these reporters used other than official records and served their office with pertinent information not of news value. Very few of the 360 reports were "simply news reports." The

file contained all sorts of information, and a number of the reports referred to matters not dealing with police or hospital records. It may be noted in this connection that the "newsmen" employed by the Industrial Association were not newspapermen. Carr states that the qualifications he sought in the men he hired were quick thinking, fast moving, willingness to work, and reliability. He did not seek experienced newspaper reporters, and the men we interviewed were not such reporters. One claimed to be a civil engineer; another described himself as a credit and collection man. The other two employed for this work were not interviewed.

4. Quote: "We demand that *The Nation* retract its conclusions and implications in regard to the Industrial Association of San Francisco and Albert E. Boynton its managing director manifest in this article." Mr. Boynton stated to us several times that he did not expect that *The Nation* would retract its statements, and on the third day expressed a desire to drop the matter entirely. When asked for photostatic copies of other reports, Mr. Boynton said: "I'd rather drop the matter here than to involve us in further implications and open up a new angle of investigation."

5. Quote: "You are welcome through any authorized agent to inspect our full files of these reports, and we think it only a matter of justice that you should investigate through the many sources available to you the truth and fact of such statements before you publish them." "Inspect" was accorded a very literal interpretation. We felt no hesitancy in taking notes on reports that seemed to bear on our investigation. Nothing was said about this, although Mr. Boynton later disclosed that he understood that there was an agreement that nothing should be copied. At my request Mr. Boynton agreed to have certain of the 360 reports photostated to assure complete accuracy. Later he explained that they were not going to give us photostatic copies of these reports because they might be used in other ways than merely submission to *The Nation* magazine. He noted the fact that I was also employed by the Civil Liberties Union, and that these documents might be used by that organization in some general investigation. This was objectionable to him. He made it clear that the Industrial Association did not care to give any information or open any of its files to a general investigation of the facts involved in the strike situation. He said that they would consider a direct request for photostatic copies from *The Nation*.*

[Signed] Chester Williams

Report IV

Subject: Sequence relating to the "raid" on Upton Sinclair headquarters and the attack on the *Western Worker* office.

1. According to Reports 296 for July 17 and 300 for the same date, listed as Exhibit 5, the Upton Sinclair headquarters on Haight Street were raided at about the same time as the *Western Worker* headquarters located at 121 Haight Street. The curious thing about this is that the Sinclair headquarters were not raided, according to Shearon Bonner, the secretary. These two reports were given about an hour apart. It is our impression that there is another report which refers to these two incidents before the events. But we were not able to check this as we had hoped to be able to do. The fact, however, remains that the reporter informing Mr. Carr *twice reported a raid* on the Sinclair headquarters which in fact never occurred. The raid on the *Western Worker* office at 121 Haight Street did take place at 1 p. m., and the story crediting striking teamsters with the raid was played up in the afternoon newspaper headlines and news stories. We have not been able to check the source of this story in the press, and doubt that an accurate check could be made. . . . The officials of the teamsters' union have denied through the *Labor Clarion* having anything to do with it.

The foregoing statements are pertinent in a sequence which may or may not be interpreted as significant.

2. On July 19 Captain January, who is connected with the New Economic Group and who is known at the Sinclair headquarters, wrote a letter to Chief of Police Quinn warning him about a rumor that plans were being made to plant "subversive" literature in the Sinclair headquarters and then stage a raid. On July 27 Shearon Bonner sent a further letter on this matter, which is listed as Exhibit 6. The reply of Chief Quinn, dated August 10, entered as Exhibit 7, points out that "you need have no fear that we will interfere with any of your campaign headquarters, as this department makes arrests and raids only at those places where we are positive that organizations have been formed for the purpose of overthrowing the United States government."

3. At 10:31, July 17, the "confidential" report from the Harbor Police Station, Exhibit 2, announced that "all Communist halls and agitators' gathering places" would be raided by the police.

4. At 3:21 p. m. of the same day the Carr newsman sent word from the Harbor Police Station that no police were in the crowd storming Communist headquarters at 37 Grove Street, 121 Haight Street (*Western Worker* office), and the Upton Sinclair headquarters. At 3:21 the police said that "these raids were by indignant citizens." (See Exhibit 5.)

5. At 4:30 the newsman reported that teamsters raided the Communist office at 1223 Filmore Street, that there was a "disturbance" at the *Western Worker* office and "also an attack" on the Sinclair headquarters.

[Signed] Chester Williams
Ernest Besig

Report V summarizes interviews with the reporters hired by the Industrial Association. One paragraph reads in part as follows:

> Unlike the other reporters, he stated that he had known of the raids in advance; that he knew on Tuesday that raids would be conducted on bloody Thursday [July 5]; that special preparations had been made by the police . . .; that he was the only reporter at the station [to which he had been assigned] who had the information and that he had passed it on to the other reporters; . . . he left us with the statement that of course we knew why the Industrial Association was collecting the news. He also stated that he had often accompanied the police in their squad cars. In his opinion, and to his knowledge, the union men did not participate in the raids; he claims that the police and citizens disgruntled at the general strike were responsible.

Exhibits

Exhibit 1 is a letter from James K. Carr describing what is stated at length in Report II. One paragraph indicates the elaborate arrangements that were made for the preparations of what Mr. Boynton called "simply news reports."

> An office was secured, . . . telephones and a short-wave radio receiver installed. Three outside employees were engaged . . . to visit the various police stations, emergency hospitals, and other locations where news might be obtained. These men, acting in the capacity of reporters, delivered their reports at the office or phoned them in. In addition there were employed two rewrite men and the necessary stenographic service.

Another paragraph reads in part as follows:

> Quite frequently a member of our legal staff who was sometimes present at these trials as an observer carried with him a

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* This request was made by wire but was declined by the Industrial Association in a letter from Paul Eliel suggesting instead further study of the files.

copy of these reports giving the names of the arrested. This in order to assist him in locating the various courts where the arrested would appear.

Exhibit 2 is reproduced below:

No. 286 July 17
Flash—

Confidential from Harbor Police Station: the police will raid all Communist halls and agitators' gathering places at 11:30 today.

Carr 10:31 a. m.

No. 287 July 17
Flash—

Squad car from Harbor Police Station has raided No. 65 Jackson Street, the M. W. I. U. Headquarters. Three patrol wagons containing about 45 individuals have been sent to city prison and about 15 other arrests are being held at the Harbor Sta.

Carr 10:58 a. m.

Exhibit 3 is the telegram sent to *The Nation* by Mr. Boynton denying the charges implied in the issue of August 29. Its principal points are stated and dealt with in Report III.

Exhibits 4 and 5 are reproduced below:

Report 132 July 17
Flash 2:30

Communist meeting to be held at 201 Mariposa corner of Vermont, on Friday at 8 p. m.

Carr 2:30 p. m.

Report No. 300 July 17

Raids: At 1 p. m. today about ten striking teamsters raided Communist offices at 1223 Filmore Street. During raid two men were injured:

Elmer Barry—837 Van Ness Avenue, injuries to back.
Mark Ponton—Fresno—abrasion to scalp and bruises to face.

About the same time there was a disturbance at the branch office of the *Western Worker*, 121 Haight Street, and also an attack on Upton Sinclair's Headquarters on Haight Street near 121.

Carr 4:30 p. m.

Report 296 July 17

Harbor Police Station: There were no police in the crowd storming Communist Headquarters at 37 Grove Street, 121 Haight Street, and the Upton Sinclair Headquarters. These raids were by "indignant citizens," according to police.

Carr 3:21 p. m.

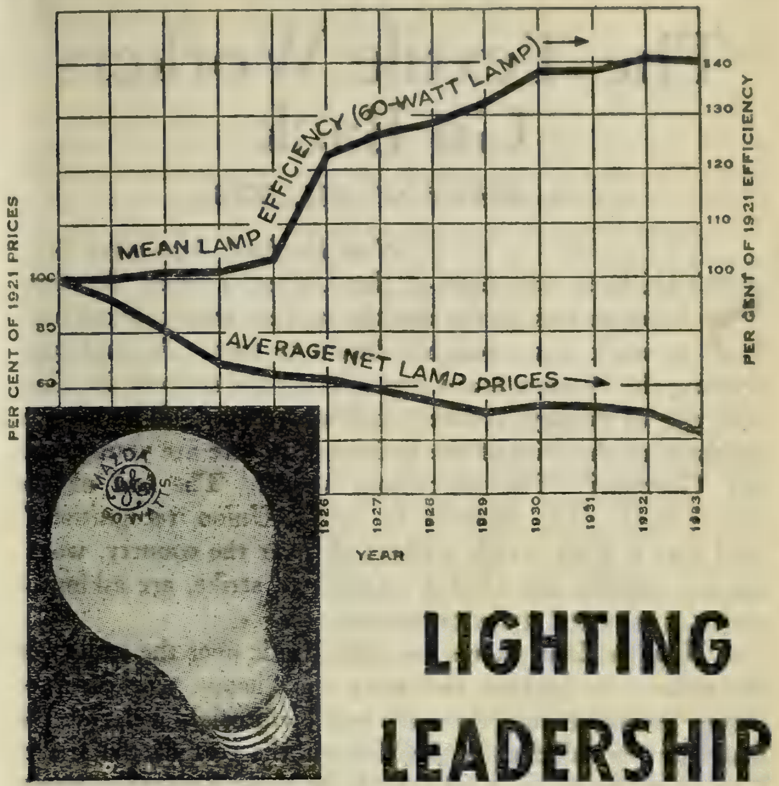
Exhibits 6 and 7 are copies of the correspondence between Shearon Bonner, secretary of the Sinclair Campaign Committee, and William J. Quinn, Chief of Police of the City and County of San Francisco, in reference to a raid reported to be pending on Upton Sinclair headquarters.

The Nation has in hand complete copies of all reports and exhibits here referred to.

Next Week in *The Nation*

Fascism in China

by Harold R. Isaacs



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GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

The Textile Workers Go Back

By MARY W. HILLYER

New Bedford, September 24

STUCK to the door of the United Textile Workers' headquarters on the day the strikers were ordered back to work was a roughly drawn cartoon. A hand symbolizing the Winant board was offering the strikers the Gorman egg of victory, cracked open and empty. The caption consisted of the cries of the strikers: "Where are your promises, Gorman? The thirty-hour week? The end of the stretch-out? The increase in pay? Union recognition?" And that is what textile strikers all over the country, working for the first day after a magnificent strike, are asking of their Gorman-led strike committee.

New England papers are enthusiastic over the ending of the strike. In picture and story the "happy workers" are shown thronging into the mills while editorials welcome the whirr of the spindles as they lament the cost of the strike. Last week strike spirit was high in New Bedford. Every textile mill was closed. Unorganized shirt and pajama workers had joined the strike in a fervor of excitement. Flying squadrons had gone up to Maine and were largely responsible for bringing the non-union workers out. And finally soup kitchens, which had become so efficient in the 1929 strike, were being opened. Today puzzled, disillusioned workers trudge into the greedy mills. "Yes, they are all going in," a trolley man remarked, "but they don't know why or what they have won." He was interrupted by a passenger, "They ought to know—they have promises of everything they struck for and the President's word back of them. That ought to be enough!" When he was reminded that the President was also back of the regularly violated textile codes which provoked the strike, there was unfriendly silence.

In the union office, workers are straggling in from the morning shift, weary from the stretch-out, disheartened at their small earning, ashamed of themselves and their union, which sent them back to work after a three weeks' strike with nothing gained. They talk—rank and file members and union officials.

"We don't know why we've gone back. We haven't won anything. We are waiting for Binns to come and explain. He's left us holding the bag. Our executive board wired Gorman that we unanimously turned down the Winant report. Then Gorman calls us up and says we are to accept it—it's a wonderful victory. That's a hot one!"

"Gee, we thought Gorman was a real fighter when the strike began. The things he said were great. But he double-crossed us. He sold us out. Yeah, we're just lieutenants, taking orders and holding the bag. If we were the generals in Washington the strike would be on until our demands were recognized by the bosses!"

"I'm a weaver and I've been on my uppers but I picketed just the same. All right, we were hungry but we've been hungry before. The strike could have gone on!"

"And don't talk to us about Green and the A. F. of L. He sold us out from the very beginning with his promise of moral and financial help. We haven't seen any of either. We're going to have a union—but we're going to change our leaders!" MacMahon was forgotten from the moment the strike started, but the textile workers are gunning for Gorman and the strike committee.

Socialists and Communists are holding mass-meetings in both mill ends of town. They are pointing out the treachery of the U. T. W. strike committee aided by Green, A. F. of L., and company. But the workers are back in the mills to be exploited and victimized by the employers.

In Fall River the workers at the American Printing Company obeyed union orders and went to work. But when 100 were refused employment, the "happy workers" came out of the mill and on to the picket line again. Nathan Durfee, vice-president of the company, had the audacity to say: "We are living up to the provisions of the code and the President's agreement to the best of our ability." In every textile center incidents like this are occurring.

Already the 1934 U. T. W. strike is history, a history of a gigantic workers' movement, militantly led until it was suddenly, inexplicably, sold out. The United Textile Workers declares it will now organize the entire industry. It is an idle boast. A large part of the strike leadership North and South came from the Socialist Party and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. This fact, coupled with the loss of faith of the workers, will make the organization campaign a dreary camouflage to cover a disastrous retreat. It would seem less awful if Francis Gorman had been more moderate in his statements during the strike and less eloquent in his claims of victory when finally he offered cooperation to the employers for the "stabilization and prosperity of the industry."

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THE RED FLAG

By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

PUBLISHED BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO.

Books, Drama, Films

Rational Esteem

The Queeney Letters. Edited by the Marquis of Lansdowne. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.
The Age of Reason. By R. B. Mowat. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

A FEW years ago Lord Lansdowne discovered among family papers a packet of letters addressed to "Queeney" Thrale, the eldest daughter of that sprightly lady who so outraged her old friend Samuel Johnson when she disregarded his solemn advice and proceeded to marry the Italian musician, Gabriel Piozzi. The "find" was not, of course, comparable in importance to the almost incredible Boswell papers, but it was of very real interest nevertheless, and no amateur of eighteenth-century life or literature will want to miss what is here published. There are thirty-three really charming letters from the Doctor himself and an even more substantial number from Fanny Burney and Mrs. Thrale-Piozzi. The Johnson communications begin when Queeney was seven and continue for thirteen years, the last being dated only three months before his death. The others all belong to the period just before or just after the famous marriage.

Poor Mrs. Thrale—as these documents make even clearer than it was before—had the whole world against her. No one seemed to be able to advance a single serious objection to Piozzi himself, and the fact that she lived with him in apparent happiness for twenty-five years would seem to vindicate her judgment. Yet after all this time even Lord Lansdowne seems still impelled to maintain an attitude of cold disapproval not unlike that of Johnson, whose tone, however, certainly suggests something very much like jealousy—if not of Mrs. Thrale's person, then at least of that very comfortable ménage of which he had long enjoyed the freedom. We have it as her own opinion that for a woman "of passable person, ancient family, respectable character, uncommon talents, and three thousand a year" to marry for love was—Oh, delightful eighteenth century!—"rational." Why would none of her friends agree with her?

To me it has always appeared that none of them succeeded any too well in making the reasons they alleged seem very much like the real ones. Lord Lansdowne, nevertheless, accepts them at their face value, assuming that Johnson and the rest were merely shocked that this mother of a large family should not have put first the interests of her children. Yet the fact remains that these children, made wards of Chancery by their recently deceased father, were financially well provided for, and it is difficult to escape the suspicion that the resentment of her friends was primarily not much more than the resentment which the middle-aged and the elderly usually feel when one of their number threatens to renew a youth lost to them forever.

At the age of twenty-three the lady had married a brewer thirteen years older than herself. The twelve children which she bore him were not the fruits of love but only of that "rational esteem" which, it is evident, could accomplish wonders at this particular epoch. She was only forty when the brewer died, and what is more natural than that she should have fallen in love with a presentable Italian who, we may assume, seemed dashing to her eyes even though those responsible for the documents we have seem never to have bothered to let us know very much about him. Obviously she was a bit over-eager and, in all probability, slightly ridiculous besides. In one of the letters to "Queeney" which Lord Lansdowne here prints she reports with humorous indignation the remark of a certain physician who had said—with a downrightness not to be characteristic of another age before our own—that she "needed a man" and that Piozzi, he feared, "would not answer Mrs. Thrale's purpose." Nevertheless he was wrong, Johnson was wrong, Fanny Burney was wrong, and so were all the rest—if we may judge by what appears to have been the happy life of a sprightly woman who had the courage to disregard the most weighty advice of her time. At least it seems hardly necessary for us to maintain an air of solemn disapproval. Even in an age of reason one may be forgiven for becoming just a little weary of reasonableness, and if Mrs. Thrale's conduct was not "rational" it was something a good deal better. It was wise.

Professor Mowat's book is a rather odd production—more than commonly interesting as a somewhat miscellaneous collection of facts simply presented, but hardly justifying the title, which seems to promise a work far more systematic than this one can claim to be. The intention was, apparently, to make a series of general statements about the eighteenth century in Europe and then to illustrate them with specific examples. Somehow or other the whole appears to have got more or less out of hand, and has become a series of brief biographies plus a collection of facts drawn from here and there about the institutions, ideas, and manners of the period. The author is a professor in the University of Bristol who seems to have made the eighteenth century his recreation. The result is a rich and readable miscellany of facts which were, quite obviously, collected during expeditions conducted on hobbyhorse-back.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Conservatism at Its Best

It's Up to Us. By James P. Warburg. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

WALL STREET is perhaps the last place where one would look for clarity regarding the fundamental issues facing the United States today. It is somewhat of a shock, therefore, to discover that a member of the much-maligned banking fraternity has written what is by all odds the most illuminating and penetrating analysis of these issues yet to appear in this country. Despite his business affiliations, James Warburg is no tory. Certain features of his criticism of the New Deal are similar to those contained in the recent outbursts of ex-President Hoover and the American Liberty League, but his point of view differs from the latter in many important respects. The true reactionary, as typified by Senator Reed or Mark Sullivan, is dissatisfied with the New Deal merely because it implies a change from the established order of things; or more particularly because he senses a threat to property rights. Unable to understand the full significance of recent developments, his attack on the recovery program is invariably confined to generalities, such as an appeal for the restoration of the traditional American "liberties."

Mr. Warburg is also interested in retaining these liberties, but unlike the political fundamentalists he is clear, concise, and specific. He has no illusions regarding the origin of our democratic institutions, recognizing that they are but reflections of the system of economy that we have chosen to adopt, in which the function of government is essentially that of preserving the balance of power between conflicting economic forces. But he insists that a government which depends for its existence upon popularity cannot be expected to pursue the clear, straight road of economic planning. Either of two types of society is possible: a free, competitive order, regulated by the forces of supply and demand, in which the weak are given a limited amount of protection; or a wholly regimented society that would place first emphasis upon security for the underprivileged. In Mr. Warburg's opinion the issue is clearly joined, and it is suicidal to attempt, as the Administration has done, to straddle between these two points of view. People must accept the fact that there are certain things which they cannot have under our present economic system, or they must decide in favor of a different system.

There is an uncomfortable amount of truth in Mr. Warburg's contention. If the capitalist system is to function efficiently, it must be kept as flexible as possible, and flexibility is inconsistent with security. Schemes for the fixing of wages, prices, or profits, or for the control of production, irrespective of their social desirability, interfere with the normal and necessary adjustments of the profit system. It is probably true, moreover, that any attempt to replace these automatic adjustments by planning will only complicate the problem as long as we are subject to the uncertainties inherent in democracy. For Mr. Warburg, then, there can be only one solution—the reestablishment of what he terms "freedom," that is, flexibility. In order that this may be achieved, he lays down a detailed and clear-cut program. Instead of striving to restore agricultural purchasing power through the restriction of crops, which he rightly condemns as economic suicide, he would seek to recapture the foreign markets through a reduction in tariffs. Industrial activity would be revived by eliminating some of the major uncertainties now confronting business, such as those regarding the future value of money, taxation policy, and the extension of federal regulation. Similarly, he opposes government ownership of banks and the present scheme for insuring deposits on the ground that such measures encourage bad banking, but advocates a drastic overhauling of prevailing banking practices. Reform of the existing system of taxation is also urged, so as to remove what he believes to be an excessive burden on real estate. And, finally, since he is convinced that recovery must be international in character, he stresses the need of a fundamental change in our commercial policy, involving tariff revision, stabilization of the dollar, and an intelligent attitude toward foreign lending.

Taken in its broad aspects, most economists would agree that Mr. Warburg's program offers about the only hope of permanent recovery under capitalism. But the fact remains that a large section of the population—at least half according to the author's own admission—would not be satisfied merely by a return to 1929 conditions. They want security and are going to demand legislation looking to that end irrespective of its effect on the general economic process. Nor are they likely to be dissuaded by an appeal to the traditions for which our forefathers fought and died. Thus democracy, with all of its virtues, has become as great a stumbling-block to the restoration of capitalism as it is to the establishment of a planned economy. The inconsistencies which the author so vigorously criticizes in the Roosevelt recovery program are the direct result of the liberties which he seeks to defend.

As an escape from this dilemma Mr. Warburg would educate the public to recognize what he believes to be its best interests. Should this attempt fail, he declares that it would be far better for us to choose an outright collectivist form of economy than to attempt to preserve capitalism while violating all the rules of the game. This sounds impressive, but one cannot refrain, in view of later portions of the book, from questioning his sincerity in making this statement. All forms of "managed economy" are dismissed on the ground that they would lead to a relatively static society and tend to stultify individual initiative and progress. Here the author is wholly unconvincing. The only evidence which he offers in support of this sweeping condemnation consists of extended quotations from the observations of Colonel Frank Knox, publisher of the Chicago *Daily News*, who recently returned from a brief trip to Europe convinced that we had little to learn from the experiments in planning in Italy, Germany, or the Soviet Union (why the three are grouped together is not exactly clear). While these observations are almost pathetic in their naivete, they doubtless serve the purpose of a political tract. If this section could be conveniently skipped by intelligent readers, the book as a whole should be extremely useful in stimulating realistic thinking on the basic problems which face the American people today. For that reason, if for no other, it deserves wide reading.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

John Brown Marches On

John Brown: Terrible "Saint." By David Karsner. Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.

THE literary editor of *The Nation* placed me in an extremely embarrassing position when he asked me to review this volume because I happen to be the author of a ponderous tome on John Brown published in 1910. My embarrassment is due to the fact that on perusing Mr. Karsner's book I find that it is in the main a condensation of my own volume, which it follows exactly in the sequence of narration. More than that, of 171 citations dealing directly with John Brown—this includes quotations from public men and newspapers, and letters to and from John Brown—no less than 133 appear in my book. The contents of the entire thirty-fourth chapter are in my pages. I suppose that I should therefore feel greatly flattered. My difficulty lies here: If I criticize the book shall I not be reflecting indirectly upon my own work? And shall I not be open to the charge of attempting to write down another man's work because it so closely parallels my own?

I do not charge Mr. Karsner with plagiarism partly because I am naturally prejudiced; I only point out that while he declares that he has "spent three years studying the stormy life of this strange man" he could have saved himself a great deal of this time, because transcribing as much material that appears in my pages as he has used could not have taken him very long. As a matter of fact, although the publishers' jacket speaks of "certain letters of his [John Brown's] that have recently come to light," only one such letter appears. Only five letters which do not appear in my book appear in his in part or in full, in addition to this one new letter.

Just why another book on John Brown was necessary in the absence of new material is not apparent. Since mine appeared we have had one by Hill Peebles Wilson, another by Leonard Ehrlich, and still a third from a Southern source, in addition to Stephen Benét's poem and Ronald Gow's short-lived play—all of which is proof of the extraordinary hold John Brown has upon the imagination of writers. If Brown's soul is still marching on, so is the record of him. Mr. Karsner's essay is the thirteenth biographical study which has appeared. Who said that there was nothing in numbers?

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Mr. Burnett's Short Stories

The Maker of Signs. By Whit Burnett. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. $2.

HAD "The Maker of Signs" dropped from the pen of an unknown writer it might have merited a good deal of polite applause. It has all the good and the bad qualities—variety, experimentalism, imitativeness, awkwardness, affectation—that one expects to find in the work of a "promising" apprentice. Coming as it does, however, from that Ward McAllister of the short story, Whit Burnett, editor of *Story*, regular contributor to the annual "Best Short Stories," this collection is tremendously disappointing. It is hard to believe that these stories represent the peak of Mr. Burnett's achievement. It would be kinder to think that he had discovered the majority of them in an old trunk. Since this is the first published collection of his work, the latter alternative is an impossible one, and one is forced to consider Mr. Burnett vastly overpraised.

"The Maker of Signs" contains nineteen short stories, only two of which seem to me wholly successful. There are almost as many techniques, or attempts at techniques, as there are stories. Mr. Burnett, experienced as he ought to be in the field of the short story, has not yet found his own voice. In this collection one sees him floundering, grasping now at Sherwood Anderson's coat tails, now at Hemingway's, now at the skirts of Gertrude Stein. The stories, variegated as they are, are almost all as familiar and as obvious as the Cinderella tale. In the Anderson vein there are two versions of the story of the sensitive boy learning to be a newspaper reporter and several accounts of the same boy, a few years younger, growing up in the crude Western towns. From Hemingway are taken the nostalgic stories of the boy going fishing with his father, of the young Americans going fishing in Spain. In none of these moods and techniques is Mr. Burnett comfortable. There is fine sharp writing in individual stories, but there is almost inevitably too much of it. Throughout the book there is a strong sense of self-consciousness, pretentiousness, strain. Mr. Burnett seems really at his ease in but two stories—"The Cats Which Cried" and "Herr Qualla." These whimsical, sentimental comedies are not very modern, not experimental, but they do have a special quality and an individual charm.

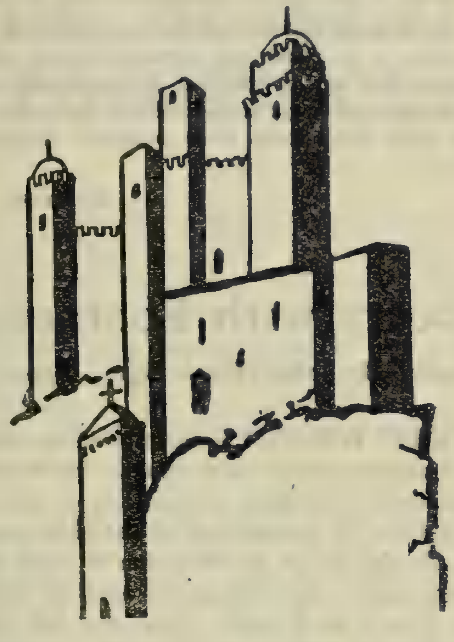
MARY MCCARTHY

Imperial Exhibit

Indian Patchwork. By Edward and Mary Charles. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

THIS book is an exhibit of the psychological pathology of imperialism. It is not important or pleasant, though for those who think about the problems of imperialism it is distinctly interesting. It is presumably authentic, but even if not a real record, it shows the frame of mind of some members of the leading imperialist nation.

The book purports to be two diaries kept from 1927 to 1928 by an Englishman and his wife, while the husband was the principal of a mixed Hindu-Moslem university college in central India. It vividly records their irritation and doubts, torments of conscience, and repulsion from almost all Indians and from all aspects of their life in India as members of the alien governing group. Their state of mind is distinctly morbid. The diaries clearly depict the reactions of fairly sensitive English civilians in India to the rising Indian rebellion. The diarists have the usual British political, economic, cultural, and color pride along with their sensitiveness. Having gone out to India with that strong and deep conviction of vast superiority, they are enormously irritated by the assertion of Indians striving for self-government and self-respect. They are ashamed of the injustices they witness and take part in, but pride makes them try to blame everything upon Indian character. They are repelled and disgusted by Indian inferiority complexes, forgetting that these have been created by British attitudes and actions. They are unable to see that the initial imperialist assumptions of superiority inevitably work out to cruelty and injustice. Finally they can no longer stand the inner conflict between pride and conscience. The white man's burden proves to be of "so intolerable a weight" that the principal resigns and the two diarists leave India with immense relief but with consciences still troubled. They are sure that British power in India will soon end.



BLACK MONASTERY

by ALADAR KUNCZ

Aladar Kuncz, Hungarian, is no longer living. But he left a book which the world will not soon forget, a memoir of his four and a half years' internment in French prisons during the war. The power of the book is beyond question. It is thrilling—terrifying—incredibly revealing of the depths of the human spirit. Here are only a few of the amazing reviews of an amazing document:

"Indisputably one of the great memoirs of captivity, a book that, without once raising its voice, both thrills and touches.

CLIFTON FADIMAN, *New Yorker*

"On the small shelf of the world's prison literature, side by side with Feodor Dostoevsky's *The House of Death* and E. F. Cummings' *The Enormous Room* will be found a place for *Black Monastery*."

Time Magazine

"The author of *Black Monastery* has opened his veins and dipped the pen in his own blood. . . . There is a strange unearthly power here."

PERCY HUTCHISON, N. Y. *Times*

"His is a voice from the dead . . . his story takes on the rhythm, the other-worldness of epic tragedy. It should take its place beside any of the narratives of captivity."—*Saturday Review.*

'Unqualified applause . . . In every page of this book there is an unmistakable splendor."

—GEORGE DANGERFIELD, *Vanity Fair*

Second printing, $2.75

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY
383 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

They quote in passing a young British magistrate, an officer of the Indian Civil Service, who says this of Indians:

> We can despise and hate them, too; but what we can't do any more is to exact the outward forms of respect. These swine are still frightened of me about essentials. They know they can't get round behind my judgments, but I can no more make them show personal respect than I can fly.

Richard B. Gregg

Poetry with Footnotes

Rock and Shell. By John Wheelwright. Bruce Humphries. $2.50.

JOHN WHEELWRIGHT'S mental and emotional world is furnished almost entirely with books. He is a very erudite poet, a student of religion, particularly of the Anglican religion, and a student of prosody and of the older poets and their mythologies. At the end of his collection of verse are footnotes to almost every poem. And his poems need footnotes, not only because, like Eliot's or Pound's, they are full of quotations which the reader delights in placing, but because they draw their imagery, almost always symbolic, from a scholarly reading of such books as Baring-Gould's "Lost and Hostile Gospels," from Walker's "translation of a Nestorian novel on the Acts of Thomas," and from special poems by certain earlier poets. Technically, Wheelwright is a most expert poet. But as Malcolm Cowley says, he is not a popular or an easy poet. Nor is he, I think, a poet of any great stature, for he lacks originality in rhythm and syntax, and, most of all, immediacy in the expression of emotion. His poems are intellectual arguments, skilfully phrased, precisely patterned.

All great literature, says Yeats somewhere, is symbolic. This, in the larger use of the word "symbolic," is true. John Wheelwright's poems, however, employ a very special symbolism—as special even as religious symbolism. He is concerned with the problem of the one and the many, of reality and illusion. He has read profoundly in philosophy and religion. He employs the dialectic of the Church Fathers; Forty Days is a long poem of questions and answers which form the author's prosodical statement of faith.

Some of the lyrics are not religious in tenor. Plantation Drouth is almost purely and very beautifully descriptive. The poet remarks, however, that this picture was induced as much by an economic as by the atmospheric barometer. Another, Canal Street, "depends at first upon a sonnet of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's and closes with a line of James Russell Lowell's." The Huntsman "grew from the Greek Anthology to a dilemma in revolutionary desire." This poem and the Salvation Army Girl, incidentally, indicate that John Wheelwright has discovered the class struggle; but this seems to be about all he has to say about it:

> Each Chamber of Commerce manufactures
> its own Five-Year Plan;
> a super-power plant has shaken
> the palace of the Vatican;
> Neo-Thomists and not engineers
> Should meet in consultation,
> while the Apostolic Radio
> weeps for the Workingman.
> Two blades of grass grow where one grew before.
> U. S. S. R. and U. S. A., Y. M. C. A?
> Go on, Go on, from strength to strength.
> Bigger and better. Bigger and better.

We gather, from this somewhat satirical comment in Eliot's rhythm that schemes for mere economic security do not interest Mr. Wheelwright. He thinks man's salvation lies, rather, in the "Rock," in faith—though he is a bit more of a skeptic than is Eliot.

The difficulty with such poetry as Mr. Wheelwright's is that it leaves most readers quite cold. The poet's vision is not given in authentic imagery and symbols of the physical world or even in imagery of the intellectual world of fact. It is expressed, very largely, in special philosophic and religious imagery. The result is prosodic argument, interesting, very exactly, at times even beautifully, expressed, but not poetry. Moreover, Mr. Wheelwright draws on his literary reading for his rhythms. One hears echoes of the more important moderns in most of his lyrics.

Eda Lou Walton

Drama

The Quiet Side

IT is difficult to imagine a dramatic talent more tenuous than that of John Van Druten. His chosen field is the field of the most intimate domestic affections, and his characters, almost without exception, are persons who have contracted their interests to such a degree that these interests hardly extend beyond the limits of the family group within whose sheltering confines the characters have taken refuge from a rough world. Moreover, the very domestic affections themselves seem to demand for their direct presentation a downrightness which he would rather avoid, and the crises of even family life are often alluded to rather than actually presented in those tranquil scenes just before dinner or at tea-time which he loves to select.

In two of his plays there was superimposed upon this tranquillity a more positive quality—a certain poignancy in "Young Woodley" and a certain gaiety in "There's Always Juliet." In others, like the unfortunate "After All," unpretentiousness passed over into insipidity, and from the placid course of near-events it became impossible to receive any impression whatever. Unfortunately "The Distaff Side," brought from England to the Booth Theater as a vehicle for Dame Sybil Thorndike, is distinctly on the quiet as well as on the distaff side. Like all its author's work it has, to be sure, its moments of charm. His people are irresistibly likable even when they seem, as in this play they do, to be more negative, to have less real character, than even the average member of the class they represent. Moreover, there are flashes of humor which are shrewd as well as gentle. But there is simply not enough of anything positive to sustain the interest at any very high pitch throughout an evening. Dame Sybil, like the play itself, is well bred and gracious. Yet it would be, I think, mere polite pretense to assert that she does, or has the opportunity to do, anything likely to make her presence memorable.

In so far as the author permits himself to reveal a theme, it seems to have something to do with wives and the different roles which they can play in the lives of their husbands. There is a tart and selfish old grandmother, a pleasure-loving flirt, a somewhat unformed young girl, a stodgy housewife, and finally an image of perfection who, characteristically, is presented as a widow whose perfect relationship with her former husband is alluded to rather than illustrated. The play ends with this lady in her solitary but not lonely bedroom, and the ending is so like the ending of a certain sentimental novel alluded to and ridiculed at the very beginning of the evening that the author must have been aware of the similarity himself and deliberately "planted" the satiric bit in a not wholly successful effort to convince the spectator that the chord on which he closes is not really the cliché it appears.

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The fact remains, nevertheless, that when Mr. Van Druten is faced with the unescapable necessity of striking a positive note, when he is compelled, willy-nilly, to announce a theme, he does tend to fall back upon a sentiment which he seems unable to differentiate very clearly from conventional sentimentality. Perhaps, then, the most serious defect in his work is less that it is slight and "unimportant" than that he is inclined at times to deny the fact. If he were content to write pleasant and humane but entirely unpretentious comedy, he has wit enough and charm enough to carry him to complete success in a frankly minor manner. His people, agreeable if essentially rather insignificant, could then defend themselves well enough by being merely what they are.

But Mr. Van Druten is apparently not quite content to accept his own limitations. He wants to give the kind of character he portrays a solid, moral justification, and he shows, accordingly, an embarrassing disposition to proclaim—just when he shouldn't—not only that Mother Was Right or that Love Is Best, but that the whole duty of man consists in a proper acknowledgment of these great truths. Loyalty, love, and the ties which bind a man to his mother, his wife, and his children, may imply a depth of feeling which, as he seems always to be telling us, is unutterable. But it is, after all, the business of a playwright who would use it as his main theme to utter it, and that is just what Mr. Van Druten will neither do nor refrain from suggesting that he should. Certainly it is not at the moments when he is being merely light or amusing that one is most tempted to dismiss his plays as trivial. At such times one is aware chiefly of the grace and humor with which he can write. It is, on the contrary, only when he seems himself to find such writing not enough that we begin to feel the need of qualities which he obviously does not possess.

"Small Miracle" (Golden Theater) is one of the many descendants of "Grand Hotel." This time it is in the lobby of a theater that the half-dozen little melodramas cross, and there is quite a bit of the sort of excitement the genre is supposed to provide. No one, of course, need take the moral (Life is full of Life) very seriously; but the direction of George Abbott assures the presence of numerous bits of comic realism, and there is a very striking performance by Joseph Spurin-Calleia in the role of the inevitable murderer.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

The Brownings in Hollywood

So certain does it seem at the moment that "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" is going to repeat on the screen the same success which it enjoyed for three or four seasons on the stage that it is perhaps in order to suggest some theory for the rather strange popularity of this play. For it is not at all plausible that the historical actuality of its principal characters has anything very much to do with the case. It is unlikely that very many who responded to the original play had more than a sophomore acquaintance with the poetry of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning. And it is even less likely that the millions who will throb to the melancholy beauty of Miss Norma Shearer and the sinister fascination of Mr. Charles Laughton will be affected in their response by recollections of "Sordello" and "Sonnets from the Portuguese." The Besier play must depend on something much more substantial than mere sentimental literary association to appeal to such vast audiences on both stage and screen. It must deal with a theme that is especially interesting to a great many people today, and

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it must render this theme in a manner that is dramatically thoroughly satisfying.

The central theme of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" happens to be one which, in view of its probable widespread application in the lives of many theatergoers, has received surprisingly little attention from contemporary playwrights. This is the more remarkable because of the hard white light that has been thrown on it by modern psychology. The antagonism that exists so frequently between parents and children has undoubtedly always existed, but the revelations by psychology of its obscure sources in the unconscious of both have given it a fresher and more active interest for the modern mind. It is in turn an interest not incapable of its own psychological explanation, however, and one touches the point about the Besier play in expressing the suspicion that its deepest appeal has been to those thousands of misunderstood sons and daughters everywhere who have found in Elizabeth Barrett's rebellion a release for their own pent-up resentment toward intrenched parenthood. Not only does it deal to a large extent with the unconscious but it also addresses itself to the unconscious in its audience. This alone would not be sufficient guaranty of its success if its author did not also happen to be an unusually expert craftsman in the theater. Indeed, it is the impregnable soundness of its dramaturgy that will most impress those who go to see it for the second time on the screen. Unquestionably, the screen version is less satisfactorily acted and directed than the play. The psychological shading in important scenes is sacrificed for blunt effects of humor or pathos. Miss Shearer is still more lovely to look at than to listen to and Mr. March reels off most of his lines as if he had no great interest in their possible meaning. Only Mr. Laughton may be compared with any of the members of Miss Cornell's company, but he struggles vainly at times against a direction which tends to make his role a caricature. Yet the play emerges substantially every bit as effective as in its original form, and one is confirmed in believing that it would do so even if put on by a high-school dramatic society.

There is to be detected all through Miss Mae West's latest challenge to public morals and taste a disturbing and inappropriate note of weariness. It is a silly parade of concupiscence, murder, and arson which serves Miss West for her excuse this time. The background of St. Louis and New Orleans pleasure dens of the nineties has not been very carefully reconstructed, and the anachronisms of every kind become bothersome. But it is not so much to all this that one refers as to a certain lassitude that seems to have overtaken Miss West herself. The obvious delight and amusement with herself which she used to show are no longer there. She does not try so hard to put over her songs and she does not even trouble to make her wisecracks heard. Whether it is the influence of the Hollywood climate or the unkindness of the League of Decency that is to blame, something has happened to Miss West in "Belle of the Nineties." Or is it just possibly we ourselves who are beginning to betray signs of weariness? *La chair est triste, hélas,* even when one has not read all the books.

Recommendation of "British Agent" must be accompanied with the caution that it manages a rather more than usually adroit weighing of the scales against the Soviets in telling its story of a young English diplomat who becomes involved with a woman member of the Cheka. The picture is superbly acted by Leslie Howard and Kay Francis, and both photography and direction are distinctly above the average. "Thunderstorm" (Cameo) is a Soviet treatment of the celebrated drama by Ostrovsky. The film is admirable for the photographic lyricism of certain passages, the still-portraits of provincial types, and the reconstruction of Russian village life under the old regime. But as a whole it is a slow-moving, lachrymose, and frequently grotesque affair.

WILLIAM TROY

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THE MURDER at Marseilles of King Alexander of Jugoslavia, and the almost simultaneous death of Foreign Minister Barthou of France, will undoubtedly have results beyond immediate reckoning. The dictator of Jugoslavia was a ruthless and efficient autocrat. Holding in his hands complete executive power, he exercised it without mercy. He sought to enforce patriotism and loyalty at the mouth of the machine gun; and so sectionalism and bitter opposition to Belgrade have grown in every corner of the kingdom. He was supported by the military group, but essentially his dictatorship was as rigidly personal as Hitler's; and by the same token his death may result in a profound internal shake-up. What possibilities lie ahead will be discussed by Louis Adamic in next week's issue of *The Nation*.

Barthou's death will inevitably have profound effects upon the European political scene. As Foreign Minister he has been more responsible than any other man for the Franco-Soviet rapprochement which culminated last month in the admission of the Soviet Union into the League of Nations. Through his efforts relations between France and Italy have also notably improved, and it was rumored that settlement of issues long outstanding between these countries was imminent. Important as these moves were for the peace of Europe, they had tended to estrange Poland and Jugoslavia. It was in an effort to preserve friendly relations with the latter that the fateful meeting between King Alexander and Barthou had been arranged. Regarding the future one can only speculate. Much depends, for instance, on what extent Barthou personally was responsible for the vast changes associated with his name, and what extent they were the inevitable outcome of the rise of Hitlerism in Germany.

EARLY REPORTS indicate that the reactionary faction in Spain has crushed the uprising of the combined left-wing groups against the newly constituted Catholic-Conservative government headed by Alejandro Lerroux, though fighting still continues as we go to press. As had been predicted, trouble started when Lerroux, chosen Premier for the fourth time within a year, included three members of the semi-fascist Catholic Popular Action in his Cabinet. Fearful of a right-wing coup such as followed Hitler's entry into the German government, Socialist and Communist trade unions declared a general strike which in certain sections developed into an open revolt. They were joined by the Catalan leftists, who had been particularly angered by the recalcitrant attitude of Gil Robles, head of the Catholic Popular Action, regarding the Catalonian land-cultivation law. Apparently acting against the advice of Señor Azaña and other left leaders, the Catalan government proclaimed the independence of the state of Catalonia and thus precipitated a full-fledged revolutionary crisis. In the sanguinary struggle which ensued the loyalty of the troops to the Lerroux government appears to have proved the decisive factor, the left-wing groups having placed too great confidence in reports of discontent among the rank and file of the soldiers.

THE BRITISH LABOR PARTY was committed at its conference last year not to assume power without a clear majority in Parliament. The annual conference at Southport recently had to decide the means, after a majority had been won, of establishing socialism in Great Britain. The issue could no longer be one of gradualism, by which the unions, which still dominate the Labor Party, have avoided assuming the full responsibility of their Socialist faith. The fight this year was over compensation as against confiscation in the process of socialization. Compensation won the day by an overwhelming vote. But Sir Stafford was made a member of the party executive, so that the next election can be fought with a semblance of unity. The extent of compensation promised will not placate British industrialists and bankers. Invested capital is not to be repaid at all, and only an annuity to owners for twenty-five years is to be the general rule, with greater generosity in instances of hardship. Public ownership of primary industries is promised, and those specified for public control are banking, credit, transport, electricity, water, iron, steel, coal, gas, agriculture, textiles, shipbuilding, shipping, and engineering. Not all these will necessarily be socialized, but, says the executive, "the time has come for drastic reorganization, and for the most part nothing short of immediate public ownership will be effective." These issues are by no means academic. In the 1929 election the Labor Party came within twenty seats of a majority. Today dissatisfaction with the National Government is so widespread as to give the opposition hope of victory. But as the election may be fought for the first time on the straight issue of immediate socialism the outcome is unpredictable.

THE CONVENTION of the American Federation of Labor, at this writing, has just settled down to the important business of policy-making. Evidence already available indicates that the progressive forces in the A. F. of L. still have far to go in their attempt to dominate the organization. The report of the executive council to the delegates detailed a list of hopes unrealized during the past year. "The failure of government effort to prime the pump" means that 14 million are still unemployed; "minimum wage rates in the codes have been set so low that the purpose of the NRA has been completely nullified in a large portion of industry"; "codes have failed almost completely to protect the higher-paid groups of employees," and "the machinery . . . set up by the government is dealing effectively only with a negligible portion of all violations." Finally, "it is in regard to Section 7-a that the most cruel disillusion of the workers regarding NRA has occurred." Yet on the very day the convention was hearing these dismal words, President Green leaped at the President's proposal to turn over the fight for better wages and working conditions to government agencies. The left wing and rank-and-file groups countered with a sheaf of resolutions which proposed among other things that President Green be censured for publicly opposing the general strike in San Francisco, that no union member be ousted because of his political beliefs, and that the federation withdraw all officials from posts in the NRA. The all-important issue of industrial versus craft unions is yet to be decided. Meanwhile Mr. Green, speaking from a church pulpit, has refused to recognize the class war. In this connection it may be also worth noting that although an earthquake occurred during one session of the convention, Mr. Green, who was presiding, made no reference to it.

"RATHER THAN BE UNITED in concentration camps, let's be united now." This was only one of many intelligent and significant remarks made at the United States Congress Against War and Fascism held recently in Chicago. The congress adopted resolutions reaffirming its general aims, but this year's meeting was primarily concerned with organizational work directed toward bringing into the congress every person and party opposed to fascism and war. A few figures indicate best the size of the gathering and the progress which has been made in the achievement of a truly united front. There were 3,332 accredited delegates representing 1,607,201 people in thirty-five States and four foreign nations. There were 350 trade-union delegates, of whom 121 represented A. F. of L. ogranizations. The Socialist Party and the Young People's Socialist League had only 14 official representatives, while the Communist Party had 149 delegates present; but more than 100 members of Socialist organizations took part in the conference. Many religious bodies, including the Y. M. C. A., sent delegates, and there were 121 delegates from women's organizations. Finally, two of the speakers were soldiers, one a member of the National Guard, the other of the regular army. The will to a united front was much in evidence. Whereas last year the World Committee sent as a delegate Henri Barbusse, strongly Communist in his sympathies, this year Louis Perrigaud, a prominent Socialist, attended. And he spoke at length of the successful united front in France between the Socialists and Communists, which is having a strong influence everywhere on the relations of the two left parties.

THAT A VIRTUAL SYSTEM of espionage has been established over teachers in the New York public schools is plainly to be deduced from a letter sent lately by George J. Smith, chairman of the Board of Examiners, to George J. Ryan, president of the same board. Chairman Smith first made it clear that teachers were to be subjected to a rigid examination of their political faith before being allowed to teach in the New York schools. No believer in "subversive" doctrines, no member of an organization which sponsored such doctrines, and most particularly no teacher who attempted to "subject his pupils to political or economic propaganda" could pass the tests. At the same time Mr. Smith pointed out that an examination, however careful, could not determine the deep-seated beliefs of an applicant with the same effectiveness as could observation over a period of years. And he assured Mr. Ryan that such observation would also be forthcoming, although unfortunately the reports of principals and other superiors on the character and behavior of teachers during their three-year period of probation were not always as frank or as full as they might be. He urged more watchfulness, more frankness—a more efficient spy system in short. We should like to ask Mr. Smith what he would think of a teacher who belonged to the American Civil Liberties Union and the Socialist Party, who read *The Nation,* and who announced to his pupils that the brutal suppression by New York police of authorized groups presenting grievances against the city relief administration was in violation of traditional American rights. From the tenor of his letter one may suspect that such affiliations and behavior would be only too "subversive."

THE FILIPINO LABOR UNION, duly incorporated under the laws of California, recently voted by 762 to 52 to continue its strike against the lettuce growers of Monterey County for increased wages, recognition of the union, and better living conditions. As a result of the strike vote the members of the union have been subjected to typical vigilante attention, and moreover have been assured by the district attorney, the sheriff, the city attorney, and the chief of police jointly that their lives were in danger, that adequate protection could not be given them, and that it would be advisable for them to leave the county. On September 21 sixty-nine Filipinos, members of the union, were surprised in their union hall by police with a machine-gun, aroused from their beds, clubbed, and arrested for "inciting to riot." On the same night vigilantes burned to the ground the labor camp in which the leader of the union resided. Following these acts of violence the union voted to go back to work, although about 500 members have left the vicinity as a result of vigilante terrorization. The San Francisco *Chronicle* makes the obvious—but in San Francisco the unexpected—comment on the raids: "There is universal sympathy for the troubles of the farmers and none at all for the trouble-making of Communist meddlers. But at the point of lawless vigilante action, that sympathy stops. For that is an attack, not on a few Filipino wandering workers, but on the very institutions of America."

A GROUP OF JAPANESE FARMERS in Arizona, all naturalized American citizens, have been persistently molested by local residents who object to their presence on American soil. The latest episode occurred on October 3, when five bombs were exploded on the land of Japanese farmers in the Salt River Valley. Protests have been made by consular officials, and police officers are attempting to keep the peace. Since September 18 deputy sheriffs have been patrolling the district, but so far none of the bomb-throwers has been discovered. Not the least interesting aspect of the bombings was the comment, on October 8, of the New York *Herald Tribune*. The bombings, said the *Herald Tribune,* were regrettable and to be vigorously condemned, but "though we may insist that a community put its racial antipathies under civilized restraint, such antipathies are instinctive and inevitable, and are not to be conjured away either by statute or by pious precept. . . . It is impossible for the members of . . . two widely differing races to live in the same community on equal terms and to enjoy peaceful and mutually beneficial relations." This rueful acknowledgment of the deplorable nature of man which forbids him to abide in peace with his, let us say, racial second cousin, takes us straight back to the doctrine of original sin. But more surprising still than this scriptural reversion is the *Herald Tribune's* conclusion: "Our immigration laws have come to recognize more and more clearly that citizens of widely different racial origins . . . do not make a nation." To which, not being so bound by the Scriptures, we can only reply irreverently: "Oh, yeah!"

WE CONFESS to considerable elevation of spirit over the refusal, by the Harvard Corporation, of Putzy Hanfstängl's thousand-dollar traveling fellowship offered to an American student for study in those fonts of wisdom, the Nazi-controlled German universities. Nor did President Conant's letter mince words in its rejection of the gift. He said: "We are unwilling to accept a gift from one who has been so closely associated with the leadership of a political party which has inflicted damage on the universities of Germany through measures which have struck at principles we believe to be fundamental to universities throughout the world." In less polite language this merely says: "We don't like you, we like your Boss even less, and you can keep your money." Its admirable forthrightness makes it even more difficult to comprehend the acceptance by Dean Roscoe Pound, of the Harvard Law School, of an honorary degree from the University of Berlin. President Conant, in refusing to be photographed with Ambassador Hans Luther and Dean Pound while the happy event was being projected for the newsreels, is reported to have said emphatically: "It's strictly a matter between these two gentlemen. I'm not in it." But a dean in America's oldest and one of its most famous universities, himself a jurist of international reputation, is distinctly a public figure. And Dean Pound called particular attention to the degree because, on his return from Germany some weeks before receiving it, he had been quoted as opining that affairs in that country were not quite as bad as they were painted. It would really have been a little prettier if he had seen fit to wrap up and return his honorary degree along with Putzy's thousand dollars.

THE VALIDITY of a writ of habeas corpus—certainly one of the pillars of the democratic temple—is being challenged in Alabama. Two young lawyers, Sol Cohen and David Schriftman, representing the International Labor Defense of New York, were arrested in Tennessee on the complaint of Victoria Price, witness in the Scottsboro case, that they had offered her $500 to recant her testimony. It is stated, on authority of the International Juridical Association, that a writ of habeas corpus was issued for the two men, but in complete disregard of the writ, extradition papers were signed and the men were taken over the border into Alabama where they are now held in custody. Upon representations from the International Juridical Association, Governor Lehman telegraphed to Governor Miller of Alabama urging that the constitutional rights of the two prisoners be upheld. Governor Miller replied irrelevantly that they were in no danger of violent handling and that they would be tried with due process of law. It is to the interest of every American citizen that these two men be released at once to the jurisdiction of the Tennessee authorities. They were extradited in defiance of one of the first principles of our American bill of rights.

THE REENTRANCE of Governor Gifford Pinchot into the stormy Pennsylvania political arena has provided more than a modicum of fireworks and repercussions, even touching the White House in a sensitive spot. Following his often-declared policy, "When I am working for a good object I am free to accept help from anybody who is willing to give it," the lank forester did what Jim Farley calls a "political flip-flop" and turned his back squarely upon the advocates of the New Deal in the Keystone State. James F. Guffey, Democratic candidate for Senator, whose sole distinction is that he backed the right horse at Chicago, "I just can't stand," he said, and cited chapter and verse from that gentleman's spotted past. George H. Earle, Democratic candidate for Governor, he termed a "fool" and a "playboy." Of Senator David A. Reed, who defeated him in the Republican primary, he significantly said nothing, but he did come out unequivocally for William A. Schnader, which is not at all surprising since Schnader has been his Attorney General for four years. It is apparent that Pinchot has split with the New Dealers, but this must not be taken to mean he has suddenly gone tory, as Mr. Farley asserts. He simply does not like Mr. Guffey, Mr. Earle, or Mr. Farley as champions of the oppressed, and rightly asserts that "one of the very finest things that could be done for Roosevelt would be to pluck them of every tail feather that still remains."

A New Outlook on Public Finance

ECONOMICS, as a science, has begun only recently to make a serious study of the function of public finance in the national economy. The traditional attitude used to be that public finance had no reasonable place in it, since public economy was based on the market, and taxes could not be identified as prices without stretching the imagination. More recently economists grudgingly acknowledged that public finance, since it took a share of the national income, must be part of the national economy. But they taught the policy of "let-alone," discouraging state intervention in the interest of keeping as much as possible of the national income for private distribution. This teaching did not stay the growth of the state, or deaden its financial appetite. In Western civilization the state has passed from the share system of public finance to a new stage in which the state not only shares much more of the national income but controls still more than it shares.

The swift evolution has not been accompanied by as swift a development of its understanding. America is in an advanced stage of this evolution; we are out of the "share system" and in an active system of control. Yet most of the comment on financial policy in this country is conditioned by the thinking of an earlier period. The economic theory of Thomas Jefferson or Adam Smith is dragged out to oppose policies in a world that Jefferson and Smith did not dream of. Individuals may earnestly wish a return to the economic simplicities of 1800, but in fact the state has been growing steadily, and the modern social outlook is the determination that in its growth the state shall serve the social interest.

The scientific study of public finance in the modern economy, a study predicating the full acceptance of the "control system," is fairly new. Much of it has been made during the past decade. Some of it, such as the theory of the modern budget, is still younger. The lay public knows little of the subject at a time when national policies are being formed and far-reaching legislation is being enacted. So it is with a sense of doing an important duty that we begin the publication this week of a series of articles on Public Finance in the World Crisis. Compiled under the direction of Dr. Paul Studenski, it will survey this broad field from the standpoint of younger economists whose work is deserving of the widest influence.

The difficulties in the way of social policy in American public finance are almost insuperable. Obviously there can be little concerted social reconstruction in the present anarchy of the federal system. So long as the power of taxation is divided between the federal government, the States, and local authorities it is impossible to apply a coordinated system, designed to serve the social needs of the whole community. This is a fundamental, constructional defect in our scheme of government. As for the formulation of financial policy, this is usually so shaped as to intrench the wealth of the few at the expense of the many. If a new source of revenue is sought, a sales tax, or some other levy on consumption, comes first to mind. Levies on consumption are collected from the masses, and the tax represents a large share of small incomes, and a small share of large incomes. The wealthy pass on the real burden of government to the poor. Excise tax levies, applied in the form of tariffs or duties on articles in common use, are similarly collected disproportionately from those with the least capacity to pay. This is true today, despite the New Deal with its beginnings of a social outlook. No serious attempt has been made to devise a tax system which finances the governments—federal, State, and local—for definite social purposes. At present we merely seek to require wealth to pay proportionately for the services it exacts from the state. The graduated income tax is a start on the way to justice. But in practice much of this advance is nullified by the issue of tax-free securities, State and federal, and by the skilful evasion of income tax. No workingman today escapes taxation; he pays it if he buys a loaf of bread. But the volume of tax-free securities in America is over $40,000,000,000, and the evasion of income tax by wealthy men simply means that in many cases, such as that of the Morgan partners in 1931 and 1932, the poor and the needy pay for the protection the wealthy receive from the federal government.

The American system of today is not just, even according to Victorian standards. Now we are promised in the New Deal that it shall become not only just but social. America begins to hear the phrase "the redistribution of wealth." Already the state is reaching out to exercise some control over production, wages, business practices; and the Administration speaks of social insurance and the security of those in society whom the financial system has neglected, the unemployed, the aged, the widows, the sick. These are brave and worthy intentions, but to be more than intentions there must be a much more vigorous acceptance of the social purpose of public finance.

The President in his Green Bay speech said: "The processes we follow, in seeking social justice, do not in adding to general prosperity take from one and give to another. In this modern world the spreading out of opportunity ought not to consist of robbing Peter to pay Paul. We are concerned with more than mere subtraction and addition." What wealth is to be redistributed? Only the wealth still to be created? Does he hesitate before the imposition of death duties, which are a beginning in the redistribution of wealth? In this country the death duties on an estate of $50,000 left wholly to the widow, there being no dependents, are nil; in England they are $2,500. On an estate of $100,000 the levy here is $1,000, in England $9,000. Of a million we take $117,500, the English $270,000. Here again our public finance is less socially serviceable than that of Great Britain, France, or Germany. Evidence that the Administration conceives of its social obligation in terms of public finance is not plentiful. We join in Professor Studenski's belief that "the responsibility which confronts the state in the present crisis is as great as that which confronts it in times of war." The nation is only at the beginning of its evolution to a real New Deal, and sweeping changes in structure and philosophy will be needed before we emerge as a social state in which government serves the entire community even as well as the President has promised.

New York's Campaign

THERE is a hollowness, a lack of substantiality and of realism about the battle being staged by the Republicans and Democrats in New York State which passes understanding in the fifth year of our national crisis. The Old Guard Republicans have driven out W. Kingsland Macy from the State chairmanship because he was so criminal as to wish to purge the party of those of its public servants who are closely affiliated with or employed by the public utilities and other large corporations. When the Empire State ought to be sending its best brains to Washington, it has chosen as its nominee for the Senate a gentleman for whom there is nothing to say except that, to quote Norman Thomas, he is "known only as a manufacturer who has made a fortune out of the shirt industry—an industry notorious for its exploitation of labor and its opposition to unions." When it came to the governorship, the party did itself proud in choosing a man who has proved to be about the most fearless and able official the State has had in generations. But it is hard to believe that so enlightened a man as Robert Moses will pit himself against the spirit of the New Deal.

As far as the Democrats are concerned, the situation is similarly disheartening. To renominate Dr. Copeland for the Senate is an insult to the intelligence and ability of the voters of the State. Dr. Copeland wormed his way into the Senate by accident, having been nominated in a year when the prospect appeared hopeless and nobody wanted the job. As we have repeatedly pointed out, he pulls about as little weight in the Senate as any man there; when he gets up to speak the house is emptied. He has nothing whatever that is substantial to show for his long service, but he has had the opportunity to make money for himself on the side by writing syndicated articles giving health hints and by speaking over the radio in the pay of patent-medicine vendors. It was he more than anyone else who emasculated the Tugwell drug bill and prevented its passing, something that alone ought to bring about his retirement. Yet the greatest State of the Union can find no better person to represent its interests than Dr. Copeland, or Mr. Cluett!

As for Governor Lehman, whom the Democrats have renominated, he has undoubtedly been well-meaning and hard-working, without inspiration, without strong leadership, although on occasion he has stuck well to portions of his program. But he is hand in glove with Tammany Hall, to the extent of advocating the election of Mayor O'Brien when he was first put up and sitting squarely on the fence when the Fusion campaign was on last fall. When New York City was fighting to get rid of the Tammany gang Governor Lehman could not find an opportunity to say one word to strengthen the forces of good government. That he will be reelected in this Roosevelt year admits of little doubt, but that he will contribute anything to the reorganization of American life is not within the range of possibility. Even Al Smith in nominating him at the Democratic convention made an extraordinarily dull speech and devoted less than one-sixth of it to Governor Lehman—when he ceased reminiscing. The best that he could say was: "We are going to have six weeks in which to deal at length with the administration of Governor Lehman, his accomplishments in the face of the same stubborn opposition that has made itself manifest in Albany for the past twelve years. . . . During the last two years Governor Lehman has fought those reactionary elements. He has guided the State with a knowledge of business and finance at a trying and very critical time." This is all that he could venture, beyond saying that the Roosevelt and Lehman Democratic administrations stood "at the very front of human progress" during the "very critical period in our history."

Al Smith himself illustrates the mess that the Democratic Party is in at present. He did not support the New Deal. As Norman Thomas asks, "How could he? Is he not himself allied with the most reactionary Republicans and with those merchants of death, the du Ponts, in an extreme opposition to all the policies of the New Deal—which the Democratic Party indorsed [at Albany]?" Is it not a crime for the Empire State to refuse in this hour to send Norman Thomas to the Senate! He is the Socialist candidate and that makes his success hopeless. But what a Senator he would make! He could represent the working people of New York, both Republicans and Democrats, as they have never been represented before. He could render enormous service to the entire country and to the Roosevelt Administration itself by the intelligent criticism that he would offer. He would be the equal of almost any man on the floor in debate, and he would be more formidable than any other Senator, except La Follette and some of the other progressives, because he is no man's man but his own. Only because of a label the State and the country are deprived of a fearless, able, unselfish, and entirely devoted leader.

Japan's Fascist Threat

SHORT of an outbreak of actual hostilities, no news from the Far East could be more disquieting than the recent appearance of an official pamphlet, published and widely circulated by the Japanese army, urging a vast increase in armaments together with a drastic reorganization of the nation's economic structure. It is not, of course, surprising that the military clique should paint a lugubrious picture of the state of the national defense in order to obtain an increase in armament appropriations. This is a time-honored game, fostered by munitions manufacturers the world over. But the significance of the Japanese army's statement lies far deeper. The fact that it embraces the whole field of domestic policy as well as that of military affairs indicates that it must be interpreted as a new attempt on the part of the younger military and naval groups to seize the dominating role in Japanese political life.

It will be recalled that three years ago, at the time of the invasion of Manchuria, these groups were extremely vocal and influential. Owing to the severity of the economic crisis, discontent with the corrupt and vacillating character of the existing parliamentary government was widespread, particularly among the lower middle class and the farmers. In view of their class origin and the peculiar prestige which the military hold in Japanese society, it was natural that the backbone and driving force of the opposition movement should be supplied by the younger army officers. In their attitude toward foreign policy they were ultra-nationalistic, while in the domestic sphere they were strongly opposed to the big industrialists and financiers who had hitherto held a controlling influence in Japanese political life. This strong nationalist and anti-capitalist bias, together with their opposition to parliamentarism, marks these groups as definitely fascist in character—not perhaps exactly the Nazi variety but something closely akin to it. The movement is isolationist, or at least "Back to Asia" in its emphasis; it is only too ready to resort to force upon the slightest provocation; and it is unmindful of the treaty pledges that appear to stand in the way of Japan's "manifest destiny." These groups were largely responsible for the aggressive stand taken against China in 1931 and for Japan's subsequent withdrawal from the League of Nations. They have also been in the forefront in arousing feeling against the United States and the Soviet Union.

For a short time in the spring of 1932 it looked as if the fascist movement would sweep the entire country. The assassination of Premier Inukai by a group of uniformed cadets was the climax to a long series of political crimes which expressed the widespread discontent with party government in a manner that was peculiarly Japanese. Fortunately, however, the fascist groups did not feel themselves to be in a strong enough position to seize power at that time. Accordingly, a compromise was reached in setting up the Saito Government whereby the military-naval cliques were allowed to dominate foreign policy, while the civilian groups, as represented by the regular political parties, were intrusted with responsibility for domestic affairs. This arrangement has been perpetuated in the present Cabinet headed by Admiral Okada, and has given Japan a period of comparative peace in the political sphere.

To what extent this delicate balance will be disturbed by the army's reentry into the political arena it is difficult to judge at this distance. It is possible that the appearance of the pamphlet may indicate that the reactionary elements at last feel themselves strong enough to challenge the bourgeois-parliamentary social system which they have so long denounced. Should this be true, the danger to the outside world can scarcely be overstated. All Japan's foreign wars with the exception of that with Germany in 1914 have been the reflections of domestic conflict. On the other hand, the failure of the fascist elements to follow up the publication of the statement with definite political action suggests that it may be merely a bluff to force the acceptance of a greatly inflated military budget at the forthcoming session of the Diet. In either case there can be no question regarding the strength of jingoist sentiment in Japan today. With the attention of the entire nation focused on preparations for war with the Soviet Union, the danger of such a conflict is by no means removed, despite the apparent settlement of the Chinese Eastern Railway controversy. Nor can we safely ignore the international crisis which all Japanese expect to develop following the 1935 naval conference.

The position of the United States in this connection is an extremely delicate one. We cannot surrender to Japanese demands for naval parity without greatly strengthening the prestige as well as the prowess of Japanese militarism. Yet any effort to combat Japanese preparedness by similar action in this country is likewise bound to feed the flames of nationalism in Japan. It is a situation which challenges the best in American diplomacy.

Gift Horses

CONSIDERABLE excitement is being generated in the State of Vermont over the proposed motor highway to be constructed through the Green Mountains, paralleling the "Long Trail" over which thousands of hikers have grown to know and love the forest. The highway is to be constructed in part with federal funds, with the intention of providing work for the unemployed; it will entail, in addition, a large State debt, to be paid for by the taxpayers over a period of years. It is obvious that such a paved road will destroy the character and meaning of the mountain trails which it comes near. In place of persons afoot who take the mountains rod by rod, missing nothing of their quiet beauty, motorists will eat up the miles, fifty or sixty to an hour, bringing all the horrors of gasoline stations and hot-dog stands in their wake.

This might, however, be considered a matter to be adjusted privately between Vermont and the United States if, in certain of its aspects, it were not typical of federal public-works plans in many localities. The town of Cornwall, Connecticut, has just accepted, by a margin of five votes at town meeting, a federal grant of $30,000, and will assume a bond obligation of $70,000, the whole sum to be expended on about three miles of paved road, connecting two other paved roads, on which there are perhaps—by a generous estimate—half a dozen houses to the mile. These road projects are designed to provide work for local unemployed. But contractors to whom the jobs are farmed out discover, in the majority of instances, that local labor is more costly and less efficient than imported labor which has made road-digging a profession. And on the first possible pretext the local man is all too likely to find himself out of a job. Moreover, every available truck in the town is commandeered for work on the paved roads, with the result that many miles of dirt roads suffer a general and unequivocal neglect. The result, of course, is an elegant strip of thirty-foot pavement over which a couple of cars an hour sweep their way grandly from some place to some place, and in addition the town is saddled with a debt that makes the recent obligations of our war debtors—as yet, be it noted, uncollected—look almost piddling in comparison.

If we seem, in these strictures, to be casting a sour eye on "progress" in general, we accept the impeachment gladly. Let us have fewer hard roads, fewer of the Eate and Runne Shoppes that never fail to line them, fewer roadsides ravished to make room for widening, and more solid, well-drained dirt roads that will not wash out in autumn rains or sink out of sight altogether after the first good thaw in March—and, incidentally, such roads cost about a tenth as much to construct as would a pavement. There is plenty of need for the expenditure of public funds on roads. But it is highly dubious that the need is for those costing $30,000 a mile. Nor do certain localities fail to see this very point. The town of Colebrook, Connecticut, a neighbor of the Cornwall referred to above, has refused with thanks a federal grant for a hard road. Other small towns in New England have voted similar refusals. There are times when looking down the throat of a gift horse is, in the long run and in spite of its reputed bad manners, the part of wisdom.

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Issues and Men

Robert Moses—A Great Public Servant

THE Republican Party of the State of New York did a clever thing when it nominated Robert Moses for the governorship the other day. That he is a Jew was, of course, an important factor, since the present Governor, Herbert Lehman, just renominated by the Democrats, is also one, and very popular with Jewish voters. But what is far more noteworthy is that Robert Moses is a great executive and a great public servant; and during most of his political life he has counted himself one of Al Smith's warmest and most intimate friends. As such he belongs to the group of men who were outraged by the nomination of Franklin D. Roosevelt. They felt with all the intensity of their natures that Al Smith should have had a second try for the Presidency, and that every obligation of friendship and gratitude for political favors received should have made Franklin Roosevelt throw his strength to the wearer of the brown derby. For his failure to do this some of them will never forgive the President.

But Robert Moses's friendships long ago crossed party lines and include Mayor LaGuardia's among them. So eager was the latter to have Mr. Moses in his administration that, as will be remembered, he induced the legislature to pass a special bill enabling Mr. Moses to retain his office in the State park system and act as City Park Commissioner too. There was no objection because everybody in Albany knew that Mr. Moses had executive ability enough for at least four jobs. He is fearless, incorruptible, independent. He refuses to play politics or to permit politics to play any part in his domain. His nomination on the Republican ticket will, I believe, make no difference whatever in him. He will be just as independent, as vigorous, and as forthright as he always has been. All the New York dailies admit that he will run his own campaign in his own way and prophesy that he will impress his rare personality upon the State before he finishes his campaign. The odds are against his winning, but there can be no comparison between him and Governor Lehman. Mr. Moses is far superior in courage, ability, and independence, and unlike the Governor, he has never supported a Tammany Hall candidate or had the slightest affiliation with that despised organization.

Mr. Moses's career arouses my enthusiasm—I scarcely know him personally—because it shows again that the United States can draw into the government executives of a remarkable type who do not need the lure of large salaries to serve their States or their country. Washington is full of them—especially since the New Deal; one of the most brilliant, fearless, and constructive is the Coordinator of the Railroads, Joseph B. Eastman. No "pull" started Mr. Moses on his official career and no favoritism has kept him in it. He has made good from the start, and the State of New York's remarkable park system and the admirable administration of it are impressed everywhere with the stamp of Robert Moses's personality, rectitude, and ideals. I wish that everybody who believes that a State cannot do a good piece of constructive or administrative work—good in comparison with our old friends, private initiative and private enterprise—could visit Jones's Beach on Long Island, which is particularly the creation of Robert Moses. It is a model for the entire world.

This park can easily take care of 40,000 cars on a Sunday. There are the ocean, a swimming pool, and a still-water lagoon, the latter for both swimming and boating. There are worth-while amusements for old and young—nothing cheap, nothing vulgar, nothing savoring of Coney Island; and there are restaurants and lunch counters for every purse. There is not a jarring note in the entire enterprise, and what is more interesting it about pays for itself. No sooner had Mr. Moses taken hold of the New York City park situation than an immediate improvement was manifest. He overruled political pulls, threw influential yacht clubs off city property, drove out squatters, requisitioned idle reservoirs for new parks, demanded land abandoned for prison use, and invigorated and stimulated the whole Park Department. From that point of view it would be a misfortune if he were chosen Governor. His ability now to coordinate the State park work with the city's playgrounds is of itself an enormous gain.

Especially noteworthy has been his wiping out of the concessions for costly restaurants, and his insistence that they shall be supplanted by moderate-priced establishments, to which people of average means can resort. The Claremont Inn, next to Grant's Tomb, is a case in point. The scale of prices there was such that only the extremely well-to-do could frequent it. Now you can get a good meal for a dollar, and there is an open-air dancing floor of adequate size free for the diners. It is undeniable that if Mr. Moses became Governor and had adequate backing from the legislature, he would invigorate and revolutionize the entire governmental machine of the State. But the legislature is the rub. As long as the decent Republican voters continue to permit their bosses to send corruptionists or corporation tools to the legislature, and as long as Tammany is the dominating factor on the Democratic side, there is little hope of an adequate reorganization of the State government and the Civil Service. I am not unaware that Mr. Moses, like other strong executives, is charged with being arbitrary and czar-like, and I don't see how he can run on the Republican platform without holding his nose. Nor can I imagine his playing Republican politics.

At the beginning I pointed out that Robert Moses is a Jew. If he were living in Germany today, or Austria, his great talents and wonderful public spirit would be cast aside merely because of his race. Could anything illustrate more clearly the stupidity and folly of anti-Semitism wherever it is to be found?

Oswald Garrison Villard

A Cartoon by LOW

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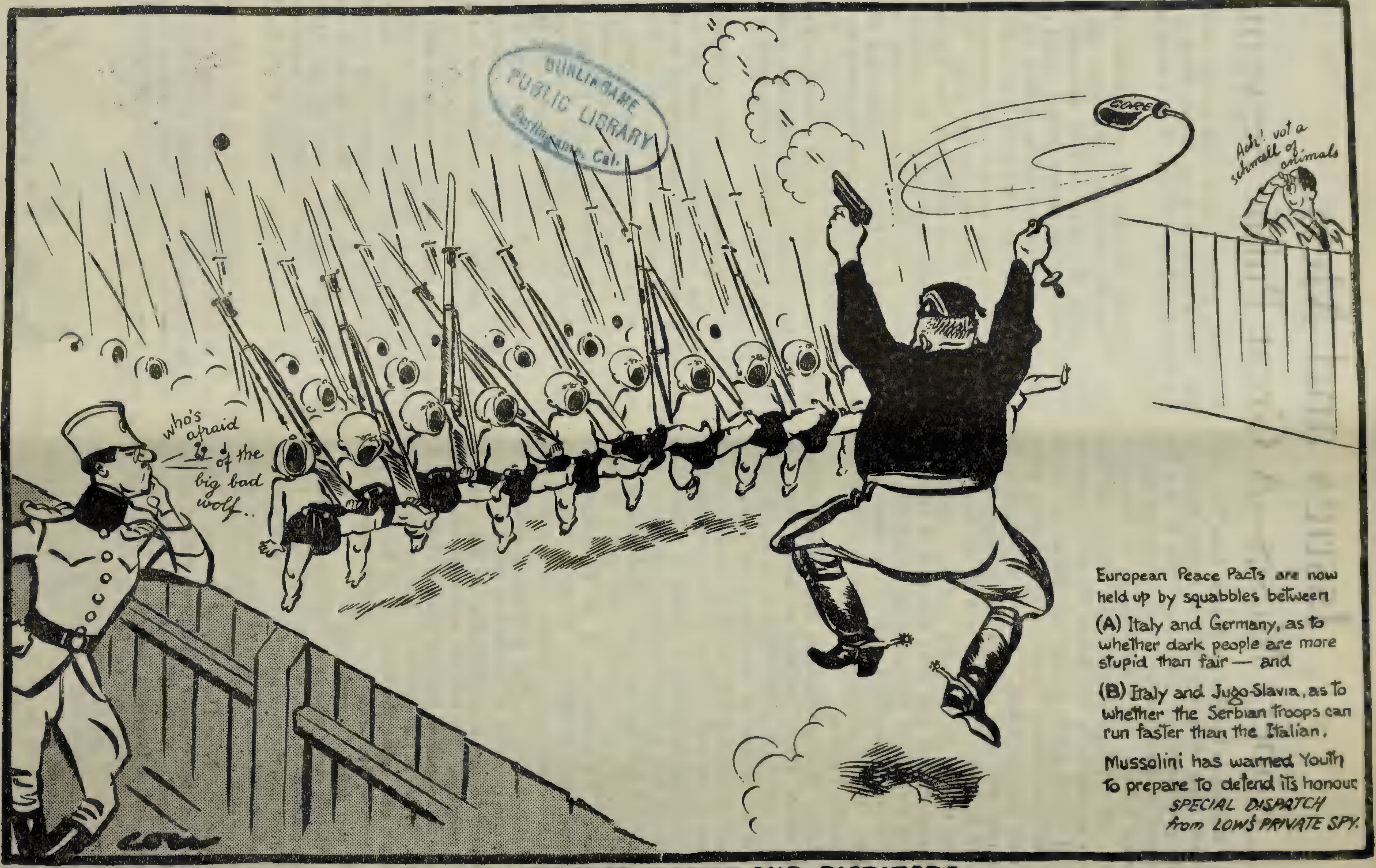
who's afraid ♫ ♪ of the big bad wolf..
GORE
Ach! vot a schmall of animals
LOW

European Peace Pacts are now held up by squabbles between

(A) Italy and Germany, as to whether dark people are more stupid than fair — and

(B) Italy and Jugo-Slavia, as to whether the Serbian troops can run faster than the Italian.

Mussolini has warned Youth to prepare to defend its honour

SPECIAL DISPATCH from LOW'S PRIVATE SPY.

HIGH POLITICS AMONG OUR DICTATORS.

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Public Finance in the World Crisis

By PAUL STUDENSKI

BECAUSE of the existence of the notion that individuals spend money more wisely than do public authorities, public finance has tended to be strictly limited in its functions; it has been regarded as little more than a supplementary agent of private enterprise. The state has been expected to employ public funds for the protection of life and property and for furnishing only those services which individuals could not reasonably hope to enjoy through private enterprise. The state has been expected to take from the incomes of the people the smallest possible sums to pay the costs of the services it furnishes. The major part of the total national income has been deliberately left to be spent privately.

In spite of these conceptions, public finance has been continually expanding as the functions of the state have developed. To the strictly protective functions of the laissez faire state, there have been added in the course of time a great many constructive social and economic functions aiming at a correction of some of the most obvious shortcomings of the processes of production and distribution of wealth under private management. This increasing intervention of the state in the economic sphere has been observed in some countries since the World War, and has been practically universal since the beginning of the present crisis. The amount of intervention has varied; in some states it has extended to the point where a substantial control over the operation of industry is involved.

So long as the state was merely a protector of life and of the rights of property and interfered little with private enterprise, it was natural that the sphere of public finance should remain extremely narrow. Outlays for military purposes and interest on the war debt exceeded all other expenditures. The economic needs of the citizens were cared for almost entirely by private enterprise, while the cultural needs of the masses were largely neglected. Taxes were relatively light and were supposedly apportioned in accordance with the benefit derived by the citizens from the protective activities of the state. Customs duties, excises, poll taxes, and the general property tax formed the mainstay of the tax system. There was comparatively little public borrowing except in time of war.

In more recent times public finance has assumed greater importance. In addition to supporting the traditional police and military organizations, public finance has been charged with the responsibility of assisting actively in the operations of private enterprise, correcting any maladjustments appearing in them, securing the satisfaction of socially desirable needs which would be left unsatisfied on the basis of private expenditure, obtaining a better distribution of the social product among the members of society than would be effected by private exchanges, and generally improving the quality of the social life. Thus, public funds are raised and spent today for the conservation and development of the country's economic resources, for the improvement of the means of transportation, for the special encouragement of certain industries (or even the organization of some of them under public ownership), for the free and universal education of the children, for the improvement of public health and the promotion of wholesome recreation, for the proper care of the indigent and feeble-minded, and finally for the insurance of the workers against sickness, disability, old age, and unemployment.

The increased proportion of the national income employed by the state indicates that the expansion of state activity in modern society has proceeded more rapidly than the expansion of private enterprise. This fact is regarded by some citizens as auguring well for the future of the social order, while to others it spells disaster. Both groups interpret it as an indication of a gradual transformation of the capitalistic state into a socialistic one, but both have exaggerated the rate of this expansion. In actual fact, public ownership has made little headway in fields traditionally occupied by private business. The civil expenditures of the government even at their peak have not taken more than 15 per cent of the private income of the people. And side by side with the expansion of social, economic, and cultural expenditures there has taken place an expansion of military expenditures which bodes ill for the peace of the nations and for the future of the social order.

To finance the enlarged outlay governments have constantly needed additional tax revenues. They have obtained them partly by increases in the rates of existing taxes, and partly by the introduction of new taxes. The latter method, however, has been avoided whenever possible for obvious reasons. Such new taxes as have been imposed have been generally put upon the groups least able to resist them. Prior to the war the bulk of the tax revenue was obtained from levies on real property and taxation of the consumption of tobacco, liquor, and other luxuries of the common man, as well as of certain business enterprises and transactions. In many countries these sources still form the main reliance of the tax system. Large property-owners and corporations have generally managed to shift their property and business taxes through increased rents and prices to the large body of consumers.

Progressive income taxes and progressive inheritance taxes have been a comparatively recent development and are the only ones that are levied in accordance with the principle of ability to pay. The tax system as a whole in nearly every country is regressive in the sense that it takes a larger proportion of the small incomes than it does of the large ones. Instead of mitigating the existing inequalities in the distribution of wealth, it accentuates them. The tax revenues have been supplemented very substantially in most countries, during the past fifty years or more, with public loans for capital outlays, military expenditures, current budgetary deficits, and in anticipation of the collection of taxes. Public debts have grown from year to year, leading to an increase in the proportion of the government budget devoted to debt service and a consequent growth in its inelasticity.

Under the terrific strain of the World War public finance became completely disarranged in most countries.

The war bequeathed to posterity an unstable currency, a huge and expensive war debt, and the need of large sums for pensions to war veterans, and indirectly accelerated the expansion of military expenditures. At the same time, by impoverishing the nations, the war made it difficult for the governments to raise the revenue required for their needs. The various remedial measures employed during the post-war period failed to alter the circumstances materially and at best did little more than lead the world into a false sense of security. The United States more than any other country suffered from a delusion of prosperity during the post-war period, and the policies which it adopted contributed to a temporary upswing of business in other countries during that time. The war enriched us, and so we treated ourselves to a mock-prosperity after it was over. We indulged in wild private speculations and investments at home and abroad and in a happy-go-lucky irresponsible public finance. Instead of using the federal surpluses to liquidate the war debt, as common sense dictated, we returned enormous sums to the taxpayers, through lower taxes, to be privately spent or invested. Instead of paying out of taxes for the improvement of our highway system and our educational facilities, which were the two principal governmental undertakings of the time, we borrowed heavily for these purposes. We expanded our State tax systems only slightly, by the addition of gasoline taxes and income taxes, leaving the local taxes as they were, and upon this flimsy foundation we erected a huge State and municipal indebtedness.

In some respects the responsibility which confronts the state in the present crisis is as great as that which confronted it in war time. If unemployment continues as a result of the failure of private enterprise to revive, the only hope of the millions in distress lies in state assistance, and private enterprise itself will be increasingly dependent on government aid. But the state is everywhere slow in responding to the demands of the time. The reason for its failure to act is partly financial and partly political in nature. The finances of the state, undermined as they were by the war and subsequent disorder, could not stand the shock of the depression and consequently became further disarranged by it. The collapse of business and the decline in private incomes deprived the state of a portion of its revenue and threw its budget out of balance. Unable to meet its ordinary expenditures—that is, to pay its own employees and creditors—it naturally hesitated to assume new obligations. Moreover, the expansion of state activity was and still is successfully opposed by the propertied classes for the obvious reason that it must lead eventually to heavier taxation.

Thus in most countries the government has occupied itself during these past few years with the task of patching up the holes in its own budget and curtailing its activities. Emphasis has been placed solely upon the necessity of balancing the budget, and a policy of rigorous economy has been instituted to that end. Public works have been curtailed; salaries of public employees have been slashed all along the line; essential social services have been discontinued; and expenditures for education and social welfare have been drastically cut. The only outlay which has not been seriously curtailed is that for defense and military purposes. Holders of government bonds in the vast majority of cases have not been made to suffer any losses, although payments on debt obligations to other governments have been quite generally suspended and the obligations involved practically repudiated. The gaps in public revenue have been filled in part by increases in the rates of the existing taxes and by the introduction of general sales taxes and of one or two new minor taxes. Deficits have been covered, wherever possible, by means of loans. Needless to say, this negative policy has generally brought in its wake an increase in unemployment, a decrease in the purchasing power of the people, and an aggravation of the crisis, leading to political unrest.

Within the past eighteen months the federal government of the United States has abandoned the passive policy described above in favor of the policy of active social control and reconstruction known as the New Deal, and has endeavored to induce the State and local governments to follow a similar course. This involves vast spending of public funds for public works, unemployment relief, social insurance, and financial aid to certain groups of producers and certain types of businesses. Among other things the present program provides for the extension of public ownership, the establishment of an effective supervision over private enterprise aiming at a more equitable distribution of wealth, and the encouragement of labor organization. The execution of this policy requires the effective use by the government of its taxing, borrowing, and currency powers, and mobilization for public purposes of all funds not used productively in private enterprise. It requires, above all, the development of coordinated planning and execution of plans by all the three layers of government—federal, State, and local—and the pooling of their financial resources so that they can function as a coordinated whole.

The state which has extended vastly its control over industry must necessarily derive a substantial portion of its revenue from the taxation of business. It becomes a partner in business enterprise and as such claims a part of the revenue it helps the enterprise to earn. A new theory of taxation is therefore necessary in the new state—that of state partnership. Together with the older theory of ability to pay, it must form the main foundation of the new tax system.

Public finance, because of the strategic position it has traditionally occupied in modern social organization, can render a great service to society in its present predicament. Behind public finance are the compulsory powers of the state. Carried on as it ostensibly is for a public purpose and not for private profit, it can furnish services that can be supplied in no other way. It is to a large extent centrally planned and controlled; it raises funds by means of compulsory levies imposed according to some rule of social policy and generally without regard to the amount, cost, or value of the services supplied to the individuals forced to bear the expense; it is therefore one of the few agencies of the capitalistic economy which without serious modification of the system as a whole can be deliberately used to stabilize that economy whenever it fails to achieve stability. But before public finance can achieve its fullest usefulness, certain obvious changes in its structure and methods of operation are necessary. The possibility of harmonizing our public finance with the changing social circumstances will be considered in the subsequent articles of this series.

[*This is the first of a series of articles on public finance which* The Nation *will publish under the editorial direction of Professor Studenski. The second, Public Budgeting, by A. E. Buck, will appear next week.*]

Slimming the NRA

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

Washington, October 8

THE welter of bathos and Biblical allusion in which General Johnson passed out of the NRA and public life has obscured an understanding of his departure. The God-fearing must have been startled to hear the swashbuckling General tell his associates: "You can treasure in your hearts your part in as great a social advance as has occurred on this earth since a gaunt and dusty Jew in Palestine declared, as a new principle in human relationships, 'The Kingdom of Heaven is within you,' the Sermon on the Mount, and the Golden Rule."

Such an encomium to the NRA, voiced in the hour when it begins its dismantling, would be downright mendacious from anyone more rational than the astonishing dictator who organized it. Fortunately a distinction can often be drawn between personalities and social tendencies. The tendency of the Johnson regime was toward fascism. What else is self-government in industry under one-man rule with labor in a subordinate status? General Johnson may not have thought of it in those terms, or known what he represented in social tendency.

But the significance of his going is that the tendency he unconsciously expressed is checked. The closer organization of business is not a local American phenomenon. Europe knows all about "self-government" in industry. And when General Johnson retired, the Hitlerites in Germany lamented his going as a defeat for themselves. They would refuse to believe that the General belonged with them only unconsciously.

When the reorganization of the NRA was linked by the President with the proposal for a truce between capital and labor, it appeared for a moment as though the exit of General Johnson did not check the tendency toward fascism. As fascism draws near, self-government in industry comes first; the complete subordination of labor follows inevitably. The labor truce precedes the outlawry of industrial war. And with the abolition of strikes, under the guise of compulsory arbitration, the self-government of industry becomes government by industry.

There would be cause indeed for alarm were it not for the fact that the NRA is being dismantled as a fascist-like instrument, and the truce was not meant and will not be used as a precursor to compulsory arbitration; at least this assurance is given categorically in official circles.

The President, in his broadcast, said the NRA had finished its first phase and was passing into a second. The second is simply preparatory to the third, its enactment into law. The Williams, or administrative, board is to be in charge while the NRA goes through a slimming treatment. To understand how much reduction is intended, one simply has to be clear concerning what in the NRA is held to be worth saving. The abolition of child labor is one feature, the minimum wage another. Neither has been a complete success, but they are in the process of becoming realities. The President, in advocating a minimum annual income instead of a weekly wage, pointed the way to an improvement. Other features in the NRA are considered to be of more questionable value. In theory, the cooperation of business men to suppress unfair competition is all very well. But it is like trying to achieve morality by signing a pledge. The machinery to prevent untruthful advertising and unfair discounts and gifts may be worth keeping. But the whole conception of unfair competition is due for revision.

Out of this conception came price-fixing. It was not part of the original scheme of the NRA. Indeed, the first price-fixing was by Mr. Ickes in the oil industry. Mr. Richberg himself extended the practice in drafting the steel code. He had been won over to the thesis that if minimum wages were to be imposed on industry, minimum prices were a fair counterbalance. His announcement last week that price-fixing is to go contained no intimation that he had been responsible for it in a major way. Price-fixing, once begun by the "liberals," was seized upon by business generally. It appealed to the man who saw he was losing money because his competitor was underselling him, and who believed that if this was stopped prosperity must begin. He did not know that the small volume of business and not unfair competition was responsible for hard times. His was a kindergarten economics, but believe it or not it was to some extent the economics of General Johnson.

The first test of a new price policy comes in the tire industry. Prices fixed by the code authorities expired the end of September. At the time of writing they have not been renewed. So long as wages are not impaired, industry is to be permitted to sell at a loss. Price-cutting must not be discriminatory. Otherwise there is to be a fairly full return to a price economy. Price-fixing, however, will not be abandoned altogether. It will be retained for industries exploiting natural resources. It is considered the best immediate weapon to prevent the waste of oil, say, in a price war.

The codes are to be kept as permanent machinery in the legislation of next year. But they will be retained principally as the most useful device to prevent child labor and maintain minimum wages. The self-government of industry will be in the background. Without the codes it might be impossible to draft legislation to abolish child labor or to keep minimum wages in a form to pass muster before the Supreme Court.

The permanent form of the NRA will not be devised by the new administrative board. This task falls to the Industrial Emergency Committee headed by Donald Richberg. With him are Harold L. Ickes, Harry L. Hopkins, and Frances Perkins, who once more appear as the stalwarts on whom the President leans for recommendations in permanent policy. The fifth member of the committee is Chester Davis of the AAA. In Washington this is described as an all-liberal committee. It cannot possibly be described as representing big business, and its choice expresses the President's intention of fitting the NRA into the mosaic of the New Deal, instead of giving it the extra-governmental importance it assumed under General Johnson.

On the new administrative board big business is in a minority of two to three. C. Clay Williams, coming out of the tobacco industry, which has not yet accepted a code, is chairman, and his business colleague is A. D. Whiteside, of Dun and Bradstreet, who a week before his appointment signed a demand for the abolition of the NRA. Mr. Williams is a familiar figure in Washington, where he has often represented the tobacco trust. Mr. Whiteside negotiated the textile and retail codes, and was a strong advocate of price-fixing. These two will serve with three unquestionable liberals—Sidney Hillman of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, Leon C. Marshall, who founded the research department of the A. F. of L., and Walton Hamilton. Hillman and Marshall are obviously there to defend the interests of labor, and Hamilton is the representative of consumers. Both Hamilton and Marshall are college professors. Professor Marshall is not for the moment in the good graces of the A. F. of L., and Hillman is not in sympathy with the old guard of that organization, so that the A. F. of L. may feel it has been slighted.

The third board is still to be named. It will have charge of code compliance. Suggestions are made here that labor questions, before reaching the third board, will pass from the NRA to the Department of Labor, where they naturally belong, but no evidence of that intention can be seen. There is no sign that the President is planning new machinery to handle labor conflicts, or that he will weaken the Industrial Relations Board, or seek to build up a system of arbitration, as predicted in the Hearst press, to outlaw strikes. He explicitly has denied that he was seeking to weaken the right to strike, and Miss Perkins, before she left for San Francisco, was also emphatic on that point. What was desired, both said, was that there should be no strikes or lockouts before the machinery of mediation had been used.

The President's proposal of a truce, according to authoritative interpretation, was a trial balloon, sent up to test the winds. The immediate hope was that these might be favorable to peace in the three great industries where war threatens—automobiles, rubber, and steel. But the truce, as an idea, does not suit the labor situation today. It implies that labor is so well disciplined that a truce signed by its leaders would govern the rank and file. The fact is that labor disputes are not being inspired by labor leaders but being imposed on them by a thoroughly disgruntled membership. Even the textile strike came from below. The President might have the support of union leaders for a truce, but until he can satisfy the workers themselves, the signatures of leaders will mean nothing. Compliance of big business with Section 7-a must precede an effective truce. The mentality of the National Association of Manufacturers was revealed within twenty-four hours of the President's broadcast. It proposed a truce recognizing the status quo, which would mean that the fight for collective bargaining was to be abandoned. The response should warn the President that progress through mediation to the general application of Section 7-a is difficult.

* * * * *

The President in his last broadcast boldly staked his future on making capitalism work in the very department where it has never worked before. The curse over the capitalist system has been its inability to get savings into new production quickly enough to prevent unemployment. Karl Marx maintained that it is impossible to accumulate wealth under capitalism without a surplus labor population. Whether or not it is impossible, it never has been done, and unemployment hitherto has been accepted as a necessary evil in capitalism. But, said the President, "I stand or fall by my refusal to accept as a necessary condition of our future a permanent army of the unemployed. On the contrary, we must make it a national principle that we will not tolerate a large army of the unemployed. . . ."

From two to three million persons were unemployed in America during the biggest capitalist boom in history, in 1929, surely a large army in the sense of the President's language. If industry is not to have a reservoir of labor to draw on, as in the past, the President is read as meaning that he hopes to cure an organic disease of capitalism by bringing savings into immediate use.

Savings are not now being brought into use. The banks bulge with them while the relief rolls of the government grow. The President promises to end present unemployment "as soon as we can," and then to take measures against its return. This can have only one interpretation: since capitalism is not using its savings by its own initiative, the government will seize the initiative, both now and in the future. It will find work for the unemployed, not the relief work arranged for an individual so that he may draw $20 a month from the state, but work which adds to the momentum of the process of production. There is only one way to do this—vast public spending to take the place of the vast private spending unobtainable under present conditions.

To make good his promise, the President, it is assumed, has big plans in mind. What they are he has not revealed. Mr. Ickes refers guardedly to a greater public-works program. There is vast spending to be done usefully on the railroads. A similar expenditure on a genuine slum-clearance and housing project would have a similar effect in reducing unemployment. Either program undertaken on a large enough scale would bring to life the capital-goods market, whose condition is responsible for the main body of unemployment today.

Assuming that this is what the President envisages, how does he propose to prevent the recurrence of unemployment? Economists have long pondered this problem, and a current theory is that a permanent program of public works can be kept in the background of private business, to be speeded up when employment tends to decline and retarded as business revives; that is, the government in a moment of business recession will at once launch its own enterprises, financing them by public borrowing.

The President's words imply an early spending program. They imply also a partial retreat from the social philosophy of his insurance message to Congress in June. If there is to be no reservoir of unemployment, compensation will be needed only for the casually unemployed. The British are resigned to the inevitability of unemployment on a fairly large scale. They believe it useful for capitalism to maintain a reservoir of labor, and they tax employers for the privilege. Hence their insurance fund is set to balance while paying benefits to a million and a half, which for a population as large as ours would be four millions, certainly "a large army." The President cannot be thinking of unemployment insurance on a basis as great as the British system. If public works are to absorb the unemployed in a permanent system, their insurance becomes a minor affair, which will redistribute little wealth.

[*Mr. Swing contributes a regular weekly letter from Washington.*]

"Blue Shirts" in China

By HAROLD R. ISAACS

Peiping, August 15

CHIANG KAI-SHEK needed no cue from Hitler to establish a dictatorship based on naked violence. He began seven years ago in the month of April. His soldiers massacred thousands of workers in the streets of Shanghai, Hankow, and Canton. They slaughtered thousands of peasants in the fields of Central China. Terror is not new to China; it has raged unceasingly here ever since. Death and barbarism still ride in the saddle of power. Since 1927 nearly half a million Chinese men and women, boys and girls, have been crushed beneath this juggernaut of repression. Next to this monster toll even the ghastly tragedy of Germany pales.

But the last two years have seen the Chiang-Kuomintang dictatorship enter a new phase with the appearance of Chiang's pseudo-fascist organization, the "Blue Jackets," the *lan-i-shang*. This group appeared first in April, 1932, only a month after Chiang had helped the Japanese win their Shanghai "victory" by failing to reinforce the Nineteenth Route Army with men, arms, and supplies. Chiang gathered around him a group of thirteen of his closest military and political henchmen. The nucleus of the organization was formed among the Whampoa Military Academy cadets at Nanking and among Chiang's most fawning sycophants in the Kuomintang. Cadres were gradually built up among army officers and party functionaries. Corrupted intellectuals and students, in most instances the sons of landlords, wealthy merchants, and bankers, were drawn in. Ambitious politicians, job-seekers, and job-holders who had attached their political wagons to Chiang's star naturally rallied around the Blue Jacket banner. Finally, the organization absorbed the scum of the treaty ports, the gangsters, racketeers, slavers, smugglers, opium runners, and kidnappers.

These elements, diverse among themselves but with an obvious common class denominator, were forged into a secret society organized along hierarchic lines with Chiang at the summit as "Our Leader." To him the society's rules required the most rigid, unquestioning fealty. This was to be commanded by cash and promises of power. The single, all-pervasive aim impressed on all members was to be the reinforcement in all directions of Chiang's personal, feudal, military dictatorship. Defections were to be dealt with by death. Through the Blue Jackets Chiang set out to acquire full and undisputed military, political, and cultural control. His principal weapon, as before, was to be the terror—but now a terror more refined, more systematic, more shrewdly applied. To help him, he imported from Germany and Italy a staff of some sixty German and Italian fascists to act as advisers to his organization.

In the army Chiang's men set out to build up a closely knit organization of the petty and junior officers on the basis of an appeal to self-interest—strengthening the winning side and staying with it—appropriately dressed in phrases like the "defense of the national revolution," "national reconstruction," and "suppression of the red bandits." Similar work was to be carried on among junior officers in rival armies with a view to weaning them away. The molding of young officers into firm Chiang followers was to be taken care of by political training schools attached to the various armies. These schools, financed and directed by the Military Affairs Commission, headed by Chiang, were established at Nanking, Nanchang, Kaifeng, and later at Peiping and Tientsin.

Within the Kuomintang it became the aim to absorb and secure predominant influence over all provincial and district organizations. This was done partly by strong-arm methods, that is, military support of the Chiang faction, partly by party intrigue and by open-handed disbursement of funds to buy over "desirable" elements. The control thus to be obtained was to be centralized in Chiang's hands. Toward this end agitation was begun for the restoration of the *tsung-li* system—undivided rule of the party by a single, all-powerful "leader." This position was held by Sun Yat-sen but remained unfilled after his death in 1925. The party is now ruled by an executive committee responsible to a congress which is a rubber stamp for the ruling faction but which at the same time provides the culture in which opposition cliques can thrive. Chiang wants his thumb on the whole party machinery and as *tsung-li* he thinks he can achieve this object. Accordingly the word went out and bore fruit in March when eleven *tangpus* (local party organizations) in North China, joined by others in Nanking and elsewhere, circulated a petition clamoring for the restoration of the *tsung-li* system and demanding the appointment of Chiang Kai-shek to that post. Like Caesar, Chiang coyly refused the first offer. Others will follow. In conjunction with these efforts dozens of newspapers and periodicals, first in Nanking and Shanghai, and later in Hankow, Tientsin, and Peiping, were founded and financed by the Blue Jackets for the purpose of attacking the present committee system of government as "unwieldy" and advocating the establishment of a centralized dictatorship under Generalissimo Chiang. Copious translations from Nazi and Italian fascist literature began to appear in these papers and in bookstores. Chiang himself financed and supervised the translation of a "Life of Mussolini" and had 10,000 copies circulated.

In May, 1933, the Blue Jackets had acquired sufficient strength to begin assuming a semi-open character. Despite repeated official denials of their existence, the *lan-i-shang* had become a dominating influence in the army and in Kuomintang politics, and the whole machinery of the terror against anti-Chiang opposition had passed into their hands.

Unlike their colored-shirt prototypes in other lands, Chiang's Blue Jackets do not go in for public display—nor do they necessarily wear blue gowns. They stamp behind no brass bands and at this stage seek not to attract the multitude but to terrorize it. Their task is the application of new, more intensive methods for silencing all opposition. Greatest and most formidable of Chiang's enemies is naturally the Communist movement, and it is against communism that the *lan-i-shang* fight their fiercest. But they by no means confine themselves to combating the reds. Blue Jacket weapons are turned not only against Communists but against hostile, jealous generals, rival Kuomintang politicians, disgruntled or ousted job-seekers avid for a share in Chiang's power. The Blue Jacket index includes professors, students, writers, dramatists, and movie producers whose ideas range from convinced Marxism to the lightest shades of liberalism.

No better example of this catholicity could be found than the famous Blue Jacket assassination list, issued to all Blue Jacket sections over the personal signature and chop of Chiang Kai-shek on June 15, 1933. An authentic copy of this list was published on July 14 by the *China Forum*. The list led off with the names of five known leaders of the Communist Party. Lu Sin and Mao Tun, China's two outstanding writers, were also proscribed. Both of them are left sympathizers. Two liberal newspaper editors and one professor, Yang Chien, a member of the Kuomintang Central Executive Committee and a well-known liberal, were likewise included. The list continued with the names of some fifty politicians and militarists of every conceivable non-Chiang hue, ranging from Hu Han-min, right Kuomintang leader and most prominent of the anti-Chiang leaders, and Chen Chi-tang, Canton military chief, to Feng Yu-hsiang and Yen Hsi-hsan, northern militarists, and their followers. A block of seventeen members of the Kuomintang Central Executive Committee, led by the mildly liberal Li Lieh-chun, was marked down for rapid extermination.

Indignant denials, official and otherwise, followed the publication of the list. But by some strange coincidence Yang Chien, secretary of the League for Civil Rights (a faint Chinese attempt at a Civil Liberties Union), had been murdered in the Shanghai French Concession three days after the list was issued. Of the others named, Pai Chung-hsi, the Kwangsi war lord, had a bomb thrown at his head. Chen Chi-tang was the object of no less than three murder attempts. Two pro-Hu Han-min politicians living in the Shanghai French Concession were the victims of attempted kidnappings. Many of the others on the list received written warnings of the fate that awaited them. All this occurred within the space of a few weeks. Publication of the list and the furor it caused in press and political circles apparently punctured the plans, for these particular efforts subsequently ceased.

After the Blue Jackets took hold of the Kuomintang terror machinery, a distinct change occurred in the day-to-day terror methods. Secret kidnapping was largely substituted for open arrest. Unheralded murders took the place of executions, although these latter by no means ceased. Whereas formerly the arrest and execution of Communists and anti-Japanese fighters had been a daily topic for gloating, boastful reports in the Kuomintang press, silence now descended like a black canopy over these terrorist activities. Students, writers, trade-union leaders began disappearing from sight. Soon afterward statements would appear in the press over their signatures formally repudiating their pro-Communist sympathies—however slight or academic they might have been—and lauding the Kuomintang regime which they promised henceforth to support.

Instead of the uniformed police or soldiers who used to come with fixed bayonets to claim their victims, there were now plain-clothes thugs in automobiles, seizing men and women from the streets or from their homes and whisking them off to hotels or the back rooms of police or military headquarters. Instead of the former procedure of summary execution or immediate transfer to some stinking jail, there now intervened a period of cajolery, offers of money and position. In the face of steadfast refusal, this gradually developed into intimidation, torture, imprisonment, and death.

Blue Jacket "cultural control" is being sought by the application of methods closely akin to those originating in the twisted brain of Paul Joseph Goebbels. Here again the repression is not new. It is merely being systematized in accordance with the latest methods, including large-scale book-burnings. Ever since it came to power in 1927 Chiang Kai-shek's Nanking Government has been suppressing left literature and left periodicals. Scores of books and magazines have been forcibly removed from circulation and dozens of young writers, poets, dramatists, and artists have paid with their lives for their efforts at self-expression. But the Blue Jackets deem this to have been done far too haphazardly. Press censorship has in the past likewise been applied without point or system. Too much that was undesirable has been permitted to leak into print. Organized rigidity had to be introduced into this system of suppression if the results were to be at all satisfactory. One way of doing this, they declared, was to launch a "bandit-suppression campaign" in the schools. Shortly afterward this novel idea was put into action. Pan Kung-chan, Shanghai's "educational commissioner," a prominent Blue Jacket leader, ordered the summary dismissal of several middle-school principals and deans whose political complexion did not please him. Efforts at protest on the part of the students, many of them girls, were met with the clubs and guns of armed police and thugs.

Under the direction of the *lan-i-shang,* social sciences have been either entirely proscribed from the curriculum or handed out in unrecognizably distorted forms. Freedom of thought and choice for the students is smashed even more completely than before. Protesting professors are ground out of the mill and libraries are carefully supervised. All extra-curricular activities, other than those directed by the Blue Jackets, are rigidly suppressed.

To bring order into the suppression of left literature and wayward newspapers, magazines, and moving-picture companies, the Blue Jackets decided first to stage a clean-up of existing literature of this type and in January of this year began raiding bookshops, seizing copies of proscribed books, and burning them with appropriate ceremonies at the local Kuomintang headquarters. A blacklist was issued, including titles of books to be seized and the names of authors whose works were never again to be published. Some Shanghai publishers with influence in the party managed to get in a protest, not on cultural grounds, but on the ground that these works alone afforded them profits. Some of the destruction was stayed but most of it proceeded on schedule. Gangs of thugs also started visiting movie studios and smashing them up, leaving warnings behind against "red sympathies." The "League for the Suppression of Red Movies" came into existence, presumably as an offshoot of the Cultural Union. It circulated this statement to the press and all moving-picture companies:

> No movie company shall hereafter produce any such pictures as might help propagate communism, endanger the state, promote class struggle, or sow seeds of national dissension. Description of the darkness of society should be avoided, for that is not the way to educate society. . . . If any theater dares violate this ban it will be bombed. . . .

For a time the Blue Jacket organs which began to appear regularly in most of the cities under Chiang's control presented no specific program for Chinese fascism but confined themselves to attacking the present committee system of government at Nanking, penning vicious attacks on Chiang's political and military opponents, and more or less abstractly advocating a "strong hand" and a dictatorship as a cure for China's ills. To support this view they contented themselves largely with translating and reprinting fascist articles of Italian and German vintage and editorials of their own lauding the achievements of Hitler and Mussolini.

While this sort of propaganda was useful to them, mainly for purposes of internal party and government intrigue, none of it was of a type calculated to make a popular appeal or elicit mass response. The need for somehow widening the circumference of their circle was early apparent. In a speech delivered before a secret Blue Jacket meeting as far back as April, 1933, Chiang Kai-shek indicated both the problem and his plan for solving it. He declared:

> What we need now before everything else is a new stir, a new movement with which we can lead the masses. Everything which other organizations have tried or advocated has proved ineffective. We've got to step in and utilize what they've neglected. We must urge a transformation of the habits and customs of the people. If a group of us organizes mass action on this basis we will certainly succeed in stirring the nation within a short time.

This would lead to revival of the "national spirit," he said. China's four ancient virtues, *li, yi, lien,* and *chih*—courtesy, righteousness, incorruptibility, and a sense of shame (decency)—should provide China with a code equivalent to Japan's *bushido* or Italy's *Fascismo* as a new basis for political activity. The Blue Jacket association, he said, must devote itself to popularizing such a code.

Not until a year later, however, was this formula seen in action. In March of this year it appeared in the guise of an avowedly new political phenomenon dubbed the "New Life" movement. Personally inaugurated by Chiang Kai-shek at his Nanchang headquarters, it soon spread with fanfare and many parades to all parts of the country. Not by calling for unified resistance against the invader or for struggle against the exploiter and the militarist but by issuing a clarion call not to spit, not to crowd, not to dance, smoke, or act frivolously, Chiang is making his bid for popular support. Through the New Life movement he promises felicity to all through the rehabilitation of the traditional virtues of Confucian China. All the evils that exist in the country today, all the poverty, filth, and human degradation that characterize the present state of Chinese society, are due to no causes deeply rooted in the forms of society itself but to the neglect of these ancient virtues. Their restoration is a *sine qua non* of political reform.

The successful fruition of Chiang's ambitions can scarcely make the living conditions of the Chinese masses any worse than they are today, or the terror much more intense than it has been for seven years. A reading of the Chinese political barometer, however, indicates a steady strengthening of Chiang's military grip on the country under the benign tutelage of the Japanese, with whom Chiang is only too ready to "cooperate."

The "Red Menace" in Minnesota

By ERIC THANE

ON March 28 the Farmer-Labor Party of Minnesota, in convention in St. Paul, brought forth one of the most remarkable political documents of our time, considering the fact that it was the creation of a party in power. For after setting forth the unhappy state of the Union, the preamble of this platform went on:

> Palliative measures will continue to fail. Only a complete reorganization of the present social structure into a cooperative commonwealth will bring economic security and prevent a prolonged period of suffering among the people.
>
> We therefore declare that capitalism has failed and that immediate steps must be taken by the people to abolish capitalism in a peaceful and lawful manner, and that a new, sane, and just society must be established; a system in which all the natural resources, machinery of production, transportation, and communication shall be owned by the government and operated democratically for the benefit of all the people and not for the benefit of the few.

The adoption of that program followed by one day the outspoken declaration to the delegates of Governor Floyd B. Olson: "I am not a liberal. I am what I want to be, a radical." With that he urged sweeping public ownership of natural resources and wealth-producing agencies. And the delegates took him at his word. They were ready for a change.

But the vested interests and their mouthpiece, the reactionary press, did not want a change, and their opposition to Floyd B. Olson and the Farmer-Labor Party brought about one of the bitterest political battles in Minnesota history, now nearing its final stages. At once they dragged out the familiar red herring of communism. The following, from an editorial in the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* of March 30, is an example:

> The platform adopted Wednesday by the State convention of the party marks the assumption into control of the radical left-wing leadership with a program practically indistinguishable from communism except in the choice of the means to the end.

A week later the same paper said:

> The leaders of the Farmer-Labor Party decided last week that the time had come to declare war on the United States. They are bitter, self-seeking men who bear malice toward their country and toward the principles and institutions which have given them their opportunity to launch this destructive attack.

Even more vicious was the attack by the Detroit Lakes (Minnesota) *Record* on Howard Y. Williams, a former St. Paul pastor, now secretary of the League for Independent Political Action, who was chairman of the convention committee that drafted the platform. In April, after Williams had been booked to speak at the high-school commencement there, the *Record* said:

> This man is not a fit person to address a group of young men and women who have received their education at public expense under the free school system of this constitutionally controlled government, and his engagement should immediately be canceled. . . . If Williams is dissatisfied with conditions here in America he should migrate at once to Soviet Russia.

Williams spoke, however. After his speech the *Record* referred to him as a "crimson-red Communist."

The papers kept up their alarms about the "red menace," using the familiar trick of telling workers that their employers would move from the State if the Farmer-Laborites were elected in November. This intimidation was going full-blast when the St. Paul city election came along in April, and William Mahoney, Farmer-Labor Mayor, was defeated. But it was by fewer than 1,000 votes.

In May came the first Minneapolis truck drivers' strike. "Communism!" shrieked the employers, deputizing large numbers of men, some of them business men, to fight the strikers. One of the business-men deputies was Arthur Lyman, member of the Citizens' Alliance, an arch-enemy of labor which openly admits that it was organized to keep Minneapolis an open-shop town and that it keeps secret investigators—stool pigeons, as the Governor put it more baldly—in the unions. Lyman was beaten to death in one of the ensuing riots. In this strike, as in the walkout at the large Hormel packing plant in Austin in the winter, when the workers took complete possession of the plant, Governor Olson refused to send national guardsmen to fight the strikers.

In the middle of July the truck drivers struck again, the union demanding wage increases and the right to represent inside workers connected with the trucking industry. A few days after the strike began, pickets stormed a truck convoyed by police in violation of an understanding given by Police Chief Mike Johannes, and the police opened fire. Henry Ness and John Belor were fatally wounded and some forty others were shot, many of them in the back as they fled. Then the Governor threatened martial law. The employers realized that this would not mean such a use of troops as had broken the San Francisco strike and they and their mouthpieces set up a great outcry. The Employers' Advisory Committee told the Governor:

> A handful of dissatisfied workers, aided by Communists, imported disturbers, and local unemployed, are now menacing nearly a half million citizens. . . . If you . . . will send sufficient troops into Minneapolis to aid the civil authorities in maintaining law and order . . . no threat of martial law or any declaration of martial law will be necessary.

The reactionary Minneapolis *Journal* said:

> The strike situation obviously demands not martial law . . . but cooperation between the civil authorities and the State troops. This has been the course pursued in California by Governor Merriam, and with salutary effect.

Governor Olson sent the troops in, however. He declared martial law and set up a permit system whereby trucks not carrying designated necessities were stopped by the military. Adamant employers who stuck by their bankers and fought the strike lost millions in business before the strike ended. It was probably the first time in a labor conflict that troops had been used otherwise than as strike-breakers.

It is worth mentioning that as the employers' battle with Olson went on, the Citizens' Alliance had as its radio mouthpiece Howard Guilford, scandal-sheet editor, whose latest racket was a denunciation of radicalism over the radio and the sending of weekly articles to country editors attacking radicals, especially Governor Olson. Guilford was assassinated early in September by two gangsters who overhauled his car. Their identity remains a mystery, but many Twin Cities people know that Guilford had long made his living in devious ways, and his enemies were many. He had been shot before by gunmen, in 1927.

However, Arthur Townley, once boss of the Nonpartisan League, who bolted the Farmer-Laborites to become an independent candidate for Governor after Olson refused his demand for the ousting of ten State officials, charged in a speech that the Governor had advance information that Guilford was to be killed. By innuendo holding up Guilford as a martyr to the freedom of the press, Tom Schall, Republican Senator, added his bit. Even the Minneapolis *Journal* made haste to refute these sinister implications, however. So that Mr. Townley, his few followers deserting, now cries alone in his wilderness.

The frequent cries of "red" by the opposition have not been without their effect on the Farmer-Laborites. Some of the more timorous members of the party seeking reelection have dodged specific reference to the left-wing platform. Senator Shipstead, in his usual cautious way, has avoided it. Shortly after the first bombardment started, office-holders of the party caused to be published an interpretation of the platform, removing the frankness from some of the language and explaining that some of the more drastic provisions could not be enacted without consent of the people by referendum vote. While by this action the leaders lost face to some extent with a large leftist element in the rank and file, they say, not without reason, that a further interpretation was demanded because of the distortion of the program by the press, which has even tried to show that the platform means State ownership of farms. Even the sincerest left-wingers in the party do not expect these vast changes overnight.

The Governor on the whole has stuck to his guns as a radical. At the recent convention of the State Federation of Labor, he told the delegates that the alternative to a permanent bread line was the taking over by the government of idle factories in order to put the unemployed to producing for their own needs. Despite the bitter battle that is being waged against him, it looks very much as though Olson would win a third term. In the June primary he received 238,821 votes out of the Farmer-Labor total of 280,152. Eight hungry Democrats seeking the gubernatorial nomination split up their party's vote of 267,248, John E. Regan, an Al Smith Democrat, winning with 91,076. It is generally conceded that Regan cannot win this largely Scandinavian State. The total vote for the Republicans, once overwhelmingly in control in Minnesota, sank to 166,252, Martin Nelson getting the nomination with 117,893 votes.

Early in the campaign the business interests appealed for a fusion movement to defeat Olson. But all the opposition to the Farmer-Laborite seems to be without avail. It looks as if the "better element" would lose in November.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter is all for Science and Facts. Nobody believes more firmly than he in the ultimate utility of statistics, and whenever he sees a table which shows that the correlation between something and something else is plus 6 with a probable error of only 0.2 he has a tendency to rub his hands and to say, "Now we are getting somewhere at last." What is more, he likes figures all the better when they have to do with human beings, and he sees no reason whatever why biometrists should spend all their time on things like "The Thoracic Measurements of Ten Thousand Hermit Crabs (*Eupagurus Angulatus*)" when human beings are continually getting married, jumping off Brooklyn Bridge, and slipping in bathtubs at a delightfully constant rate per thousand. There is just one fly in the ointment, and that is that after the first shock of delight has passed, it is often difficult to make up one's mind just what the very precise statistics are being precise about. The longer one looks at a hard fact the softer it tends to become, or, to put it another way, it is one thing to be convinced that figures don't lie and another to make up one's mind what it is that they are telling the truth about. Hence the Drifter often finds that statistics do not mean anything until he begins to interpret them in terms of his own convictions and to warm, as it were, the cold facts with the heat of his own prejudices. But after he has done that he is not sure that the prejudices themselves wouldn't have been just as reliable—as well as a good deal less arrogant—before he got the figures to back them up.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

CONSIDER, for example, the work which has just been done by George Lundberg and his collaborators on "the leisure habits of suburban New Yorkers," the results of which have been published in "Leisure: A Suburban Study." The book is full of meat, but the thing which impressed the Drifter most was the intimate connection which was discovered to exist between annual income and church attendance. It appears that 56 per cent of those who earn less than $5,000 a year habitually go to church every Sunday. On the other hand, only 46 per cent of those who make between $5,000 and $10,000 follow this laudable custom; while of those plutocrats who revel in more than the ten grand per annum only 33 per cent go weekly to hear what the preacher has to say. Now this is what the Drifter calls a real fact. And yet, after mature meditation, he still has not the slightest idea what it really means. Does it show merely that money is the root of all evil and that the more one has, the wickeder one becomes? Perhaps. But no one can be sure who has read Samuel Butler and remembers his argument that the poor cannot be virtuous men because it is promised to the virtuous that they shall not lack any good thing, and since money is obviously a good thing, those who lack it cannot be virtuous unless God has gone back on his word. Even that dreadful thought does not exhaust the possibilities. Supposing that Providence does reduce the income of churchgoers, what does *that* prove? Does it mean a loving chastisement or is it really an oblique favor done by One who knows that wealth brings no happiness?

THE Drifter confesses that he is all at sea. But there is one thing which seems pretty clear: the phenomenon is not one expressible as a simple reversible function. If it were, then you would find in any list of the World's Richest Men the humble name of

THE DRIFTER

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Cal.

Correspondence

Kind Words for Mr. Krutch

To the Editors of The Nation:

I should like to express the deep satisfaction I felt after reading Some Doubts Arrived At in Mr. Krutch's series of articles, Was Europe a Success? Certainly the rights of the individual living in 1934 are becoming more and more jeopardized by a growing tendency toward collectivism. It is also true that the mental processes of the radical and fascist are fundamentally the same and that both uphold collectivist principles as opposed to those of the separate individual. But the modern revolutionist does not seem to have grasped this similarity and in his frantic efforts to produce a change—no matter what kind—in the social order he completely ignores the effect his methods will have on the ultimate principles for which he is fighting. He is generally concerned merely with the "revolution," disregarding the individualistic values which have always been a vital and fundamental influence in all civilized communities; he cannot see—and seldom wants to—the wood for the trees.

Economic forces are doubtless the most influential factor in producing a collectivist society, whether it assumes the form of communism, fascism, or Marxism; all are the same so far as collectivism is concerned. Should the present economic situation in England and the United States approach a crisis, Mr. Krutch's apprehensions of our entering upon a new Middle Ages may be realized to a greater degree than we have ever imagined possible.

Siasconset, Mass., September 12 MORGAN WORTHY

To the Editors of The Nation:

I want to speak for a moment of Joseph Wood Krutch's recent articles on Europe. They seem to me about the last word on this crucial and fundamental matter—brilliantly and profoundly thought out and faultlessly expressed. Couldn't you make at least a pamphlet of them? I venture, seeing that my necessities and tastes have in recent years sent me far afield in my studies, this footnote. What Mr. Krutch calls European man is man, *tout court*. It is the man of the Upanishads and of Lao-tze; it is, above all, the man of the Talmudim and Midrashim; it is eternal man.

Burlington, Vt., September 6 LUDWIG LEWISOHN

To the Editors of The Nation:

I find it difficult to restrain my enthusiasm in thanking you for the four splendid articles, Was Europe a Success? which Mr. Krutch recently wrote for *The Nation*. These papers came as a cooling mellow drink after a torrid summer day. *The Nation* for the last year has been so hysterical, so cruel in its cocksure and limited understanding of social phenomena, that I could hardly believe my own eyes when after reading these articles I turned back again to the cover and found that it was really *The Nation*.

The conventional notion that the struggle for power is between the capitalist class and the working class is sheer nonsense. Nor is this the first time in human history that this nonsense has passed for sociological analysis. The struggle between the bourgeois and the nobility was posed in the same fashion. The serfs were led to believe that they were fighting for themselves only and that their victory would result in their political and economic liberation. But as a matter of fact, when the smoke of battle had cleared, it was discovered that while the nobility had been dethroned, the serf had not acceded to power, but a new class, the bourgeoisie, had risen to control.

Exactly the same thing is involved in this struggle. This is the struggle not of the worker, but of the disinherited organizer, the disinherited intellectual, the disinherited commissar type, who will gain power and enslave the worker in a new fashion.

New York, September 7 ALEX L. HILLMAN

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

It would be worth while to subscribe to a magazine for a lifetime to read a series of articles like Mr. Krutch's Was Europe a Success? I found it enormously exciting to see the problem in so broad and comprehensive a way, and enormously satisfying to be reassured that the real liberal and Socialist position is a point of view rather than a mere compromise between two points of view, the radical and the conservative. Mr. Krutch could not be expected to give an actual solution; but he gives an idea and an aim that are at once clear and worth while, and to thank *The Nation* for that is to thank it for a great deal.

West End, N. J., September 7 BELLA KUSSY

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Let me congratulate you upon the excellent series, Was Europe a Success? which Mr. Krutch recently had in *The Nation*.

Auburn, N. Y., September 8 HARRY E. BARNES

And a Couple of Brickbats

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Alas, that you have permitted Mr. Krutch to step out of his role of dramatic critic to question the success of Europe. For years I have faithfully followed and admired his remarks on the theater as being the sanest and most incisively expressed opinions on that subject being written in America. But now that you have unwisely allowed him to reveal his timidities and effeminate fears so nakedly I cannot respect him any longer in any capacity.

Poor frightened Mr. Krutch, quaking under an attack of jitters which he passes off as those of a hypothetical liberal intellectual. Can it be that the only function of a liberal intellectual today is to view with alarm? One blushes for the unrestrained exhibitionism of his high-voiced cries. . . .

Was the European man a success? Mr. Krutch admits that politically and physically he was not, but he triumphantly points out that from the great squalor and cruelty and misery in which European man has lived there has come a little pearl of great price—the body of European philosophy and science and art: a delicious caviar for the delectation of a few rare spirits like Mr. Krutch. It is distressing but true that there would no longer be anything distinguished about caviar if it became as widely consumed as bread itself. The masses spoil the beauty of the parks and everything they are allowed to touch!

I don't blame Mr. Krutch for not having "any enthusiasm for a method of saving the world which begins by destroying him and his kind," but there are two things he might do: he might try to persuade everybody to preserve the world as it is—or rather, as it "used to be" in good old days which never really existed—for the sake of that small band of exotics made up of himself and his kind, which was his purpose in writing his series on Europe; or he might try to drop his torturing fears and become another kind, become a man.

New York, September 15 HERBERT HOAN

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In the first of his three articles Was Europe a Success? Mr. Krutch makes so many glaring errors and establishes the approach to his subject on a basis that is so fictitious and confused that he invalidates whatever subsequent conclusion he might make. When he writes about the destruction of European sensibility, he implies the effacement of the way men react in Europe to literature, art, philosophy, medicine, music, and the like. And when he says that the Russian project depends on the destruction of European culture and the creation of a new man, he asserts that the Russian project will be successful only in so far as it succeeds in removing all European culture and sensibility from its people; for collectivism, according to Mr. Krutch, is incompatible with liberty, individuality, and sensitiveness, as Europeans know them. Therefore the facts that more Shakespearean drama is being produced in the Soviet Union than anywhere else in the world; that more editions of the greatest European authors are published in Russia than in their native lands; that the heritage of physics, medicine, and all the other sciences is not only accepted but used as a springboard to further advances; that Goethe's anniversary was enthusiastically celebrated there; that the Russians react not one whit differently from the Europeans to the compositions of Bach, Debussy, Haydn, Sullivan, and others; and, finally, that collectivism is proving eminently successful there—these facts must disprove Mr. Krutch's assumptions.

Krutch's European man, the result of Europe's heritage, is actually a composite of Hitler, Mann, Thyssen, Dollfuss, Lenin, Hindenburg, King George, a Lancashire mill worker, Rolland, Gorki, Mussolini, MacDonald, an Apache, and so on; and as such, what meaning can he possibly have in the light of Krutch's definition of the radical?

New York, September 1 JOHN ROBERTS

The Centralia Case Again

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Ray Becker, the last of the Centralia defendants, has written to the International Juridical Association urging us to put his case before the public once again. After more than fourteen years in jail for a crime he did not commit he is making a last desperate effort to secure his freedom. It will be recalled that American legionnaires attacked the I. W. W. hall in Centralia and that Becker was among those found guilty of second-degree murder and sentenced to from twenty-five to forty years in jail. All the others have died or been released, by serving out their sentences or by commutation. Becker alone refused to accept a commutation and stood out for his right to be free and to establish his innocence. All indications are that the case against Becker was as complete a frame-up as the Mooney case.

Becker proposes to sue out a writ of habeas corpus claiming that his continued imprisonment is an unconstitutional denial of due process of law in view of the fact that his trial was so unfair and mob-dominated as to be a trial in form only. This effort to secure his freedom by habeas corpus must necessarily be a difficult and expensive procedure. Becker is without funds. He is sure that there must be among your readers individuals who could be of great assistance to him in his present emergency. He asks that they communicate directly with him: Ray Becker, No. 9413, Box 520, Walla Walla, Washington.

New York, September 13 CAROL CAMP, Secretary

Sea Tragedies—1842-1934

To the Editors of The Nation:

After the Vestris disaster in 1928 there was much crystal-gazing, table-rapping, and ouija-board reading by fact-finding investigations, but Congress passed no effective legislation to prevent a recurrence of such a tragedy. Now we have the bitter lesson of the Morro Castle.

I should like to mention the case of United States *vs.* Holmes (1842). This was an ocean tragedy of the ship William Brown, which ran into an iceberg in almost the same latitude and longitude as the Titanic, but seventy years earlier. The William Brown was carrying a total of eighty-one passengers and crew, but only two lifeboats—one small and the other large, neither properly equipped. The large lifeboat was burdened with forty-two people, although its capacity was only one-half that number. After it had been exposed to the most horrible perils of the sea, and in constant danger of capsizing, the mate ordered seventeen persons thrown overboard. Although that case is interesting as establishing the principle that there is no such "imperious necessity" as to justify human jettison, it is equally interesting for some of the newspaper comment. I therefore quote the following letter written to the New York *Evening Post* of April 27, 1842, as reprinted on page 262 of a fascinating book entitled "Human Jettison," by Frederick C. Hicks:

> As there is so much said of Holmes, the murderer, it is a pity the excitement should not produce some good results. I will not undertake to defend Holmes; he is guilty of murder. But is there no one else to blame? Do the public know that the boat in which this tragedy took place was a most miserably old and leaky affair? Is nothing to be said to the rich owners of the ship who, to save a few paltry dollars, subject those who take passage to a risk of life? Are they not to blame in the least? Will passengers ever look to their own safety and express their feelings loudly, or will they still disregard the long-neglected boat until they are trapped in some ship whose destination is to the bottom of the ocean and whose boats are like Holmes's old long-boat?

This was in 1842. The Vestris went down in 1928. Now the Morro Castle in 1934.

New York, September 22 Irving Berkelhammer

Liberalism in California

To the Editors of The Nation:

I have recently seen a statement in *The Nation* of August 15 to the effect that in Berkeley "liberal professors are terrorized with threats of expulsion," as a part of the California "red-hunt" occasioned by the San Francisco strike. Presumably the University of California is referred to in this statement, and if so, the statement is misleading in so far as it implies that the university administration has attempted to coerce or "terrorize" members of the faculty. Careful inquiry has failed to disclose any interference on the part of the university administration with the academic freedom of any member of the faculty. Indeed, the president of the university has upon more than one occasion formulated the principles of academic freedom in such manner as to remove any fear that the university will cease to be a seat of untrammeled and disinterested inquiry and instruction.

Berkeley, Cal., September 17 George P. Adams,
Professor of Philosophy

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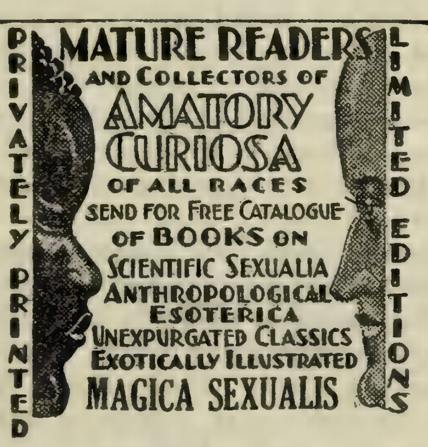

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Labor and Industry

Women and Wages

By ALMA LUTZ

WILL labor legislation which links women with children benefit women and solve the low-wage problem? The question has been brought to the fore once more by the compact entered into recently by seven northeastern industrial States—Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Pennsylvania. The compact would regulate the minimum wages paid women and children and will become effective when ratified by the legislatures of the seven States and sanctioned by Congress. It provides specifically that "no employer shall pay a woman or a minor under twenty-one years of age an unfair or oppressive wage." Enforcement is put in the hands of minimum-wage boards in each State, which are to investigate the wages of women and minors, recommend fair wages, hold public hearings, and finally enter directory orders regarding minimum wages and see that they are carried out. These orders can be made mandatory after a public hearing, and then employers violating them are liable to fine, imprisonment, or both.

This compact will undoubtedly set an important precedent. Is it fair to the women it presumes to help? Welfare workers and members of the American Federation of Labor hail it as a triumph in social legislation. Employers look upon it as relief from cutthroat competition. But women workers are divided into two camps—those who have been led to believe that because they are women they need special labor legislation to protect them, and those who, either through experience or the ability to think the matter through, realize that laws which put them in a special labor class will hamper them in getting and holding jobs and keep their wages low.

In the first place, the compact classes women with minors under twenty-one. This at once stamps them as inferior workers and puts them in a low-wage class, although women, many of them highly skilled, form an essential part of our economic system. It also clouds the issue of child labor, for the problems of children as workers are totally different from those of adult women.

The campaign for minimum-wage legislation for women and children in this country was initiated in 1912 when women were not enfranchised and were classed with children. Today woman's status is totally changed. She is fully enfranchised, and one of her constitutional rights is that labor legislation shall not restrict her freedom of contract any more than it restricts that of a man under similar circumstances. This right was upheld by a decision of the United States Supreme Court in 1923, which made ineffective the minimum-wage laws existing in various States. The low wages of the past few years and the tendency to exploit labor while millions were clamoring for work aroused a renewed interest in minimum-wage legislation. Armed with a reworded bill which they hoped would get around the Supreme Court decision, the Consumers' League began a campaign which was supported by President Roosevelt, who recommended to governors of thirteen industrial States the passage of minimum-wage laws for women and children. As a result seven States passed such laws in 1933—New York, New Jersey, New Hampshire, Ohio, Connecticut, Utah, and Illinois; and in 1934 Massachusetts made its law mandatory.

In spite of this revival of interest in the minimum wage, it still is vigorously opposed by many, who maintain that the minimum wage always becomes the maximum and blocks high wages. The operation of the NRA codes has shown this to be true in many instances. Men have not been eager to have minimum-wage legislation apply to them because they have looked upon it as interfering with their right to contract. It is not surprising that women should feel the same way. When the seven northeastern industrial States were conferring regarding an interstate compact, Pennsylvania's representative, Charlotte Carr, Commissioner of Labor and Industries, is reported to have urged that men be included in the minimum-wage regulations. Her plea was opposed on the ground that organized labor is not in favor of minimum-wage limits for men. A smoke screen of sentimentality regarding the need of protecting the so-called weaker sex was sent out to cover up the fact that men's freedom from regulation enables them to undercut women who are bound by minimum-wage laws and that employers prefer to deal with workers who are unencumbered by legal restrictions. Take, for example, the following paragraph of the compact:

> Employers . . . shall be required to keep specified records including the names, addresses, occupations, hours, and wages of the women and minors in their employ; to permit the inspection and transcript of such records by the State administrative agency and its authorized representatives; and upon request to furnish said agency with a sworn statement of the same.

What employer will bother with such red tape to employ women when there are plenty of men to take their jobs at the same or even a lower wage?

In California, which has attempted to enforce a minimum-wage law since 1913, reports from reliable sources show that women have found it difficult to get employment because men and boys over eighteen were willing to work for wages lower than the minimum for women. In North Dakota employers notified the Minimum-Wage Department that rather than pay the required minimum they would discontinue employing women entirely and hire men. In dining-rooms and kitchens of hotels and cafes men and boys have been replacing women at an alarming rate although women are generally preferred for that work.

In Oregon the minimum wage for women working in canneries was 27½ cents an hour. Since men and boys could be hired for less, women were discriminated against. They petitioned the State Welfare Commission to reduce their wage scale to 22½ cents an hour so that they could compete with men. This was eventually done.

New York's minimum-wage law, passed in 1933 over the protest of many organizations of working women, was hailed by its sponsors as being the only means of stopping immediately the exploitation of women workers. It has been most ineffectually enforced. Starvation wages still obtain. Average earnings for women in New York City are as low as $9.93 a week, and in the rest of the State as low as $4.29. Laundry workers whose minimum wages were set by the State at 31 and 27½ cents an hour have been paid 13 and 15 cents. To improve conditions women laundry workers organized and went on a strike. Only recently has the minimum-wage order become mandatory. Now possibly enforcement will bear more weight, but inspectors are few. Laundry owners who wish to fall in line complain that competition is now coming from outside the industry, from maids, laundresses, and home basement laundries where the pay is seldom above 10 or 15 cents an hour. All this goes to show that however beneficent minimum-wage laws for women may appear in theory, they are difficult and expensive to enforce and they do not protect the interests of working women.

Practically every woman's organization today is asking for equal pay for equal work. They cannot expect this principle to be applied as long as some of them still ask for special legislation for women. The two are incompatible.

It is often argued that women need laws because they will not organize and protect themselves by bargaining for higher wages. When one considers the way women have been organized into clubs and what a power these clubs have wielded for civic and social betterment, such a statement loses force. The American Federation of Labor has few women in its organization. It has not encouraged their admittance on equal terms with men and has made few attempts to organize them. But there is every evidence that women could be successfully organized to protect their working interests and men's as well.

Minimum-wage rulings in the NRA codes have been used as propaganda for State legislation. The NRA rulings, however, do not class women and children together. They prohibit child labor and regulate the wages of both men and women. Although in many industries the minimum for women is unjustly and unfairly set lower than the minimum for men, at least the fact is recognized that, to be useful, minimum-wage schedules must apply to all adult workers.

Labor Notes

Against the Company Union

IN two precedent-making decisions recently handed down, the National Labor Relations Board continues to turn the theory of Section 7-a against company unions. First, the board has disqualified a company union—found to be established by coercion, discrimination, and bribery—from functioning as the collective-bargaining agency of the workers. Moreover, the employers in question—the North Carolina Granite Corporation and the J. D. Sargent Granite Company—have been ordered to "recognize" and "deal with" the Mount Airy branch of the Granite Cutters' International Association, until such time as their employees of their own free will designate some other representative. Second, the board has found that the Ely and Walker Dry Goods Company of St. Louis violated Section 7-a by refusing to deal in good faith with a trade union which represented the majority of its workers, by acting as a recruiting agency for a company union, and by giving financial support to the company union. Accordingly, the employer has been instructed to bargain with the trade union and to cease promoting and contributing funds to the company union. The granite-companies decision, which in effect disestablishes if it does not dissolve a company union, is based on the Supreme Court precedent in the case of the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks *vs.* the Texas and New Orleans Railroad, decided under the Railway Labor Act of 1926. This is the first time, with the possible exception of the Petroleum Labor Board's ruling in the Magnolia Oil case, that any labor board has seen its way clear to applying the principle of the Railway Clerks' decision to the circumstances of a company-union controversy under Section 7-a. It is a wise and a courageous step forward, which refines the theory of Section 7-a far beyond the constructions read into it by the old National Labor Board. The Ely and Walker decision goes even farther in that it breaks the financial nexus between the employer and his company union. If this persisted it is doubtful that many employee-representation plans could long survive. In its ruling the board construes Section 7-a in the spirit of some of the most essential provisions of Senator Wagner's proposed Labor Disputes Act, and applies a principle which is expressly set forth in the 1934 version of the Railway Labor Act. How far anti-union employers will comply with the board's rulings is, of course, doubtful. And the board's power to enforce its rulings in the event of non-compliance must wait on the outcome of litigation now pending, that is, the suits which involve the Houde Engineering Corporation and the Ames Baldwin Wyoming Company.

Drug Clerks on Strike

> WANTED: Pharmacist, registered, salary $14, state age, experience, religion.

THIS want ad, which appeared a few weeks ago in the New York *Times,* explains pretty adequately why a strike of drug clerks has been called in New York City. Drugstore employees form one of the most exploited classes of labor in the United States. At a time when nearly half their number are unemployed, drug clerks work from sixty-five to eighty hours a week. After several disastrous failures, they managed recently to organize more strongly than ever before into the independent Pharmacists' Union of Greater New York, which claims a membership of 1,600 and to all appearances means business. Tentative bargaining with the Pharmaceutical Conference, an employers' association, was broken off when it became obvious that the conference was merely stalling. The union demanded a fifty-four-hour week, with a minimum salary of $35 a week, union recognition, and the abolition of the deadly split shift. The conference countered with a sixty-hour week, at a $20 minimum for licensed employees, and ignored the other demands. Moreover, it hastened to add, this was not to be considered an offer but simply the conference's suggestion to affiliated drugstore owners. Properly scornful of such shilly-shallying, the Pharmacists' Union began to muster its forces for a strike. A referendum overwhelmingly authorized the general strike, and a rank-and-file strike committee was set up with headquarters in the Bronx. The present strike centers in that borough, where drugstore employees are 85 per cent organized. Public sympathy will be with the strikers. Drugstore owners themselves, for the most part, are inclined to concede the justice of the men's demands, but they plead their own sad plight. Admittedly, some small owners fare little better than their clerks, but the same argument could apply in behalf of sweatshops everywhere. Coolie hours and coolie wages for drug clerks degrade a responsible profession and menace public health. The NRA has disgraced itself by remaining coldly aloof.

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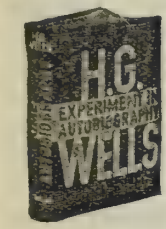

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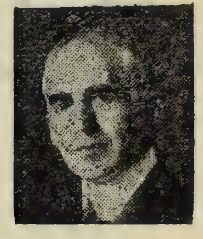

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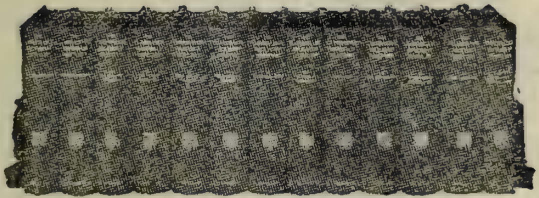

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Fall Book Section

Malraux and the Individual

By LIONEL ABEL

EVERYONE agrees that for the most part the novels of the early twentieth-century masters were so many different negations of the reality of the individual. Whether Lawrence followed his characters to their sexual acts, proving that they touched the highest point of their sensibility when rejoining the species, whether Proust permitted his snobs to dissolve in the accidents of sensation, whether Mann established exact analogies between each variation of a supposed individual from the bourgeois norm and some organic disorder, the result was the same: the individual was denied meaning and dignity, individuality was adjudged a delusion or a disease. The novels of Lawrence, Proust, and Mann were thus negations of the novel; for the novel and the individual hang together. If individuality is the delusion of an organism, then psychiatry and medicine are the only techniques for evaluating human action. James Joyce admitted as much. In "Ulysses" he abandoned any attempt to conceive his characters in terms of an imaginative psychology, borrowing all that was necessary from psychoanalytic and behaviorist theories to make the acts and emotions of his characters comprehensible, and limiting his creative function to the words in which he described them. His characters are constructed of puns, metaphors, and neuroses: they are strangely galvanized and psychopathic words.

In all this Marxists see nothing but the decay of the bourgeois world. The bourgeois values are no longer creative, they say, and the corollary is that art and individuality are being recreated by the proletariat. Hence the novelists of the early twentieth century could leave us nothing but the complicated art of their negations.

In apparent support of this view emerges a novelist whose heroes are proletarian revolutionists, all individualized in a way the novel has not known since the days of Stendhal and Dostoevski. I refer to André Malraux. No one can have read "Man's Fate" without feeling that here at last is a contemporary novelist whose technique is *not* calculated to snuff out the aspirations of his characters to moral meaning and individuality. Are the Marxists correct? Has Malraux, the revolutionist, been able to justify that dearly cherished myth of individuality when most of the so-called bourgeois novelists have denied it? The solution of these questions would cast a ray of light, and a decisive light, on related problems that are of even greater import than the future of an art form. Will individuality be a value in the future world of socialism? Is it possible to be concerned with the imaginative order of one's acts without being a stranger within the proletariat? These questions, anguishingly difficult to answer, would lose much of terror if in the immediate collective action of revolution a novelist could demonstrate the role of individuality. And the authority of a novelist recording simply what he has seen would be more convincing than the most logical conceptual reconciliation of the individual and collective consciousness. For the novelist's criticism of life aspires, at least, to be life's criticism of itself. If Malraux shows us human beings taking part in the collective conflict none of us can escape, and yet finding in the chaos of revolutionary events the growth and perfection of their personal styles, then the questions I have posed are being answered, and answered affirmatively, by history: the revolution is recreating the individual.

At this point it is necessary to define what is meant by an individual. "Individuality," says Professor Dewey, "is a manner of distinctive sensitivity, selection, choice, response, and utilization of conditions. . . . It is a unique manner of acting in and with a world of objects." A human being can be said to be an individual if we agree to allow him his unique and distinctive manner, if we do not parcel this uniqueness into a series of causes and effects, if we regard it as its own explanation and its own good. In other words, a human being is an individual only by grace of the imagination that refuses to grind him into causal dust and regards him as a total explanation of himself. But the problem lies in this, that the imaginative cognition of the person offends today our science, our legal heritage, and our psychology. To my mind the ever-deepening despair running through the novels of Lawrence, Proust, Joyce, and Mann is in great measure due to their inability to find in bourgeois society any human beings corresponding to the myth of individuality that has grown up in the Western world; but this inability is due to the fact that they were seeking the individual with science. Their psychology told them that the testimony of the imagination was untrustworthy. And there is no other testimony either for the existence of such a thing as an individual or for the importance of individuality, if it could be said to exist. How then can a Communist politic, so intimately linked with modern science and psychology, recreate the individual? The point is important. For we are all both novelists and anti-novelists, individualists and anti-individualists. We do believe that the imaginative style of our acts ennobles and explains us, and yet we have little enough to nourish this belief. And while certain Marxists declare that the revolution will recreate the individual, they demand of us first to become anonymous.

Now Malraux has not only inherited the skepticism of the twentieth-century masters in regard to the reality of the individual, but undergone the influence of two forces that negate the individual entirely—the proletariat, to whom a man's ideology is infinitely more real than his personal style, and the wisdom of the Chinese, to which individuality and the desire for it are pure illusions, resultant from intoxication with self, trivial substitutes for opium. Significantly, Malraux's three published novels are laid in the East. Two of them, "Man's Fate" and "The Conquerors," deal with proletarian revolution. Thus his characters inhabit a world in which their desire for individuality can have meaning only to themselves, a world where the collective will is most powerful, where the landscape, the climate, the very air proclaim the nothingness of the person, where there is no individualistic art to proclaim his glory, where his life, death, and suffering are mainly statistical concerns. "Man's Fate," the only novel of Malraux generally known to American readers, dramatizes the struggle of the collective and individual wills, a struggle which is taking place in every part of what we call the civilized world. But since Malraux has located his drama in revolution-torn China, to the pressure of the class struggle on the individual will is added the Eastern atmosphere of anonymity, the dead weight of centuries of collective ignominy. And yet right here Malraux depicts the triumph of the individual.

Let us recognize that in bourgeois society, even if our science and psychology forbid us to dream that we are ourselves, we have at least the *time* to do so. We have time to formulate our tastes and disgusts into a personal system which society cannot at once negate. The characters of "Man's Fate" have no time. If they want to dream, they must dream decisively. To be themselves they dare not delay to affirm themselves. They are conscripts in the class struggle, revolution and counter-revolution, subject to the terrorism of the international bourgeois opposition and to the impersonal decisions of the Comintern. Yet they constantly reflect on their actions and try to seize the significance of what they feel and do. Against the appalling impersonality of mass murder, they affirm the meaning of their personal styles with the fury of despair. Kyo, one of the leaders of the Shanghai insurrection, affirms his horror of human degradation in the police prison of Chiang Kai-shek by permitting an idiot jailer to knout his wrists. Thus he reassures himself, in the midst of the nauseating pathos of humiliated and shrieking flesh, of the reality of human dignity. Tchen, the terrorist, Chinese but tutored by a Calvinist missionary, having murdered a man for the Communist Party, transforms this murder into a part of his own person by proclaiming the spiritual necessity of terrorism, since now "only destruction could put him in accord with himself." He touches a sarcastic personal absolute of total pain when he hurls himself under the wheels of Chiang Kai-shek's automobile with a bomb (Chiang is not in the car). Of all the characters only Clappique, the buffoon, is without dignity, for Clappique pursues *only* his personal mania of caprice, the love of the accidental and absurd, and by devoting himself to escaping himself constantly evades his suffering. It takes no heroism for Clappique to imagine, and thus he can never be himself. If I am not falsifying Malraux's thought, this is his warning to the individual: It is easy and ignoble to believe in a personal myth if you evade the impersonal conflicts of society; it is easy and ignoble to be anonymous. His heroes are those who survive psychically the depersonalizing chaos of class conflict, just as the heroes of Conrad physically survive the terror of storm at sea. But the heroes of Malraux must aspire on two planes of reality, on the plane of the actual and the plane of the imagination.

The question I posed, Can one be concerned with the imaginative order of his acts without being a stranger within the proletariat? has already been answered. The loneliness of the romantic hero who deliberately divorces himself from society is not to be compared in profundity or pain to the desolate distinctness of the Shanghai insurrectionists, who, united against a common enemy as brothers in arms, hold on to their personal styles of human dignity, even though unable to communicate them except to themselves. Only the fittest to imagine can act as numerical members of a class and yet continue to recognize themselves.

Heroism on the plane of the imagination—to many this may seem a literary and superfluous value. But if revolution is for the sake of human dignity, if it is not merely an inevitable consequence of technological progress, in a word, if revolution is for the sake of men and not for the sake of history, then the will to know and recognize oneself, the will to have a name, a meaning, and destiny, should be inseparable from the movement of the proletariat toward its legitimate humanity. Fascism has already anaesthetized the individual against himself. Fascism, not formally but actually, has ushered him into anonymity.

Malraux's individualism consists in weaving into one self the mechanical actions of a mass man with the necessity to remain distinct and know oneself as such. If this were an impossible ideal—and Malraux has shown us men realizing it—we might expropriate the expropriators and make of society a lyric of equilibrium without anyone ever attending to the felicity of being a man.

The Conversion of André Gide

By WILLIAM TROY

IN 1925 André Gide, at the age of fifty-five, set out to realize a lifelong ambition to explore the region of the French Congo. Accompanied by a young disciple and an equipage of more than a hundred bearers, he began his journey, as he tells us in his journal, with the fullest expectation of "voluptuous delight, forgetfulness," enjoyment of blue skies and virgin forests. But almost on landing he met with certain things that produced on him a quite different effect. In the Ubangi country he saw "fifteen men and two women attached by the neck to a single rope . . . scarcely able to walk . . . escorted by two guards armed with five-thonged whips." He learned very soon that the colonial administration rules the blacks with an iron hand and that the French business concessions rule the administration. The sole function of the administration appears to be to keep a hundred and twenty thousand blacks in virtual slavery by means of terror, bloodshed, and coercion. The inhabitants of the villages are "mobilized," as they were in the war, and the lives of some seventeen thousand of them are calmly sacrificed to build a railway. If a black does not wish to work, he may starve, although the pay for gathering rubber in the forest is only ten francs a month. Sometimes the concessionaires themselves do not hesitate at force; and in one of the villages through which Gide passed, twenty natives had recently been tortured by agents of the great Forestière company. What added to Gide's shock and indignation was the simplicity, honesty, and friendliness of those members of the exploited population with whom he had any personal dealings. "So much devotion . . . so much good-will . . . and capability of affection, meeting almost always nothing but re-

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buffs . . . I feel here a whole suffering humanity, a poor, oppressed race."

On his return to Paris Gide allowed himself, for perhaps the first time in his career, to become engaged in the life of action. He brought all the presure of his reputation, and what political influence he had, to bear on the big colonial companies, managing after much controversy to secure some vague promises of reform. His two Congo journals were found more indiscreet by the authorities than the most scandalously intimate pages of his autobiography. But the most important consequence of his holiday expedition, from the standpoint both of his own career and of the present direction of literature, did not manifest itself until a few years later when, in various magazine articles, he announced a complete and passionate conversion to communism and with it an unqualified sympathy with the present regime in Russia. "I should like to cry, to cry aloud my sympathy for U. S. S. R., and have my voice heard; and that it should be of importance. I should like to live long enough to see the success of this tremendous effort, a success I long for with my whole soul, and for which I should like to be able to work. . . ."

To most readers in England and America this declaration is undoubtedly less startling than to the French public for whom Gide has been the symbol of moral and philosophical individualism for more than thirty years. Gide has never been popular in the Protestant Anglo-Saxon countries for the simple reason that the central principle of his thought, the acceptance of the individual authority in morals and religion, is so commonplace as to be hardly interesting. It is not to be expected, therefore, that this new development in his career should have anything like the significance in those countries that it has in France, where he has owed his distinction from the beginning to the fact that he is a Protestant writer in a Catholic country. But it will be found to have significance enough if we discover in his career another parable of the bankruptcy of romantic Protestant individualism as an attitude in modern literature.

To the French the writings of Gide have represented the ultimate application of the principle that the individual can be depended on to work out his own salvation without the assistance of any outside authority. Supplementing a Calvinist upbringing and education with a youthful immersion in Nietzsche, he very early managed to effect a curious reconciliation between an over-scrupulous moral conscience and the Dionysian ideal set up by his sensibility. Unlike Flaubert and Proust, Gide has always been principally concerned with morality and the moral aspects of every problem of life with which he has had to deal. It is to be recalled that where Proust, treating the phenomenon of homosexuality, is content to treat it as a malady, Gide is compelled, in "Corydon" and elsewhere, to offer a defense of it in terms which are distinctly moral and ethical. His special modification of Nietzsche consisted in the addition of the notion that the "transvaluation of values" was not only desirable but necessary—a kind of moral duty imposed on the individual by his conscience. Similarly, the public confession in "Si le Grain ne Meurt" was dictated, as Gide assured Edmund Gosse, by the dread of hypocrisy, the inveterate habit of honesty. In his assaults on traditional ideas and institutions it was always in the name of morality, his superior personal morality, that he addressed a scandalized bourgeois congregation. And the result was all the more disconcerting because he brought to the expression of his ***immoralisme*** a method and style which were reminiscent of the classical French moralists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. His persuasiveness was that of a Protestant divine using the language of Buffon and Pascal to lead the youth of France to a complete emancipation from everything that might be understood by conventional moral conduct.

As for the Dionysian ideal that is proposed in the expansive pages of "Les Cahiers d'André Walter" and "Les Nourritures Terrestres," it is less and less clearly defined in his later works. The vision of the Promethean hero, triumphantly released from all bonds and purely spontaneous in his movements and behavior, condenses into the cruel and perverse figures of Lafcadio in "Les Caves du Vatican" and Bernard in "Les Faux-Monnayeurs." What had been, in the loose nineteenth-century sense, ***positive*** in his work becomes a purely negative indulgence in moral and social irresponsibility. The satanism with which Henri Massis and others charged him was more than the resentment of outraged orthodoxy. The transition from the intellectual justification of pleasure as a necessary condition of individual fulfilment to a predilection for that special form of pleasure which consists in doing injury to others is one that few nineteenth-century romantics avoided, as Mario Praz has recently demonstrated in "The Romantic Agony." In fact, it would seem that in Gide it is only through the so-called "gratuitous act" that the individual is able to become aware of himself at all. Lafcadio must push the harmless, long-suffering little provincial through the train window in order to assure himself of his complete freedom from hampering conventional restraints. In the end the individualism of Gide, with its unhappy misalliance between Protestant theology and nineteenth-century romanticism, leads to a dehumanization rather than a heroic realization of the individual.

Yet in a recent full-length study* which attempts to do for Gide what its author has already done so successfully for Proust, Léon Pierre-Quint calls attention to the presence in Gide's work of a quality which is much less often recognized than his perversity. The quality is in many respects an opposite, and it might be referred to as tenderness. If Gide is at times capable of the most brutal indifference toward his characters, he is also at times capable of an almost caressing sympathy in his treatment of certain problems of human love and suffering. The character of Emmanuéle in the autobiography, the pathetic idyl of the pastor and the blind girl in "La Symphonie Pastorale," the relationship between Olivier and Edouard in "Les Faux-Monnayeurs," are all rendered with a directness of emotional sympathy that one does not ordinarily associate with the name of Gide. The same novelist, Edouard or Gide, who has traced out the terrible story of little Boris's persecution and suicide decides in his journal not to use the incident in his book because there is "something peremptory, irrefutable, brutal, outrageously real" about it. The reason that he gives for its ***indecency*** is that he was not expecting it. But all the same there is an implied moral revulsion.

The purpose of recalling this occasional emergence of what might be called the human point of view in the most "satanic" of contemporary writers is to reduce a little the surprise that accompanies the news of his recent conversion. For the first thing that must strike us about this conversion is that it is a conversion in the strictest sense, that is to say, that it has occurred on the plane of the emotions rather than on that of the reason. It is based on intuition—on such an intuition, for example, as he has of the whole existence of the native boatman, Kara, who dies on the journey up river, and of whom he writes, "He leaves life without hope, and during his whole life he never had any certain hope of being able to earn more than one franc fifty per day." It is the intuition of misery and injustice on a scale such as he has never been able to imagine—"a whole suffering humanity"—that leads to that crystallization of thought and feeling which constitutes faith. That what Gide has arrived at is closer to faith than to logical conviction is admitted in one of the "Feuillets" published in the *Nouvelle Revue Française:* " 'Fifty per cent illusion,' they say, when it is a question of the confidence accorded to the U. S. S. R. As if that were not equally true for every love, for every *faith!*" Ramón Fernandez is quite right in making the distinction that what attracts Gide is not Marxism but communism, not the doctrine but the ideal. In communism his capacity for sympathy and devotion, which had been able to express itself only rarely and on the most disparate personal objects, becomes attached to a general intellectual belief. The movements of his sensibility become one and the same with the movements of his mind. This is perhaps the deepest significance of Gide's conversion, and the process by which it has been achieved is the surest guaranty of its authenticity. (It may be compared in this respect with such another recent conversion as that of T. S. Eliot, which inspires just about as much conviction as a blackboard demonstration in logic.) In his conversion Gide has given a lesson to the present generation in the only *method* of conversion that is possible and justifiable for the artist.

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* "André Gide: His Life and His Work." By Léon Pierre-Quint. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

At the same time it would be wrong to leave a picture of Gide, a repentant bourgeois individualist, throwing himself at the foot of the Lenin mausoleum in a gesture of pure emotional abandonment. He has made the effort to reconcile his old principle with his new faith, his individualism with the conception of the collectivist state. The intellectual dilemma is embraced in two statements that he has made, the one in 1923 (quoted by M. Pierre-Quint), the other in 1930. "Political questions seem to me less important than social questions; social questions less . . . important than moral questions. It is fitting to blame institutions less than men, and . . . it is they, first and foremost, whose reform is of importance." "For the economic system, what is important to reform is man himself; and one will not reform the one without the other." Between these two statements lies the decision which everyone attempting to understand contemporary reality must make. If the decision that Gide has made takes on a momentous importance it is because no writer in our time has stood so long and so desperately for the method of reforming man by lifting him on his own boot-straps. His rejection of this method, represented by his conversion, marks the dramatic collapse of one whole movement in modern European literature. But the alternative to the attitude of sterile, negative, backbiting individualism is not, according to Gide, a complete submergence of the individual in the state. And the final formula with which he leaves us is the following: "Individualism, properly understood, should be *at the service of the community. . . .*"

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I Saw a Man in the Wind

By HORACE GREGORY

Through streets where crooked Wicklow flows
I saw a man with broken nose:
His venomous eyes turned full on me
And cursed the ancient poverty
That scarred his limbs and mired his clothes.

O cursed, wind-driven poverty
That breaks the man and mires his clothes.

Beyond the street, beyond the town,
Rose hill and tree and sea and down:
O drear and shadowy green ash-tree,
O hills that neither sleep nor rest
But are like waves in that dark sea
That rides the wind, nor'-east, nor'-west,
O cursed, wind-driven poverty!

Below the hill, below the town,
Deep, whispering voices everywhere
Break quiet in the morning air
And mount the skies to pierce the sun.

I saw the naked, cowering man
Shrink in the midnight of his eye,
There, to eat bitterness within,
And close the door and hide the sin
That made his withering heart run dry.
O venomous, dark, unceasing eye
That turned on street and town and me,
Between the waves of hill and sea
Until his eyelid closed the sky.

The rain-rilled, shaken, green ash-tree
Spread roots to gather him and me
In downward pull of earth that drains
The blood that empties through men's veins
Under the churchyard, under stone
Until the body lies alone
And will not wake: nor wind, nor sky
Bring sunlight into morning air
And breathe disquiet everywhere
Into the heart of hill and town.

O heart whose heart is like my own
And not to rest or sleep but climb
Wearily out of earth again
To feed again that venomous eye
That is the manhood of my time,
Whether at home or Wicklow town.

This is my street to walk again,
O cursed, wind-driven poverty,
I hear the coming of the rain.

Books

The Less Dismal Science

Freedom Versus Organization: 1814-1914. By Bertrand Russell. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.50.

IT is nearly a century since political economy was derisively baptized "the dismal science." Not many persons now believe, as many did then, that the epithet effectively disposes of any claims which the science itself may make upon our attention, but there is still a considerable number to whom it appears a far from exhilarating subject, no matter how necessary it may be. One reason possibly is that Malthus and Bentham and the elder Mill were certainly dismal men. Even Marx himself was neither a very sprightly nor a particularly ingratiating person, and these facts are perhaps more important than at first sight they appear in explaining the defect of their various opinions. Each of these gentlemen succeeded in reducing himself to something much more like that abstraction "the economic man" than anyone except an economist either wants to become or is capable of being. One result was that the society to which each looked forward was a society in which only rather exceptionally bleak persons like themselves could expect to be very happy. Another and perhaps even more serious consequence was that their plans for reform were all based upon the assumption that mankind as a whole would discard as completely as they had—or thought they had—all irrational tastes and all the natural prejudices which generate a loyalty to our country, our culture, and our religion. One reason that the world has not moved as rapidly toward a scientific society as the political economists expected is that the world is less ruled by logic than they thought it was; another reason is that most people find the scientific society less attractive than it appears to those who describe it to them. And if this is true, then it follows quite clearly that the "dismal" character of philosophical radicals is a real and not merely a superficial defect. The personality of the surgeon who proposes to remove our appendix is not relevant; that of the philosopher who would prescribe the general atmosphere of our lives very distinctly is.

Now no one could accuse Bertrand Russell of lacking the human touch; and his long, substantial account of a whole century of politico-economic thought seen against the background of actual events is not only full of meat but amazingly sprightly as well—a true "intelligent man's guide" to a vast and tangled region. Essentially it is a very sober and closely packed volume. No one, I think, could accuse the author of sacrificing substance to picturesqueness, or truth to an epigram. Yet it is picturesque and it is epigrammatic because Mr. Russell—who does not despise even the lively anecdote—recognizes the importance of personality and temperament, and, to make a special example, sees as truly significant that element of rancor in the mental process of Karl Marx which has its influence even today upon the temper of Communist thinking. Surely a history of social developments which takes into account the influence of human weakness and prejudice is far more "scientific" than one which pretends for the sake of simplicity that such influence does not exist, and surely the sociologist who refuses to recognize it is as absurd as a physicist who would refuse to acknowledge certain properties of matter because they complicate to an uncomfortable extent his account of phenomena.

Mr. Russell is usually described as a liberal, and such, in the most general sense of the word, he is. For the official political philosophy of doctrinaire liberalism he has, however, scant respect, since he sees it as based ultimately upon a Rousseauesque belief in innate goodness, perfectibility, and inevitable progress which, in practice, has led to nothing except romantic national-

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ism. Malthus, Ricardo, and Bentham are, on the contrary, the real founders of a sound political economy. It is true that their hard-headed logic led these perfectly sincere and genuinely well-meaning men to the rather unexpected conclusion that unrestrained selfishness generated the greatest happiness for the greatest number and that the best of all possible societies was, unfortunately, one in which the vast majority of human beings were condemned to unremitting labor for which they received just sufficient to keep them from starvation. Nevertheless, Marx owed a great deal to them, and when he showed that the interests of classes were not, as the Benthamites believed, in harmony but in conflict, he could draw conclusions diametrically opposed to theirs.

Mr. Russell is, then, a Marxian, if that title may be applied to one who, though very far from accepting the whole system of Marx, believes that Marx discovered a crucial truth upon the recognition of which depends the possibility of constructing a better society. For Marxism as a dogma which must be taken whole or not at all he has, on the other hand, little use, and for the religion of the various Communist sects he has still less. "Dialectical materialism" he regards as an unholy alliance between an outdated metaphysic and an exploded scientific theory of the nature of reality, and Marxism as a philosophy of history seems to him a rather futile attempt to explain exclusively in terms of economics certain phenomena of which the causes are multiple. What is, perhaps, even more orthodox, he concludes that the "enemy" in modern society is not capital as such but monopoly—of capital and of other sources of power.

Mr. Russell does not state very specifically either what he believes the course of the immediate future will be or what he would like to see it. His book is first of all narrative and expository. It is critical to a slightly less degree and prophetic least of all. Apparently he looks with no great delight at the prospects of revolution, partly, perhaps, because he is not unaware of the usual fate of eclectics like himself in revolutionary times, partly because he doubts whether the revolution could succeed without enlisting the aid of the vast body of technical experts whom at present the revolutionists can hardly count upon, and, finally, because of the influence of Marx himself. "Unfortunately, much of what was least admirable in his disposition has been copied by his followers. One cannot but feel that any war waged in such a spirit must, if successful, lead to a peace as disastrous as that of Versailles. Hatred, indulged beyond a point, becomes a habit, and must seek perpetually new victims." Watchman, what of the night? Has, then, Mr. Russell nothing more cheerful to offer than the remark which he made in *The Nation* two weeks ago: "Though this is a mere guess, I still think it probable that within another century or two mankind will achieve a new stability in which there will be a higher lever of average well-being than has yet existed"?

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Treatise on the Immortals

Ladies and Gentlemen. By Branch Cabell. Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.50.

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the same broad principle that King Henry the Eighth married, pretty much everyone within sight, while somewhere in the immediate neighborhood Nimrod was hunting, and William Tell shot at apples, and Nero combined music with arson. . . . We cherish also each attribute of these proverbial beings, remembering no less reverently the mark of Cain than the coats of Joseph and Prince Albert, the line of Messrs. Mason and Dixon, and the locker of Davy Jones. We recall daily that Œdipus had a complex, Job a comforter (in addition to a blue turkey hen), Titian a blonde, Juliet a balcony, Bright a disease, and Monroe a doctrine." Mr. Cabell estimates that there are two hundred persons who have each contributed to our language a familiar allusion, and it is they who are "actually and forever famous. Down 'the great Mississippi of falsehood' they sail statelily, a multi-colored and a bewilderingly mixed crew, enlisted from all lands, all eras; and all traveling in the same huge gleaming galleon of romance."

Mr. Cabell has long been interested in what living men do with the dead. "The Silver Stallion" was not only the history of one legend, that of Manuel of Poictesme, but the whole history of legends in general. Manuel was what he was. He was remembered as certain survivors wanted him to be remembered. They molded his memory into an edifying figure and set it up on a high place to be admired and imitated. Mr. Cabell does not seriously object. He holds that such manipulations may do much good. Romancing and moralizing often amount to the same thing. He is amused by the legendary process. His "Ladies and Gentlemen" is made up of twenty variations on this favorite theme.

In open letters to the dead originals he tells them what has become of them. Some of them have fallen into the hands of poets. Hamlet, King of Jutland, a resolute and active man, has been made into the very image of indecision. Sir John Falstaff, a good soldier and a respectable citizen, survives as a coward, a wencher, a wastrel, and a drunkard—and as immortality's darling. Thanks to Marlowe, Tamburlaine has an enduring rank among heroes which Timur the Splendid has lost. Thanks to Marlowe and Goethe and Gounod, Faust is the tenor of a tedious opera. With or without poets, strange things have happened to the immortals. Jonah is "a Jonah." Julius Caesar, "lordliest of all humankind," is merely the author of the "not even true statement that all Gaul is divided into three parts." The Marquise de Pompadour persists as the name of an obsolete coiffure. Tutankhamen died in Egypt that he might live again in the Sunday papers. John Wilkes Booth, by killing Lincoln at the height of his renown, helped make his victim a messiah and made himself one of "America's creative spirits."

And Pocahontas. Not until after she was dead, Mr. Cabell tells her, did John Smith relate the story of her saving him. Possibly it was true, but certainly it was like any number of classic stories about heroes who in foreign countries win the love of kings' daughters and so are protected from the anger of the kings. Smith's story may even have come, Mr. Cabell ingeniously suggests, from "The Tempest," then recent and popular, in which Ferdinand, shipwrecked presumably somewhere in America, had been protected by Miranda from the anger, however pretended, of Prospero. "I would not press this suggestion, beyond saying that in Shakespearean criticism I have encountered a great many suggestions which seemed to me by an infinite deal wilder. And it is heart-warming to imagine that, with an honesty unusual among our foreign debtors, the Miranda whom Shakespeare borrowed from America has been duly returned to her native mythology, in the form of Pocahontas."

More than a few of Mr. Cabell's readers have a special liking and preference for "The Silver Stallion." "Ladies and Gentlemen" is another ironical, deft, enlivening book particularly for them. CARL VAN DOREN

The New Webster

Webster's New International Dictionary of the English Language. Edited by William Allan Neilson, Thomas A. Knott, and Paul W. Carhart. The G. and C. Merriam Company. $20.

PERHAPS the best way to describe this new Webster is to compare it to the first edition ever brought out by the present publishers. The latter appeared in 1847, four years after Webster's death, and was edited by his son-in-law, Professor Chauncey A. Goodrich of Yale. It ran to 1,452 pages, listed about 100,000 words, and weighed a trifle more than seven pounds. The new edition has 3,210 pages, lists 600,000 words and phrases, and weighs an even eighteen pounds. So we now have two-and-a-fifth times as many pages as aforetime, six times as many words, and two-and-a-half times as much white paper.

Goodrich, following the example of the Great Lexicographer, did his editing single-handed, though he was careful to say in his preface that he had consulted "other members of the family" and "Dr. Webster's legal representatives" from time to time. But Drs. Neilson, Knott, and Carhart had the aid of a Brain Trust almost as large as the Harvard faculty, and the portraits of more than a hundred of its members are printed in witness thereof. It might have been more judicious to omit these portraits, for the learned are seldom pretty fellows, and in many cases their appearance tends to discourage a love of study in the young.

The plan of the new Webster is extremely simple. The underlying idea is to save the reader as much trouble as possible, and to that end every word, including all the commoner derivatives, has an entry of its own. There is no grouping, as in the Concise Oxford and other such smaller dictionaries, and hence no need for searching. For example, consider the stem *south.* In the Concise Oxford it and its derivatives have but 7 separate entries, in the 1847 Webster they have but 26, and even in the great Oxford Dictionary they have but 58, but in this new Webster they have 131. Certainly this facilitates use. One does not find *Southdown, south-southwest,* and *southeasterly* hidden under *south,* as in the Concise Oxford, but in their own places.

The system, of course, has its defects. In the case of a word with many derivatives the list becomes of formidable length, and the hurried seeker may find it almost as baffling as the Concise Oxford's huddled and excessively abbreviated groups. Moreover, the lexicographer, having the purpose before him of breaking down his material as much as possible, is tempted to pile up a tremendous vocabulary, and the result in the present case is the inclusion of many terms that are hardly worth the space they occupy. Why should there be an entry, for example, for *American sarsaparilla?* There is, in fact, no kind of wild sarsaparilla save the American, and it is known everywhere simply as the sarsaparilla. No one would ever look for it under *American.* Worse, this multiplication of derivatives, however industriously carried out, must always be incomplete, especially in the field of proper names. I find, for example, the *American Academy of Arts and Letters,* but not the *American League;* the *American Blue Cross Society,* but not the *American National Red Cross;* the *American mortality table* and the *American sneezewort,* but not *American spelling.*

The arrangement of the page in the new Webster is good, the type is clear, and the printing and binding defy cavil. The etymologies are brief, and seem to be in accord with the latest researches and speculations of philological astrology. Old Noah, in his original dictionary, made a great show of his learning, and sprinkled his pages with Greek, Hebrew, and even Persian analogues, but now most of this learning is known to have been bogus, and the new Webster gets rid of the last vestiges of it. Its method of indicating pronunciation is simple, and the reader is not harassed with strange phonological characters. A few marks suffice, and their significance is shown by everyday examples along the bottom of the page.

The spelling preferred, of course, is the American, but in most cases the English form is also given. Unfortunately, there is seldom any indication that the latter is English, and so the untutored reader may wonder why it is given at all. In the case of such doublets as ***tire-tyre, story-storey,*** and ***annex-annexe*** the English form is either omitted altogether or not noted as English, which may also leave many a reader puzzled. Most of the fantastic monstrosities of Simplified Spelling are omitted, but ***thoro*** is there—with a note saying waggishly that it is obsolete except in dialect. I also find ***thon,*** which has been struggling for recognition as a neuter pronoun of the third person for many years, and always failing to win its way. Most of Noah Webster's private pets—for example, ***eg, cag, iland, fether, hed, groop,*** and ***relm***—are happily ***non est.***

In so huge a work there are bound to be errors and omissions. I turn the pages at random and list a few. ***Trinitarian*** is capitalized, but ***Trinity*** in the sense of a triune God is not—a slip that is sure to upset the League of Decency. ***Licensed victualler*** is not marked as a Briticism, though it is quite unknown in the United States. The ***N. R. A.*** and the ***N. E. P.*** are listed and defined, but not the ***Brain Trust. Aspirin*** and ***mercurochrome*** are there, but not ***coca-cola.*** There are plenty of current slang words—for example, ***bushwa, bull, jitters, willies,*** and ***whoopee***—but I can't find ***bullfest, nurts, pulp-magazine, heel*** (in the opprobrious sense), ***bathtub gin, baloney dollar,*** or ***lizzie*** (in either sense). There is no etymology for ***Kiwanis*** and that given for ***realtor*** is defective. ***Movieland*** is there, but not ***movie-cathedral.*** The whole vocabulary of the Freudian necromancers is admitted, along with ***sexy, sexology,*** and ***sex appeal,*** but the ***Sex Boys*** seem to have been overlooked. There are a few illustrative quotations, but they are not numerous enough to be of much utility. They are not dated, and give authors without works.

Thus room remains for another revision—a perennial fact in the life of dictionaries. But the new Webster certainly comes close enough to completeness to be a very useful work. It is the fruit of a really tremendous labor, and the occasions on which it will fail the average user are likely to be so few that he will scarcely notice them.

H. L. MENCKEN

Epic Art

Salvation. By Sholem Asch. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. G. P. Putnam's sons. $2.50.

PRECISELY as the forms of English verse tended to crumble after Chaucer, so today the art of narrative is tending to break down. Much that is known as innovation in the immediate forms of fiction is really disintegration of form due to disintegration of vision. For *forms* change but not *form,* which in the art of narrative, for instance, has remained essentially the same from Genesis and the "Odyssey" to "Of Human Bondage" and "The Magic Mountain." In brief: visions change but not the fact that the high artist is a man who communicates a vision of the sum of things.

Such an artist is Sholem Asch. He knows exactly—artistically and mystically, of course, and not by doctrines or formulas—where he stands between earth and sky; he knows exactly what permanent perceptions and cognitions make up his life and the essential life of his people. Therefore, deep-rooted in the old remote folk-life of that people in Polish villages, and using

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an idiom which he has to invent as he goes along, he writes epics for all the world.

This was clear enough in "Three Cities." In "Salvation" the foundations are laid bare and the vision is directly communicated. The story is the story of a saint. And that saint Jechiel is a Jew and hence saint is really a wrong word and should be changed for righteous man. And the period is a hundred years ago and the place a Polish village. All the details are of an incomparable concreteness and immediacy of knowledge. And yet this saint is a saint for all the world; his love of his fellow-men is the love that has moved good men in all ages and among all races; his mystical communion with the source and sum of things is not different from that attained in their highest reaches by other men of other races. Therefore the book is universal by very virtue of its enormous concreteness and particularity and a masterly piece of narrative art by virtue of the steady particular vision which is an angle or aspect of a universal one.

I offer these theoretical considerations because they confirm an important and neglected truth, and hasten to add that "Salvation" is from any point of view a beautiful and deeply moving novel—beautiful and moving primarily, as all fine novels are, through the creation, not analysis, of characters. Not only are Jechiel himself and his father and mother and the innkeeper unforgettable, as well as many quite minor characters—always the proof of great creative vision—but also and especially the Poles, the decaying magnate Wydawski, the peasant Poor Thaddaeus in whom the revolt of the masses is more profoundly symbolized than in tons of proletarian fiction, and the priest who struggles with his God, even as Jechiel struggles with *his* in that final and tragic conflict over poor little Reisel's soul. The living novelists who could write such a book as this are extremely few and the reasons are those that I stated to begin with: art needs a profound integration of the artist's self *with* itself and with the world; it needs to look beyond its moment into time, and beyond fashion, however apparently compelling, into the permanent. LUDWIG LEWISOHN

An Admirable Biography

James G. Blaine. A Political Idol of Other Days. By David Saville Muzzey. Dodd, Mead and Company. $4.

THIS is biography at its very best. Professor Muzzey has given us an admirably detached and generally judicious volume; he has plainly tried to make it entirely so. It is delightfully written and well documented. The narrative flows steadily on and is of absorbing interest. It is not too much interrupted by the necessary historical background, yet it is about the best compact history now extant of the United States during Blaine's active life. Moreover, it fills a real need for an unbiased life of Blaine. The eulogistic ones long ago discounted themselves, and Charles Edward Russell's "Blaine of Maine" was obviously written from a limited and biased point of view. Professor Muzzey's book will not be displaced for a long time, and it will be invaluable to every teacher of modern American history.

So rapidly has Blaine faded out of American political consciousness that Professor Muzzey thinks it almost necessary to offer an apology for dealing with him. Yet as this biography clearly brings out, few men in our political life ever had a more passionate or more devoted following and one that could not be alienated by the never-ending charges of personal corruption against which Blaine defended himself with great but unconvincing skill. Professor Muzzey has dealt with this unhappy phase of Blaine's career at length and has properly allowed for the low ethical standards which distinguished Washington life during Blaine's years in the House of Representatives and in the Senate. His verdict is that Blaine was not dishonest in his dealings with Warren Fisher, that he did not prostitute his position as Speaker of the House to secure favors for the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad, and that he did not try to ruin others in order to save himself. But Professor Muzzey, no more than anyone else, denies that it was a calamity from every point of view that he went into Fisher's speculative enterprises and into other railroad promotions when holding high office.

The truth is that Blaine was open-hearted and generous; that he loved to live well and keep not one but two large homes, to entertain a good deal, and generally play the role of the rich and prosperous statesman. Having no inherited wealth, and his salaries in office being as small as they were, he was driven to every sort of stratagem to make a lot of money quickly, including constant stock-market gambling and railroad promotion. That many of these transactions were shady even if they did not constitute malfeasance in office is true. In at least one case he boldly offered his influence for sale; whether one could differentiate between his personal and private influence and that which adhered to him as Speaker of the House is dubious. Professor Muzzey gives him the benefit of every doubt and has treated him as leniently as possible. Yet in his text he has made a much stronger case against Blaine than he admits in his final summary. But it is a pleasure to recognize that he has done his best to live up to what he rightly considers the duty of the biographer of a public man: to abjure "equally the spirit of adulation and of denigration, to portray the facts of his life with as complete fidelity as possible," so that "posterity may judge fairly the value of his policies and achievements."

Professor Muzzey also takes a more favorable view of Blaine's foreign policy than would be possible for an ex-editor of *The Nation,* which journal's bitter opposition to Blaine, its convinced belief in his venality, and its views he cites no less than seventeen times. He feels that Blaine's Latin American policy is his first claim to remembrance; that Blaine was the author of the idea of transforming the Monroe Doctrine into pan-Americanism—and he seems to approve of Blaine's urging the retention of the Hawaiian Islands and our keeping a foothold in Samoa. All in all, he thinks Blaine should not be forgotten, but rather remembered as one who, as Elihu Root put it, "united to the art of the politician the vision of the statesman." But he does not, it seems to me, adequately measure the effect of Blaine's methods, his shirt-sleeve diplomacy, his frequent unnecessary roughness of approach in his desire to create "a spirited American policy." If in some cases the responsibility lay elsewhere, the net result of the Blaine methods was often to arouse anger, fear, and ill-will and keep us in constant hot water. That he thought the United States ought to tie up to the Americas and bring about a pan-American cooperation is to his credit, and so are his labors for tariff reciprocity. But the truth is that Blaine's diplomacy helped much to create the spirit of imperialism and conquest which led us into our big-navy folly, our Venezuelan mess, our needless war with Spain, our murdering of the Filipinos, our playing the bully in the Caribbean, and finally the supreme folly of our fighting a war in Europe. Here again it seems to me that Professor Muzzey softpedals; I suspect he likes the idea of the United States as a world busybody, which he calls "the drama of the United States as a world power," just as if it were not that in Blaine's day and before. On the other hand Professor Muzzey points out that the key to Blaine lies in the words "party devotion." Blaine, he says, "found it difficult to find anything reprehensible in measures which advanced the interests of the Republican Party." For him, his life and his country's were bound up in that organization, which could do no wrong.

The book has the usual typographical errors one now comes to regard as inevitable even in the best books. But Moorfield

Storey should not be Morefield Storey five times and there is no necessity for printing twice Charles Edward Russell's absurd characterization of Blaine's "Twenty Years in Congress" or for other repetitions. The index, too, is quite inadequate. But these slight blemishes do not hide the fact that the author has done an extremely fine piece of work.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

The New Deal from Many Angles

A Short History of the New Deal. By Louis M. Hacker. F. S. Crofts and Company. $1.75.
Challenge to the New Deal. Edited by Alfred M. Bingham and Selden Rodman. Falcon Press. $2.50.
Without Gloves. By Frank R. Kent. William Morrow and Company. $2.50.
Roosevelt versus Recovery. By Ralph Robey. Harper and Brothers. $2.

THE New Deal has now been in operation for more than a year. Certainly it is not unfair to the Roosevelt Administration to offer at least preliminary appraisals of the program it has sponsored and set in operation. It is possible that the President may modify it radically. But if he does, it will no longer be the New Deal of 1933. In these four books the New Deal is surveyed and assessed from points of view which run all the way from communism to irreconcilable toryism.

Mr. Hacker is the coauthor of the best one-volume history of the United States since the Civil War. Therefore he has an ideal preparation for appraising the New Deal as the latest stage in American history. His present brief book may, indeed, be regarded as a sort of continuation of the larger history, and it is incomparably the best survey of the Roosevelt Administration in print. It offers both a clear factual survey and an intelligent interpretation of what has happened since March, 1933.

It is Mr. Hacker's thesis that the New Deal is neither revolutionary nor counter-revolutionary in its nature. It is an evasion rather than a solution of the class struggle in the United States. It is roughly akin, though probably unconsciously so, to French *solidarisme*. The underlying theory is that all Americans are to be just one big, happy family as the result of the balancing of class interests. Mr. Hacker holds that Roosevelt has not been able to realize this high and noble aspiration, and is inclined to think that neither the President nor anyone else could achieve success with such a plan for the solution of our social ills. He concedes to Roosevelt our rescue from immediate collapse, the patching of some of the more obvious holes in the capitalistic roof, and the curbing of some of the more overt forms of financial piracy. But big business exerts even more effective control over its own operations than it did in 1933, and the effort to balance the interests of capital and labor have thus far mainly favored capital.

Mr. Hacker does not believe that the country will turn immediately to either fascism or communism. The outcome of the New Deal will not be social justice or prosperity. Unwilling to secure the latter through insistence upon a just division of the social income and adequate mass purchasing power, we are likely to make another and final splurge in the field of industrial and financial imperialism, with war as an almost inevitable result. Such are Mr. Hacker's somewhat pessimistic but highly realistic conclusions.

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together here in book form some of the more important articles which have appeared therein in the last two years. The collection constitutes a challenge indeed to the New Deal. It is the kind of challenge, moreover, which is entitled to the respect of honest and intelligent men. The great majority of the writers wish Mr. Roosevelt well in any effort to advance social justice in the United States. They criticize him not because he has abandoned the tories but because he has not gone along resolutely in his efforts to promote human betterment in the United States. It is realistic criticism from reasonable left-wing opinion, pointing out the more fatal and flagrant weaknesses of the Roosevelt program. Perhaps the most striking thing about the book is the telling emphasis it lays upon the great gulf between what Mr. Roosevelt might have done, even within the framework of capitalism, and what he has actually achieved.

The writers in this symposium pick the beam out of the eye of the New Deal with great thoroughness and adroitness. But they leave a conspicuous mote in their own eyes. One might fairly ask the question whether the more than a score of able contributors to this volume could have done as well as Mr. Roosevelt has done if they had been in a position of authority in the country since 1932. Any honest man would have to admit that in spite of their intelligent criticism they would have made a sorrier mess of it than have Roosevelt, Johnson, Richberg, *et al.* Representing as they do advanced liberals, Communists, Socialists, hybrids like Upton Sinclair, Farmer-Laborites, sponsors of the League for Independent Political Action, Technocrats, and even others, they would have wasted their time and talents in back-stabbing and head-breaking over minor differences of creed and policy. Yet these are assuredly the type of men who must build the new America if we are to have one fit for civilized citizens. It is high time that those of the left should submerge their minor differences in a common devotion to an effective program of social reconstruction. Sooner or later they are bound to get the United States dumped into their laps as the result of the collapse of an inept capitalism. If, when faced with this great responsibility and opportunity, they can offer us nothing more than undignified wrangling among themselves, they will forfeit the opportunity of the ages.

His publishers inform the reader that "Frank R. Kent is generally considered the best-informed writer on politics in America." One need not be disposed to question this assertion, but one can certainly suggest with fairness that Mr. Kent has of late made notoriously poor use of his great talents and wide knowledge. In the days of his "Great Game of Politics" Mr. Kent was a supreme realist. But he later fell for Hoover, and few men who have done so have ever completely regained their intellectual integrity. The present volume is made up mainly of Mr. Kent's daily letters from Washington to the Baltimore *Sun* dealing with the state of the nation. The book as a whole is a collection of very clever and entertaining satirical snarls at the alleged bureaucracy and wastes of the New Deal. Mr. Kent is especially full of asperity for Moley, Tugwell, and other members of the original Brain Trust.

A fundamentally faulty logic runs through the whole book. Mr. Kent fails completely to face the question of what else there is in the field besides the New Deal to enlist the loyalty of a man with his own economic and political perspective. If we do not support Roosevelt we have the alternatives of: (1) bourbon Republicanism and the fade-out of capitalism; (2) fascism and more bureaucracy; or (3) economic radicalism. Mr. Kent has no real hospitality for any of them. Roosevelt is the only hope for men of Kent's class, and he should hold up the President's hand. Criticism of the New Deal by fascists or radicals may not always be wise or just, but it certainly has some logical foundation. Roosevelt is the hope of the liberals, if they have any hope. One of Mr. Kent's articles is worthy, however, of reading and rereading. This is one entitled The Unorganized Goats. Here he points out the improbability that the New Deal will be paid for through taxation on the basis of capacity to pay. The bill will ultimately be borne by the rank and file of the less wealthy taxpayers. This line of criticism is something which we can fairly ask Mr. Roosevelt to paste in his hat.

When one turns to Mr. Robey's unabashed toryism, one is likely to thank God not only for Roosevelt but even for Frank Kent. His volume is a thoroughgoing argument for essentially the policies followed by Mr. Hoover—deflation and budget-balancing to the bitter end. Such a book today is not unlike the spectacle of an officer of the ill-fated Morro Castle writing a testimonial for inflammable floor polish. Mr. Robey recommends a return to the methods pursued by American business and finance from the days of Harding to those of Hoover, apparently entirely oblivious of the fact that these are exactly the policies and the practices which brought us into our present sorry mess. But the volume deserves a wider reading, not only as a sort of economic believe-it-or-not book, but also as a forecast of what we should be likely to get if the Republican Party returned to power in 1936.

It seems neither premature nor unfair to risk the opinion that the New Deal as we know it today is doomed to failure because of the unwillingness of the President to take sufficiently drastic steps to insure the all-important mass purchasing power without which capitalism cannot go on. It is conceivable that Mr. Roosevelt may abandon the New Deal and move sharply to the right or to the left. It is more probable that he will go on patching things up, using the tremendous federal-relief machinery to insure his election in 1936. That the patching process can hold out until March 4, 1941, is extremely doubtful.

HARRY ELMER BARNES

Real People

The Folks. By Ruth Suckow. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.

MISS SUCKOW has written the saga of the American Middle West, a tale as real as a cornfield, as tangible and homely as the rich, deep black earth of Iowa. In years to come, when the childhood of the United States has been forgotten, historians of culture may turn to her pages as they may turn to Sinclair Lewis's for details of how men and women looked and talked and dressed and lived in their houses and spent their days from morning until evening, from birth until death. And today there will be many Americans in whom the story of her folks will arouse a nostalgia for their own childhood that will be painful as well as fresh and sweet. Moreover, her document includes not only the immediate Fergusons who were born on a farm and moved to town, who raised a family of children that in turn grew up and went away from home to their own concerns, but it embraces a changing world. There was once continuity and security and peace, and they have given place to frustration and the confusions of a new day.

Fred Ferguson, born of Scotch-American stock, grew up on one of the Iowa farms where the land was rich and the harvests plentiful. Deep in him lay Scotch thrift, a profound respect for order and serenity, a veneration for the traditions of his ancestors, and a deep love for the new world to which as pioneers they had come. His life was bounded by his family, his church, his business. He was a good son and husband and father, a neighbor to whom those in trouble turned for help, a kind, hard-working, inarticulate man who had no knowledge of or interest in the world beyond his immediate life. His older son he tried to mold to his own pattern and he could not understand why or wherein he failed. His daughters he did not even attempt to comprehend, although when one of them rebelled against the family dogmas he could be dumbly hurt. When his younger boy brought home a foreign, Communist wife, so remote from the people he had always known, he could only wonder, and keep silent, and dimly feel that perhaps Bunny and Charlotte were right, perhaps the world was full of unreason and injustice, perhaps the ways he had known and had lived by were the wrong ways. Yet they had always seemed, and would seem until he died, the only possible ones for him.

Annie, his wife, is no less true to the American pattern. And the rebellions and frustrations of the Ferguson children fall, too, in the mold of a generation for whom the old order is changing and the new is as inevitable as it is unsatisfying. For Grandpa Ferguson there were no doubts. To Carl, starting his young life after college—Grandpa Ferguson had never even thought of going to college—he could explain his creed: "Take to yourself a good wife, and don't drink nor smoke nor gamble your money at cards, and work hard at whatever your work is —then you'll get along, my boy. Those are the principles I've always stuck to. And uphold the Lord and His holy works."

It worked for Grandpa, and it didn't work for Carl or Margaret or Dorothy or Bunny. It didn't even work very well for Fred, their father, although he faithfully tried it. Something had gone wrong. Virtue, industry, and thrift, home, children, God, all seemed to lose their ancient meaning. Fred did not know, nor did his children, where the trouble lay. But they knew they were leaving the time-honored landmarks, one by one; and those landmarks that remained were likely to be lusterless and empty.

All this Miss Suckow comprises in some 700-odd pages of true-talk about her countrymen. At times she handles her material awkwardly; at times her detail is over-elaborate and vulgar. The numerous characters sometimes appear with disconcerting suddenness. But even when she is a little tiresome, she is still real. And reality, if it does not, by itself, make a first-rate work of art, makes a document that is memorable and warm with the breath of life.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

"A Bourgeois Takes His Stand"

The Permanent Horizon. By Ludwig Lewisohn. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

MR. LEWISOHN'S latest volume is not his most important one. It embodies a series of essays on various subjects which achieve cohesion through their common polemic against all forms of modernism, liberal and radical. The author states his thesis in the words:

> It is the purpose of this book by a tentative reexamination of human instincts and human experience, to help to reestablish the character of the classical or permanent man. Reason leads neither to "machinism" nor to economic determinism; the developed and disciplined religious instinct does not lead to hate, obscurantism, and tyranny. It is still possible to make true reasons and the will of God prevail.

Mr. Lewisohn is thus unequivocally arrayed with the classicists against various forms of modernism, whether the mechanism of urban life, the sex ethics of Mr. Bertrand Russell, or the political theories of the Communists.

In this conflict Mr. Lewisohn is both a doughty and a vulnerable combatant. He is a formidable foe because he has a very sane and wise insight into the interior problems of the human spirit and a true understanding of the organic relations of life which modernists fail so frequently to comprehend. But his position is vulnerable because he is still too much the liberal individualist and moralist either to do justice to the merits of radical politics or to restore classical religion without doing violence to it. Radical politics and classical religion have one thing

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in common—their appreciation of the vast forces and destinies which transcend the power and yet determine the fate of the individual. His individual, for all his insistence upon the organic relation of the individual to his historic culture, is essentially discrete and omnipotent. He calls upon him to be converted and to save civilization by his change of heart. "Cannot," he asks, "a planned and ordered society be built by the cooperation of free personalities, by free men taking counsel together?" That question betrays a rather naive individualistic view of the realities of politics. May it not be possible that the freest and most moral individual Mr. Lewisohn could conceive would still be under the compulsion of class interests (largely unconscious) to oppose the project of a planned society? Let him read Mr. Hoover's recent defense of liberty!

The same erroneous individualism and moralism expresses itself in the chapter entitled A Bourgeois Takes His Stand. Mr. Lewisohn does not like the Communist practice of casting the bourgeoisie in the role of the devil. He counters by drawing a touching picture of their angelic virtues. "The bourgeois desires security, dignity, privacy, liberation from sordid care for the sake of cultural disinterestedness. If he does not desire the last for himself he desires it, or at least in many cases creates it, for his children"; or again, "the bourgeois, the disinterested property-owning man of the ages, capable of disinterestedness because he owns property." Forgetting that the middle classes are historically not middle between poverty and wealth but between aristocracy and proletariat he declares that "by virtue of his middle station he [the middle-class man] has always been nearer the center of both nature and human nature. So, too, he has in practice if not in theory held to the right uses and the permanent meaning of property." He even allows himself a palpable falsification of history when he declares, speaking of German politics, that "when in a given election the Nazis lost, the Communists gained and vice versa; the numerical strength of the parties of the middle remained fairly constant." The real fact is that Communists gained at the expense of the Socialists as German desperation increased, while the fascists wiped out the parties of the middle, a fact which reveals what becomes of the disinterestedness of the man of property, of even a little property, in the hour of political crisis.

Mr. Lewisohn's picture of the man of property may fit a very few individuals. It does not fit the men for whom property is primarily a source of power, our financial and industrial oligarchs. (For some curious reason oligarchs cease to be bourgeois in Mr Lewisohn's statement of his case.) It does not fit those for whom property is primarily a source of privilege and enjoyment and who have precious little interest in "cultural disinterestedness." It does not even fit the desperate lower middle classes, who try frantically to preserve their individual liberties and their property against the inexorable forces of a collectivist civilization (whether capitalist or Communist) and become the pitiful victims of the capitalists in their efforts to escape communism. Even if Mr. Lewisohn's picture of bourgeois man were a true one, as it may be in the case of a few middle-class professionals, it would still fail to do justice to political realities. The individual disinterestedness of high-minded men is no guaranty of the disinterestedness of their collective behavior, when group clashes with group in economic and social conflict.

Mr. Lewisohn's individualism and moralism betray him as much when he is interpreting religion as when he is refuting radicalism. "The universe exists," he says, "only as it exists in the human consciousness. Were man obliterated there would not only be chaos but there would be void." Yet he believes that "spiritual health can be gained only by the 'voluntary affirmation of the obligatory'—what our grandfathers called and often practiced with so much dignity and beauty as submission to the will of God." Here the thought of the modernist and the classicist are in obvious conflict. The obligatory can only be spoken of as the "will of God" if one can believe that life, and all its systems and opportunities, have meaning and purpose transcending our purposes and independent of our ability to comprehend the meaning. If man himself creates the universe in his imagination, it becomes a chaos the moment its stubborn facts and inexorable forces outrage and frustrate his individual needs and purposes.

Mr. Lewisohn is, in short, a modernist who is too wise to accept some of the credulities and absurdities of modernism but too individualistic and moralistic either to understand classical religion or to do justice to political radicalism.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

Hark! from the Tombs

The Challenge to Liberty. By Herbert Hoover. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.

THIS is not natural wind but the stale draught sucked along after the rushing subway train. The Roosevelt activity is the train; the Hoover sigh stirs through the vacuum.

Mr. Hoover is breaking his silence for the first time in the eighteen months since he turned over the Presidency. He had done better to hold his peace. The book is a sorry performance. It is worse than dull. It is numb. Its passages remind one of the despairing speech of the typical misused wife in the Irish plays, who in her monotonous plaint gives the impression that the stage manager hit her over the head with a mallet before she emerged from the wings. Mr. Hoover's lips are automatically forming syllables which are familiar to him, but which have little enough application to what has recently taken place.

The thesis of the book, repeated on every page, is that "American liberty" is being threatened by "national regimentation." By American liberty the author means economic individualism gently but cumulatively inhibited over a patient period by legislative regulation. By national regimentation he means the New Deal, which he thinks acts arbitrarily to turn men into puppets of the state and which is dangerously similar in its disastrous tendencies to socialism, communism, and fascism. Mr. Hoover objects to the disingenuous use of labels as epithets, and forthwith proceeds to stock up his own arsenal with these weapons. Oracular, he systematically begs the question. His appeals to factual confirmation are childishly wishful. He regiments facts, as he charges Roosevelt regiments citizens. Dr. Tugwell said of Hoover in 1932: "He is less and less able to face reality. He succumbs gradually to the dangerous prestige of the Presidency, the tendency to believe that what he says may be true because he says it." That Tugwell has since fallen victim to this very weakness only adds point to his remark.

Mr. Hoover identifies economic planning with national regimentation. He scorns planning because to be effective it must be coercive. His inability to suggest a substitute is grounded in his perverse refusal to believe that recurrent collapse is organic in the capitalistic economic system. He views the depression as the result mainly of the war, which in its aftermath produced a popular speculative madness and was disgraced by the abandoned behavior of a small number of business men. The war itself, in his mind, was not fundamentally ascribable to economic imperialism. Mostly our social derangements are "marginal," occasional, accidental. The way of escape lies in reliance upon dynamic individualism. Mr. Hoover's prescription is totally lacking in detail. The nearest approach to the particular is that we may correct abuses by "devotion to the Sermon on the Mount." He supports his optimism by a rehearsal of past performance, and is buoyed up by thoughts of a

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business leadership which to most of us seems conspicuously absent. For Mr. Hoover there has been no transformation in capitalism which has placed industrial and financial ownership and control in the hands of a powerful few. He carries over his heart a daguerreotype of a small business enterpriser, and is satisfied that this is a true representation of present-day American business. Attempts will be made at consolidation, to be sure, but this heresy must be put down by stern anti-trust acts.

The events of the twelve years since he wrote his "American Individualism" have apparently taught Mr. Hoover nothing. He sees no occasion for centrally inspired and controlled collective action, except in relief of suffering—which, by the way, would include such a bread line for business as his RFC. Government to him is a mere policing agency. He is reverting to his Democratic allegiance, and communes with the spirit of Jefferson much in the manner of Governor Ritchie of Maryland. The only collectivism tolerable to him is the voluntary cooperation of the chamber of commerce and the luncheon club. Anything more coercive than this stands in complete antithesis to individualism. That it becomes harder and harder for individual freedom to survive without resort to compulsory collaboration has never dawned upon him. The alacrity with which liberty-loving Americans sprang to the ranks of the New Deal army does not bother Mr. Hoover. Mother Liberty has always had to chide her naughty children.

This mournful sound is not without instruction for those who think the "Roosevelt revolution" is an unworkable compromise and ought to embrace frankly the socialization of the great means of production. We have far to go in social reorganization when the most discredited man in America can so mutter his ancient creed and get—as he will—a wide and approving hearing for it. It is impossible for one to drag oneself through this book without wanting to comment upon Mr. Hoover's ponderous method of literary composition. A sensitive person is deterred from this, however, by pity for the spiritual rigor which in the man lies. He is afflicted with a dry grief which finds release neither in tears nor laughter. He simply groans.

BROADUS MITCHELL

A Compelling Theme

Amaranth. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. The Macmillan Company. $2.

ROBINSON, as a poet, has never used elaborate or personal imagery. His imagery is the offspring of reflection or thought. It is symbolic of certain universal conceptions and emotions. The sea is the sea of life. The hill against the sunset is man's ascent to death. The house on the hill is the house in which greatness of spirit has lived. Empty, decaying streets and houses are the abodes of those dead in spirit. The tavern is the scene of momentary forgetfulness, of self-betrayal. Drink is always a means of escaping petty self. In no sense is Robinson a nature poet. He uses physical nature only as the image of certain psychological states. Nor is he a city poet. City images are scarce in his poetry, industrial images practically non-existent. Primarily he is intent on analyzing the meaning of life. And particularly he has investigated the psychology of failure. To failure he has given value; in almost all the early work of Robinson the man who fails is the man who has had a transcendental vision, some idea of himself which, though never realized, has separated him from the herd.

In the earlier dramatic monologues or narratives Robinson objectified his characters. We saw his protagonists in action, walking, talking, drinking. But of late he has been intent almost exclusively on problems of the human soul, and his medium has been undramatic interior monologue. Moreover, every char-

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acter has shown some aspect of the poet's own self-questioning—the problem of a man's conscience when he knew and wished to rationalize his guilt, the problem of hatred as opposed to love, the problem of man's spiritual preparation for death. And increasingly, as Robinson has turned away from contemplating life as action, his imagery has grown more vague, more fleeting; the rhythm of his lines has become the rhythm of questioning and cross-questioning within the limits of one personality.

In "Amaranth" Robinson deals with what seems for him a strange problem. The characters are people who have desired beyond themselves and are therefore lost. Each has heard the voice of Amaranth—inner truth, the flower that never fades—questioning him, making him doubt his capabilities. Those few who have looked into Amaranth's eyes—Time's judgment upon men's work—have either resigned themselves to their own smallness or killed themselves. Fargo is an artist who at thirty-five knows his shortcomings and gives up art for life, the real life of building pumps. At forty-five he looks at an old painting and the desire to be an artist revives. Thereupon Amaranth takes him into the town of the dead. He meets all the other failures, eternally deluding themselves. Evensong, the musician, has looked into Amaranth's eyes, knows he is a failure, but goes on composing small music. Pink, the poet, faces Amaranth and hangs himself. Fargo, however, neither lives in limbo nor commits suicide. He returns to actuality and the vision of inferno fades. In the end he breaks loose from his self-deceit and finds himself in a real world, in brilliant sunlight.

Robinson is examining here a delusion common to human beings, who, in order to believe themselves superior, retreat into a dream world. He implies what seems a partial contradiction of his old theme—that aspiration when it ends in failure has small glory in it. Nor does he state whether true genius knows definitely its own worth. Rather he hints that even the true artist, in life or in art, has his moments of doubt. Above all, "Amaranth" seems to prove that no man, least of all the artist, should leave reality. This is the most abstract in treatment of any of Robinson's narratives, the least dramatic, the least projected from the inner mind. But its theme is compelling.

EDA LOU WALTON

Ungenteel Irony

Calico Shoes. By James T. Farrell. The Vanguard Press. $2.50.

ALTHOUGH no single story in this collection is particularly impressive, the book as a whole carries weight. Mr. Farrell writes about people he knows, and whose background he knows, inside out; and to this initial merit of being saturated with his material he adds a second, of handling it with an honest sobriety that makes it stick in your memory and register on your mind. He is in no sense a finished or ingratiating story-teller; except for his sure ear for dialogue he commands none of the props which help narrative forward. But it is perhaps just as well that he doesn't, since he throws his undivided strength into something more important: ferreting out the truth. His delineation of Chicago's low Irish has nothing glib or facile about it, but is exact and expressive and stamped with reality.

Mr. Farrell, in treating people of one milieu, does not make the mistake of reducing them to a uniform characterization. They react to their common background in different ways, and their conflicts are as much against one another as against other kinds of people or life itself. For the most part they are ignorant, parochial, unimaginative; some are dislocated by poverty, almost all are cramped by small horizons. They are not innately hard people, but they lack understanding almost as often as they lack sensibility; and their lives, materialistic but not mercenary, touched but not changed by the church, colored but not deepened by sex, are usually crude and sometimes sordid. Products of a uniform culture, their personalities differ and their fates vary.

It is in making plain these people's culture that Mr. Farrell shows his knowledge of his material; but in following out their fates he sometimes rises to a more significant plane of writing and proves himself a brooding realist. Three stories in this book are much alike in pattern and effect, and by contrast with Farrell's merely photographic pieces they bring us up against the harsh insolubility of existence. In each of these three stories—The Scarecrow, Twenty-Five Bucks, and Well, That's That—a sordid, down-at-heel figure is thrust expiring upon society, a society very little superior, and is passed up or put out of the picture with vacant, uncomprehending cynicism. There is a very ungenteel irony in these tales in which two whores and a ham prize-fighter who lack dignity get pummeled by people who lack decency. If ever there were people who knew not what they did, they are in these pictures of a society that is sordid because it is ignorant and usually ignorant because it is poor. It is a society you don't want to see existing, and its cast-offs are too tragic to be merely pitied.

But it is a society you need to see existing, and Mr. Farrell puts it very plainly on view. Perhaps there is more of kindliness in it than he has shown, but if he has left something out, he has not disfigured the picture, he has only the more emphasized its salient traits. Here is a proletariat almost totally unaware of the claims being made for it by intellectuals and the aims being set for it by revolutionaries; but whatever your attitude toward those claims and aims, you want passionately to see these people brought out of their intellectual stupor and moral numbness into the light.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Gastronomy of Letters

ABC of Reading. By Ezra Pound. Yale University Press. $2.

MR. POUND repeatedly assures us that all previous books on the appreciation of literature have been swindles, and he begins with a bow to science—a word which usually does the same work among the sophisticated that Old Glory performs among the naive. It is "scientific" to look at specimens of poetry like the man in the laboratory examining smears on a slide; and in the name of science Pound proposes to do just this. Yet having begun so promisingly, he slips into a subterfuge. He completely passes over the fact that if one looks at the smear on a slide without the assistance of a vast critical vocabulary, one will see mighty little. Pound seems to feel that the naked exposure to the specimens is in itself "scientific." He aggressively and repeatedly asserts that people who ask to be told the rules of good workmanship are trying to get something for nothing. The craft of literature in its important aspects cannot be taught, he says: you either see that something is good or you don't, and that's the end of it.

This position may have something to be said in its favor—but I do not understand how it could be called "scientific." Science is numerology. It is concerned with qualities, such as literary excellence, only in so far as qualities can be given quantitative equivalents. The scientist would like nothing better than to define an emotion or a color perception by measuring its corresponding manifestations in the blood and nerve texture. The nearest practicable approach to this ideal in the realm of aesthetic appreciation—at the present time at least—would seem to be a system of critical concepts or definitions. For a critic's definitions are a kind of incipient measurement, just as the act of measurement is applied definition. (When we measure something with a foot rule, for instance, we are pragmatically defining it with reference to a concept of the inch.) Our nearest possible approach to scientific numerology in the field of values, therefore, would seem to reside in the attempt to express in conceptual symbols (or abstract analogies) the effects which the poet attains by imaginative symbols.

To illustrate: The poet makes a joke. At this point Pound would remind you that you either see the joke or you don't. One can't "prove" to you that the thing is really a joke. But if you concede that it is a joke, one *can* offer you a conceptual translation of the joke, giving you an abstract mechanistic account of the psychic explosion it touches off and its ways of doing so. One can find a conceptual parallel to the non-conceptual event, just as psychoanalysis provides an abstract account of associative processes which the symbolists originally exemplified without any thought of such doctrines. It would seem that a truly "scientific" criticism would attempt to trace such emotional-conceptual correlations; yet Pound in the name of science makes a virtue of refusing to do this. The "science" he has in mind could hardly be of the typical Occidental sort, which may explain why he talks about Chinese ideograms, rather than Galileo or Bacon, in introducing his subject.

In another way Pound unconsciously tricks us. He continually reminds us that the ways of good writing cannot be learned from manuals which conceptually oversimplify the poet's procedures; and thereby he seems to forget that his book is by program a treatise not on writing but on reading. We may accept it that "you cannot hand out a receipt for making a Mozartian melody." But the fact remains that, even if you have no intention of making a Mozartian melody, you may receive from a melodic expert, apt at conceptual analysis, some revealing clues as to what a Mozartian melody is, and these clues can give you a sounder and sharper equipment for discerning kindred miracles in melody even totally non-Mozartian.

Pound is valuable for the stress he lays upon the *sound* of literature. He offers good suggestions as to why poetry should not venture far from song. But his position leads him to underestimate the role of ideas here, so that he cannot do full justice to such a man as Pope. Ideas likewise can have their tonalities; and one might show that even the simplest *carpe diem* lyric depends largely for its appeal upon an ideological background which is gently set a-tremble as one reads. One could not possibly construct a tragedy—which is a kind of crime, trial, and sentence in one—without containing in one's head an ideological structure much more complex than that of the Code Napoleon.

This book is a treatise on the gastronomy of letters. It tells you where to find exquisite cuisines. It is not much of a contribution to dietetics (the art-as-propaganda school is dietetic). It is written with a pleasant insolence, in Pound's usual haphazard manner. If one is oppressed by the rigors of the day, and minded to seek relief by reading of people that walk beneath palms, one may even like it for its medicinal contentment, though it is too fragmentary to satisfy as a Baedeker to masterpieces. The author writes like a man who feels that his investments are sound—be they of the Wall Street or Grub Street variety. The clearest echo of our present difficulties is to be noted in an occasional admission that writers may be the victims of bad economics, but the lesson so far seems to be that if they just got more money everything would be all right. The most disappointing feature of the book is its paucity of technical criticism. As an admirer of method, and a man whose attainments undeniably equip him to discern examples of good method, Pound should have prodded himself to say much more about ways and means, noted for their own sake. A gastronomer of poetry is hardly in the best tactical position to revile a gastronomy of criticism. Such an attitude would seem to fit better into the program of the propagandist, or dietetic, school.

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JUDGMENT DAY. Belasco Theater. Continuous and deafening excitement provided by Elmer Rice's idea of what the Reichtag fire trial would be like if it were repeated in another Nazi country.

LADY JANE. Plymouth Theater. How certain members of the younger generation in England discovered that mother was young once, too. Not exactly memorable.

LIFE BEGINS AT 8:40. A lively, talented, amusing show with several sketches above the average. The best of them is "Chin Up," which makes an English gentleman out of Bert Lahr. M. M.

MERRILY WE ROLL ALONG. Music Box. Ingenious, smooth, witty but rather mechanical drama about the youth of various successful men who meant when they were young to do really important things. Reveals the authors, Moss Hart and George Kaufman, in a mood rather more serious than usual.

SMALL MIRACLE. Golden Theater. Theft, murder and adultery in a theater lobby. For those who like thick slices of what the writers of snappy melodrama call Life.

THE D'OYLY CARTE. Gilbert & Sullivan Operas, Martin Beck Theater. English company in the best performances of the familiar operas that you are likely ever to see.

THE DISTAFF SIDE. Booth Theater. Much charm but very little excitement provided by John Druten's mild play about a mild English family. Dame Sibyl Thorndike is the mild mother.

TIGHT BRITCHES. Avon Theater. Authentic and often interesting drama of the Southern hill people.

Drama

The Saddest Words

GEORGE KAUFMAN and Moss Hart have reputations to be envied. Both singly and as partners they have earned their positions very near the top of Broadway's list, and one or the other has usually had a hand in the best and brashest of the satiric farces which have brightened the stage during the last decade. Probably both have grown a little tired by now of praise which monotonously stresses their hard, impudent wit, and in their ambitious new piece, "Merrily We Roll Along" (Music Box Theater), they have set out to prove how well they know that the characteristic vulgarities of contemporary life are not necessarily funny. Mr. Kaufman, to be sure, has been half-serious before. The successful "Dinner at Eight," which he wrote with Edna Ferber, was intended to be taken as much in earnest as anything which does not rise above the level of melodrama can very well be. But the new play is more serious still. Its mood is part melancholy, part wistful, and part bitter. First it draws a scornful picture of cheap success and then, turning back, it dwells almost elegiacally upon what might have been. Obviously it is, more than most of what its authors have written, a confession of faith; it may even be, to some extent at least, a *peccavi* besides.

Ironically enough, the production may very likely be the first conspicuous success of the season, partly because its authors still remember—a little too well perhaps—what they learned in earlier days. Characteristic wisecracks pop out from time to time, but that is not particularly important. What is more so is the fact that they have told their rather complicated story of the playwright who compromised and the painter who didn't with all that mechanical skill which constitutes the chief virtue of the purely artificial play, but which draws uncomfortable attention to itself when the author has not merely something to "put over," but something to say. There are a good many moments when such a criticism is not valid; there are scenes—like that between the struggling writer and his wife's family or the very last one of all in the college chapel—when the feeling is not only as palpably sincere as it may possibly be throughout but (and this of course is the only important thing) successfully expressed. Unfortunately, however, there are even more in which characters who have had their moments of life revert to the status of marionettes jerked into dramatic action by a not too well-hidden hand. There is an enormous cast, there are many scenes, and there is much bustling about. There are also many diverting bits, like Cecilia Loftus's bravura interlude as the robustious mother of the new star. But the too lavish entertainment gets too often in the way of what is evidently the chief purpose of the authors.

The story is told backwards, beginning at a drunken party in a sumptuous Long Island home to which the spectacular successes of the moment have come, and ending in a college chapel where the central character is paying tribute in his valedictory address to those sincerities and those loyalties which we have already seen him surrender one by one. Surprisingly enough, this apparently mechanical trick works rather better and seems less obviously artificial than many of the other methods of the play. As we go back, certain scenes acquire a dramatic irony not unlike that which our knowledge of what is to come gives to the earlier scene of a familiar classic. But "Merrily We Roll Along" is, unfortunately, also mechanical in other and less obvious ways. Only occasionally does it seem not synthetic but real.

For all the care with which the parts have been assembled and fitted together into a smooth working whole, that whole

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1933.

Of *The Nation*, published weekly, Wednesday at New York, N. Y., for Oct. 1, 1934.

STATE OF NEW YORK } ss:
COUNTY OF NEW YORK }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Oswald Garrison Villard, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of *The Nation*, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in Section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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is still plainly something which has been put together instead of something which has grown. It is ingenious and clever and ever so well oiled. It has twelve cylinders, floating power, and knee-action. It is even chromium plated. But it is not very alive.

Two seasons ago Arthur Hopkins produced a play of his own in which the plot was essentially the plot of "Hamlet," transferred to a contemporary setting. So far as could be discovered, I was the only person who admired it a great deal, but there is a suggestion of the same thing in "Divided by Three," now on exhibition at the Ethel Barrymore Theater. It is not too easy to believe that an upper-class youth of today would be as stunned as this hero is when he discovers the secret love of his mother, but the situation, once it has been accepted, has great power, and the authors, Margaret Leach and Beatrice Kaufman, have written with delicate strength. Add a really stunning performance by Judith Anderson as the mother, and the result is a rather impressive play in an unusual mood. Miss Anderson is one of the few contemporary actresses who really act, and hence one of the few who can actually contribute anything to a "straight" role which calls for more than polite behavior. It is merely her misfortune—and ours—that comparatively few modern plays offer opportunity to her particular talents. There is also a very sound performance by James Stewart, who is remembered chiefly as the Irish soldier in "Yellow Jack."

"Spring Song" (Morosco Theater) is an East Side drama aiming at a minute realism more or less in the manner of "Street Scene." Francine Larrimore plays the good-bad girl who gets into trouble, and despite the contrary opinion of critics whom I respect, I found her performance a bit raucous.

Joseph Wood Krutch

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Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes, *Religion in the New Russia*
Dr. W. Beran Wolfe, *The Role of the Mother in the Family*
Tuesday, Oct. 16, 8:30 P.M.
Dr. Alfred Adler, *Psychology Looks at the Infant*
Wednesday, Oct. 17, 8:30 P.M.
Dr. Chas. Obermeyer, *The Social Novel: Turgeniev, Father and Son's*
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Contributors to This Issue

Paul Studenski is associate professor of economics at New York University.

Harold R. Isaacs, now engaged in newspaper work in Peking, was formerly editor of the *China Forum.*

Eric Thane is the pseudonym of a St. Paul newspaperman.

Alma Lutz has been writing for newspapers and magazines for some years. In 1929 she published a biography of Emma Willard.

Lionel Abel describes himself as a poet with a recalcitrant muse. His work has appeared in *Pagany,* the *New World Monthly,* and other literary periodicals.

Horace Gregory will bring out a new book this fall, a narrative poem entitled "Phoenix in Broadcloth."

Carl Van Doren is the editor of "Modern American Prose."

H. L. Mencken, the former editor of the *American Mercury,* is at work on a revised edition of his well-known book, "The American Language."

Ludwig Lewisohn has recently published a new book, "The Permanent Horizon."

Harry Elmer Barnes, author of numerous books on sociology and history, is a member of the editorial department of the Scripps-Howard newspapers.

Reinhold Niebuhr, professor of applied Christianity at the Union Theological Seminary, is the author of "Reflections on the End of an Era."

Broadus Mitchell, associate professor of political economy at Johns Hopkins University, is the author of "A Preface to Economics."

Eda Lou Walton is the author of "Jane Matthew, and Other Poems."

Louis Kronenberger is preparing an anthology of light verse, which is to appear this fall.

Kenneth Burke, author of "Counter-Statement" and "Towards a Better Life," is preparing a philosophical-psychological work on the subject of meaning.

The Nation's Literary Section

Forthcoming Reviews

H. L. Mencken will review "Experiment in Autobiography" by H. G. Wells.

Douglas Haskell will review "Rameses to Rockefeller" by Charles Harris Whitaker.

Arthur Livingston will review "The Naked Truth and Eleven Other Stories" by Luigi Pirandello.

Lewis Corey will review "Essays in Our Changing Order" by Thorstein Veblen.

Kenneth Burke's regular reviews of current music will begin next week

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Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. Cable Address: Nation, New York.

GERMANY'S ACTION in terminating its commercial agreement with the United States is wholly consistent with the development of Nazi economic policy. From the outset this policy has been isolationist in emphasis. In an effort to combat unemployment, public expenditures were increased sufficiently to cause a mild domestic boom. The resultant increase in prices and costs of production, however, seriously handicapped the export industries, and as a consequence of the decline in exports the German government was compelled to adopt a series of extraordinary measures to protect its rapidly dwindling gold reserves. Caught in a vicious circle of declining trade and default, and unable for political reasons to adjust its domestic policy to world conditions, the Reich has sought refuge in bilateral agreements on a strict quid pro quo basis. In this it has been unquestionably hampered by this country's demand for unconditional most-favored-nation treatment. Yet the United States cannot afford to retreat from its stand on the most-favored-nation clause. The principle of equality of treatment alone offers assurance that bilateral agreements will bring an increase rather than merely a diversion of trade, and this is essential if we are to avoid constant friction. If a choice is presented between allowing the agreement to lapse and negotiating a new one without the most-favored-nation clause, we should be wise in postponing action in hope of a restoration of sanity in the Reich.

THE ARREST OF BISHOP MEISSER and the forcible deposition of the church council at Munich has stirred the Bavarian Protestant clergy, the true spiritual descendants of Martin Luther, into open rebellion against the ecclesiastical and civil authorities of the Third Reich. In explicit disregard of an order by the police, the pastors read from their pulpits before packed congregations a manifesto calling on faithful Christians to refuse obedience to the illegal organization set up by Reich Bishop Müller and his civil aid, Dr. Jäger. These two men were characterized as "dark powers" whose warlike action had erected in Bavaria a "regime of might" opening the door to every heresy. On the day prior to the reading of the manifesto, public protests were held in front of the Brown House at Munich and in the historic St. Lorenz church at Nürnberg at which the Nazi officials are said to have been jeered. One report contains the rather unlikely statement that Hitler himself was included in the jeering. Deprived of other means of defense, it is asserted that the Protestant leaders will propose an interdict on all churches in Bavaria and Württemberg if Müller and Jäger are not removed. While this newly found independence on the part of the clergy can scarcely be taken as an indication of a wholesale reaction against the extreme pretensions of Nazi philosophy, it is at least significant of a loss of prestige which may have far-reaching repercussions.

THE FAMOUS "BOB-JIM" CORRESPONDENCE between Postmaster General James A. Farley and Robert Moses, Republican candidate for Governor of New York, having been published, we now know What a Politician Thinks About. Mr. Moses, as head of the State parks in 1931, had the quaint idea that merit should be the governing factor in filling vacancies in State positions, and that such positions as were under civil-service control should be filled by competitive examination only. Politics, he said, would play no part in appointments while he was running the parks. Mr. Farley, as chairman of the Democratic State Committee, had a quite different point of view, and since that point of view has rarely been put more flatly and with a more complete absence of shame, it is worth quoting. Mr. Farley wrote: "My attitude, Bob, would be to appoint no one but Democrats to these laboring positions. The Democrats are in control of the State government and have been for many years and we are not taking care of them, in my judgment, in a way that we should. I never yet saw a Republican office-holder giving any consideration to a Democrat." When confronted with this letter, Mr. Farley said: "I have never been a hypocrite in public life. . . . The views I held in 1931 I hold today." That President Roosevelt permits him, holding these views, to continue in high public office and as chairman of the Democratic National Committee with enormous patronage at his disposal, is another matter. Mr. Roosevelt, we suspected, had rather prided himself on the non-partisanship of his appointments. But if he keeps his Postmaster General, can he fail to indorse his views also?

OUT OF THE CLOUDS which have enveloped the Scottsboro case for the past fortnight, in the course of which the International Labor Defense and Mr. Samuel Leibowitz have been in and out of the case several times, the following facts seem to be emerging. The two defendants, Heywood Patterson and Clarence Norris, at present under sentence of death in Kilby Prison, in Alabama, have declared in writing that they wish their defense to be conducted, as it has been for two and a half years, by the International Labor Defense, and their appeal before the United States Supreme Court to be argued by Osmund Fraenkel and Walter Pollak. At the same time they hope that whatever differences exist between the I. L. D. and Samuel S. Leibowitz, who has defended the case in the lower courts but who never has appeared before the Supreme Court, will be amicably settled, or, in the words of Patterson: "I am with the hopes that Mr. Leibowitz will change his attitude and be of agreeable." These documents, signed by Norris and Patterson, are at present in the office of the International Labor Defense in New York City. One can only hope that not only Mr. Leibowitz but everybody concerned with the case will from now on "be of agreeable," and that the appeal before the Supreme Court will not be further prejudiced by controversies over who will conduct the defense. To an outsider only one thing is plain: the argument before the Supreme Court should be conducted by the best possible counsel. To date no better counsel has been offered than Mr. Pollak, recognized as an able pleader before the highest court in the country, and Mr. Fraenkel. Further defense squabbles cannot, one feels sure, originate with anyone who has the best interests of the two Negro youths at heart.

THE SUPREME COURT of California has just granted a new trial to David Lamson, accused of beating his wife to death with a piece of iron pipe in the bathroom of their house on the Stanford University campus. The Lamson case was discussed in *The Nation* for September 26 and it was said then that there appeared to be sufficient doubt of Lamson's guilt to justify a new trial. The State Supreme Court agreed, but in discussing the opinion Chief Justice William H. Waste is quoted as making one of the most shockingly prejudicial statements it has been our privilege to read from the lips of a supposedly responsible jurist. "A reading of the various opinions of the justices," said Justice Waste, "shows a majority of them feel Lamson is guilty, but all of them believe him entitled to a new trial." The conclusion of the majority opinion was as follows: "Every statement of the defendant capable of verification tends to support his claims. It is true he may be guilty, but the evidence thereof is no stronger than mere suspicion." On the basis of this suspicion, evidently, Chief Justice Waste permitted himself to step down from the bench and deliver an opinion that cannot fail to prejudice the case in the trial court. One can only demand, in the interest of justice itself, that Justice Waste indicate on what evidence the judges base their belief of guilt; the evidence presented to the jury was not sufficient, they declare, to justify conviction. Have they other and more convincing evidence? And if so, how is it possibly relevant to the opinion of a court of review, which could not consider anything that had not been duly offered to the trial jury?

LLOYD K. GARRISON'S resignation as chairman of the National Labor Relations Board deprives the New Deal of a rare and valuable personality. Under his chairmanship the board stood straight up to the basic issue raised by Section 7-a, union recognition. Mr. Garrison's approach, as might have been expected from the dean of Wisconsin's law school, was legalistic, and his board functions as a quasi-judicial agency, dispensing administrative law. But his legalism was tempered by a fine understanding of the impulse toward self-organization which has been at work among American wage-earners since the summer of 1933. At the same time, he was tough-minded enough to see through the various shifts and devices—company unions, proportional representation, refusal to execute agreements—by which anti-union employers have sought to frustrate this impulse. He did not conceive of his board as an agency whose *summum bonum* should be the maintenance of "peace at any price." Unlike the Wagner board, the Garrison board has refrained from devoting its principal energies to strike mediation; it has curbed the impulse to force through settlements on any terms consistent with the balance of power in the particular case. Instead it has largely confined itself to defining the rights of trade unions under the Recovery Act, and has stated its definitions in clear and unequivocal language. The theory of collective bargaining in whose formulation Mr. Garrison played the major role recaptures the original spirit and intent of Section 7-a. If the board has not been successful so far in having the theory enforced, the fault was not Mr. Garrison's. His was the judicial function; but the responsibility for putting this theory into force rests squarely upon the President.

EVIDENCE that the extent of unemployment in the United States has been considerably underestimated is presented by a State-wide survey recently concluded by the Massachusetts Department of Labor and Industry. As a result of a house-to-house canvass costing more than half a million dollars, it was found that 624,526 persons out of the 1,808,840 normally eligible for employment within the State were without jobs on June 13, 1934. Housewives, students, persons unable or unwilling to work, the retired and the aged were excluded from the count. If we are to assume, as certain labor leaders have assumed, that the Massachusetts situation is typical and that the same proportion of unemployed workers—34½ per cent—exists throughout the country, the total number of jobless would appear to be approximately 17,000,000. There is reason to believe, however, that conditions in Massachusetts, an industrial State badly hit by the depression, are somewhat worse than in the nation as a whole. A much more satisfactory basis of estimate may be obtained by comparing the amount of unemployment in Massachusetts today with that shown in the census figures for 1930, and applying the same ratio to the figures for the entire country. By this method we find the increase in unemployment over the 1930 estimate to be 387 per cent. Assuming that the same situation holds true elsewhere, the total number of jobless in the United States at present must be close to 12,500,000. Recent studies in Philadelphia and other localities tend to verify this estimate. There is a challenge in the mere presentation of these figures which we trust will not be entirely lost. It is a serious reflection on our government that after five years of depression we do not know within two or three million the extent of our unemployment. It is a much greater reflection, however, that we have no more idea now than four years ago how we are going to deal with the basic crisis of which unemployment is but a symptom.

THE PROMISED ABOLITION of child labor in the beet-sugar industry under contracts about to be offered by the AAA will remind the public that large numbers of children still are employed in this country. Those taken out of industry under NRA codes number about 60,000. The amendment of the code which is to regulate the employment of children by newspapers is still under negotiation. But it is in agriculture that the largest number of children were and still are being exploited, and here the effect of the New Deal is being felt for the first time. The number of children in the beet-sugar industry is about 15,000. Only those under fourteen will be forbidden to work, but those between fourteen and sixteen are to be limited to the eight-hour day. No figures are available for the number of children "gainfully employed" this year in agriculture as a whole. In 1930 the census figure was 469,000, of whom 205,000 were from ten to thirteen years old. Allowing for the great reduction in the use of child labor since 1930, the number of children still exploited can be no less than 150,000. This does not include children helping their parents on home farms, who still are beyond the reach of protective legislation and contract agreements. In the main these 150,000 children are employed with their parents on contract jobs—in the cotton fields of the South and in vegetable gardens and fruit orchards in all parts of the country.

THE DEGRADATION of the beet-sugar industry has been a by-word for years. As a rule workers without families have not been able to accept contracts in the beet fields. The families are sheltered by the growers in tents, shacks, or adobe houses, under conditions of overcrowding equaled only in city slums. Average earnings per worker for the season were estimated by Charles E. Gibbon of the National Child Labor Committee at $52 last year. Most families managed to supplement their beet incomes, but average earnings for the entire year were not over $78. The fate of the child born into one of these families has been pitiful. Children as young as seven have toiled with their parents for cruelly long hours. In 1920, 85 per cent of the children engaged in thinning beets were working from nine to fourteen hours a day, and 75 per cent of those engaged in pulling and topping from nine to thirteen hours. These hours prevailed last year in most districts. In Colorado children of contracting families leave school in April and do not return until the harvest is over in November. If the proposals for the new contracts are carried out, one needed reform will be made in that wages in the industry will be promptly paid. In past years untold misery has come to many families because of the delay in payments or, in many cases, complete default. Minimum wages, which had been expected since an announcement of the AAA in June, will not be enforced until next year. The proceeds of the processing tax on sugar should have gone first of all to assure a tolerable standard of life for the workers in the beet fields. But the abolition of child labor in this industry, even if it stops at children of fourteen, is a noteworthy milestone.

THE 1,200 Hungarian striking coal miners buried alive of their own volition in a black pit a thousand feet underground provided the world with a symbol of human despair and mass courage that can scarcely be forgotten until economic oppression ceases to be the lot of the great majority of human beings. The fact that the miners were demanding an increase in wages from $2 to $3.50 a week and that the demand was only partially granted gives a final ironic touch to the dark picture. It is no accident that its setting was Hungary, which has been shrouded for fifteen years in a reaction as black as any coal mine. But the conditions which induced the strike are not confined to Hungary. The miners of Pecs, indeed, followed the example of another group of miners not far away within the borders of Jugoslavia, who stayed underground twenty-four hours in protest against a cut in pay. In this case the government forced a settlement before the dramatic news got into the world press. The story was told by Louis Adamic in *The Nation* of August 29. In Hungary the terror has smothered every form of protest, but the miners of Pecs have demonstrated that there are still resources open to the human spirit. Hunger itself can become a weapon to be turned against the oppressor.

PERHAPS THE MOST NAIVE of the many panaceas which are being brought forward as solutions of our economic difficulties is the old-age pension scheme devised by Dr. F. E. Townsend of that most remarkable of States—California. Dr. Townsend's plan has certain superficial resemblances to Upton Sinclair's EPIC and the proposals of the Utopian Society, but it is much simpler in form and more direct in action. Instead of the beggarly $50 a month which Mr. Sinclair or the Utopians would provide the aged, Dr. Townsend would give $200 a month to all persons over sixty years of age, on the condition that they refrain from remunerative labor and that they spend this money within the boundaries of the United States within the thirty-day period. Thus the depression would be attacked simultaneously on two fronts. The withdrawal of approximately eight million persons from gainful employment would make room for at least that number of younger men now unable to obtain work, while the creation of an estimated two billion dollars of additional purchasing power each month would stimulate unprecedented business activity. This vast sum would be obtained by a general sales tax of 10 per cent on all purchases. (Actually it would have to be nearly 100 per cent on the basis of the present national income.) The tremendous popularity of the scheme—as illustrated by the fact that over two million signatures have already been obtained for a petition urging its immediate adoption by Congress—indicates the extent to which popular sentiment in this country is coming to demand some form of security for the aged. If the government does not supply an intelligent and comprehensive plan for economic security, there is danger that crank schemes such as this may be pushed through, even though they endanger the very existence of our present economic system.

The Aftermath of Marseilles

IT is still far too early to weigh the full effects of the tragic event which occurred at Marseilles on October 9. Although certain features of the crime remind us uncomfortably of the fateful assassination at Sarajevo twenty years ago, it would be a mistake to attach too much significance to this apparent similarity. The differences between the two tragedies outweigh the resemblances. Unlike Archduke Ferdinand, and fortunately for the peace of Europe, King Alexander was not killed in a hostile country; his assassin was a fellow-countryman—though possibly financed from abroad; and the murder of Louis Barthou is a guaranty that Jugoslav feeling will not turn against France. But the tragedy at Marseilles cannot but have grave reverberations. The most serious of these will doubtless occur in Jugoslavia itself, where, as Louis Adamic points out elsewhere in this issue, the ruling Serbian clique is intensely unpopular with the Croatians, Slovenes, Montenegrins, Macedonians, and other minority groups. Barring the emergence of a leader possessed of a remarkable talent for conciliation, it is a foregone conclusion that the country will be torn with internal dissension, and it is not beyond possibility that this may extend to the point where Jugoslavia will cease to exist as a nation.

The immediate effect of the assassinations, however, has been to accentuate the existing tension between Jugoslavia and its traditional enemies—Hungary and Italy. Feeling against Hungary is particularly acute because of the belief, which doubtless has some foundation, that the Croatian terrorist organization responsible for the murders was sheltered and perhaps aided by the Hungarian government. Similar accusations against Italy are colored by the fact that for the past month the Jugoslav and the Italian press have been engaged in a heated controversy over the number of occasions on which their respective armies had taken to their heels in face of the enemy. This childish contest had reached such a stage that Mussolini himself, three days before the murders, felt called upon to warn Jugoslavia against continued irritations. Fortunately there is no evidence that the Italian government had any hand in the killings, and Rome has shown exemplary restraint in the face of anti-Italian demonstrations at Split, Ljubljana, and Sarajevo. Nevertheless, the assassinations have destroyed any prospect of an early understanding between the two countries such as Barthou hoped to achieve as a result of King Alexander's visit. And what is true of Jugoslavia is almost certain to be true also of the Little Entente, for the three countries continue to work in close accord in their foreign relations. The one really hopeful aspect of the situation lies in the possibility that estrangement with Italy will strengthen the alliance of the Little Entente with France and prevent it from falling under Nazi influence.

From the standpoint of Europe as a whole, the death of Louis Barthou may prove even more unsettling than that of Alexander. Although a conservative in his political sympathies, Barthou was distinctly liberal in his foreign policies and a not unworthy successor to Aristide Briand. In the brief time that he had occupied the post of Foreign Minister he had made a greater contribution to peace than any other statesman in Europe, save possibly Litvinov. While he is blamed for having broken up the disarmament conference in its last stages of senility by a particularly tactless speech, he had more than made up for that damage by his tireless devotion to his fundamental objective—European security. Pierre Laval, who succeeds him, though an experienced diplomat, will be much less acceptable in many of the more important capitals of Europe. It will be recalled, for example, that during Laval's term as Premier, in 1931, relations between France and the Soviet Union were still far from cordial, while Berlin also is reported to be cool to his appointment.

The possible complications arising from Barthou's untimely death are almost without number. It was largely because of his influence and indomitable energy that the Soviet Union was admitted to the League of Nations. Shoulder to shoulder with Litvinov, he worked unceasingly to obtain the adoption of the so-called Eastern Locarno, which would have given at least temporary security to the war-frightened countries of Eastern Europe. While it might be argued that his policies were an inevitable reaction to the rise of Hitler in Germany, there is danger that a more conservative Foreign Minister, such as Laval, may turn aside from close cooperation with the Soviet Union and allow Europe to balance once more on the brink of perpetual political uncertainty. Even more striking than the understanding with Soviet Russia was Barthou's apparent success in achieving a reconciliation with Italy on issues that had been bitterly contested for years. It was believed that his projected visit to Rome in November would see the completion of this task; but now, with the uncertainties in the French political situation and the probable weakening of Jugoslavia, Mussolini may be expected to adopt a more independent attitude. At the very least we may expect Franco-Italian rapprochement to be delayed until the atmosphere clears; at the worst it may fail completely. And failure would play directly into the hands of Hitler and create a serious breach in the iron ring which by Barthou's diplomacy had all but encircled the Third Reich.

Despite these disturbing possibilities it is probably safe to predict that the repercussions of the Marseilles tragedy will be rather less than would appear at this moment. It would be rash indeed to maintain that Sarajevo brought about the World War. Similarly there is little reason to believe that even so dramatic an event as the murder of a king and a foreign minister will do more than hasten developments along channels that have already been prepared. It will doubtless add to the confusion of the moment and delay the fulfilment of France's dream of security, but it will not materially affect any of the more important problems facing the Continent. Nevertheless, the fact that the crime could have been committed and that it should have thrown the entire world into a state of panic illustrates graphically the fundamental instability of the European political situation. It is a solemn reminder that despite recent progress we are still not far removed from catastrophe.

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The Vertical Union Wins

AFTER more than fifty years of attachment to craft-union ideals and practices the American Federation of Labor has finally been overtaken by the inevitable. Recognizing for the first time in its history what has been patent ever since modern industrialism came of age—that mass-production methods are incompatible with a handicraft union structure—the federation will henceforth attempt to "organize the unorganized" through industrial unions. More concretely, the Executive Council has been authorized to issue international charters to the new federal unions which have come into being since June, 1933, in the automobile, cement, aluminum, and other industries. These federal unions are already vertical in structure. Their membership, all-inclusive, runs the entire occupational range, from the skilled crafts to common labor. And the privilege of the international charter will in time assure to the new vertical unions that autonomy which is essential for their independent growth. In reaching this decision the A. F. of L. took a historic step forward. Traditionally the federation has had two principal functions: first, to unite the forces of organized labor for the purpose of pressure politics; second, to mark out lines of craft jurisdiction within which constituent units should be sovereign. Now a third policy emerges: the unorganized sectors of American industry must be unionized, and the workers employed therein must be organized industry by industry. If carried out in good faith and with energy, this policy will in time transform the federation. The building and the metal trades, craft-union strongholds, will lose their predominance. Power will pass to the present industrial bloc—miners, needle trades, textile workers—reinforced by the internationals presently to be created.

It would be an error, however, to imagine that the A. F. of L. has courageously met, chapter and verse, the challenge of Section 7-a and the codes. The new policy is hedged about with limits, safeguards, and qualifications on both the theoretical and practical sides. Theoretically the federation distinguishes two types of situations: first, fields in which, by the nature of the industry, "the lines of demarcation between the crafts are distinguishable"—in such industries, where the bulk of the A. F. of L.'s strength is now concentrated, the old craft unions will continue their sovereign rule; second, the industries where mass-production methods have obliterated the lines of demarcation between crafts. To this field the new industrial unions will be narrowly restricted. On the practical side the new industrial unions will not be granted their immediate independence. Instead, "the federation shall for a provisional period direct the policies, administer the policies, and designate the administrative and financial officers of such newly organized unions." In short, Mr. Green and his fellows will handpick the officers and direct the destinies of the new industrial unions.

The new policy must be read in the context of the federation's other accomplishments at San Francisco. In a shameful display of craft-union thinking at its worst, the convention reaffirmed its 1933 decision on the brewery workers' dispute. The unions which are intent on tearing the brewery workers apart—the teamsters, firemen, and operating engineers—were once again authorized to take jurisdiction over the crafts which they claim as their own job monopolies. Again, it was depressing to view the explosion that seems to have blown the Building Trades Department to bits. If anything more than jurisdictional gluttony is at issue in that industry, it has not yet been disclosed. Finally, the Metal Trades Department reiterated its faith in the virtue of maintaining craft lines intact. This avowal does not, like the building-trades controversy, raise the danger of jurisdictional strikes. But it does render unlikely the prospect of a successful organizational campaign in the iron and steel industry.

The convention adopted a program calling for reorganization of the NRA on a permanent basis, reopening of codes on the initiative of labor in order to increase employment and wages, and labor representation on code-enforcement bodies. It approved a campaign for the thirty-hour week, demanded federal action in abolishing the company union, and advocated extension of the recovery program to include agricultural workers. It also reaffirmed the German boycott. For the rest, Mr. Green's steam roller worked efficiently to suppress any expressions of progressive thought. Resolutions calling for the creation of an independent labor party, for the withdrawal of union officers from official participation in the NRA, for a discussion of the status of labor in Soviet Russia, all were stifled by parliamentary gags. The question of the status of the black worker in the organized labor movement was referred to a committee which will report back next year. It is significant that Mr. Woll's threatened anti-red campaign failed to materialize. Were the federation's officers afraid to risk the discovery that a militant spirit was permeating the rank and file of the delegates? Or did they suddenly become wise, and perceive that the federation's true task was to carry forward the organizational drive, not to engage in a hunt for heretics?

Threat to a Free Press

ONCE more the liberty of the press is endangered. Once more its defenders are to be found in the ranks of that well-known radical organization, the American Newspaper Publishers' Association. It is primarily Elisha Hanson, the association's paid legal representative in Washington, the same Mr. Hanson who made such an inglorious and unsuccessful fight against most of the worthwhile features of the newspaper code, who is now showing up the sins of the Roosevelt Administration. Speaking to the New Jersey Press Association's Institute, he declared that "every bureau in every department of the government has its bureau of information, the sole reason for the existence of which is to see that only that news approved by the head of the department reaches the public." The newspaper representatives, Mr. Hanson declared, are thus unable to obtain the full story, with the result that "the freedom of the press is restricted." It is enough to make every friend of liberty in America lose his sleep—except that newspaper correspondents in Washington have been protesting against official "handouts" for generations. Twenty years ago the office of a newspaper correspondent in Washington was stuffed with mimeographed statements intended to make reporting easy and in accordance with the desires of the Administration.

Did the honest correspondents of that generation meekly accept these hand-outs and so abandon the liberty of the press? They did not. They threw them into the wastebasket, or used them as a tip and went out and got their own stories. And every newspaperman worthy of his salt in Washington is doing the same thing today.

Surely Mr. Hanson would not suggest that the Republican newspapers in opposition to the New Deal are printing only what the government gives them about what is happening in Washington today? He knows perfectly well that even the statements of President Roosevelt are accompanied by elucidations and comments giving the opposite side, often with severe criticism. The fact is that never since the foundation of the government have the men in office, except in rare instances, done anything else than try to get reporters, editors, and press associations to value their services at their own figures. Not only is the practice of establishing information bureaus not a threat to the liberties of the press, but if these bureaus are intelligently conducted, they offer statistical aid to the news gatherer, and are also a challenge to him to go behind the figures and dig out his story for himself.

What makes this performance of Mr. Hanson's so unpleasant is that the great bulk of the newspaper publishers he represents are the very ones who have never been able to lift their voices or use their pens in protest against the unceasing genuine abuses of liberty that have gone on in increasing measure ever since the World War. Editors and proprietors like those of the Chicago *Tribune* and the Chicago *Daily News* were not in the least interested when Norman Thomas was arrested in New Jersey for reading the Constitution of the United States to a group of four or five friends; they approved the denial of civil liberties in the recent strike at San Francisco; they never see anything wrong in strikers or radicals being refused the right to meet and discuss their grievances or peacefully to picket when they strike. They are the most utterly selfish men imaginable in their defense of the liberty of the press. Except for their opposition—admirable and thoroughly warranted—to an indefensible statute in Minnesota which would have fettered editorial opinion, these gentlemen move only when their own ox is gored, or, to put it better, when they think that they can score against the Administration and the New Deal.

At the very moment when Mr. Hanson was making his attack, Secretary Ickes, speaking in Chicago, declared that he rejoiced because, while the Administration was using the radio more than ever to inform the people of what was going on, those opposed to the Administration were also resorting to it more frequently. He not only declared this to be "entirely proper," but went on to say that "it would be bad for the country as well as for the Administration if there were no opposition able to express itself." But the next day another representative of the American Publishers' Association brought up the danger of government control, "dictation, and domination of radio programs," and warned that if we accept it, "it will not be a far step until our governmental leaders may seek to influence the presentation of news in our daily press." Here, too, the attitude of the publishers is hypocritical beyond words. Nobody censors news and suppresses facts more freely than do many of the newspaper publishers in this country. But apparently they want a monopoly of the practice against which so many of their employees now organized in guilds are beginning to protest.

Going Native

SOME days ago the "play jury" offered its resignation to the Pulitzer prize authorities. This action need cause no surprise after the strange events of last spring, when the recommendations of the jury were disregarded without explanation and its members were left looking very foolish indeed. For some reason, however, none of the departing jurors has assigned this snub direct as the cause of his resignation, and one, at least, professes to be dissatisfied chiefly with a new condition which the prize-winning play must fulfil. Perhaps this formal reason is not his real one, but it happens to be quite sufficient in itself.

Mr. Pulitzer, it will be remembered, wanted the award to go to that play which "shall best represent the educational value and power of the stage." The spirit of contemporary literature being what it is, really qualified candidates were difficult to find if one took the phrase in its conventional sense, and on more than one occasion the award went to dramas of which the least that could be said was that they were not very much like what the original donor had in mind. Yet having experienced the difficulty imposed by limiting regulations, and having quite properly disregarded them when it saw fit, the so-called Advisory Board now proceeds to tie itself up again with a new definition. Henceforth the prize-winner must be not simply the best American play of the year but also one "preferably dealing with American life." Of course the new regulation is more in accord with the spirit of the times than the old one was. Morality has gone out of fashion and the contemporary scene has come in. But it is hardly less likely than was the old to make the prize ridiculous if the directors really follow it to the extent of passing over the best play of the year merely because its author did not happen to lay his scene somewhere between the r.r. coast of Maine and the s.k. shores of California.

If the intention is merely to see that the plays which receive the awards are plays which are modern in spirit and relevant to the life of the day, then that is what the regulations should provide. But surely anyone who knows anything about literary history knows very well that a truly native play—one, that is to say, which represents a native attitude toward situations having a real meaning for native Americans—does not necessarily have to have a scene laid in America. The most conservative taste would hesitate to assert that Edwin Arlington Robinson's "Tristram" is not an American poem because its subject is a Celtic legend, nor would the most radical defender of the thesis that art is a weapon care to admit that a playwright could not write a play about the Russian Revolution without becoming un-American.

Surely no one was ever more English than Shakespeare, surely no plays ever contributed more directly than his did to the establishment of a truly national culture; yet not a single one of his greatest works has a scene laid in England. There was no Pulitzer prize in his day and he got along very well without it, but if there had been one, "Hamlet" could not have won it. Neither could "Othello," or "King Lear." Mr. Pulitzer may have been tender where "morals and good manners" are concerned, but we doubt if even he wanted to discourage an American Shakespeare.

Issues and Men

Safety at Sea Again

WE Americans are very prone to become tremendously excited when a great disaster occurs, and then to promise all sorts of immediate legislation to improve conditions. But after the disaster is over, we sit back, forget about it in the rush of new events, and little if anything is accomplished. So with disasters on the sea. The loss of the Titanic undoubtedly improved lifeboat conditions and resulted in the admirable ice patrol so efficiently carried on by the United States Coast Guard. But ever since 1929 when an International Convention for Safety of Life at Sea, in the making of which we participated, was drawn up, we have refused to do anything about it. To date this convention has been ratified by no fewer than eighteen maritime nations, but for some reason or other, possibly opposition by the Seamen's Union, the United States has not yet ratified it. Why the Seamen's Union or any other organization should oppose this convention, I cannot understand. It may, of course, not go far enough for them. But surely half a loaf is better than no bread, particularly as Article 61 of the treaty creates machinery for revision and development of its clauses. Why on earth should we hold off? If we refuse to ratify this treaty we shall discourage any further efforts to improve conditions at sea by international action. If we had ratified it we should now be in a position to move for the fireproofing of all passenger vessels to be built hereafter. Surely President Roosevelt should have his attention called to this situation. There is no reason why he could not bring about the ratification of this international agreement if he wished it.

But there are still other ways in which conditions at sea could be improved. The question of lifeboats has not been worked out. In *The Nation* for December 12, 1928, soon after the Vestris disaster, Captain Felix Riesenberg pointed out that "ocean hazards have increased ten thousandfold with the vast increase of size, speed, and number of ships afloat." He declared that the whole lifeboat situation should be gone over, and that boats should be built of a radically different design and construction from those now used. They should, he thought, be specially built of steel, shaped somewhat like short, blunt-ended spindles, with launching ways so arranged that the boats could be dropped on either side of the ship, depending on the list. "The art of engineering," he wrote, "must supersede the tangled mess of rope and gear now provided by law for launching boats." I have just been rereading the official testimony in the case of the sinking of the Lusitania, and here, too, it was stated that boats were crushed against the sides of the vessel in the process of lowering them, with the resultant loss of many lives. Despite the invention of the Welin davits, in the main the process of lowering a lifeboat has practically not been improved since the days of the Spanish Armada—yet shipbuilding has advanced mechanically by leaps and bounds. There still remains the question of how the boats should be manned and handled after they reach the water. There is a statutory provision requiring a certain number of expert seamen to man them, but these are increasingly difficult to obtain. With the disappearance of the sailing vessel there is no longer a training school for sailors. As has so often been pointed out, the modern steamship deckhand is not a sailor at all but a semi-mechanic and a full-fledged paint-chipper and painter. All the more reason why a lifeboat should be as non-sinkable and non-capsizable as those in use by the Coast Guards at our lifesaving stations.

How can one expect stewards to be efficient in disaster when they are so overworked and underpaid? I have received a letter from a reader in California approving of my article on the Morro Castle disaster (*The Nation,* September 26). He served eighteen months on one of the newest and most luxurious passenger boats on the Pacific Coast and has hardly a good word to say for the stewards; some of them he says are perverts, some criminals, some decent people, some college men out to see the world, but all are treated with similar lack of consideration by the companies and their ship officers. They are petty grafters or beggars for tips because they are compelled to be so. Their lives are not even insured. In other maritime countries sailors are covered by workmen's compensation laws. The United States has refused to follow this practice, although a slight amendment to the Federal Longshoremen's and Harbor Workers' Compensation Act would make it possible to include seamen. But before this every man on the ship should be decently paid and treated as a human being.

As to the passengers, why should they not be protected by compulsory insurance so that they would be compensated immediately, regardless of the liability or the negligence of the company owning the ship, and without having to go through long and costly litigation to obtain recompense? In the case of the Morro Castle a statute passed eighty years ago has just been dug up which would limit the liability of the Ward Line to a most trifling sum. Compulsory insurance is obviously a need of the hour, and an English authority, Sir Norman Hill, has shown that every passenger could be thus protected for an exceedingly small amount of money.

Poor Mr. Roosevelt has so many things being urged upon him to do as absolutely essential that one hesitates to recommend one additional thing. But there are men in New York, plenty of them, entirely competent, whom he could appoint as a volunteer commission to draft the necessary legislation for him to recommend to Congress for immediate passage. If it is done immediately on the convening of Congress that body will certainly act promptly under the stimulus of the Morro Castle disaster. If action is put off for several years we shall see the same old American forgetfulness and indifference throw away the lessons of the horrible loss of life on the Morro Castle.

Oswald Garrison Villard

What Next in Jugoslavia?

By LOUIS ADAMIC

WHEN Alexander died of assassin's bullets, he became a triad. The three men he had designated to rule for little Peter possess among themselves all the important characteristics of the slain monarch, who no doubt had selected them for that reason.

Cousin Paul, who officially heads the Regency, is a medium-sized, shy, decadently handsome fellow of forty-two, charming and democratic in personal intercourse, as was Alexander. I saw him in the summer of 1932 at Lake Bohin, Slovenia, where he has a hunting lodge. He has no outstanding qualities. Born in St. Petersburg of a wastrel father, the late King Peter's brother, and a rich Russian noblewoman, he lived long in England and France, leading an extravagantly bohemian life. When Alexander became King, Paul attached himself to the Belgrade court and in the last decade has sponsored art exhibitions and sporting events, dedicated public buildings, acted as godfather to triplets born in peasant villages, and served as an officer in the Royal Guard. These were his public functions. Secretly, he was Alexander's confidential agent in his dealings with Zaharoff and French and Czech munitions manufacturers. He supervised the bringing into Jugoslavia of more than 12,000 carloads of war materials and cooperated with the important Serb generals in Belgrade. Now he will do the bidding of General Tomich, commanding the Belgrade garrison, who is one of the vice-regents, and the General Staff. As their yes-man and, of course, also because he is a Karageorgevich—though a nervous, timid weakling—he possibly will be the most important member of the trinity, for a while at any rate. He will administer Alexander's vast industrial holdings and generally promote the interests of the Karageorgevich dynasty. But his charm may not be over-effective in Jugoslavia in the long run, for it is more British and French than Balkan charm.

Next in importance in the trinity is Radenko Stankovich, an Orthodox Serb, not a Croat, as reported in the press. Before the war he was a physician in Zagreb, Croatia. After the formation of Jugoslavia he established himself in Belgrade and became politically a "Greater Serb," an adherent to the idea, never publicly articulated, that the former Austrian territories inhabited by Croats and Slovenes are subject provinces of Belgrade, whose destiny is to become a Balkan Paris, the center of Balkan power, which will repose in Serb hands. Publicly, of course, he subscribes to *jugoslavenstvo,* the idea of making Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes into a homogeneous people in a firmly established state; but when a "Greater Serb" says *jugoslavenstvo,* he means that Croats and Slovenes, who have cultures and religions of their own, will have to become Serbs and members of the Greek Catholic church. Actually he is, as was Alexander, a species of nationalist-imperialist, at one with the big business men of Belgrade and the generals, all of whom are Serbs.

Stankovich reached his present high station through his profession. Alexander suffered for years from mysterious abdominal pains which baffled Viennese and Parisian specialists. Finally Dr. Stankovich was called, and he promptly diagnosed the trouble as a spasmodic nervous condition not at all serious, and prescribed a successful treatment. Brilliant, efficient, he made a good impression on his royal patient, who soon discovered that the doctor was not only a great diagnostician but in many other respects a man after his own heart. In 1932 Alexander made him Minister of Education, in which capacity I met him early in 1933, after he had written asking me to look him up when I came to Belgrade; he had heard I was planning to write a book on Jugoslavia.

When I called on him in his *kabinet,* I said I did not want to keep him long; there were so many persons and delegations with petitions from the provinces waiting in the anteroom that I knew he was busy. Oh, I needn't worry about them, said he; they could wait. In his late forties, short, compact, energetic, well-dressed, with a strong, vivid face and brilliant, penetrating, cool, hard eyes, he did all the talking. He had been to America, and told me what he thought of the United States. In one connection he said that Irving Fisher was a great economist. I managed to get in a remark of disagreement, which Stankovich scowled aside: Professor Fisher *was* great. He lectured to me about America for an hour, then summoned a secretary and ordered him to take the official limousine and chauffeur and drive me about and show me this and that in Belgrade, so I would write an interesting book about Jugoslavia. He seemed to imply that Belgrade was Jugoslavia.

From other sources I later confirmed my impression of Stankovich as an extreme egoist. His face has the cool hardness of an able, ambitious man. His whole background being upper bourgeois, he is liberal only in cultural matters and purely personal ethics within his class and profession. He admires success and disdains the erring and lowly. Generous as a doctor and patron of the arts, he often is cruel and spiteful as a man and politician. He is opposed to higher education for peasant boys and girls, for they tend to become Communists, and as Minister of Education he imposed high fees in universities. When students in Belgrade and Zagreb demonstrated against this order, he had gendarmes suppress them with sabers and rifle butts, killing a few and arresting and imprisoning scores. After the riots he closed the universities for weeks. Reopening them, he stationed gendarmes in the corridors. This terrorism made him extremely hated by the students, most of whom are leftists, and early in 1934 he was relieved as Minister of Education, though Alexander fully approved of his policies. As is now apparent, the King had him slated for a regent in the event of his own death and did not want him to become still more unpopular. As a regent, in internal politics he will mouth the great ideals of *jugoslavenstvo* and do everything possible, as did Alexander, for Greater Serbia, for Belgrade, at the expense of the country as a whole. Great and forceful egoist that he is, he will try to dominate the Regency.

Ivan Perovich seems to me the best man in the trinity. I met him in his office in the governor's palace in Zagreb. Short, slight, shabby, middle-aged, with a troubled look in his deep-set Balkan eyes, he is in his own way a remarkable

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man; and if anything good comes of the present set-up I expect it will come mainly through him. He represents the best side of the late King-Dictator, who did have a good side. Perovich is not a Croat, as reported, but a so-called Arbanas, descendant of an Illyrian clan from Albania whose members settled centuries ago near Zara, in Dalmatia, now occupied by Italy. Although racially not a Slav, he is ideologically a passionate, consistent Jugoslav, believing in *jugoslavenstvo,* the essential, natural homogeneity of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes—as distinguished from the imperialist "Greater Serbia" idea—in which Alexander, too, occasionally believed but which he never actually supported.

Perovich holds that a ruler should know every detail of his realm thoroughly and rule it personally—one reason he approved of Alexander. As Governor of Croatia, he knew every hamlet, brook, and footpath in his province. If drought ruined crops in a certain section, he himself went to the scene. A man of great concentration and immense capacity for work, he was at his desk fourteen, sixteen hours daily. In this respect he almost surpassed the King. A brilliant administrator, he is said to have done a lot for Croatia in the four years he was in office—and this in spite of the intense political opposition to him throughout the province, which was due mainly to the fact that he was an appointee of Alexander and as such was carrying out the dictator's will for repression and terror. He believes more in tact and gloved firmness than in repression and brutal terror, but as governor he believed also in obeying orders and held that Alexander and his efficient Serb military machine deserved, at least temporarily, the support of every Jugoslav, if for no other reason than that Jugoslavia was surrounded by enemy states under the influence of Italy. Occasionally, I suppose, he also thought that some of the terror directed against the Croats from Belgrade was necessary. And as the King's representative he drew upon himself the hate of nationalist and leftist Croats—the majority—who, when I was there, were referring to him as the "gendarme." Tact, firmness, hard work, and fanatical devotion to duty as he sees it will, I think, continue to be his principles as a regent, but he probably will yield much—at first, anyhow—to Stankovich and Paul; to Alexander's will that the Karageorgevich dynasty be continued at all costs; to big business and the military cabal in Belgrade.

These three men, two of them strong and able individuals, momentarily hold in their hands the immediate future of Jugoslavia and, to a lesser extent, of Europe. None of them has any solid political support in the masses; all have enemies. An attempt on Perovich's life occurred only four months ago. Together they approximate Alexander, and even excel him in hardness and capacity for work, but the triad is far weaker than was the late dictator. Although Alexander doubtless had given them detailed instructions as to how they might get along, they are bound to clash. Behind each of them will be all sorts of contradictory economic, political, regional, and foreign interests. Just now, when the country finds itself in a dramatic and critical moment, with the dead king barely buried and the new king only a child, and uncertainty in the air all over Europe, the Regency has considerable emotional sympathy from the people, which, however, will soon be overwhelmed by antagonisms and contradictions inherent in the country's economic and political realities, far more serious now than they were before the assassination. In the face of these the Regency can do one of two things—try to iron out some of the antagonisms and contradictions by allowing a coalition government in which important opposition leaders would be given ministerial posts, or simply continue Alexander's terror rule. With Stankovich and the generals and business racketeers dominating the Regency, the probability is that it will follow the latter course. A great deal depends on what General Pero Zivkovich, commander of the Royal Guard and the first Premier under the dictatorship, will do. He recently had differences with Alexander. The other Serb generals, too, are not wholly at one on every point. Some are Francophiles; others strongly incline toward Hitler.

There are numerous other internal factors. What will Matchek, leader of the Croatian Peasant Party, do? Will Svetozar Pribichevich, leader of the liberal and democratic Serbs, now in exile, have the wisdom to refuse to join any coalition under the present Regency, if a coalition is attempted and he is invited to return?

I believe the Regency will be short-lived and poor little Peter probably will return to his school in England. The ludicrousness of having a boy king will tend to augment republican sentiment throughout the country, and it is not impossible, if the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes are permitted by the big Powers to begin to solve their own problems, that within a year or two Jugoslavia will be a union of four semi-autonomous republics—Slovenia, Croatia, Serbia, and Macedonia—with Belgrade as federal capital. If that happens, the next desirable—and, I think, inevitable—development will be a revolution in Bulgaria, which then will become the fifth republic in the Jugoslav federation; for Bulgars are also Jugoslavs. Whereupon the Balkans will be more or less done with Western Europe so far as politico-military alliances are concerned. Russia, whether czarist or bolshevik, is their natural ally.

But before that happens, Jugoslavia, in her foreign relations, will find herself between two millstones—France and Germany. She will be clear only in her dislike of Italy. If France becomes Italy's ally against Germany, as is likely, Jugoslavia may be forced to turn to Hitler.

The immediate situation is an immensely complex, dangerous one. So much depends on whether or not it is proved that either Italy or Hungary, or both, were behind the assassination. If that is proved, a new world war is probable within a few months. And if a war comes, Jugoslavia, like the rest of Europe, is anybody's game—with the odds in favor of the Communists, who are numerous throughout the Balkans, but have no chance without a war and international confusion, because the Western Powers would not tolerate communism in a small country and Russia momentarily cannot afford to back a revolution anywhere.

For very good reasons of their own, Macedonian and Croat nationalist-separatists, supported as it appears by Italy or Hungary or both, killed Alexander, but Macedonia and Croatia, I believe, will not separate from Jugoslavia, in spite of all the blunders of Alexander and the "Greater Serbs" in Belgrade. Nor will Slovenia. If the Jugoslavs are given half a chance by the foreign Powers to work out their salvation, Jugoslavia, after the present Regency fails, will loosen up, I think, into a federation of republics and thus become more united than it ever was or could have been under Alexander.

Taxation in the New Social State
II. Public Budgeting

By A. E. BUCK

REGARDLESS of its political environment, a system of public finance may be said to depend for its continuity and effectiveness upon the extent to which it utilizes the process of planning and control, now commonly termed public budgeting. If a government does not obtain year after year, or within a reasonable period, enough taxes and other revenues to cover its total expenditures, it will eventually accumulate a deficit which will lead to the necessity of debt repudiation, the cessation of essential activities, and finally a state of insolvency and complete impotence.

Although many Americans regard budgeting as a recent development in government, such is not the case. Nearly two centuries ago the budget was fairly well established as an essential part of the British parliamentary system. It was initiated in France more than a hundred years ago. Then it was gradually adopted by other European countries, by Japan, and by the British dominions. But as late as the beginning of the present century the United States was still without an established budgetary practice. Only within the last twenty-five years have we made some progress, although merely a beginning, in budgetary development, first in the cities, then in the States, and finally in the federal government. The National Budget and Accounting Act was not passed until 1921.

As applied in the various countries of the world, the budget may be said to have three essential elements: (1) a financial plan, (2) a procedure for formulating, authorizing, executing, and controlling this plan, and (3) some governmental agency responsible for each successive step in this procedure. When viewed as a plan, the budget sets forth the monetary requirements of a government for a definite future period—usually a year—and in doing so exhibits a balanced relation between anticipated income and estimated outgo. As a procedure, the budget involves certain definite steps: first, in preparing estimates and framing the financial plan; second, in voting or adopting the plan; third, in carrying out the plan as authorized; and, fourth, in auditing and reviewing the resulting fiscal operation. The governmental agency responsible for each of these steps is determined more or less by the pattern of government under which the budget operates. In the United States, for example, the executive should be responsible for the first and third steps, while the legislature should be responsible for the second and fourth. The executive, by virtue of his authority over the administration, is in the key position not only to prepare the financial plan but also to carry it out. The legislature, according to its historic right, holds the purse-strings in our government. It accomplishes this through authorizing the financial plan presented to it by the executive, and through establishing accountability on the part of the executive for carrying out this plan. The latter feature, involving an audit and review of financial operations, is as yet far from being properly developed.

The most essential feature of the budget, as a financial plan, is equilibrium, that is, a balanced relation between revenue and expenditure. Under existing economic conditions, unbalanced budgets are among the most baffling problems that governmental authorities have to face. Ordinarily these authorities have attempted to balance their budgets by increasing tax rates, by decreasing expenditures, or by a combination of the two methods. And when they have failed by such methods, as has often happened, they have resorted to borrowing. The policy of contraction—enforced economies in expenditures—has apparently produced balanced budgets in a few instances. One of the most successful attempts to apply this policy is embodied in the so-called Premiers' Plan of Australia, which was carefully worked out on the basis of "equality of sacrifice" and adopted in 1931. It has been employed in the balancing of the Commonwealth and state budgets, and thus far has shown remarkable results.

Opposed to the policy of contraction in balancing the budget is the expansionist theory. The latter proposes the use of public credit to increase expenditures for capital improvements and to aid in the planned extension of private production. It is claimed that the effect of applying this theory, once its full force is felt in a country, is to increase revenues and to decrease unemployment relief. Thus the budget is eventually balanced; furthermore, the causes of budgetary disequilibrium are largely removed. The authorities of several governments have seemingly accepted this theory, at least in part, and have provided funds for a program of capital improvements and national development. The United States government has embarked upon such a program under the New Deal. It has not, however, gone whole-heartedly in this direction, but has attempted to carry out at the same time a policy of contraction with respect to the ordinary services of administration. While it is too early to indicate the economic effects of this approach to the problem of budgetary balancing, hopeful signs are not lacking.

A second essential feature of the budget is comprehensiveness, signifying that the budget includes all the financial requirements of the government, that no receipts or expenditures are omitted. The idea of budgetary comprehensiveness has not been particularly stressed in the United States, and has not as yet been widely realized. Not all the receipts and expenditures of the national government are shown in the budget, although this document is perhaps as comprehensive as any of the State or municipal budgets. In many State and municipal governments, the stock method of producing a balanced budget is to omit the requirements for certain governmental agencies and funds. Public-works requirements are frequently excluded from the general budgets of States and municipalities on the pretext that the necessary planning for such works cannot be done at the time the budgetary estimates are prepared. These budgets are therefore little more than programs for current expenditures. Both current and capital expenditures should be shown in the budget, with the means of financing in each case clearly set forth. Capital expenditures may be effectively supported by long-term programs of development. These programs may be prepared for a period of five years without great difficulty and with a fair degree of accuracy, assuming that economic conditions are fairly stable. The experience of some American and British municipalities, as well as that of Soviet Russia, has demonstrated that five-year plans are feasible.

Budgetary unity is seriously affected by splitting the budget into two parts, ordinary and extraordinary. It is then possible to balance the ordinary budget by transferring to the extraordinary budget certain expenditure requirements which should be met from current revenues. The latter budget is balanced, if at all, by the use of public credit. In general, the tendency is for the two budgets to become separated, legislative attention being directed less and less to the extraordinary budget, which remains chronically out of balance. According to European experience, the extraordinary budget has shown serious weaknesses and has sometimes led to grave abuses, especially in France. Nevertheless, the United States government, on July 1, 1933, embarked upon a scheme for a so-called "double budget," which resembles in certain respects an ordinary and an extraordinary budget. This scheme anticipated that the ordinary expenditures would be met by the receipts from current revenues, while the extraordinary expenditures, to which were assigned all outlays arising from emergency legislation, would be met by moneys obtained from the sale of bonds.

As yet there is no established practice in the United States with respect to gross and net budgets. In an effort to produce comprehensive budgets, the present trend, if any, seems to be in the direction of gross budgeting. The requirements of undertakings, services, and funds, previously omitted, are now being brought into the budgets of the national, State, and municipal governments. However, at this time the budget of the national government is neither gross nor net, at least in so far as public undertakings are concerned. The requirements of the Panama Canal, for example, are included in the budget in gross amounts, while those of the Post Office Department appear simply as net deficits. Practically the same thing is true of the State and municipal budgets, the requirements of public undertakings appearing either in gross amounts or not at all. In many cases one would not know from an examination of these budgets that such undertakings even existed, except when it became necessary, owing to poor or incompetent management, to replenish wasted capital assets or to meet current operating deficits. Such practice is not net budgeting in the real sense of that term; moreover, it encourages loose financial administration on the part of the governmental authorities. Net budgeting can, however, be made quite effective, especially in relation to public undertakings. It simply requires an annexed or subsidiary budget for each of these undertakings, which is keyed into the general budget by carrying forward the net surplus or deficit.

While the technique of public budgeting is not of special interest to the layman, there are certain major handicaps to budgetary practices in the United States which should be touched upon. First, we have an inflexible scheme of federal organization which tends to separate national and State finances. There can be little doubt that this rigid federal structure hampers budgeting in the interest of all sections of the country, a handicap that unitary forms of government do not experience. The national government of the United States has practically nothing to say about the budgets of the forty-eight States and their local subdivisions, or the extent to which their governments may incur debts. Through improper handling of its finances, each State may create an embarrassing situation for the nation as a whole. No central machinery exists, such as some other federal governments have already found necessary, for coordinating in a degree the budgetary needs and required loans of the federal and State governments. A comprehensive plan for the coordination of federal and State finances should be worked out, which would require the application of budgetary methods on a uniform basis, the integration of federal and State revenue systems, the regulation of expenditures in keeping with the nature and importance of governmental tasks, and the supervision of indebtedness in all State and local units.

Secondly, the unwarranted separation of powers, especially between the legislative and the executive branches, is a stumbling-block to budgetary development in the United States. An intimate relationship between the two branches is necessary to perfect the working of the budget system. Under ordinary circumstances party control affords practically the only unifying force between the legislature and the executive; and even so, the habit of separation has become so strongly fixed that it often persists although both are controlled by the same political party or faction. Only under the pressure of major emergencies, when the legislature temporarily defers to the leadership of the executive, do the two branches actually work together. Efforts should be made in the national and State governments to bring the legislature and the executive into intimate contact and place greater responsibility upon the executive for the budgetary program. Certain devices to this end have been suggested: to give the executive the right to introduce financial and other measures in the legislature; to allow the executive the privileges of the floor to explain and defend his proposals; to permit the executive, in the case of a deadlock, to dissolve one or both houses of the legislature and to carry the issue to the electorate.

In spite of the handicaps just mentioned, it is possible to improve very greatly the budgetary methods of the United States. The executive's powers in the preparation of the budget for legislative consideration may be extended without in any way doing violence to the legislature's prerogatives under the American system of government. Furthermore, instead of restricting the executive's authority in carrying out the budget by detailed appropriations and numerous legal limitations of one kind or another, it is suggested that appropriations should be made in lump-sum amounts rather than in segregated items; that the administrative officers should not be permitted to spend these appropriations without the approval of the executive's central finance office; and that this approval should be obtained on the basis of monthly or quarterly programs of work prepared by such officers. It is also suggested that during the fiscal year comparison between revenue and expenditure, actual and prospective, should be made at frequent intervals, and that the executive should take steps to bring them into line with each other whenever the budgetary balance appears to be threatened.

It would be to the advantage of each State legislature in the United States to consolidate the committees having charge of budgetary matters into one joint committee which would consider all phases of the budget for both houses. It would be helpful, too, for the Governor, or his chief finance officer, to sit with this committee while it is discussing the budget. In Congress it would seem advisable to consolidate the committees of the two houses now dealing with budgetary matters so that one committee in each house would examine both the income and the expenditure sides of the budget, or even to go a step farther and establish a Joint Committee on the Budget. The use of committee-of-the-whole procedure has been suggested as a remedy for some of the abuses growing out of the standing-committee system of American legislative bodies. With the executive present on the legislative floor, such procedure would make it possible to stage a genuine discussion of the budget—a discussion that would arouse public interest in the problem from coast to coast.

Suitable financial machinery and methods, not to mention adequate personnel, are indispensable to the executive in carrying out the budget. These instrumentalities are either lacking or are defective in one way or another in many of our units of government. In the national government, for example, the Treasury Department needs some adjustments in its organizational machinery. Provision should be made for the exercise of real budgetary control through this department by transferring from the General Accounting Office its accounting functions, leaving with that office only the post-auditing and investigational functions. The central accounting system of the government should undoubtedly be maintained under the Treasury Department; the executive would thus have control over the sources of accounting information necessary to the realization of the budget. The Bureau of the Budget should be made, actually as well as legally, a part of the Treasury Department, thus obviating the present anomalous situation in which the President has two chief financial officers, the Secretary of the Treasury and the Director of the Budget.

Finally, the enforcement of accountability on the part of the executive for carrying out the budget is an important role of the legislature, now practically neglected in the United States. In the national and in nearly all the State governments the methods employed to enforce accountability at the present time are largely makeshifts—audits improperly performed and without legislative review. As a remedy for this situation in the national government it is suggested that the existing General Accounting Office should be reorganized into a General Auditing Office, headed by an Auditor General responsible to Congress. This office should be concerned mainly with post-auditing the accounts kept by the Treasury Department and by the various operating departments. Annually it should submit a report to Congress embodying its findings on all post-audits, its criticisms of faulty financial procedures, and its recommendations for improvements. To consider this report, it is suggested that Congress should create a joint Committee on Public Accounts, consisting of not more than fifteen members, with the chairman and a majority of the members selected from the party or parties in opposition to that of the President. This committee would then serve as a critical body for reviewing the financial operations of the government, censuring improper practices and administrative abuses, and recommending suitable action thereon to Congress.

[This is the second of a series of ten articles on public finance, planned and edited by Professor Paul Studenski. The third, American Federal Finance, by Dr. William Withers, will appear next week.]

The Ghost of Mediation

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

Washington, October 15

MEMORIES are short if the President's proposal of a truce between capital and labor passes as the first of its kind. The first truce was asked when the National Labor Board was set up on August 5, 1933. At that time came "an appeal to management and labor for industrial peace," which, the President declared, "calls upon every individual in both groups to avoid strikes, lockouts, or any aggressive action during the recovery program."

What is new in the second truce proposal is that the President formally initiates it in a broadcast to all firesides; the other was laid before him by the industrial and labor advisory boards, and sponsored by him. But in both instances the country is told of mediation machinery, and the logic of the appeal is that the machinery is effective.

It is now history what happened to the Wagner board and what reception management and labor gave the truce. During the life of the board more than a million men were involved in 1,466 strikes; in addition there were many disputes not under the national or regional boards, such as those in the textile and coal industries and those dealt with by the Department of Labor and by State agencies. The national board was driven from the scene by difficulties before which it was helpless. Instead of peace-by-agreement came the strikes already mentioned; the crisis in the automobile industry, settled by the personal intervention of the President; the threat of the steel strike in June, again averted by the President by the creation of the new steel labor-relations board; and a wave of violence, as in Toledo and Minneapolis, which startled the world.

Now comes the second proposal of a truce. Again the President speaks of the mediation machinery, and again the inference must be that this machinery is strong and useful. Only now, after the experience of the Wagner board, the President must expect labor to understand that machinery has been devised which will work.

The newer mediation machinery differs from the old in that its independence from the NRA is complete. That is the one outstanding change. The National Labor Relations Board has the right to order and conduct an election of representatives to bargain collectively with employers, and can order the production of documents and the appearance of

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witnesses in carrying out its work. The Wagner board also could order and supervise an election. Other new boards, notably in steel, textiles, and automobiles, are likewise completely independent of the NRA. But the actual power of all the boards exceeds that of the Wagner board in only minor respects. The Wagner board failed, not because it stood close to the NRA, but because there was not enough determination in one part of the board and at the White House to make it effective. The change to new machinery will not make that machinery effective unless the weight of the Administration is behind it.

Early this month, sitting in Pittsburgh on the Duquesne case, Judge Walter P. Stacy, chairman of the steel labor board, made this statement: "If within the confines of the Constitution this board is a mere ghost flying around in thin air, the sooner we find it out the better." The Carnegie Steel Company was refusing to recognize the jurisdiction of the board. Counsel for the steel trust appeared only "informally" to present the defense of the company union in the Duquesne mills. To him Judge Stacy made another remark: "Power is seldom surrendered; it is always taken. It was so at the first battle of Duquesne. Maybe it will be so at the second battle of Duquesne."

These two quotations give a concise summary of the situation today. Mediation may be only a ghost floating about in the confines of the Constitution; and if power in industry is to be shared with employees, it will not be surrendered but must be taken in battle. The battle is not one of the strike alone, and if there is to be a truce, the Administration must continue the struggle for the acceptance of collective bargaining. It can do so by throwing all its weight behind its mediation machinery, by letting industry understand that collective bargaining is an essential part of the New Deal philosophy, by moving swiftly in support of the decisions of its labor boards, by asking Congress for further legislation if industry does not accept Section 7-a.

Labor has had an amazing year. It believed, to begin with, that the A. F. of L. was to have a weighty part in the NRA, and found instead that its role was to be purely advisory. The Labor Advisory Board got in its most successful blow when it refused to permit the amendment of Section 7-a after the writing of the automobile code. The President himself had whittled down collective bargaining by accepting the "merit clause" in this code, and within a few days the NRA offices were flooded with requests for permission to amend other codes in the same way. Leo Wolman of the Labor Advisory Board had agreed to the merit clause. In his absence the board met and announced publicly it would not approve any other code containing the merit clause or other amendment of Section 7-a. Johnson ordered the board never to take such independent action in public again. It was the last public announcement of the board.

The first defiance of the Wagner board had been in the Weirton Steel case. A strike in the Weirton plant had been settled on the pledge of the company to hold an election under the board's supervision. E. T. Weir, chairman of the company, signed the pledge, then repudiated it. The board sent the case to the Department of Justice, but nothing happened. Mediation had failed, and yet the Administration was not backing up its own machinery. Three times the President was asked at press conferences what was happening in the case. Twice he evaded the question; the third time he disclosed that he was holding conferences with Mr. Weir. Only when workers from the Weirton mills came to Washington, lost patience with official dalliance, and threatened to picket the White House, did they gain admission to the President. They told their story as General Johnson stood by.

"You didn't tell me that, Hugh," said the President.

"I think I did, Mr. President," muttered the General.

The President learned facts he had not known, and he, not the General, "cracked down" on the Weirton Company, issuing an executive order authorizing the Wagner board to hold an election in the Weirton mills.

For a little while it looked as though the Administration was backing up its mediation machinery. But what has happened? The Weirton case is getting ready to celebrate its first birthday languishing in the courts. The election has not been held. The steel industry, en masse, is fighting collective bargaining and preparing to contest the Administration's doctrine through the courts.

The Weirton case was one effort by steel workers to use mediation machinery to obtain collective bargaining. The Dusquesne case is the other. This contributed substantially to the overthrow of General Johnson. For it was in this case that General Johnson, in a now notorious broadcast, said, in effect, that he had worn off more skin in the saddle than it took to make half a dozen of his workingman critics. That remark nearly precipitated the strike; it lost General Johnson the final shreds of his reputation of fairness to labor. Here again the delegation of Duquesne workers on a rampage in Washington accomplished more than had old-guard labor leaders. Their experience was strange. They actually were importuned by a vice-chairman of the Wagner board to join the company union in Duquesne, capture it, and affiliate it with the A. F. of L. They were told this "for their own good," since otherwise the steel trust would fight the case through the courts. Well, the Duquesne election has not been held; even the court fight is still to begin. The Stacy board is wrestling with it, while the steel-trust attorney attends "informally."

The pretense of peace-by-agreement is dropped altogether today. The new Garrison board affirmed the right of majority rule in the Houde decision (pronounced hoo-dye). The company immediately declared it would take the ruling to the courts. Within twenty-four hours the National Association of Manufacturers had advised its members to disregard the Houde decision. Effective mediation, in other words, is at a standstill. The Wagner board did settle a large roster of disputes, in the days when the atmosphere of the truce had not thinned completely away. But the atmosphere is gone today. The Iron and Steel Institute, which is the Code Authority for steel, is fighting the very existence of the machinery; the National Association of Manufacturers tells its members to disregard the board's finding in the Houde case.

The Administration is not making its complete force felt. It does not announce that it intends to see collective bargaining accepted and will put all its strength behind its intention. It does not predict further legislation if the powers now vested in the government are insufficient. The Wagner bill, giving labor its charter, was not passed by the last Congress chiefly because the President did not desire to press it. Instead came Public Resolution 44, under which the National Industrial Relations Board was created. Labor does not know whether the President will back the Wagner bill in the next Congress; it does not know that the President is in earnest about Section 7-a; it knows only that his record is both uncompromising, as finally in the Weirton case, and compromising, as in the automobile-code settlement.

And now comes the call to a truce. On what basis? What has changed, which can make a truce more real today than in August, 1933? The mediation boards are not now part of the NRA, but are they realities or are they ghosts floating in thin air in the confines of the Constitution? Only one man can give the answer to these questions. The President knows what he had in mind when, after the past year's experience with the NRA, he asked labor to use this mediation machinery.

In theory the answer should be plain. The New Deal gave to industry the power, facility, and basis for organization on an unprecedented scale. It suspended the operation of the anti-trust laws, and it supplied business with a remarkable machine for organization in the codes and the NRA, in which business was supreme. But it also saw the necessity of balancing the strength of industry by fostering the growth of labor organization. Collective bargaining was written into the act as an organic part.

No doubt about it, labor is still weaker than industry, and the effective balance between them has not been reached. It can only be reached through the acceptance of Section 7-a, and this will not be accepted finally by industry until it knows that the Administration intends to have it accepted. The Administration is not fighting all industry; only the big interests are on the warpath. In the main, middle-sized manufacturers have accepted collective bargaining. But any victory of the big interests will be claimed by the rest.

If the call for a truce means that the Administration will fight the big interests and stand behind its mediation machinery, labor can understand it. If it means that labor is to pay court to a ghost, until in some future time the constitutionality of the New Deal is settled, there will be no truce. Labor leaders may accept it, but the rank and file will not.

[*Mr. Swing contributes a regular weekly letter from Washington.*]

The Revolution in Spain—Act Three

By ANITA BRENNER

THIS article is written at a moment when the Spanish revolution poises on the knife-edge between victory and defeat. In a week or two we shall know whether Spain too has followed the pattern that has already produced three world catastrophes—Fascist Italy, Nazi Germany, and the Austrian church-maneuvered reaction—or whether we are about to see the most hopeful historical event since the triumph of the U. S. S. R., a victorious workers' and peasants' revolution.

The third act of the three-year drama in Spain sounds coldly abstract when put in generalized political and social terms. But visualize some of the actors: A gaunt Andalusian rolling a huge butt of sherry into precise alignment with hundreds of other barrels, saying, "Wine, wine, wine! Some day—when the revolution comes—we dream of milk as plentiful as this wine." Twenty ragged children in a coal-burners' village in Estremadura, pointing to three lean black ciphers—the landlord, the priest, and the mayor—on the horizon and calling shrilly, "There go the Feudals," then diving into pen-like hovels chased by the Civil Guard. Ten gnarled farmers in a small Castilian town, staring at the figures which mean that all this year's wheat, barley, and olives must be shipped to the owner who lives in Madrid, plus several thousand pesetas, the deficit on the land rent.

Now look at the city workers. They are very much like our own homeless unemployed, but thinner, hungrier, with not even an alphabetical dole between them and despair. Consider the students, foreseeing their professional and personal lives snared in political corruption and religious prohibitions, and the middle-class and working-class women, fighting to feed an ever-growing family on an ever-shrinking handful of pesetas. Look, too, at the penniless returning emigrants, who only a short time ago were still able to send back to small budgets in Spain, from the Americas, as much as a million dollars a year. At the same time glance at that black-clad lady on her way to Madrid, telling her beads in her first-class compartment and emphasizing her prayers with remarks like these: "Azaña, the Socialists, those men are devils; the thing to do to them is cut off their heads, clean out all this communistic mania once and for all." And see her son, a wheat lord in his own right, manipulating the national tariff in order to keep the price of wheat higher than the world-market figures can justify. Look at his brother, too, sitting in the editorial office of *El Debate*, the Jesuit paper, listening to the small rustle of money growing in banks, railroads, electric-power companies, mines.

This is the background for the third act of the Spanish drama, which began two weeks ago, on the day when President Alcalá Zamora turned the Cabinet over to Lerroux, head of the "Radical" (conservative republican) Party, and Lerroux in turn dealt out the power to Gil Robles, the Jesuit "Populist" with fascist dreams, and Martinez de Velasco, head of the landlords' party, and their allies and aids. The social significance of the combination is this: industrial and financial capitalism, allied to the church, the landlords, and the militarists in an openly anti-labor front (as it was during the last elections) is going into deadly action. On their side, count at most 500,000 human beings, but count also the possession of the state power, its police, Civil Guards, secret service, army-and-navy equipment, and arms.

Against them, count at least 2,000,000 organized workers—no one knows exactly how well armed, and no one knows as yet how completely united. One immediately asks a question: How was it possible for the reactionary minority to get this power, by winning three-fourths of the Cortes seats in the last election a year ago, whereas almost half of the previous Cortes was Socialist, and another third or so anti-clerical, anti-landlord republican? The answer is simple. Spain's electoral law is shrewdly contrived so that an organized minority can nearly always defeat unorganized majorities. In the last elections all the "anti-Marxist" forces, as they called themselves, ran on fusion tickets. On the other hand, the left-wing republican parties almost everywhere ran alone, and moreover one of the larger parties, the Radical Socialist, split in three parts just before the elections. Each of the workers' parties ran alone, too, except in a few isolated cases, while the Anarcho-Syndicalists, doctrinally unpolitical, refrained from voting—on the Communist-derived "social-fascist" theory that Socialists, republicans, and fascists are all parts of the same body, and in retaliation for brutal persecutions suffered throughout the republic, especially in Catalonia and Andalusia. Some of the Anarcho-Syndicalists even went so far as to vote for Lerroux because he was anti-Socialist, while others, in Catalonia, voted for the left-wing republican party, the Esquerra, thus giving that group control of the Catalan government and bringing about the only anti-fascist electoral victory of any consequence.

Those elections forecast and actually determined the death of the liberal-reformist, progressive republic headed by Azaña in combination with the "autonomist" Catalans and the Socialist Party. At that time few people doubted the result, but not many articulate voices made clear its significance. A conversation I had at the time with the chairman of a Socialist peasants' cooperative somewhere in Andalusia burned itself into my brain, for I heard what he said repeated over and over, nearly always by obscure, angry, struggling rank-and-filers in many occupations and in several parties. He said what every worker in Spain knew. He said: "We have seen what happened in Germany . . . and now we have the same fight here. I tell you if we don't unite, if we don't make some sort of united front at once, everywhere, we are lost. Nothing can save us now but fight, fight, fight. The revolution is here, it can't be postponed; if it is held back . . . they'll kill it."

So everywhere I went I looked for signs of rapprochement and union; surely the drive was there. I saw Largo Caballero. He was at that time engaged in a struggle with the right wing of the Socialist Party and the Socialist trade-union organization. White-faced, with a glint of tears in his icy blue eyes, he talked of the revolutionary general strike in 1917, in which many hundreds of Socialists lost their lives. The responsibility, the fear of losing again, the hope that reaction was only a nightmare, made his talk slow and wary, and at the same time the realization that reaction was no nightmare, but an imminent menace, exploded now and then in moving half-phrases. I carried away one, spoken at an emotional peak—and Caballero is not an emotional man. "I have all the faith in the world in the Spanish masses," he said; "they are glorious and formidable." But with that phrase I also carried away a doubt, a reflection of Cabellero's own conflict. Was he, as he was later called when he took a revolutionary position openly, a "Spanish Lenin"? Was he capable of bringing about united, clear, aggressive, triumphant action? I was not sure, for Largo Caballero had a reputation for "sectarian" political action, for attempting constantly to make the Spanish labor movement an exclusively Socialist monopoly, and for using government power to do it.

A day or two before that interview I had seen Gil Robles, who was at the time merely another deputy, beginning to organize from the editorial offices of *El Debate* the Acción Popular, obeying the powerful hidden hand of Angel Herrera, Jesuit spokesman in political and financial control of the party. What Herrera said was said off the record, but it was a clear enough fascist-Catholic program, in Spanish mold, yet startlingly like the blueprint later revealed for Austria and now taking shape in some Central European countries. What Gil Robles said was less interesting, since it was mostly an incomplete, oratorical echo of Herrera's previous private words. He had no doubt of eventual triumph, he said. As a matter of fact, the only thing he was afraid of was too much speed. Of course, Catalonia would be the big problem—since, to suppress the Socialists, the laws they themselves had voted for suppression of the Anarchists were splendidly adequate; so everything else would be taken care of first. Catalonia would be left to the last, and the idea there was to organize a Catalan Popular Action Party, elsewhere centralist or vaguely regionalist, according to political convenience. Lerroux, then for the first time Premier, was in spite of his old record as a "church-eater" and anarchist sympathizer, a "splendid bridge."

A clear enough plan, secret to no one, really. It was carried out as follows: First, municipal governments were removed from Socialist and Communist hands, with or without pretexts, since municipalities are the key to control of the national political machine. Later liberal Republicans were also ousted. Then the substitution of lay for religious education was paralyzed, and the land reform, which had proceeded at best with suicidal slowness, was quietly blocked. Next reactionary and royalist officers began to be moved back into their old places in the army, while at the same time all the militarists and landlords involved in the armed counter-revolution of August, 1932, were pardoned and given back, in many cases, their old positions and properties. These moves met with practically no resistance. Socialist councilmen and mayors simply departed, wiring protests to the *Socialista,* which published editorials pointing out what tremendous headway political-financial corruption was making in the Lerroux regime. The Republicans, meanwhile, made hopeless efforts to reunite under Azaña, and the Communists, numerically weak, denounced the Socialists.

Next the government, headed by a Lerroux party member but maneuvered wholly by Gil Robles, repealed a law, the *Ley de Jurisdicciones,* which had put control of land labor in Socialist hands, and had also protected all workers from ruinous competition from unorganized transients, especially Portuguese. At once wages dropped, hours lengthened, and all the ancient semi-feudal relationships were reestablished. This move was met by a national land strike, which however was not followed up by support from the cities. It flared up into bitter guerrilla war, at the end of which the country was everywhere actually, though not everywhere officially, under martial law. The labor press was suspended, Anarcho-Syndicalist, Communist, and many Socialist headquarters were closed, newspapermen began to be persecuted, students began to find themselves battling with armed gunmen who called themselves student fascists.

At this point the workers' firm determination to resist created new organisms. The Socialist Youth, some of its members Anarcho-Syndicalists and some Communists, drilled in militias. In Catalonia from 50,000 to 100,000 members of dissident Syndicalist and Communist blocks united with Socialists to form "Workers' Alliances," whose outstanding leaders were Andrés Nin, identified with the left-Communist (Trotzky) block, Joaquin Maurin (of the independent Catalan Communist Party), and Angel Pestaña, Syndicalist. The alliances sprang up almost spontaneously all over Spain, but did not cohere into nationally centralized organs because of indifference and opposition to the national leadership. The C. N. T., the big Anarcho-Syndicalist trade union, would unite "only for insurrection . . . we'll meet in the streets." Or else it wanted "union within the C. N. T."—and a "united front from below." The Communist Party likewise refused to join, calling at first for "united front from below," but later offering to join with Socialists only, in an "organizational" united front. As for the Socialist Party, officially it indorsed the Workers' Alliances, but its right wing managed to keep them inactive on most issues, while the left wanted them used "for insurrection only, not for partial gains." Thus the sane, creative vision of thousands of workers was met by barrier after barrier of doctrinal prejudice, convenience, and sheer stupidity, or sent off on tangents and partially blocked.

To offset its retreat on immediate issues, the Socialist Party meanwhile shouted every day, at the top of its voice, that it was preparing for revolution and to institute proletarian dictatorship by violence if the President dared give official power to Gil Robles and his colleagues. And it was. Arms and ammunition were being brought in, cached, distributed; military plans were being made. This fact gave hope to the great majority of workers, though many had a kind of uneasy impression that the Socialist Party intended to monopolize the leadership and the subsequent power, and that feeling aroused enough suspicion to hold the Anarcho-Syndicalists back from the insurrection until it was already at its height.

One more conflict determined the first major event of the revolution. In Catalonia the Esquerra, controlling the regional government, was struggling against the Workers' Alliances for control of peasants and workers. Sometimes it yielded—as in the land law that precipitated the final quarrel between Catalonia and Madrid—and sometimes it struck at the workers' organizations by repression and persecution. The Catalan secession, proclaimed at a moment when the general strike had spread everywhere and the government seemed weakest, was not part of the class revolution at all, but in reality the last effort of the "authentic" Republicans to hold back the masses from revolt, and at the same time to hold back the reaction and grasp power for a return to the 1931-33 Azaña regime. Here the leaders of the Spanish revolution met much the same dilemma as the Russians, when Kornilov moved against Kerensky, who at that moment had Trotzky in jail and Lenin in exile, but they did not meet it in the same way. The Russians threw all their strength behind Kerensky, and then undermined him later. The Spaniards, instead, withdrew, leaving the Catalans and the Republicans—a handful of men—to surrender after one hopeless battle. This was not their battle, the Spanish workers felt, especially the Anarcho-Syndicalists, dominant in Catalonia. In a sense they were right. Just the same the surrender of Barcelona was the first decisive victory for the reaction, and if the revolution is lost, this was how and where it received its death blow.

In the Driftway

THE men's clothing manufacturers have found a word for it. "Go-withoutism" is the disease that is ravaging the country—it has reduced the men's wear business from five billion dollars in 1909 to a quarter of that sum—and the clothing industry is ready to spend a million dollars to "stop the trend toward nakedness." Plans for the campaign were made at a recent conference in New York in which many prominent figures took part. "Go-withoutism" was attacked on both moral and business grounds. Mr. J. M. Kraus, advertising manager of an important uplift organization in Chicago which manufactures suspenders and garters, described nudism as "the challenge barbarism has hurled at civilization," and cited, with a fine disregard of sequences, the example of the Fall of Man in the Garden of Eden. William Goldman, obviously representing the left-wing group, indicated his belief that "go-withoutism" was an apple from quite another tree when he said that its origin was economic. But both agreed that direct methods of combating nakedness were unwise. Direct relief was barred in favor of made work, sometimes known as publicity.

* * * * *

SINCE the conference took place under the auspices of the Code Authority of the Hat Manufacturing Industry (NRA) it was natural that hatlessness should be its major concern. Mr. Warren Smith, secretary of the Hat Institute, gave the keynote address, in the course of which he analyzed the serious problem confronting the hat administration. He cited among others the following significant "research conclusions" based on long observation:

> Although hatlessness varies widely, it probably averages at least as high as 35 per cent in New York in the summer.
>
> Hatlessness in summer does not vary much with temperature and humidity, but *declines slightly on cool, rainy mornings.*
>
> Hatlessness is more common among manual workers than among the white-collared classes.
>
> Hatlessness is more prevalent among foreign classes than among native-born.
>
> Hatlessness is much more prevalent among men who are otherwise poorly dressed than among well-groomed men.
>
> Hatlessness is more common among lower-income classes than among higher.

Mr. Smith's suggestions for "stemming the hatless tide" specifically ruled out direct methods. The press, he intimated, would be unsympathetic. "We have found," he said, "that the newspapers will go out of their way to attack the hat industry even when we are not doing one thing about hatlessness." He then outlined his own position in favor of subtlety. "I believe," he said, "that the desire to wear a hat must come from within. I notice that Paris garters are advertised as being more comfortable to wear than to go garterless. In other words, I believe the hatless boy can be shown he would be more comfortable with a hat of the new ventilated kind." Mr. Smith is right. What this country needs is a well-ventilated hat.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

"EPIC and the Ohio Plan"

To the Editors of The Nation:

Mr. Swing's Washington letter of September 24 on EPIC and the Ohio Plan overlooks the real solution to the problem he posits. To cite but two instances, he says that if Sinclair's EPIC plan saved the taxpayers $60,000,000 a year in taxes which now go to pay relief bills, "private business would be deprived of $60,000,000 of expenditures, unless taxpayers spent the money otherwise, which they would not do." How does Mr. Swing know what the taxpayers would do with the money that they would save by paying lower sales taxes, gasoline taxes, and so forth? He apparently asumes that the taxpayers would swallow it or cover it with a shovel, since he goes on to say: "This sum [$60,000,000] would be the loss to private business, and workers in private business would have to be paid off." Since when is a decrease in taxes a staggering blow to private business?

One other point. He contends that a nation-wide use of the Ohio Plan, for example, "would lead to a nation-wide dislocation of business, even if it did not reduce its total." A little reflection would indicate that theoretically at least such a plan need cause little or no dislocation or displacement, and that under a nation-wide scheme it is easier to solve the problem of displacement or dislocation, since with a wider territory a better-balanced program is possible. The way for relief authorities to increase the total amount of employment—and consumption—in the country without assisting some at the expense of others is to avoid emphasizing certain lines of production and service out of proportion to their importance in the existing public and private economy. If this rule is closely adhered to, there is no need to worry about dislocation, though I admit that it involves a nice administrative problem.

Princeton, N. J., September 29 Richard A. Lester

The Cost of Housing Loans

To the Editors of The Nation:

It is not correct, as stated in the article by Albert Mayer in *The Nation* for October 10, that the interest on modernization loans is 9½ per cent. The maximum charge is limited to the basis of $5 per $100 on a one-year-note, payable in monthly instalments; so that a property-owner borrowing for a longer term than twelve months would pay a charge on a basis not higher than the maximum discount rates permitted, reduced for a longer term of months in accordance with the table inclosed.

You can be assured that the Modernization Credit Plan, under which property-owners have an opportunity to approach any approved financial institution for credit, is the lowest-cost time-financing plan ever made available in the United States—or, as far as our records show, in the world. The cost to the property-owner for each $100 cannot possibly exceed a charge of $5 on a yearly basis. And the Federal Housing Administration tables are so arranged that for the longer periods this maximum is reduced, so that a borrower for two or three years, let us say, gets exactly the same low rate as the one-year borrower.

Two other factors show that the Modernization Credit Plan is even more favorable than the comparison of rates proves it to be. The first is that the borrower does not have to have an account, which means that funds ordinarily required as a

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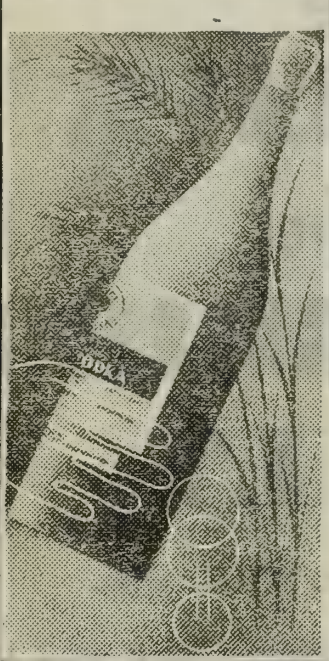

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balance are not required. The second point is that the necessity for checking up monthly payments, on the part of the bank, is very important and involves considerable expense. You can readily see that a bank would much prefer to have a loan amply secured, to be paid off in one sum at a given date, than to have to check up carefully on a number of payments from twelve to sixty, depending on the number of months, to be sure the loan was in good standing.

Washington, October 2 ROGER STEFFAN,
Director of Modernization Credits
Federal Housing Administration

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I am puzzled by Mr. Steffan's letter, for I nowhere stated in my article that the "interest on modernization loans is 9½ per cent." I simply stated that the cost of the modernization loans was high, whether the charge appeared as interest or as discount. But since he raises the point, the fact is that the cost of a one-year loan is 9.7166 per cent, this figure being taken from the Federal Housing Administration's own "Tables of Calculation." The reason the cost is 9.7 per cent while technically the interest rate is 5 per cent is that the discount is taken as soon as the loan is made, on the full amount of the loan, but as the borrower is required to pay back monthly instalments, the actual amount loaned decreases each month, while he keeps paying 5 per cent on the total original loan for the full period.

New York, October 4 ALBERT MAYER

Protest in Boston

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Nine young men and women, arrested in two militant protests against the presence in Boston of Hitler's agent and "good-will" emissary, Ernst Hanfstängel, will be tried very shortly before the Criminal Sessions of the Cambridge Superior Court.

Both demonstrations occurred on the same day, the occasion being the alumni exercises of the Harvard class of 1909, Hanfstängel's class, whose reunion he was scheduled to attend. The first protest came when two young girls who had chained themselves to the stands cried, "We protest against the presence . . . of the Nazi Hanfstängel! Free Thälmann!" at the moment when President Conant declared that whatever the form of government ruling the United States Harvard would stand for free speech. Fifteen minutes later the two protestants were led away by the police.

The second demonstration took place a short while later in Harvard Square, where a number of speakers from the Marine Workers' Industrial Union, the American League against War and Fascism, and the National Student League addressed a meeting which lasted forty minutes before the police broke it up. Seven demonstrators and speakers were arrested on charges of disturbing the peace and speaking without a permit, for which they were sentenced in the lower court to a fine of $5 and thirty days in the house of correction, each. The two girls were given $50 fines.

The defense is seriously hampered by lack of funds: contributions should be sent to Charles McBride, care of the International Labor Defense, 12 Hayward Place, Boston.

Boston, October 1 CHARLES MCBRIDE

[Through a proofreader's error a letter in *The Nation* of October 10, entitled Bankers and Money Changers, appeared over the signature of Mary E. Linesey. The name should have read Mary E. Livesey.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Labor and Industry

The A. F. of L. Faces a Fact

By TRAVERS CLEMENT

San Francisco, October 13

LIKE the Roman Catholic church in its relation to birth control, the Old Guard of the American Federation of Labor has yielded a few inches to the inevitable without as yet sacrificing an iota of its power and control. As in the case of the church, the necessity for change arose not so much from the conscious revolt of its constituents as from the pressure of objective events. These events had so strengthened the arguments of its opponents and the position of the rival chieftains within its ranks that the demands of the latter could no longer be ignored. The result was a series of careful compromises and the reception of the rivals into the fold.

From the point of view of progressives, liberals, and radicals of every shade both in and out of the labor movement, the annual conventions of the American Federation of Labor since 1915 have probably presented the most discouraging spectacle in our yearly calendar of events. Here, it would seem, is the last place where any awareness of the significance of world-wide changes, of labor's position and function in those changes, in short, of "what it is all about," reflects itself. The fifty-fourth annual convention, held in one of the stormiest years in its history and in a city that had recently witnessed a prolonged and highly significant strike, was only a little less discouraging than usual—not so much because of the widely heralded "victories" of John L. Lewis, supported by radicals and progressives, in his battle for industrial unionism and for enlargement of the Executive Council as because of a certain new aggressiveness of spirit evidenced among the delegates by the volume of applause accorded the more militant speakers and the general tone of the many resolutions introduced from non-radical sources—even though these resolutions were all defeated.

As usual the convention machinery was well oiled and only once did a recommendation of the various hand-picked committees on resolutions come near to being upset by action of the delegates. This was early in the session when a committee recommended non-concurrence on a resolution introduced by A. Philip Randolph of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, which called for the expulsion from the A. F. of L. of any national or international union which drew the color line. In spite of its drastic wording Randolph's restrained eloquence in its favor carried the delegates with him on an oral vote. It was only by ignoring this vote and throwing the question open once more to constitutional objections from the Old Guard leaders that Green succeeded in having the committee's recommendation upheld. Thereafter the steam roller functioned practically without a hitch. The stormy row in the building trades, involving nothing more important than a fight between two sets of reactionary leaders for control of the department and especially for craft advantage in the shaping of the new building-trades codes in Washington, erupted on the floor of the convention, but the decision of the federation executive was upheld. Though it consumed more precious time than any other issue before the convention, no principle was at stake. The defiance by the brewery workers of last year's convention decision that they give the brewery wagon drivers over to the Teamsters' Union raised the industrial-union issue indirectly, but here decision was avoided by reference back to the Executive Council. This is a scrap which is watched with deep interest by the new federal unions. If a forty-year-old industrial union can be successfully "raided" by one of the powerful craft unions as soon as it gains any strength, what hope is there for the future security of the federals? The question is still open. It was during the course of this controversy that Daniel J. Tobin of the teamsters, one of the highest-paid officials in the trade-union movement, made his now-famous remark about "the rubbish" which had come into the labor movement during the past year and was booed from every section of the hall.

As usual, in spite of the overwhelming importance of the two major conflicts scheduled for this year's convention, it was obvious in advance that the battles would be fought behind the closed doors of committee rooms, and there was little doubt as to what the results would be. When John L. Lewis made his belated and characteristically dramatic entry into the convention, the Green-Woll cohorts knew that he had come to bargain and that he was in a position to do so. They were likewise prepared to make concessions. Lewis had behind him on both issues the vastly increased voting strength of the United Miners, the International Ladies' Garment Workers, the United Textile Workers, and a number of smaller organizations, such as the Brewery Workers, which have made such rapid strides in the past year—as well as the support of the new federal unions and of the scattered progressives and militants. In the matter of enlarging the council, Tobin had "seen the light" since last year. In the matter of industrial unionism, the council was ready to concede its propriety—under careful Executive Council supervision—in the "mass production" industries and among what Matt Woll termed "the now unorganized and *perhaps unorganizable* workers."

Despite the unanimity of the Resolutions Committee's carefully guarded recommendation on this last subject, it was obvious that many of the powerful craft leaders in the convention were still unreconciled, that they harbored jurisdictional qualms. Question after question arose over the interpretation of the resolution. Assurance after assurance was given from the platform that no craft organization was to be molested in its jurisdiction or in its "expansion and development." It was after Matt Woll had almost succeeded in robbing the resolution of any meaning whatever that Lewis arose and objected that "the resolution means exactly what it says," adding, "I will have more confidence of its successful operation if the Executive Council is enlarged."

The Executive Council was enlarged, and thereby hangs the tale of the labor movement during the coming year. When the resolution to increase its membership reached the floor, the compromise had been agreed upon, all the bargains had been made. (Francis J. Gorman alone battled with the committee to the end for the original Lewis proposal for a membership of twenty-five.) The overwhelming vote by which the recommendation for a council of fifteen—the three executive officers raise the total to eighteen—was carried was sufficient indication of what was to come. The "big shots" delivered their blocks of votes in return for a place on the council. One by one on the following afternoon all the incumbents were duly nominated—Lewis leading off for Green—and elected by acclamation. One by one, without a hitch, the additions were made—Tobin of the teamsters, Berry of the printing pressmen, Bates of the bricklayers, Hutcheson of the carpenters (still a Hoover enthusiast), Gainor of the letter carriers, Lewis of the miners, Dubinsky of the ladies' garment workers. Only the last two have been active advocates of the newly projected industrial set-up.

It is little wonder then that the newly organized or fast developing federal and industrial unions, whether radical, conservative, or nondescript in their leadership, feel none too assured about their futures. That they will be encouraged and even assisted at the moment, that an intensive drive will be made in the next year or two to "organize the unorganized" in certain key industries, they do not doubt. But they also harbor a grave suspicion that in this drive they may be used only as recruiting agencies for the big craft unions, that once they are organized, the greed for increased per capita tax and extended jurisdiction will subject them to the same type of raid that is now being attempted upon the brewery workers. The present composition of the Executive Council does nothing to reassure them. That their fears have some justification and must be allayed if the new industrial program is to be anything more than a gesture was recognized on the convention platform by a man who is probably the most intelligent and honest of the "regular" A. F. of L. leaders—Charles P. Howard, president of the Typographical Union. Speaking in behalf of the industrial resolution, he warned the convention that the new unions must be dealt with honestly, that they must be assured in advance that they are not in the future to be sacrificed to the ambitions of craft-union officials. Unquestionably, to the more aggressive Dubinsky faction the compromise of this year on the Executive Council is merely a first step in a move to force a change in the complexion of that body. The next convention, it is generally admitted, will witness a concerted drive upon certain pieces of "dead timber" in the council. Probably never again will that body be elected with such unanimity. Unfortunately, the coming year is likely to be a crucial one in many respects.

Neither the so-called "industrial union" issue nor the Executive Council issue furnished any test of progressive, militant, or left-wing strength in the recent convention. The resolution which would have come the nearest to doing so was the "labor party" proposal introduced by the delegates militant, or left-wing strength in the convention. The handling of this resolution—and a similar one introduced by Paul Porter of the federal Radio Factory Workers' Union —probably struck an all-time low in official "dirty dealing," and unloosed one of the most amazing flights of anti-red oratory in the history of any convention. In making its report of non-concurrence on the two resolutions, the committee sandwiched in between them a wholly irrelevant one, protesting against discrimination against unionists on the basis of political affiliation, submitted by the "rank and file" delegation and therefore tarred with the Communist brush. Only one labor-party advocate, Delegate Ernst of the Hotel and Restaurant Employees, got the floor, and his attempts to have the two issues separated were unavailing. The Chair immediately recognized that elderly war horse and prize red-baiter of the Musicians' Union, Chauncey Weaver of Iowa, and for the next thirty minutes the convention was treated to a spectacle that would have been obscene if it had not been funny. The champagne and vodka that flowed at the Russian ambassadorial reception in Washington, the crucifixion of Christ, the recognition of Russia, Valley Forge, Union Square, our wives and mothers, Flanders fields, and a Communist-led hosiery strike in Davenport, Iowa, were woven together with a stream of invective and delivered in the best manner of the '70's. Debate was shut off, the question was put, the recommendation on the three resolutions was upheld. Proponents of the labor-party measure claim that had the resolution been submitted on its merits it would have received around 7,000 votes.

Even shorter shrift was given the number of resolutions introduced by the "rank and file" delegation—relating to the Lundeen unemployment-insurance bill, Green's attitude toward the San Francisco general strike, a report on the trade-union movement in Soviet Russia, and a dozen more. As soon as the committee's report of non-concurrence was read, shouts of "Question" rose from all sections of the hall. The question was put to a vote. On the Mooney-Billings case, the convention merely reaffirmed its previous stand.

To anyone who can remember the period between 1910 and 1915—when each year the Socialist and left-wing bloc presented a solid, aggressive, and often effective opposition under eloquent leadership to the A. F. of L. administration —the weakness and lack of cohesion of the left-wing forces, as opposed to such mere opportunists as Lewis, at this time must be not the least discouraging aspects of present-day A. F. of L. conventions. There is excellent material undoubtedly in the new federal unions, but as yet it lacks experience, force, and direction. Its officials are no match for such slick and ruthless chieftains as Tobin, Duffy, Hutcheson, and Woll. In this year's convention, thanks to the efforts of Paul Porter, twenty-six of the federal delegates formed a bloc and voted as a unit on the progressive side. The bloc controlled about 225 votes and will probably grow in strength and aggressiveness before the next convention.

The "rank and file" group, several of whom were "federals," was composed of not more than half a dozen delegates. It duly presented a large flock of resolutions, most of which were not even commented upon. Having a definitely prepared program, the group failed to caucus with the other left-wing forces and in general played a lone hand.

Unquestionably the addition of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers will strengthen a "progressive" bloc which includes such groups as the Teachers' Union, the Hotel and Restaurant Employees, the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union, the United Textile Workers, the Brewery Workers, the Sleeping Car Porters, the United Hatters, the Mill, Mine, and Smelter Workers, and most of the federals. It is a group which badly needs aggressive leadership, but I doubt if John L. Lewis will do.

Burlingame, Cal.

Books, Music, Drama, Films

The Age of Scarcity

America's Capacity to Consume. By Maurice Leven, Harold G. Moulton, and Clark Warburton. The Brookings Institution. $3.

OF the many economic fallacies which have been bandied about since the onset of the depression, none has caught popular fancy more firmly than the technocrats' assertion that having solved the "problem of production" we must concern ourselves primarily with that of distribution. The existence of bulging granaries in a world of starving people, together with the obvious possibilities for greatly increased production, has led millions of uncritical persons to conclude that we have entered a new era in history—the age of plenty—in which the old economic laws are no longer applicable.

In the past this assertion has been the more dangerous because no body of facts was in existence which could be conveniently marshaled in refutation. We possessed a multitude of statistics regarding the fluctuation of stock prices, the volume of bank clearing, foreign trade, and the assets and liabilities of our leading corporations, but nothing concrete had ever been compiled with respect to the productive possibilities of our national economy or the consumptive requirements of the American people.

Considerable significance must therefore be attached to the present volume, the second of a series of four to be published by the Brookings Institution upon the basis of an exhaustive investigation of these questions. Tentative though the results must necessarily be, they stand in complete contradiction to the technocratic thesis. The investigation discloses, for example, that approximately three-fourths of the families outside strictly rural districts did not have sufficient income in 1929 "to provide an adequate diet at moderate cost"; and that nine-tenths of the non-rural population were "not in a position to enjoy a liberal diet." To furnish adequate nutrition, a substantial margin of safety with regard to vitamins and minerals, and to purchase the necessities which are normally associated with such a diet would require, it is estimated, an increase in the production of all kinds of consumers' goods and services by something like 70 or 80 per cent above the 1929 level. Even if no family with an income of more than $5,000 a year were to obtain more than it now has, the production of food in the United States would have to be increased by approximately 40 per cent, the value of shelter and home maintenance available for American families would have to be very nearly doubled, while the output of clothing and other consumers' goods would have to be more than doubled.

Such an increase, of course, would be far beyond the present capacity of our economic system. In the earlier volume, "America's Capacity to Produce," it was concluded that in 1929 the United States might have produced, with existing resources, plant, and labor supply, at the most 20 per cent more than it actually did produce. While this figure would appear to be over-conservative, the fact remains that the unfulfilled wants of the American people are probably several times the potential production of 1929. Under the circumstances it is ridiculous to assert—as many have asserted—that the depression was due to extravagance during the "new era" period from 1922 to 1929. On the contrary, all the evidence indicates that we were producing more than we consumed, but that at no time did production even approach the possibilities of consumption that would have existed had there been a more adequate distribution of purchasing power.

As might be expected, the statistics presented in this volume constitute an overwhelming refutation of those, like Nicholas Murray Butler, who insist that there is no serious maldistribution of income, or who impugn the thrift of the poor. It reveals, for instance, that the 219,000 families having an income of over $20,000 in 1929—comprising less than 1 per cent of the population but including Dr. Butler—consumed in the aggregate as much as the 5,800,000 families in the $1,000 to $1,500 income class, and yet that the former group was able to set aside from their income an amount equal to more than half the entire savings of the country. Similarly, the consumptive outlay of 10 per cent of the population at the top of the income scale was approximately one-third of the total, while that of the lowest 10 per cent was only 4 per cent. Yet the upper group saved over four times as much as the remaining 90 per cent of the population. To make matters worse, there has been, according to the authors, a tendency for the inequality in the distribution of income to be accentuated in recent years.

Startling as these figures are, there can be little doubt of their accuracy. Such errors as exist would seem to lie on the side of understatement. Unfortunately, however, no attempt is made at the present stage of the investigation to indicate in any detail the significance of these findings with regard to the general problem of recovery, though certain tentative suggestions are made which, if followed, would at least obviate further blunders of the type we have seen in recent months. It is pointed out, for example, that an additional reduction in the working week must necessarily lead to a lowering of productive capacity and of living standards. The ultimate test of national welfare is to be found in the magnitude of production which is available for the satisfaction of human wants. This does not mean that our distributive system is not sadly out of gear. That is self-evident. But it does indicate that recovery is not to be obtained through limitation of production, the juggling of the value of money, the increasing of wages, the limitation of speculation, or any of the other devices of the New Deal. True prosperity, as distinct from the 1929 variety, would appear to depend on honest toil, the expansion of production, and an equitable distribution of the fruits of our common endeavor.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

Frieda Lawrence's Memoirs

Not I, but the Wind. By Frieda Lawrence. The Viking Press. $2.

A Modern Lover. By D. H. Lawrence. The Viking Press. $2.

IN April, 1912, a little-known young man who had recently given up school-teaching to write paid a visit to the English husband of a German aristocrat—and spent a fatal half hour before lunch talking with the latter. His first remarks, characteristically, were in fierce denunciation of women. Six weeks later the wife and the young man had gone away together, and thereupon began one of the most extraordinary relationships of modern times. The fierce young man had met his mate. The battle and love between them were to continue—a classic of modern marriage in life and literature—over three or four continents and eighteen years and until the death of one of the protagonists.

This memoir of the survivor, her first public expression, bears out what any acute follower of the story has felt all along: that Frieda Lawrence held up her side of the struggle with a valiance and a fairness which make her a significant figure in her own right. No latent grudge remains, no recriminations. "We fought our battles to the bitter end. Then there was peace. . . . I preferred it that way. Battles must be. If he had sulked, or borne me a grudge, how tedious!" "Not I, but the Wind" is the record of a worthy opponent, straightforward, open-hearted, fair.

The record is scrupulous in the matter of personal confidence. Of Katherine Mansfield, "She told me many things from her life, but she told me them in confidence and trust." This fairness extends to other members of the Lawrence circle, some of whom have hardly shown the same grace toward Mrs. Lawrence. Her own integrity and plain knowledge of security in Lawrence's deepest attachment make subterfuge unnecessary. Perfectly straightforward, for instance, is the challenge to the adoring Brett: "I said to her: 'Brett, I'll give you half a crown if you contradict Lawrence,' but she never did." Candid, too, is the admission of the fight between Mabel Luhan and herself, which "went on, off, and on." But: "I think it was a fair fight." Nor does Mrs. Lawrence reply to the personal attacks of Middleton Murry in "Son of Woman"; rather her memoir, in its simple authority, is itself a refutation of the charges that she was not the woman for Lawrence or Lawrence the man for her.

If further refutation were necessary, the first group of some eighty letters of Lawrence included in the volume—the letters written to herself in the early part of their relationship—should provide further evidence. The whole tone of these letters denies the myth that the Lawrences were not a consummately married couple. The other cycles of letters were written partly to Else, Frieda's sister, chiefly to Baroness von Richthofen, Lawrence's doughty mother-in-law, with whom his relation seems to have been one of mutual admiration. Some of the best letters are to her—letters like the extraordinary one which describes Mount Sinai and the Arabian coast as seen from the Red Sea. Here, once more, is the brilliant descriptive writer, Lawrence at his magical best.

While Mrs. Lawrence's own record is sketchy and far from complete, parts of it are very moving. Some of the early scenes succeed in presenting the personal vividness of Lawrence, and the last chapter has over it a sunset glow of the pathos of his last days. The chief quality of the book, however, lies in its personal integrity. One feels that the heart of the relationship is there, and one's respect grows for the valiance of the woman who was able to carry through a life on the difficult terms set by Lawrence's genius.

The posthumous gathering of short stories and one fragment of a novel which has been issued simultaneously with Mrs. Lawrence's memoir will not change Lawrence's status greatly. The stories seem to be scraps or variations of earlier themes. "A Modern Lover," for instance, seems to be a footnote to the Paul Morel-Miriam relationship of "Sons and Lovers," wherein a Lawrence-like young man returns to his provincial sweetheart, and after a peculiarly supercilious, egotistical, and insincere attack on her virtue, goes away again without understanding her refusal.

The fragment of a novel called "Mr. Noon," however, makes one regret that the Lawrence of before the war did not have a chance to enlarge a remarkable realistic talent for portraying the life of his own Midland-colliery region. The fragment is amazingly good. It is the story less of Mr. Noon than of Emmy, and of her amorous adventures which precipitate her into respectable marriage. Emmy is "a sport, a bit of fluff, hot-stuff," withal a pretty typical representative of lower-class flapperdom. All the characters are astonishingly alive: Emmy; the erotically talented dog of a Mr. Noon; Wire-whiskers, the father; the true love, Walter George; Harold, the manly brother-in-law. Incorporated is a brilliant scene, veritably a treatise with running illustration, on spooning. The whole fragment, indeed, is a sort of mock-heroic comedy of love in the Midlands, which, by the time Lawrence's gay pen has finished with it, leaves the rose-wreathed version of the storybooks thoroughly perforated. And at bottom, I suspect, the triumphant realism goes not only for the Emmies and Mr. Noons and Walter Georges of Lawrence's hinterland, but for young humanity on the prowl almost anywhere in the world.

FERNER NUHN

Pirandello's Short Stories

The Naked Truth and Eleven Other Stories. By Luigi Pirandello. Translated by Arthur and Henrie Mayne. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.

THIS volume, which the publishers have issued with the usual attractive dress, is the twelfth in the Dutton Pirandello series. With five volumes of plays, five full-length novels, and two volumes of short stories available in American editions, Pirandello must be called one of the most adequately presented of the living Continental writers, for his whole literary evolution, which on the side of form has been most interesting, can now be followed in English. In that evolution the short stories represent an early embryonic stage, when Pirandello had not attained the self-confidence of success and was therefore to a certain large extent responsive to the modes and fashions of the day (the late '90's and the first decade of the century); when, furthermore, his thought had not as yet been clarified by the neo-idealistic experience of the present generation; and when, finally, he had not as yet perceived all the dramatic possibilities of his ironical vision of life. What we have in the Pirandello short story is a point, a situation, a thought (the fact that he has some five hundred of those points, situations, thoughts, stamps him as a writer of really creative imagination). One has to think also of the market for which he wrote, primarily the newspaper, for which he had to fill a column, two columns, by some rare chance a page. Maupassant had already created the model for this type of story. Its essential requisite was clarity and rapidity. Almost always the gist of it can be stated in a sentence. To give the point body, in other words to fill out the column, there was the formula of the naturalists, realism shaded toward the darker sides of life, with a peculiarly Italian twist—the pathos of the humble peasant life of the different Italian regions when viewed from above by a self-satisfied bourgeois.

Working with those data, Grazia Deledda, for instance, was able to win the Nobel prize, while Pirandello did not. One can see why. That formula fitted Deledda like a glove. It never quite fitted Pirandello. He never felt beyond the point of contrast in his situation; he was always ironically intellectual. His characters are always grotesques, his landscapes are dull, his Sicilian "manners and customs" are never as interesting as those of a mere scholar and folklorist like Pitré. And in those very limitations, too, we get the force of Pirandello's genius, when we see that in the end he broke through those traditional formulas to rise to a new and original art in the later plays, while Deledda, to return to the same comparison, has gone on for half a century repeating herself.

Selected more or less at random from Pirandello's very extensive fund of fiction, the stories in this column come both from the best and from among the poorer. The Annuity, Naked Truth, The Wayside Shrine, The Fly are perfect gems; The Annuity is in itself enough to carry the volume. Va Bene, on the other hand, was hardly worth translating, and so for The Spirit of Service, a flat antique from the rankest old-fashioned sentimentalism. I never could see anything in The Red Booklet, though I realize that M. Crémieux chose that story to make the first introduction of Pirandello to France. But take him at his best or at his worst, Pirandello is always refreshing as something a little different. And this volume would have its place in any library of good taste, when the hopeful things of life begin to cloy, or for a flash of Pirandello's cynical but gratifying laughter in moments when one sees no hope at all.

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON

Mr. Nock's Country

A Journey into Rabelais's Country. By Albert Jay Nock. William Morrow and Company. $3.50.

ALBERT JAY NOCK'S journey into Rabelais's country has the temper of Ruskin in Florence and the deliberately overemphasized naivete of "Innocents Abroad"—American vintage of 1869. It is a most curious book. Mr. Nock admires Rabelais and knows him thoroughly, yet by the evidence here he has by no means entered into or even momentarily taken on his idol's attitude. It would seem that no one could ever read Rabelais without achieving a new point of view on the earth life which we call human, a point of view more detached, more impersonal, from which ill-humor has fled and personal prejudice is, for the sake of the great show itself, automatically eliminated. This journey is by no means Mr. Nock's first trip abroad; yet it bears all the earmarks of old surprises, old shocks—at French water, French soap, French trains, French stenches, French fleas, French palms extended, French overcharges. These things are matters of fact, like showers, fog, and sleet, and are to be accepted in a more or less adult fashion, without irritation. Mr. Nock's humor is consistently irritated, even when he is most humorous. It is far from the spirit of Rabelais.

The difficulty is that Mr. Nock has written here, not as a tremendously curious, magnificently detached spectator of the particular section of the human panorama in which Rabelais was created and from which he created his figures, but solely and singly as an American of a very old school of tourists, carrying America with him even into Gargantua's birthplace, a little amazed over the small *mise en scène,* as if the tiny farms from which Rabelais developed his enormous cartoon should have been some Grand Canyon, some Garden of the Gods. Yet these pages on Chinon are the best, after all, in the book. If nowhere else in his journey, the author was deeply stirred there. The material with which a great imagination dealt gave him pause.

Another difficulty with this book is the same American difficulty, but from another aspect. It is written not only from an undiluted American standpoint, but in American idiom, American slang, American reference so dated as to be forever wrenching the reader back from sixteenth-century France, where he would really like to be and where he has a right to expect to be held by every wile and lure, into modern, uncivilized, uncouth America. Page 30 is a perfect example of how *not* to take measures to put the reader into a sixteenth-century mood, and this mass of Americanese confronts us while we are still approaching Chinon. Surely a "universal" writer should be introduced in something akin to universal speech, not in local dialect. And I think that by just so far as this form of expression is used it misrepresents America—that part of America, at least, which could be conceivably interested in this book on Rabelais's country. The author makes no effort seemingly to revive for his readers Rabelais's country as Rabelais saw and felt and expressed it. He quotes from Rabelais in truth, and we have just begun to scent the savor of old days when, alas, we are back in the twentieth century, back in America, jerked there by some wretchedly ill-timed reference to "prairie dogs" or "gun molls."

There are some places, aside from the Chinon section, where enough of the spirit of old days is felt to make one groan for the major opportunities wasted or thwarted by American standpoint and American lingo. Perhaps the secret lies in the last chapter—which is strange anti-climax, for the book ended

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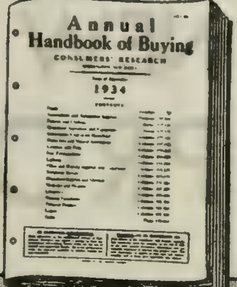

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on page 273 in one of the rare good moments of intimacy with the subject. Mr. Nock has been afraid to let himself go, been too timid of showing real emotion for a great theme, which is the last American touch of all.

EDNA KENTON.

Drama

A Fig from Thistles

UNDER the odd and unsuitable name "A Sleeping Clergyman," the Theater Guild has just produced at its own theater a new play marked by a dour but passionate idealism. The author, a Scotch physician who writes under the name of James Bridie, may not have mastered the art of compact dramatic construction but he has nevertheless the gift of vivid dramatic imagination, and the result is a play which cannot fail to command an immediate respect. The action, which covers the major crises in the life of three generations, each cursed or blessed with the same rebellious temper, is a bit diffuse and not handled without occasional fumblings. Some of the scenes seem to be tangential to the main business in a manner proper enough in a novel but tending in drama to destroy that effect of rapid movement in a single direction which is almost necessary if a play is not to give the impression that it halts when it should go forward. But in a theater where nothing is more common than plays well made out of nothing, substance is precious enough to be more than welcome even if its organization is a little uncertain. And Mr. Bridie has substance. What is more, his unconventional characters are very vividly alive.

The thesis of "A Sleeping Clergyman" is simply that though blood may tell, there is no way of predicting the slight twist which can turn a hereditary trait from virtue to vice or from vice to virtue. The first Cameron we meet is a rake-hell student of medicine who seduces the sister of his friend, refuses the plea to marry her, and dies cursing God. His bastard daughter, adopted by her uncle, is a ruthless minx who poisons one cad of a lover when he threatens to stand in the way of her marriage with another. Finally her son, no less unruly than the rest, rises to an opportunity and achieves something which no mere virtuous mediocrity could ever achieve. What had been inherited was brains and passion and rebellious daring. Perhaps that much could have been predicted. But there was no foreseeing that something—possibly the mysterious swapping of genes in a package, possibly only the fortunate concatenation of outward circumstances—would turn the brains and the passion and the rebellious daring toward fruitful activity instead of toward self-destruction.

Now there is nothing strictly new either to literature or to science in this thesis. Great wits are sure to madness near allied. The typical hero of Byronic romanticism is the good-bad man, and Nietzsche had his say about the hero's rebellion against slave morality. Unfortunately, the theme also lends itself very easily to cheap sensationalism. The popular theory that the genius is inevitably drunk and disorderly passes very easily over to the distressing assumption sometimes made by playwrights that the portrait of a genius is complete if only he has been made to seem drunk enough and disorderly enough. Mr. Bridie, however, is not to be damned for the faults of others. His characters, standing on their own feet, are unmistakably themselves, not traditional figures of the drama. His passion is real and articulately communicated. Moreover, many individual scenes are written with the finest dramatic instinct, so that whatever has been said about a certain cumbersomeness in the organization of the whole does not apply to the movement of most of

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Cal.

the parts taken by themselves. Some of them are, indeed, very nearly unforgettable, and they make the play by far the most worth while which this season has offered.

The production, directed by Philip Moeller and set by Lee Simonson, is as finished as one has come to expect from them. The acting in most instances is also admirable, but the star of the evening is Ruth Gordon, first as the victim of the original seduction, then as the minx who commits murder, and finally as the spinster sister of the Cameron who justifies his blood. Gradually Miss Gordon has transformed herself from an amusing farce-comedian into a dramatic actress of great power and resource. No one who saw her some years ago in, for example, "Mrs. Partridge Presents," would have guessed what she was to become capable of, but in the present play she exhibits an admirable command of very real gifts. In the first place, her acting is boldly positive—she goes out of her way to create a definite effect where most actresses, uncertain of their ability, would have preferred to let the part carry them and to undertake nothing that an intelligible reading of the lines did not demand. In the second place, what she does, she does with a crispness, an assurance, and a firmness of outline which is as refreshing as it is unusual. Perhaps she is at her best in the second of her three roles. In the scene where, driven into a corner, she puts poison in the port which the ex-lover has just arrogantly commanded her to get for him, she manages a very difficult moment superbly. Even more impressive is what she does with much slighter material in the scene where we first meet her in the insolent ignorance of just waking passions. At that point the text itself is not particularly distinguished, but Miss Gordon creates a startling human being by the toss of a head and the indolent but assured movement of a body which seems to be just divining what it is capable of.

"Dance with Your Gods" (Mansfield Theater) is a melodrama purporting to demonstrate the power which voodoo still has in New Orleans. A painfully obvious introduction presents a young aristocrat who agrees to have a ceremony staged for a Northern newspaperman, and from that we go on to the rites themselves enthusiastically performed by a large Negro cast. The point is that jest turns into earnest and that the body of the young aristocrat becomes inhabited by the departed spirit of a "bad nigger." One of the characters says that fear explains everything, but I am in no position to know. Despite the "genuine voodoo drums" kindly lent by Miss Natalie Hammond, my eyes stubbornly refused to start from their spheres and my knotted and combined locks to part.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Music

Hindemith Does His Part

ABOUT a year ago I read in a German musical magazine, which was particularly concerned about the "party lines" of contemporary composers, an article which expressed some strong doubts about the extent of Hindemith's "coordination." The writer was imbued with the typical Nazi attitude, the notion that there is some fundamental psychological conversion and purification involved in the acceptance of Hitler's state; and he publicly questioned Hindemith's ability quickly to remake himself in accordance with the "new" pattern. One could not become a Nazi overnight, and the sudden change was deemed less likely on the part of a composer like Hindemith, whose aesthetic attainments had been so much of a piece with the period of German decadence preceding the Hitlerite "sanitation."

THE PROUD and the MEEK
by
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Some time after this article was published, Hindemith's new instrumental work, "Matthias der Maler," appeared—and it seems to have been received with intense acclaim. Though Hindemith's previous works had earned him a sizable public and the respect of the experts, with his new three-part "symphony" based upon old religious paintings by the pious Matthias Grünewald, he passed into the realm of orgiastic ovation. Evidently, on this occasion, his musical symbols were tapping stronger areas of appeal; and no one who likes to speculate on the relationship between art and social texture could fail to be interested in this work both for its "symptomatic" qualities and for the bold polyphonic shapes which anything by Hindemith is likely to possess. Hence our gratitude that the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra in its opening concerts gave us an opportunity to hear it, conducted with sympathy and authority by Otto Klemperer, and performed with precision by one of the most conscientious musical bodies in the world.

The three movements have as their points of departure three paintings by Grünewald for the Isenheim altar, at Colmar. In the first, the Concert of Angels, Grünewald contrives to make song pour forth with the profusion of a heavy rain. Even the golden pillars and busy scroll-like ornament of the tabernacle seem to be a-tingle. Modern savants may consider this devout songfulness all wrong, but none the less it is thoroughly there. For the second movement Hindemith chose as his emotive theme the Entombment, a harsh, lugubrious work, mourners with unpleasantly distorted faces, a piteously maltreated and drooping corpse, a rectangular sarcophagus with sharp lines indifferent to the modulations of the body, a sparse and desolate landscape in dull light. Gloom here is for the moment without relief: the painter could be as despairing as he chose, since the joyous parts of his program were taken care of elsewhere. The closing movement parallels Grünewald's Temptation of Saint Anthony, which discloses the typical religious dualism: Anthony suffocated by tumultuous apocalyptic beasts, all jaws, claws, horns, goads, beaks, snarls, and swollen bellies, a lewd and raspish swarm which are extremely ambitious, the torture of Anthony being the single goal of their ambition. Behind and above this stifling orgy are bright peaks, buoyant clouds, and such golden shafts as lead to the gates of heaven, so we know that events are turning out favorably for Anthony, that even as he lies in torment the processes of reward are under way in another part of the universe but have simply not yet caught up with him. Our eyes moving over the canvas lift us from the dark, cramped foreground into a world of brightness, benignity, and long vistas.

Hindemith seems to have regiven this material by establishing a very neat compromise between his earlier polyphonic writing and the demands of operatic impressionism. His archaistic mannerisms are retained, but without the earlier effrontery. He seems determined not to get too far ahead of his audience; and the rough melodies which he so skilfully subjects to the assaults of different timbres are never lost in complex tonal labyrinths. The blunt pietism of his earlier "Marienleben" is stressed by the ecclesiastical intervals of his harmonic structure; and though his adherents are vigorous in denying that Hindemith is now interested in such despicable things as "program music" or "tone color," he is prompt to draw upon the hymnal for its obviously associational effects. In the first movement the *cantus firmus* about the three angels who sang a sweet song serves its ends as literally as a lullaby, though Hindemith is much too practiced in modernistic gruffness to be able to endow his music here with the serenity of Grünewald's picture. The "scrannel" sounds of the Entombment, on the other hand, were naturally closer to his prior attainments, or to the contemporary temper in general, which is better equipped to reflect Grünewald's plaints than his glories. This "Mont Salvat" despair was, to my mind, the most successful movement of the three. As for the set piece, the more ambitious Temptation of Saint Anthony, the painter's dualistic framework naturally suggests the pattern in which, again and again, the old religious struggle between "good" and "evil" has been regiven in secular music-drama: the battlefield of tonal conflicts above which some favored theme of the composer eventually proclaims itself victorious. In this case the victory falls to a Hallelujah blared lustily by the brasses, a quantitative kind of assertiveness wherein modern man *(Homo go-getterus)* is probably as far as he can be from the quiet refulgence of Grünewald's painting. A martial Hallelujah for an ending is as good a "coordination" as one could ask for. Anthony has triumphed over his temptations—and everything seems to be set for marching men. To this extent the Temptation, the trigger that released the explosions of applause among the composer's countrymen, seems to have profited by a fusion of religious and nationalistic attitudes, thus easily accomplishing through the deviousness of musical symbolism an end which Hitler is having considerable trouble in bringing about dogmatically in his disputes with the pastors. The music is German, it is archaic, it is devotional, and it is militaristic. As such it seems fully to sum up the requirements of the German psyche at the moment.

I might add my belief that great art always will be found to base its appeal upon such a synthetic, or "coordinating," capacity, and that this function is regrettable only at times when psychological fusions serve to conceal economic divisions. In other words, Germany is not now entitled to have a musician as capable as Hindemith, whose abilities can help to integrate a political attitude which requires disintegration. Where there is need of revolution, it is not until the revolution has occurred that the integrative function of art can fully operate without tending to obscure issues and alignments that should be sharpened.

KENNETH BURKE

Films

Collectivism More or Less

KING VIDOR has long had the reputation of being one of the three or four established Hollywood directors who really know better than what their works may at all times lead one to believe. He has always stood for a certain honesty, a certain originality, a certain ambitiousness in the handling of peculiarly and authentically American themes. Moreover, he has shown a distinct preference for what used to be called the "lower strata" of society. Unlike the host of directors who depend on the sensational, the exotic, the luxurious, he is attracted nearly always by the charm and interest of the ordinary. "The Crowd" was a study in the maladjustments of a very ordinary young married couple in the mechanical jungle of the modern American metropolis. It is still one of the few films to show any awareness of the dramatic values implicit in the effort to preserve traditional human relationships in the atmosphere of subways, skyscrapers, and kitchenette apartments. In "The Champ" the story was of a broken-down American prize fighter trying to stage a come-back in a gambling town on the Mexican border. None of the obvious romantic possibilities of the background were utilized, and most of the important scenes were made to take place in a cheap rooming-house. Yet neither of these pictures was successful in the sense of realizing any clearly envisaged thematic intention. In both cases a highly sentimentalized conclusion canceled whatever excellences might have been pointed to throughout. After all, they bore the indis-

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putable trademark of Hollywood, and the only excuse that could be offered was that Vidor had done the best that he could under the circumstances.

But in his latest picture, which has opened to the most enthusiastic press notices of the season, Vidor was given, so we are told, a free hand both in scenario and production, so that whatever lapses occur must be laid to his door rather than to the Babylonian portals of Hollywood. "Our Daily Bread" is once again, like "The Crowd," a picture that is unusually ambitious both in conception and in scale of execution. The young couple of the earlier picture are now victims of the depression. Matters are desperate when a kindly uncle appears with an offer of an untenanted farm somewhere in the Middle West. But very soon after they settle in their new home the boy realizes that he is not trained for farming and is in as bad a position as before. An evicted Swedish farmer passing along the road comes to his rescue, and as a result the great idea of cooperative enterprise is born, the vision of a collectivist farm to be made up of representatives of all the trades and professions, men who are out of work and willing to take their chances on the soil. This is the "frame" within which Vidor manages to fit several incidents from the headlines of the last few years. The climax occurs when a drought threatens to ruin the corn harvest on which the whole community is depending. By a superhuman effort a trench is dug, entirely by hand, from a power dam two miles away, and the crop is saved. Even in outline the picture must seem like a travesty of the kind of collectivist film that the U. S. S. R. produced several years ago. Once again King Vidor reveals the sort of fundamental confusion which has prevented him from becoming a truly fine director. The confusion here, of course, consists in the familiar enough attempt of the liberal mind to reconcile the hope of a small collectivist unit with an acceptance of the larger pattern of capitalistic society. The absurd consequences come out in various ways—the digging of the trench entirely by hand, the self-sacrifice of one of the criminal members of the group for $500 ransom money, and the prompt banishment of the sex element when it appears in the person of a wandering prostitute. The film is nothing if it is not propaganda, and as propaganda it has not even the virtue of being very clear-headed as to its object. It is not likely, therefore, to do very much good or harm anywhere that it is shown.

WILLIAM TROY

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Next Week:

William Troy will review Jules Romains's "The Proud and the Meek."

Lionel Abel will review Josephine Herbst's "The Executioner Waits."

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AT ATLANTIC CITY that picturesque old anachronism Bishop Manning did his best to convince the general conference of his church that it had nothing more important to do than to reaffirm the "fundamentally and definitely Catholic character" of its creed and to lament a prevalent tendency to doubt the virgin birth. The conference, however, was clearly more interested in births of another sort and it voted, forty-four to thirty-eight, for the acceptance of a resolution which indorses "the efforts now being made to secure for licensed physicians, hospitals, and medical clinics, freedom to convey such information as is in accord with the highest principles of eugenics and a more wholesome family life, wherein parenthood may be undertaken with due respect for the health of mothers and the welfare of children." The action is of first importance, and the discussion appears to have been more lively than one would have expected in so solemn a body. Bishop Matthews of New Jersey trotted forth the usual vague platitudes about "the great moral question involved" and "the moral leadership" expected of the church; Bishop Jenkins of Nevada arose to protest in the name of the boys and girls who needed "protection." But Bishop Huston of Washington was realistic: "We cannot find out the necessity for such action by looking through stained-glass windows. We must go into the streets and into the homes of the poor. We have had a lot of twaddle from celibate clergymen. The under-privileged should have access to information which others can so readily obtain." To its eternal credit the conference agreed.

PASSAGE BY THE MEXICAN SENATE of a bill requiring secular Socialist education in all the schools is the latest and most drastic step in the government's campaign against the reactionary influence of the Catholic church in Mexican affairs. Previously several of the provinces had enacted legislation restricting the number of priests within their boundaries, and several members of the clergy had been expelled for undue political activity. A number of churches have also been converted into schools or otherwise used in the interest of the public. The present measure, however, is obviously a much more fundamental attack than any which preceded it, and may well be the result of observation of the counter-offensive assumed by the church in Spain, where a parallel situation has existed since the overthrow of the monarchy. It may also be taken as indicative of a new turn to the left in Mexican political development, which may yet recapture some of the idealism of the early days of Calles. Enforcement of the new law by President-elect Cárdenas depends primarily on pressure, or lack of it, from abroad. Public sentiment in Mexico itself appears to be definitely behind the government.

ALTHOUGH CHINA is unlikely to carry out its threat to adopt a gold standard as a defense against the Administration's silver-buying program, its repeated protests to the State Department have at least served to expose the hypocrisy of those who maintained that raising the price of silver would increase the purchasing power of the East. The truth, of course, is directly the opposite. Under normal conditions India and China are among the largest consumers of silver and are consequently interested in obtaining the metal as cheaply as possible. The buying power of a country is not determined by the exchange value of its currency, but by the aggregate worth of the goods and services which it sells abroad. A decline in the exchange value of its currency is a distinct though temporary advantage to exports, because it aids their competitive position. It would be impossible, moreover, for the United States to purchase the billion-odd ounces required by recent silver legislation without a serious drain on China's silver reserves, which would have a deflationary effect on that country's domestic economy similar to that experienced by the Western world during the dizzy ascent of the price of gold. The money doctors who have been advising the Administration have prescribed one medicine for the United States and a directly opposite remedy for China, though both were suffering from the same disease. Against these misguided quacks, China, unfortunately, has no real defense: the export tax recently imposed is unlikely to have more than a temporary effect, while resort to gold is highly impracticable.

PREMIER DOUMERGUE'S proposals for the "reform" of the French constitution may not be definitely fascist, as has been charged in some quarters, but they reflect a trend toward the concentration of authority in the hands of the executive which is one of the most characteristic features of the fascist state. To provide greater coordination in government policy, he asks that the powers of the Premier over the various departments, hitherto largely nominal, be materially strengthened. In addition, he suggests that the Premier be given the right, when confronted with a hostile vote in the Chamber of Deputies, to dissolve that body and call a new election—a device intended to reduce the notorious instability of French cabinets. It is further proposed that the responsibility for drawing up the budget—long a source of exacerbation and delay—be taken out of the hands of financial committees selected by the Chamber and intrusted directly to the Cabinet. The Deputies would be permitted to discuss revenues and expenditures, but would not be allowed to disturb the balance set up by the Minister of Finance. Other items on the program include changes in the elective system and in the control of the judiciary. The proposals are much more drastic than is commonly realized, and if adopted will fundamentally alter the machinery of the French government. While it may be argued that the new powers might be used as effectively by a left as by a right government, their enactment would greatly increase the danger of a reactionary coup in case the Socialists threatened to attain power by constitutional means.

THE DECISION OF THE NRA to abandon production control, together with the recent relinquishment of price-fixing, will—if carried into effect—remove two of the most indefensible features of the recovery program. Nothing could have been more fallacious or more dangerous than the assumption of overproduction upon which these measures were postulated. Limitation of output, whether in the industrial or agricultural sphere, must of necessity have led to a continuation of subnormal living standards. We fear, however, that the battle for economic sanity has not yet been completely won. The particular groups which have profited by the restriction of production are unlikely to relinquish their favored position without a struggle. Upon the outcome rests the fate of the entire New Deal.

BY REFUSING to consider an appeal from the decision of the Circuit Court of Appeals in the rehearing of the Levering and Garrigue case, the United States Supreme Court has in effect given final sanction to the Anti-Injunction Act of 1932. The Levering and Garrigue Company was a member of the Iron League, the only remaining group of open-shop contractors in the building trades of metropolitan New York. The company was running into constant labor troubles, principally sympathetic strikes, because of the closed-shop contracts between the other building-trades employers and the International Association of Bridge, Structural, and Ornamental Iron Workers. In 1933 the employer procured an injunction restraining the union from promoting sympathetic strikes and from persuading owners, architects, and general contractors not to patronize the plaintiff. The Circuit Court reversed the lower court on the injunction decree and this reversal was upheld by the Supreme Court. A new and amended decree against members of the union was then procured; the new injunction was again vacated by the Circuit Court; and now the Supreme Court refuses to hear the employer's appeal. The Supreme Court's act does more than sustain the constitutionality of the anti-injunction law. It implies that a controversy in which a union lines up other unions as well as closed-shop employers against a non-union, open-shop employer is a labor dispute within the meaning of the act. It implies, further, that federal courts exceed their powers when they issue injunctions against sympathetic strikes, organizational drives for the closed shop, and even, perhaps, secondary boycotts. This makes the reluctance of the Department of Justice to take a strong stand on Section 7-a all the more difficult to comprehend.

THE MORRO CASTLE INQUIRY conducted by the Department of Commerce has been concluded with charges of negligence against the master of the vessel, William F. Warms, and four of his staff officers. Captain Warms is specifically charged with having delayed the sending of SOS signals, with having failed to stop the ship soon enough after it was apparent that the superstructure was afire, and in general with having neglected the routine of fire fighting. The charges against the chief engineer, the assistant engineer, and the second and third officers are briefly that they saved their own skins without thought of the passengers. The five officers will be tried on these charges, and are threatened with permanent loss of their licenses. It was plain, even to those persons whose information about the case was limited to newspaper accounts of the hearings, that certain of the ship's officers did not conduct themselves with either the resourcefulness or the courage that the public has every right to expect. There was, however, another party in the case against whom no charges have yet been made. We refer to the Ward Line. The long hours and low wages which are the lot of the crews of these ships, the fact that one voyage is hardly more than ended before another is begun, the overwork of stewards who are on call for passengers at all hours of the night and day—all these make it not in the least surprising that in an emergency the human element, on which, no matter how up to date the equipment, the safety of passengers at sea depends, should fail. Charges of negligence may yet be made against the Ward Line. But the charge of making profits at the expense not only of its crews but of its passengers is a more serious charge which it should also be called upon to face.

THE CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE on Un-American Activities could not do better than attach John L. Spivak as a special guide through the jungle of Nazi intrigue and anti-Semitic propaganda. As a Communist sympathizer Mr. Spivak might decline to serve, especially since the committee has declared its intention of searching for un-American feathers in the left wing as well as the right. But if Mr. Spivak refuses to be a guide he should be subpoenaed as a witness. His excellent articles in the *New Masses* show that he has a way with Nazis. He plucks their revolvers from their pockets, and their letters from his own; he announces the names and addresses of gentlemen known even to their intimates by numbers; he reports what is said at secret conclaves attended by a handful of carefully selected initiates. Part of what he has written has also been brought out by the Congressional committee and printed in the daily press; but this much only tends to corroborate the rest. Mr. Spivak has done an able job of old-fashioned muckraking, a combination of good reporting, good detective work, and good public service. The spread of Nazi spying and plotting, and of anti-Jewish and anti-radical propaganda, is a menace as well as a scandal. Perhaps it cannot be stamped out, but at least it can be exposed and known for what it is—a creeping paralysis that aims to wither everything in American life that is tolerant and humane and decent. If anyone objects that the spies and the plots so far uncovered are too fantastic to be worth serious attention, let him reflect that Hitler and his fanatics now rule Germany.

A FORM LETTER recently went to the 130,000 employees of General Motors outlining a new policy. "We of the General Motors," said the president, Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., who signed it, "recognize 'collective bargaining' as a constructive step forward, both for the employees and the management. Regardless of any obligations that may exist, we propose not only to continue the idea but to develop it." According to Mr. Sloan's eloquent letter, his new model of collective bargaining is even smarter than those put out by other industrial concerns. In addition to streamlining, knee action, merit clauses, and remote control, it incorporates a new device guaranteed to remove the last trace of operating strain from workers who have had a hard day on the assembly line. "The plan," runs the dispatch from Detroit, "was designed by the company to meet all requirements of Section 7-a of the NIRA. It has been in effect for several weeks. However, workers were first informed of it today." Mr. Sloan's definition of collective bargaining makes the term synonymous with employee-representation plans, that is, company unions. In no sense will the company union be empowered to negotiate wage contracts. It will be restricted in function to bringing complaints and grievances to the management's attention, but even here the last word in determining the validity of complaints will rest, not with a joint conference tribunal, not with an impartial arbitrator, but with the corporation's own Department of Industrial Relations! In short, General Motors reserves to itself the right of being plaintiff and judge in the same proceedings.

THE FORTHCOMING TRIAL in Sacramento of eighteen men and women on six counts of criminal syndicalism raises issues of profound significance to those who still believe in basic civil rights in this country. Convictions in this test case will open the path to the legal annulment, in California at least, of such fundamental American principles as the right to belong to political and economic organizations of one's own choice, and the basic right of freedom of political belief. It will mean, moreover, that it will be unlawful to buy, sell, or possess the works of Marx, Lenin, or other radical writers, or to belong to the Communist Party or any of its affiliates; and that it will be illegal to engage in boycotts or in picketing. (During arguments over demurrers the judge ruled all picketing to be unlawful.) Behind the prosecution of this case is the oligarchy that rules California's great interwoven empire of agriculture-processing-shipping finance. This oligarchy has definitely decided to rid itself of what it calls the "red menace," that is, the Cannery and Agriculturual Workers' Industrial Union, which succeeded after a series of strikes in increasing the wages paid to field workers from twenty to thirty cents an hour. For this success the union has paid heavily. At the time of the San Francisco general strike all its headquarters in the State were closed or wrecked by the police or vigilantes, and the officials of the union were arrested, charged with violation of the criminal-syndicalism laws. All the resources of the labor movement are now necessary to prevent them from being convicted and imprisoned for from six months to eighty-four years.

WE PUBLISH in the correspondence columns of this issue of *The Nation* a letter from the New York City Commissioner of Public Welfare, William Hodson, sent in response to a complaint made by a group of employees in the Home Relief Bureau about the discharge of one of their number. Commissioner Hodson and the Home Relief employees differ markedly about the fracas which occurred on September 27, although both of them agree that it ended in a general melee involving the protestants and the police. We should like first to inquire where the Commissioner received his information about the disturbance. Was it from the police or a more disinterested source? More important, however, is the general principle of the use of force by the police which his letter raises. Mr. Hodson several times remarks that the police used "no more force than was necessary." Just how much force is necessary on the part of policemen armed with billies and revolvers to quiet a group of unarmed citizens? If a citizen strikes an officer in the face with his clenched fist, must a "general melee" result? Has an officer the right to "meet force with force" (force, in this case, meaning retaliative violence)? And, finally, have the New York police a past record of restraint in the face of provocation sufficient to justify a public official of Mr. Hodson's importance officially to sanction meeting force with force? To these last three questions, we should unequivocally answer no.

IT IS generally taken for granted that business men are grateful when the National Guard helps to break a strike. But in California sins of omission are practically unheard of, and the business community of San Francisco wants the National Guard to know just how grateful it is. We quote from the San Francisco *Daily News* for October 10:

> Very quietly, the bigger business men of the town have been gathering up a fund to buy something for the National Guard. You may hear about it later because two points of view have developed concerning the move. The group behind it considers the contribution a tangible appreciation of the way Guard members have met the duties of citizenship. The opposition snorts that it's a tip to the guard for strike service.

A correspondent has sent us a photostat copy of the appeal for funds. It is headed "An Appreciation of Good Citizenship" and bears the names of important figures in the social and economic life of the Bay region who "are sponsoring a popular subscription the proceeds of which will be expended in a manner yet to be determined, but which will be of the greatest benefit in the development of the National Guard service." "Good citizenship" comes high, but no one knows better than the "bigger business men" of San Francisco and their company union, the Industrial Association, how well it pays.

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Employment Is Not Enough

"LOOKING BACKWARD" is an apt title for the thoughts of most business men as they survey the depression. All this, they say, would pass if only we could return to methods and habits of less dangerous days. They do not recognize that those seemingly safe days produced the succeeding disaster. Even many of the so-called "forward-looking" men are obsessed with the short swings of change, oblivious of the deep currents which alter the course of history. They do not see that the problems of America are only segments in the much more unmanageable problems of the world at large. Though they believe in the possibility of purely local recovery, they do not even try to discover the origin of the local malady. They reach no understanding because they neither look backward with sufficient insight nor coordinate American experience with that of the rest of the world.

The economic regime of today differs from that of a generation ago in one outstanding respect—the very nature of property has undergone a revolutionary transformation. The greater amount of it is no longer private but corporate. The profit system, once an individual inducement, has become very much an abstraction, alluring to the relatively few—the processors, distributors, and financiers who collect the profits—but of no great meaning to the majority of persons whose purchases supply them. The demand for a profit system, cogent in past years, today has a hollow ring, since it is a demand of the small minority in control of corporate wealth to continue their exploitation of the majority. The one justification would be the social service rendered, but in the mind of business men this amounts to little more than giving employment. It does not occur to them that under modern conditions any recovery based only on the profit inducement to corporate wealth, if that wealth is dominated by the few, would be the continuation of an economic dictatorship as foreign to original American conceptions as any other dictatorship.

We believe the final objective of the Roosevelt Administration is to weaken this dictatorship and bring a new era of decentralization in which property will again be private and profits an inducement to the many. The Tennessee Valley project, now to be copied in other parts of the country, aims to develop great regions in a way to avoid the concentration both of population and of wealth. This too may be an effort to turn back the clock, but at least it acknowledges that the real problem is not unemployment alone but the economic liberation of the individual from servitude to corporate wealth. The Roosevelt philosophy presents at least an alternative to the existing system. It may not be one within his power to achieve, if for no other reason than that it presupposes more patience than the country may be willing to contribute. The other alternative, putting the state in control of the economic destiny of the nation in the place of corporate wealth, appears to us much more in the line of natural evolution.

These thoughts come to us in publishing the first of four articles by business men on the current problems of the New Deal. Our first author, Mr. Wasserman, differs from most men in daily contact with finance in that he is not afraid. He pins his faith on the machine. He would bravely tie up civilization with its development, and he proposes a financial scheme which would tax old machinery in the interest of more and newer machinery. It is a sound program for a capitalist, and would assure the performance of the chief service of corporate wealth, employment, more successfully and permanently than the present regime can hope to do it. It may even be that his general objective is the one hope of the regime of wealth to survive for a time, since the community is still in a mood to yield its economic independence in return for the comforts of security. But even if all employables are put to work, the care of the aged and the infirm must still fall to the community, and we doubt whether the country would again accept a system which leaves their safety to the charitable impulses of philanthropists. What we miss from Mr. Wasserman's program is appreciation of the truth that the modern individual, however much he needs security, above all needs freedom, not merely freedom to provide himself with shelter and nourishment, but the freedom which comes from being an integral and responsible member of society. Granting that Mr. Wasserman's plan would put the unemployed to work, a people dominated by the corporate wealth which controls the machines would not tolerate a subordinate status longer than it remembered the anxieties of the depression and was thankful for safety. A machine-made economy would still be inherently unstable. Mr. Wasserman can retort that he is discussing an economic solution and not a philosophy. He may accept our criticism, and say he offers his plan in an attempt to do no more than bring clarity to the addled contradictions of Washington. But we cannot introduce his contribution and those to follow without reminding our readers that the philosophy matters even more than the brilliance of economic solutions.

A New Internationalism

IT is safe to say that no other step taken by the Roosevelt Administration carries with it such limitless possibilities as those suggested in the memorandum submitted by Messrs. Tugwell and Taylor, American delegates to the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome. Here, without the fanfare of publicity which accompanied the ill-fated World Economic Conference at London, we have a proposal that attempts for the first time to deal in a realistic manner with the basic problems of the world depression.

The London Economic Conference was essentially an attempt to restore an international laissez faire economic structure such as existed prior to the World War. On the assumption that existing maladjustments could be eliminated only through the restoration of economic flexibility, it concentrated on proposals for the leveling of trade barriers, the stabilization of currencies, and the revival of international lending. The conference failed, not because world interdependence had ceased to exist, but primarily because the desire for greater flexibility was in direct opposition to the whole trend of economic development. The New Deal in the United States, the new forms of economic organization in Germany and Italy, and the planned economy of the Soviet

Union are merely the latest and most extreme manifestations of a tendency which has been apparent for the greater part of a century—for nations and groups, capital as well as labor, demand a larger measure of security than can be provided by a system of free competition.

With the collapse of the London conference the drift toward economic nationalism, as well as toward rigidity and planning, has continued unchecked. While there has been a certain degree of domestic recovery in many countries, international trade has not shared in the improvement. This has meant continued hardship for those sectors of the economy which are dependent on the world market. In the United States the pinch has been felt primarily, though not exclusively, in agriculture. The Administration's crop-reduction program has been matched by increased production abroad, so that its net effect has been far from beneficial. In recognition of this fact, those in charge of agricultural policy have increasingly come to realize that the United States must make a definite choice between its present nationalist policies and a restoration of the world market. The experience of the last few years has abundantly revealed the pitfalls besetting the nationalist path. A permanent loss of export markets not only would involve tremendous hardships during the transition period, but would entail lower living standards and a degree of regimentation wholly unpalatable to the average American. Yet restoration of the old order is beyond possibility.

The obvious solution of this dilemma lies in the extension of the principle of planning to the international sphere, which is essentially what has been suggested in the memorandum presented at Rome. While this entails grave difficulties, as illustrated by the vicissitudes of the international wheat agreement, it is the one road on which progress has been made during the past few years. Plans for international commodity control have been either formulated or actually put into effect in the case of sugar, wheat, rubber, and tea. In regard to other commodities, agreement has been blocked by the failure to win the cooperation of enough producers. But it is now widely recognized that there can be no solution of the anarchy existing in the production of basic raw material except through international cooperation.

The American memorandum not only recommends a thorough study of the results and possibilities of national and international production control, but suggests that agricultural planning on a world scale may be the means of avoiding a repetition of the events of recent years, and proposes that this planning be coordinated with long-range economic planning in other fields. It has the additional virtue of recognizing that little progress can be made toward international control as long as present trade barriers continue to exist, and that these in turn are closely bound up with monetary instability. It advocates a frank reexamination of current trade policies in order to determine whether they serve to increase international commerce, or whether they obstruct trade or divert it from its normal channels. But perhaps the most encouraging feature of the American proposal lies in its tentative nature. By no stretch of the imagination can it be charged that this is merely another utopian plan which the Brain Trust is seeking to impose on an unsuspecting world. It is flexible and exploratory in character, accepting the fact that the field of international economics has as yet scarcely been touched, even by so-called experts. Moreover, the scheme has the great advantage of having been presented unobtrusively—in striking contrast to the pitiless glare of publicity that attended every move at the London Economic Conference and made necessary concessions virtually impossible.

There can be no assurance that the memorandum will receive favorable consideration from the various foreign countries at the present time. Any proposal by the United States purporting to be in the interest of the world as a whole is bound to encounter suspicion. Recent developments in Germany, France, and the Far East indicate that the forces of economic nationalism are more powerful today than ever before. But the very extremes to which they have gone have created the necessity for a return to international cooperation. This will not be easy; it may not even be possible in view of the warlike passions which the economic struggle has engendered. But if it is to come at all it will be through patient study and research such as has been suggested at the International Institute of Agriculture.

The Epic of Upton Sinclair

If the opponents of Upton Sinclair have left any stone unturned to prevent him from becoming Governor of California, we have not heard about it. As a result the State, and the nation as well, is fairly swarming with the low forms of life generally to be found under stones long unturned. Perhaps the most notable single specimen is the literature poured out by the United for California League, which calls itself non-partisan, presumably because it does not care who beats Sinclair. In a propaganda campaign that must be costing somebody a great deal of money, the league quotes from Mr. Sinclair's voluminous works to prove that he is an atheist who advocates revolution, communism, free love, and the scientific care of children. Like the Bible, the vast writings of Upton Sinclair can be cited to prove almost anything, but even one Bernice H. Johnson, who issues a leaflet in exactly the same format as those of the United for California League, has a hard time proving moral turpitude against the last American Puritan, Upton Sinclair.

The substantial opponents of Sinclair—the press, big business, and the Republican Party—are using other methods which have grown at once more hysterical and more unscrupulous with the approach of the fatal day, November 6. The Republican Party of California (and of Herbert Hoover) went to the length of making a friendly reference to the fantastic Townsend plan by which every worker past sixty would receive a federal pension of $200 a month, to be spent in thirty days if our present so-called economic system could stand up under it that long. What is much more serious, the Republican Attorney General has instigated actions in Los Angeles County to strike from the registration rolls 100,000 or more names, most of them from downtown working-class districts. The burden of proof rests upon the registrants and it is physically impossible to hear anything like 100,000 cases before election day. As a result thousands of voters are likely to be disfranchised—with violence at the polls certain to follow.

To describe this hair-raising opposition would, in the case

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of any other candidate, be equivalent to recording his defeat. But Upton Sinclair happens to know a thing or two about propaganda himself, and his counter-attacks, marked by the ingenious simplicity which is his special talent, have turned what might have been a sordid political dog fight into an enlightening and almost gay affair. When the flight of capital was announced, *Epic News,* Sinclair's weekly news sheet, reported that Mr. Sinclair (like St. Therese) was "not interested" in the results of a Wall Street manipulated stock market. To the accusation that he was an atheist, *Epic News* replied with an overwhelming resolution from the Methodist Preachers' Meeting of Southern California to the effect that Upton Sinclair "believes in a personal God." To the report that thousands of "hobos" were heading for California, *Epic News* replied that the statement was untrue, while Sinclair said in effect "What of it?" and went on to say that his policy was assuredly different from that of his opponents, who were determined to keep the people in California so poor that no one would be tempted to move in.

If Sinclair, during his campaign, has not proved that his own economic ideas are workable, he has proved that prevailing economic methods are definitely not workable, and in the process he has shown, in sometimes amusing and always vivid terms, who benefits by their non-workability. His analysis of California's present condition, in his latest campaign document, "Immediate Epic," is unanswerable. It also represents Sinclair's most ingenious achievement to date. When the Democratic Party took him under its nervous wing, it assumed that he would stay put, and the statements of leading Democrats supporting his candidacy were hopefully based on that assumption. He was persuaded to drop his idea of a $300,000,000 bond issue. But he has already flown over the capitalist fence again. In "Immediate Epic" he proposes a heavy tax payable in cash, goods, or services on all corporations assessed at $100,000 or more, without regard to income. In a blithe paragraph he says:

> Let us take the Southern Pacific Railroad as an example. The Southern Pacific is now burdened with a great bond issue whose interest must be met. It is compelled to maintain its rights of way, tracks, and rolling stock. It has a far-flung executive organization. Its capacity to do business is vastly more than the business being done. If it paid a tax in the transportation of new freight, this would mean only hooking on to existing trains an occasional car for the State, and such new business would necessitate but a small amount of additional labor, fuel, and upkeep. Careful study makes it appear that the railroads of the State could pay an Epic tax for not more than 20 per cent of value measured in their customary rates.

We are sure that the Southern Pacific will be delighted if and when Mr. Sinclair takes it as an example.

Given the average American legislature and the endless network of legal devices by which the owners of the country's wealth are able to escape "confiscatory" taxes, Mr. Sinclair, as Governor, would find it almost impossible to put EPIC into effect. But if he proves that even his cheerful brand of social planning cannot be imposed upon a capitalist State, that will be worth finding out. Meanwhile the rights of workers would receive more consideration than they have had for some time in California. Tom Mooney, who would go free one half-minute after eleven on the morning of January 7, is one of the workers we have in mind.

An Ellis Island for Books

"LITERARY Expert Made Censor of Book Imports." Thus runs the headline in the New York *Herald Tribune,* but the fact is not really as bad as it is made to sound. Thanks largely to the effort of Morris L. Ernst and others, the Customs Department has learned that it cannot really have a censor however much it might like the privilege, and the courts with whom the final decision on any book lies have recently shown an encouragingly liberal tendency. In the now famous case of "Ulysses" the guardians of our portals proposed but the Justices Hand disposed, and the surprising adventures of Mr. Bloom are now to be had at any bookstore.

What the new appointment really means is that the authorities of the Treasury Department have decided henceforth to consult some literate person before making a decision which is likely to be called into open question before a federal court. In the past it has worked in mysterious ways. Officially, at least, no one knew who read the books which were denied admission, and the common suspicion that the office boy was glad to oblige seemed justified by some of the odd proceedings—as when, for example, copies of the "Decameron" were held up, despite the fact that it had been printed and sold in this country for many years. In the future the authorities propose to look before they leap, and if any silly moves are made we shall at least have the satisfaction of knowing who is responsible. Huntington Cairns, a Baltimore lawyer, is the bearer of the new and odd title "literary expert attached to the Collector of Customs." He is said to be a gentleman of cultivated and literate tastes, and we probably have good reason to rejoice that the appointment did not go instead to some prominent Nice-Nellie or to some Board of Snoopers appointed by the D. A. R. and the Federation of Women's Clubs.

This is not, however, to say that we envy Mr. Cairns his job or think that he or anybody else is needed. We see no reason why the prosecution of books printed abroad should not be left to the District Attorney's office, which is responsible for action against allegedly obscene works printed in this country. In the first place, the latter arrangement puts both the initiative and the burden of proof up to the prosecution, instead of, as is the case with foreign books, allowing an arbitrary action against which the proprietors of the confiscated works have merely the power of making a legal protest. In the second place, the whole assumption that some special precaution has to be taken against wicked foreign influence seems to us a remnant of the ancient theory that Europe is a wicked old man bent upon corrupting the innocent youth of America. Nevertheless, we have some hope for Mr. Cairns and a good deal of faith in the power of publicity. He is not, we understand, the kind of man likely to take a Comstockian pleasure in exhibiting himself as one of those pure to whom all things are simply terrible. Any time that he feels himself slipping and begins to get that after-all-we-must-draw-the-line-somewhere feeling, we suggest that he pay a visit to the Columbia University library, which has just accepted as a historical treasure the very copy of "Ulysses" which the Customs Bureau held impounded for several years.

Issues and Men

Jim and the Jobs

HOW President Roosevelt can retain Postmaster-General Farley in his Cabinet after the publication of that shameless spoilsman's letter to Robert Moses, written in January, 1931, is beyond my understanding. It gives the lie to the spirit of the New Deal to retain in high office a man guilty of practices against which the most enlightened elements in American life have been battling for more than fifty years. It gives the lie to President Roosevelt's own statement that narrow partisan politics have no place in the New Deal and in the effort to rescue the American people from their economic disaster. If the President retains Mr. Farley he cannot avoid the charge that in a dire national crisis he is permitting the playing of politics to insure his reelection; that he is disregarding the question of efficiency in governmental office in favor of political favoritism of the most flagrant kind.

The only thing that can be said in favor of Mr. Farley is that he has the frankness of an uncontrolled pirate. He glories in his shame. "I must confess," wrote Mr. Farley, on the stationery of the Democratic State Committee, "that I don't agree with your method of selecting men . . . by a board of engineers. My attitude, Bob, would be to appoint no one but Democrats." Now it may be urged that this letter was written two years before President Roosevelt became the head of the nation and put Mr. Farley into the Cabinet. But the simple truth is that Mr. Farley has been one of the President's greatest liabilities ever since he took office. He has been playing politics from the start, and favoring not the appointment of the most efficient men but of "deserving Democrats." The trail of politics was obvious throughout the administration of the CWA and was probably one reason that the President abandoned it so quickly in the face of the protests of social workers everywhere. But that was not the only place where politics were being played. The recommendations for the appointment of instructors in the New York State CCC camps lay upon a certain official's desk for five months last winter simply because there were not as many Democrats on the list as that official thought there should be. As for Mr. Farley himself, he is being almost as frank about his political activities as he was when he was writing that letter to "Dear Bob."

In no other country in the world that claims to be civilized and in the front rank of nations can such things happen. Throughout its entire existence of sixty-nine years *The Nation* has fought against the spoils system as one of the most important causes of the corruption and degradation of our political life. During those decades progress has been made toward eradicating this evil. But we have gone backward since the Roosevelt Administration took office. It is true the President has announced that all fourth-class postmasters are to be transferred to the classified service, but the enormous increase in offices during the New Deal has given Mr. Farley his opportunity, and he has not failed to make the most of it. It is a commonplace that to get a job in Washington, unless you can apply directly to officials of the high caliber of Frances Perkins or Harold Ickes, or others like them, you have got to bring a certificate from your Democratic State Committee that you are a good and loyal Democrat, thoroughly deserving. We have turned back the hands of the clock for about fifty years. Not that politics haven't been played under every Administration, but for the sort of unblushing spoilsmanship that has been going on under Farley one must go back to the late seventies and to the assassination of President Garfield by a disappointed office seeker. James G. Blaine was at that time one of the chief defenders of the spoils system. He never lost a chance to denounce reformers who demanded that the United States should have a civil service at least as good as that of France and Germany, and, above all, Great Britain. On December 10, 1880, writing to the President-elect, Mr. Garfield, he referred to the reformers as "upstarts, conceited, foolish, vain . . . noisy but not numerous, pharisaical but not practical, ambitious but not wise, pretentious but not powerful." As his latest biographer, Professor David S. Muzzey, points out, he opposed the efforts of President Hayes to uplift the service and upheld the playing of politics in the New York Custom House.

But when Guiteau murdered President Garfield, and the National Civil Service League was formed immediately thereafter, when the Pendleton Act was passed in 1883, which resulted in the creation of the Civil Service Commission and President Arthur's transfer of some 14,000 offices to the classified list, even Mr. Blaine had to call a different tune. In his eulogy of Garfield, spoken before the Congress, he had to assert that the dead President had been "earnestly seeking some practical way of correcting the evils arising from the distribution of overgrown and unwieldy patronage." There have been few politicians engaged in the award of political offices as party spoils since that time who have not at least made some excuses, or tried to hide their activities, or blushed a little when they were exposed. But Mr. Farley belongs squarely in the era of Guiteau, of Blaine, of the scandals of Ulysses S. Grant. No man can play the politics that he is playing and assert that his methods are anything else than a blow at the efficiency and integrity of our governmental machine.

Mr. President, you were taught different things at Harvard. Your associations have always been of a different kind. Innumerable independents like myself have been upholding you since you undertook the New Deal, and are most sincerely anxious to maintain our faith in the sincerity and honesty of your Administration. You could do nothing more certain to strengthen and encourage us in that faith than to find another job for Mr. Farley. We have said this before. We shall continue to say it until Mr. Farley is removed, or your Administration ends.

Oswald Garrison Villard

Liberal Futility and a New Approach

By WILLIAM STIX WASSERMAN

IT is difficult to be hopeful regarding the American outlook. The events of the past few months have forced me to the conclusion that instead of a clear-cut economic policy and leadership which might inspire the country, we have in Washington a combination of muddy idealism and incompetence acting in a more or less opportunist manner, with no definite forward-looking plan. This does not mean that in the Administration there are not brilliant and conscientious individuals striving honestly to give the country a fairer and more decent government. But these individuals are lost in the contradictions which they create and in the lack of a unifying personality that will hold to a single path regardless of the political tempests that may blow across it. I know that it is easy to criticize President Roosevelt; that his job is colossally difficult, almost too difficult for any single human being; that he is honestly trying to create a workable system. I will even go farther and say that I believe he thinks he is preserving the best of the old capitalism and merely reforming where reform is necessary. But I think that he is doing all of this without clearly understanding the basic principles which underlie our economic situation and without being willing to take the necessary steps that might create either a workable capitalism or a workable semi-socialism.

If the Administration wants socialism in this country, then we have the right to expect that the measures it takes will be designed to give us the best socialistic rule possible. If it wants capitalism it should make the functioning of capitalism possible. If it wants a mixture of both—and even that is possible within limits—it should create a condition in which each can function where best adapted. But what has been created is an atmosphere in which neither can work. In fact, the type of so-called economic planning the Administration has been fostering centers primarily around an attempt to control production and raise prices. Controlled production is only another name for restricted production, and the attempt legally to keep "prices above costs" results merely in an impossible effort to guarantee a profit to the inefficient producer. Whatever prosperity we in America have had in the past has resulted from a philosophy of mass production in unrestricted volume and at lessening prices.

We know that the mainspring of private industry is the desire for profit, and coincident with the desire for profit the thing that keeps the capitalist system going is the constant reinvestment of savings in new enterprise. We know that this reinvestment of savings will not take place unless there is confidence and unless there is a possibility of profit, and we know that without this reinvestment of savings heavy industry ceases to work, and we have the disequilibriums that create depression.

We also know that a free market is the only type of market in which capitalism can really flourish, and that relatively free competition is absolutely essential to capitalism. Unless the business man is free to take a loss when it becomes necessary to move merchandise at the price the market is willing to pay, we get stagnation and a further inability of the market to consume. The Administration, in conjunction with business leaders who looked only at the immediate profit without realizing the long-term consequences of their own actions, by attempts to fix prices and to regulate methods and volume of production, has created a strait-jacket for business. Manufacturers are unwilling to undertake production for the future if they fear that government interference will put them in such a rigid position that they will be unable to extricate themselves.

In their own way the capitalists of the country are on strike. They are refusing to invest in new enterprise. Why? Because neither present profits nor the hope of future profits are there. Yet the government does not mediate with these strikers as it does with labor. Indeed, it gives some evidence of favoring a permanent lock-out of capital. Instead of making some concessions or creating a little inducement to capital to start functioning again, the Administration continues to antagonize it. The greatest blunder has been to start the wheels working toward comparatively advanced social legislation, which places a direct burden upon production and thus results in increased prices and lessened production. These in turn bring about lessened purchasing power and heighten the uncertainty of future profit. The more imminent the prospect of heavy unemployment insurance, old-age pensions, and other forms of expensive and bureaucratic governmental paternalism, the greater the mortgage on future profits and the smaller the inducement to capital to assume the risk of new enterprise. A distinction, however, should be noted between the above types of social legislation and minimum-wage and maximum-hour laws, which tend to speed up the introduction of new machinery.

We might have a chance to go the other route, that of semi-socialism, if the government were willing in a large way to step forward as a producer of capital for our railroads, for our building, for all of heavy industry; but instead it offers a timid compromise. The government does advance capital, it tries to do it in conjunction with private capital, but the effort is totally inadequate. The government does just enough to prevent a crisis—just enough relief work to prevent starvation, just enough lending of money to banks to prevent any banking difficulty, just enough hand-outs to industry to create a partial functioning. So we go along, a limping capitalism in a state of drift, drawing upon our immense reservoirs of wealth, which are still so great that we can continue to sin against the system without too drastic consequences. What will be the result? The continuance of a half-baked capitalism with so-called liberal trimmings and the eventual necessity of an alliance between the intelligent liberal and the mossback tory, because the liberals in power have not the courage, the understanding, or the character to put into effect the drastic radical measures that would produce results.

In attempting to meet the demand for an alternate course of procedure, it is, of course, not possible to set down the exact details of an entire program. It would also be foolish to do so, because in practical political and economic life opportunism must play a great part. It is possible, however, to outline a different approach to our problems based upon a more scientific analysis of capitalism.

Any plan which offers a new approach to the situation must fulfil certain fundamental requirements. First, it must be in harmony with the present state of technical development and should stimulate rather than retard further technical advances. Second, it must be more than either a direct or an indirect redistribution of wealth; more than a semi-socialistic reshuffling of the cards, which would soon be nullified by newly arising inequalities. Third, to be effective, it must have a popular appeal.

I have criticized the New Deal with its NRA and other restrictive legislation for not touching the fundamental difficulty of our situation, namely, the proper adjustment of the rate of the investment of capital to the development of the technique of machine production, which, contrary to popular opinion, shows a steady progress regardless of booms and depressions. In the past every period of prosperity has coincided with the exploitation of new technique. Our booms were brought on by over-exploitation, our depressions by under-exploitation. The popular belief is that new inventions come in waves, that we have periods of great inventiveness which create their own cycles of prosperity. The truth is that the rate of inventions, or the development of new technique, is a steady stream, flowing regardless of the business cycle. The unstable factor is the speed of exploitation, the flow of capital into new enterprise. Here one comes face to face with numerous counter-influences, the most important being the purely psychological one called confidence. Confidence in turn is influenced by monetary conditions as well as by the social and governmental outlook. As long as we had a frontier and a rapidly increasing population we did not have to face the problem of the business cycle, or under-exploitation of new technique, in its fullest intensity. The continuous expansion of the frontier or, in the case of Europe, the development of colonial states created such a broad social safety-valve that even in periods of severe depression capitalistic confidence was not sufficiently impaired to prevent the constant flow of new technique from creating a stream of fresh activity.

It can be demonstrated that in recent business cycles, during the period of inflation preceding depression, there has been a point at which prices and volume have risen sufficiently to permit old machinery that had been previously discarded to come back into operation. The use of this equipment contributes more to a state of overproduction than the use of new machinery, which obviously created considerable purchasing power while it was being manufactured. The manufacture of new machinery is, as a matter of fact, one of the greatest sources of the creation of purchasing power. Furthermore, it is in the effort to keep old machinery in operation in competition with new that the worst abuses of industrial exploitation occur.

With this in mind, I would suggest, as an alternative to the type of social legislation advocated by the present Administration and by most so-called liberal politicians, that our legislative program should be centered around our adjustment to the development of machinery and our control of the technique of production. Without going into details, I will merely suggest the approach, in the following points:

1. Legislation to induce idle capital into a constant and speedy investment in new machinery. Such legislation must center around existing practice and be based primarily upon a new concept of taxation which would amount to enticing private capital into investment rather than deterring it.

2. Legislation to compel the systematic scrapping of old machinery, which requires intense exploitation of labor and sharp business practice to keep in operation.

Concretely, I would recommend the following measures: (1) income-tax exemption in proportion to investment in new enterprise; (2) governmental financial assistance for new productive enterprise provided there is equivalent scrapping; (3) no government assistance for the purpose of keeping old machinery in operation; (4) bonuses for scrapping old equipment—this includes housing; (5) new tax provisions for depreciation and obsolescence charges; (6) condemnation of old machinery, plants, and houses on the basis of public safety, public health, and the protection of minimum standards of employment; (7) minimum wages and maximum hours to be used not only as a protection for the standard of living but also as an additional and effective means of forcing the scrapping of marginal machinery and stimulating the production of new. With these basic points in mind an entire program of mechanical rehabilitation of the country could be commenced under government supervision and with governmental financial assistance. This would take up unemployment more quickly than any plan yet advanced. Few of us realize the magnitude of the business of manufacturing machinery in years in which our system is expanding. In 1929 alone more than $7,000,000,000 was invested by private capital in new machinery—a billion and a quarter more than the volume of building contracts.

The obvious difficulty of an alternative program of this nature is the business of "selling the idea," making it sufficiently popular for practical execution. Nothing is clearer today than that power goes to the strong salesman of ideas. Now social legislation of the New Deal type and even such measures as unemployment insurance and old-age pensions are comparatively easy to sell to the public at large. Their stagnating effect upon the development of civilization is so slow and gradual and so indirect that it is hard to dramatize it to the present generation. Nevertheless, I think it not a hopeless task to sell a sounder, more progressive, and more fundamental program. The appeal of current social legislation is entirely to security. A more progressive plan would cater to the ambition of youth as well as to security. A general raising of all standards must be pitted against the gradual leveling and lowering of conditions of life in a semi-frozen civilization. There is just as much room for dramatic word painting in heralding the approach of opportunity and growth as in picturing security. What a glorious slogan —"Rebuild America!"—and what a real prosperity could be accomplished under that slogan. In the long run, whether it would be feasible politically would depend upon the latent vitality of the nation. It would be a struggle between the ambition of youth and the desire for security of old age.

[*The new approach to an industrial solution outlined in this article was the joint work of Mr. Wasserman and Arthur Paul, based on the experience of Mr. Paul in the textile industry. Three other articles by business men, presenting a cross-section of capitalist opinion of the New Deal, will follow in early issues.*]

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A Trip Around the Soviet Union

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, September 7

I HAVE just completed a forty-day trip through the Soviet Union. Beginning at Leningrad, I went to Moscow, then Dnieperstroi—now known as New Zaporozhie—Kharkov, Rostov-on-the-Don, Tiflis, Erivan, back to Tiflis, from there to Batum, Sukhum, Gagri, Yalta, Odessa, Kiev, and now Moscow again. Of these regions only Armenia was new to me. It was my fourth trip to Leningrad, my tenth to the Ukraine, my fourth to the Caucasus, and my second to the Crimea. I investigated the Putilov works in Leningrad, the Frazer tool factory in Moscow, the steel mills at New Zaporozhie, the Kharkov tractor plant (for the third time), a milk and ice-cream plant in Rostov, a cigarette factory in Tiflis, a cognac distillery in Erivan, a tea factory in Batum, a wine cellar in the Crimea. I waded knee-deep through the unfinished tunnels of the Moscow subway. I visited an agricultural collective and two state farms near Kharkov, two collectives in the North Caucasus, Georgian mountain settlements, and villages under the snowcap of Mt. Ararat. I interviewed the assistant president of the Leningrad Soviet, the prime minister of Georgia, the deputy prime minister of Trans-Caucasia, the acting premier of Soviet Armenia, the head of the Moslem church in Armenia, the Catholicus or Pope of the Armenian church, the chairman of the Jewish Social Committee in Tiflis, and authors, cinema directors, factory directors, physicians, nurses, scores of workingmen at their lathes and on vacation, peasants, hotel managers, waiters, chauffeurs, officials, students, engineers, lawyers, journalists, fellow train travelers, foreign tourists, and children. I spent hours in workers' private homes, peasant huts, courts, rest homes, sanatoria, churches, parks, cafes, stores. Against a twelve-year background such a six weeks' intensive study brings the whole scene into sharp focus and warrants a synthetic statement on the general situation in Soviet Russia.

I need hardly say—but I do say it because of the stupid fiction regularly renewed abroad—that I saw what I wanted to see. I chose the collectives and the factories I wished to look at. I conversed with workers and peasants, in private, in their own language. When I was inspecting workingmen's settlements or villages, I went ahead and knocked at the door I selected. No one dictated my movements; in fact, no one tried to do so. I saw the good and the bad, and plenty of both. What are my conclusions?

The Soviet Union is overflowing with energy. The Bolsheviks have split the social atom and released unlimited units of energy which are being directed into the channel of national upbuilding. The country is growing fast. Russia is quickly becoming a great economic power. The population is full of confidence, enthusiasm, and faith in Russia's future. Those who took an optimistic view of Soviet prospects have been more than vindicated, and the skeptics should soon discover that their emotions are warping their judgment. All over the land the atmosphere tingles with vitality and hope. Everybody is working. Plans involving hundreds of millions of rubles and gigantic enterprises have been fulfilled, are being fulfilled, and are being drafted. Nothing is too vast. Nothing is considered impossible. One feels oneself in the midst of a tremendous creative process.

There is no evidence that the revolution is becoming institutionalized or "sober" or conservative. On the contrary, the success which has crowned earlier daring projects encourages even braver assaults on the forces of nature and backwardness. Nor is there the slightest fear that the home market will ever fail to absorb the products of a vastly expanded industrial plant. Rich new natural resources are being developed in the Caucasus and in other regions. For the first time in its history Armenia is producing precious molybdenum, carbide, and synthetic rubber. It has quadrupled its copper output. Tobacco growing has been introduced. The 3,500 hectares under cotton in pre-revolutionary times have become 18,000. At Leninakan, "Armenia's Manchester," a 100,000-spindle textile plant is being constructed; 40,000 spindles are already working. Armenia is also erecting a big knitting mill, a textile unit for fine prints, a soap factory, and a canning factory with an annual capacity of 100,000,000 cans of fruit and vegetables. Huge deposits of tuff, a porous volcanic rock of a delightful rose color, are being exploited on a large scale and the product sent north or used locally for numerous buildings springing up in Erivan.

Soviet Georgia too is booming. Arsenic, gold, and molybdenum have been discovered. The beginnings of an aluminum industry are being laid. Oil mining in Shirak is being expanded. The big ferro-manganese plant opened three years ago is operating now at full blast. Sugar beets have been introduced into Georgia, and a sugar factory converting these local supplies was started in 1933. A margarine factory has just been finished. In two months a giant mill to fill all of Tiflis's flour requirements will be opened. Tea cultivation is spreading far and wide. Around Batum I noted many more tea plantations. By 1937, Premier Mgalobleshvili declared, the Soviet Union expects to dispense entirely with tea imports, which amounted in 1930 to 53,000,000 pounds. Lemon, tangerine, and grape-fruit orchards are being enlarged. By 1936, 500,000 acres of the Kolhida marches near the Black Sea will have been prepared for settlement. The newspapers are now calling for pioneers to occupy parts already drained. Two and a half million acres of arid soil in Eastern Georgia and Azerbaijan will be put under cotton cultivation by damming the Kura River at Midandukhaura with a wall one kilometer long and sixty-three meters high now in the process of construction. This enterprise will enable the Caucasus to multiply its cotton crop by five. The water power of the Caucasus, once neglected, is being harnessed. While I was in Tiflis, the Rionges hydroelectric station (capacity 48,000 kilowatts) was opened. Next year Tkvarchelges (38,000 kilowatts), Sukhumges (10,000), and Kana-kirges (60,000) will be ready. Today the Caucasus produces 310,000 kilowatts of electric energy; in 1937 this will be brought up to 800,000. And the Caucasus is only one small corner of the Soviet continent.

It merely serves as an illustration of what is happening throughout the country.

All cities are bursting their bounds. Kharkov has blossomed into a bustling metropolis. Rostov extends its "Socialist City." Erivan, which had 13,000 inhabitants in 1913, today boasts a population of 110,000. It sounds unbelievable but the eye confirms the figures. Kiev, having become the capital of the Ukraine, has been galvanized into life after years of hibernation. Many streets are torn up; many houses are in construction. "Next summer," I was told, "Kiev will be stood on its head. And a year later we will put it back on its feet again." The Bolsheviks hope to make Kiev a finer city than Vienna. Even Odessa, which has lost its significance as a port and is becoming a health resort, has grown. Tiflis alone remains stagnant. During the first Five-Year Plan the U. S. S. R.'s urban population increased by 10,000,000. The process continues.

The villages too are dominated by the new Soviet "go-getting" spirit. Collectivization is so firmly intrenched that any discussion of its permanence is unrealistic. The Soviet harvest this year is not so good as in 1933. In the central Volga region, Western Siberia, Odessa, and elsewhere it is excellent. Some collectives I visited had a better crop than last year. But usually one heard that it was worse. Everywhere I went I asked the same question: "Have you any reserves from 1933?" And invariably the reply was in the affirmative; the Russian peasant has been through too many ordeals to sell every last pood of a bumper yield. The Soviet government exported 27,000,000 tons from last year's grain yield. It is shipping grain abroad now, but one hopes the quantity will not exceed 10,000,000 tons. The vegetable, potato, fruit, and mushroom crops are very large everywhere.

Had it not been for collectivization, the extended drought would have wrought much more havoc in the grain-growing areas. The wider use of tractors, better agronomical advice, and Moscow's insistence advanced the plowing season by several weeks, and thus gave spring crops access to more winter moisture. Fallow plowing and extensive weeding of wheat, practices not at all common in Russia, helped to conserve moisture. In hill regions, Kabardina-Balkaria for instance, streams were hurriedly dammed by the collective efforts of whole villages working day and night; their waters saved the crop of many a parched field. The peasants appreciate that these results would have been impossible under the previous small-holding, individualistic system. But the grain tax is often excessive, and some rural administrators raise it arbitrarily and illegally with impunity. This is an unfortunate vestige of pre-1933 days which will check the collectives' ardor if it is not stopped.

Generally speaking, then, production in city and village has registered tremendous progress. Distribution, however, is a mess. Part of the difficulty is bad freight transportation by land and water (passenger service has improved), but the trouble goes much deeper. Goods lie in warehouses and rot while the consumer searches for them in one store after another. Widespread inefficiency and endless red-tape bureaucracy are aggravated by equally widespread speculation and the venality of petty officials. The Soviet press regularly prints details of the misdemeanors of store managers and cooperative employees. But though the cancer is exposed, it remains.

Apart from the crudeness of sales methods (no ready-made packages; cutting and weighing of bread instead of baking a standard loaf; standing in three queues each time an article is bought—once to choose it, then to pay the cashier, and finally to receive the purchase; absence of cash registers, and so on) the root of the difficulty is the shortage of goods and the consequent price-variation system. After all, when one man pays 60 rubles for a suit which his neighbor cannot get under 400 rubles, there is an irresistible pull toward speculation. Workingmen, therefore, who receive cheap commodities in their closed cooperatives are speculating as much as anybody else. The workers, what with their double bread ration at low prices and two meals a day with extra bread in their factories, have surplus bread. They can be seen outside the bakeries disposing of it at a profit in order to obtain money for purchases on the free market where prices are high and where they find goods not available in many cooperatives. The ramifications of this system are endless. Suffice it to say here that the government cannot yield to the country-wide demand for a one-price arrangement until the ruble has appreciated further, and such appreciation, in turn, must wait upon an increase in the supply of goods. Yet even that hoped-for consummation cannot altogether eliminate corrupt practices by salesmen and managers if the cooperatives do not become real cooperatives. At present they are merely state stores with no control from below.

Meanwhile, however, people are better dressed and better fed. In Moscow, Kiev, Tiflis, and Odessa many cafes have been opened, and on an evening they are gay with light and music. Shops everywhere are better stocked. There is no longer any shortage of soap or shoes. (But the cigarette famine persists in many districts, and in Odessa, immediately after an excellent harvest, bread was scarce.) The candy and pastry shops in Kiev dispense sweets of first-class quality. Sugar prices have come down.

People throughout the country look happier. Now the problem of leisure is presenting itself, and it will be interesting to watch the Communists attempt a solution. Amusement parks are crowded; more are needed. There are more dancing, more singing, more sports (Russia had no sports before the revolution), more space devoted to sports in the newspapers, and much more reading of books. The Soviet cinema, however, which used to be the best in the world and perhaps still is, has produced few good pictures in the last two years, and the population feels it. The country wants more interesting films, better drama, and literature of finer quality. Youth that is bored gets into mischief, and one sees young folks on the streets occasionally, especially down south, who are certainly bored.

Russia's politics and economics have advanced beyond Russia's culture and technique. This formula explains most of the weaknesses and shortcomings of the Soviet Union. Yet these very weaknesses emphasize Bolshevik strength, for they suggest how rich the quality of the revolution must be if it can register such imposing progress despite all its handicaps. The overwhelming impression one gets here is of the compelling logic of Soviet policy. Self-evident reason connects one major Soviet measure with another, and all form an intelligent and easily intelligible whole which Bolsheviks love to contrast with the illogic of capitalist recovery measures.

British Parties in Conference

By HAROLD J. LASKI

London, October 7

BOTH the Labor and the Conservative parties have held their annual conferences this week, and each has provided a significant index to the temper of the time. The Labor Party went right wing with emphasis. It rejected every resolution which even suggested a frontal attack on capitalism. It showed by immense majorities its passionate dislike of the disruptive tactics of the Communists by threatening expulsion to any member who even associated with Communists in relief work in behalf of the victims of German fascism. Having welcomed the entry of Russia into the League, it adopted a peace program which, despite some stray Marxist phrases, could, I think, be accepted without difficulty by a strong internationalist like Lord Cecil. Its program, broadly, is socialistic. It will have nothing to do with any measures which even threaten a break with the gradualist tradition. The whole emphasis of the votes was upon the belief that a sufficient tenderness toward existing vested interests will somehow persuade the capitalist to accept his erosion gracefully when a Labor government with a majority is in office.

What did it all mean? Above all that, as the general elections begin to loom, the party machine, backed by the unions, is not willing to risk the loss of votes by the adoption of a drastic program. Next in importance is the fact that the trade unions are still more interested in social reform than in socialism; and their leaders do not believe in the permanence of capitalist decline. Thirdly, the effect of fascism has been to emphasize not the fragility of the democratic structure but its value; few delegates are willing to do anything that might tempt the Conservatives into a fascist outlook. Mr. Morrison and his colleagues are gambling on the hope that the British habit of compromise will prevail even when essentials are at issue. They refuse to accept the Marxian view of the state as a class instrument. They still believe that it can be used in the interest of a "community" which is above and beyond the constituent parts of which it is composed. What they did not explain is how they can accomplish a socialist transformation of Great Britain when their defeat would lead to their replacement in office by a party which has hardly any article of faith except the view that socialist measures are wholly evil. But it was difficult to sit through the conference without the sense that, for Mr. Morrison and his friends, the relation of democracy and capitalism was not a subject which it was quite polite to discuss in stark essentials. Only Mr. Mellor did that; and when Mr. Morrison, often brilliantly, scored his debating points against him, the conference was obviously delighted.

While Labor was defining itself as a party of advanced social reform, the Conservatives were making it clear that any serious social reform is anathema to them. They passed unanimously a resolution demanding immediate "reform" of the House of Lords; by which they mean safeguarding it from the danger of reconstruction by a future Labor government. They resolved, again unanimously, that we must have more armaments; and it was significant that Lord Lloyd's denunciation of the naval treaty of 1929 was warmly applauded. They passed, also unanimously, a demand for compensation for the owners of slum property in all clearance schemes—a policy which, if adopted, would make the cost almost prohibitive. And an effort to condemn the Indian reforms before we know even the outline of the government program for India was only defeated by twenty votes in a poll of one thousand. The general attitude of the conference to the "National" government was one of greatly tempered enthusiasm. It was clear enough that the party only clings to it as a method of preventing Labor from attaining power.

What is the situation in British politics at the moment? It is, I think, clear that Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues count on winning the next election, though with a greatly reduced majority, if they can only keep their diehards in order. I think they will do so until then. But I think, also, that they will have to pay the price after that election in many ways they do not contemplate with equanimity. They will be driven to strengthen the House of Lords. They will be compelled, unless there is a rapid trade recovery, to acquiesce in an attack upon wages in the sheltered industries. They will have to increase the estimates for the fighting services. They will have to stand firm against any further concessions to India. They will have to leave alone any large-scale measures of social reconstruction.

And this policy will have its repercussions upon the Labor Party. Unless the latter wins power next time, it seems to me certain that the present temper of gradualism will rapidly change. The left wing is much stronger in influence than appeared in the votes of this year's conference. It has won over most of the local Labor parties. Three or four years more of opposition under bad economic conditions will give its views a firm grip upon three at least of the big trade unions. Any further attack upon wages would have an immediate effect upon that part of the rank and file which thinks that the present trade-union leadership has done pretty well under adverse circumstances. The case for the very moderate policy which has just been adopted is the "realist" argument that it may win the next general election. Unless it does this, time and the nature of capitalist democracy are on the side of Sir Stafford Cripps and his school of thought.

Much play has been made in England in the last few days of Mr. Roosevelt's compliments to the way in which we have weathered the present world crisis; and both Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Baldwin have drawn attention to his eulogies as proof of the excellence of their administration. I do not know if this was Mr. Roosevelt's intention. If it was, it shows a singular inability, in a man of his political sensitiveness, to grasp what is happening in this country: failure in the international sphere; failure in every aspect of domestic policy except agriculture; and a success there by subsidizing the farmer at the expense of the consumer and the taxpayer. Mr. Roosevelt, we are told, spoke with enthusiasm of the success of Mr. Chamberlain's conversion loan. But he might have noticed that in coal, in cotton, in iron and steel, in shipbuilding, there is not a single contribution of ideas from this government except by way of subsidy or tariff. There is a reduction in the number of unemployed, but there is an increase in the number on the poor law. What this government suffers from, even in the view of its own supporters, is an excessive complacency on the one hand and an absence of will and energy on the other. We have come out of the crisis better than most countries because our accumulated reserves are so much greater; not because a will to positive reorganization has distinguished the activities of the government. Mr. Roosevelt has intimate advisers well acquainted with the British position. He would do well to discuss its meaning with them before he models his policy upon ours.

A Trial Period for Business

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

Washington, October 22

A NEW era has begun—the reconciliation between the New Deal and business. These are the days when even a Morgan partner, Russell Leffingwell, calls at the White House, not to mention many others of the fraternity of bankers. The crusading banners of the New Deal have been furled and set in a corner. The New Deal is being explained to business men. They are being told that they always were wrong about it; it never meant an attack on the profit system, it never meant government competition with private enterprise, it offered and still offers every legitimate opportunity for legitimate business to function.

Peace between the New Deal and business can only be had at a price, and the first thing to seek underneath the new words of explanation and good-will is the price the Administration is willing to pay for cooperation. Aside from a relaxation of its own acerbity, it apparently will pay concretely very little. The one concession consistently mentioned in government circles is a further modification in the Securities Act. This will be given with a purpose. Corporation finance should be having the benefit of refunding at low rates of interest. This is being hampered. The fault, according to business men, is with the new legislation. The Administration believes it really lies with Wall Street, which has not learned to use the new Washington machinery. But Washington is willing to soften the new laws if it means that the new machinery will be used freely. For when refinancing has been accomplished, corporations will be in a position to use their depreciation reserves for replacement. Replacement is another word for the purchase of capital goods, and a healthy revival of business depends on stimulating the capital-goods market.

For some time the President has been told that business is ready to go ahead if only given an atmosphere of confidence. He has been urged to quiet the misapprehensions about his objectives. Now he has thrown himself into an experiment: he is being friendly to business. He is reassuring business leaders that their fears have been unworthily exaggerated. He is giving private enterprise a chance to come through and produce a revival.

Some people, on remarking the new face on affairs in Washington, will say that they are not surprised, that the New Deal never was a sincere attempt to get at the root of the country's troubles, and that the President sooner or later was bound to capitulate to Wall Street. But the present pleasantness to business in the White House is not capitulation. It is, as I have said, an experiment. Business is not being wooed, it is being put on trial. The trial period will not be long, and it must produce results, convincing and gratifying results. The banks must disgorge their accumulated deposits. Business must put the nation to work. Within a year millions of persons now idle must be earning again.

The President knows that the government can put the nation to work by a vast spending program of its own. It could do so this winter. If the banks did not cooperate in supplying the funds, Congress would give the Administration any set-up of government banking it asked; for the new Congress will be no less unfriendly to the banking interests than the old. There are at least two ways to spend money—on a nation-wide housing campaign, or on a complete modernization of the railroads.

But the time for such a campaign has not come. The new housing proposals to be laid before Congress are not on a scale to put millions to work. They are perhaps to be considered as a beginning which could be vastly amplified in a later emergency. But these vast amplifications would end in fairly fundamental change in the relations between business and the state. They would seriously diminish the future of private enterprise in America. For such changes the President has no mandate. He has not even the mandate of popular pressure to put an end to unemployment. As yet the country believes in private business and in its ability to bring America back to former standards of living.

But the situation in America is grave. The second year of the Roosevelt Administration is more than half gone, and at least eight million persons are still unemployed, in addition to millions of others half-occupied on made jobs, and business is bumping along at a production level of 73 compared with not very prosperous times ten years ago. The oncoming winter will see a rapid rise of the numbers on relief, and it will mean for many who do not reach relief stations a further sinking of living standards. The horde of the disaffected is slowly growing. By another year at the same rate it will be a decisive majority of the whole country.

The Administration, it must be repeated, can change all this. It can put the unemployed to work. But it does not feel warranted in taking the drastic measures necessary to this end until the public demands it. So it is giving business a trial, perhaps its last trial. And if by next year business has not functioned, it knows the public will support what measures are needed to put an end to the misery of the depression. The nation must be allowed to live, and if its business men cannot give it life the state will.

This is the background against which the present friendliness with big business is to be understood. The President is trying to exploit, quite legitimately, his position as the real hope of private enterprise in America. He can tell business men that he stands between them and the left. He can truthfully say that Congress, when it meets, will want to go much farther in the direction of financial experiments than he.

One by one he can take up their demands. They ask for the restoration of a price economy; they are now to have it, with a few modifications, in the new administration of the NRA. They ask for the guaranty of the profit system; he has only to laugh for he never believed in anything else. They can ask for a balanced budget; and he can say that it is impossible to abandon relief, impossible for him or for anyone else in his place. They can ask for monetary stability; and he can point to the English pound, which is pegged to nothing at all, the very apotheosis of instability, without disaster to British business. In comparison the dollar is steady as a rock, and only the power of the President to reduce its gold content causes any doubt at all. Then they can ask him to promise not to write down the dollar to fifty cents; and he can look astonished and say: "What, with the pound completely unpegged? Shall I surrender what little elbow room we have in protecting the American economy? I have no intention of reducing the value of the dollar, but I have still less of binding myself."

One can fairly plausibly reconstruct these conversations without an ear at the key-hole. It is only when one tries to conjecture what the President is saying about labor that uncertainty arises. For business men must be telling the President that they cannot function if the closed shop is coming, since it is going to increase wages at a time when lower wages may be essential to recovery. Friends of the President refuse to admit that he is backing down on collective bargaining, but the test will come first of all in the Houde case. Attorney-General Cummings announced that prosecution would be dropped, as the case could not be made to "stick" in court. Chairman Garrison of the Labor Relations Board at once offered to supply new evidence, and the Department of Justice has agreed to consider it.

The trial period for business is being called a "swing to the right." If the concessions to business include the surrender of collective bargaining, the description will be accurate. For collective bargaining is one of the key doctrines of the New Deal, and without it the President will have put business in the saddle through the codes, and will have upset what little balance there was between capital and labor. But if the President is not receding on this issue, the present phase is not a swing to the right. It is a clarification of the true position of the Administration. It stands where it always has stood; it is a left-center government. The President is reported to be saying that the opposition now really lies to the left, and that he is the bulwark against wild experimentation. But he is not promising that next year, failing the fruitful cooperation of business this winter, he will not himself lead to the left, for he knows he may have to. This winter he is "preparing the record." He is giving business its chance. Next year, if need be, he can point to it if the government itself has to put the unemployed to work.

The President's press conferences have been called the most effective sounding-board in the world. Recently the President used this sounding-board to make an important statement on raising prices. He did it artfully, in the best manner of extemporization, and the correspondents appreciated that they were hearing something of a significance belied by its manner. Much of a correspondent's talent is his intuitive sense of what lies behind an uninterpreted remark.

But this time a coincidence got in the way of a clear understanding of what the President meant. For on the next day Professor Warren, father of the gold policy of last year, appeared at the White House for a meal with the President. And the same day Senator Bulkley of the Senate Banking Committee, coming from an interview with him, made the statement that there was no certainty that the dollar would not be devalued farther.

The correspondents naturally inferred that the three pieces of news fitted together. Prices were to be raised; Warren was back in the picture; the dollar was to be devalued. Some monetary experiments must be in the offing. This coming just as the President was trying to reassure business, the sounding-board gave a most unwelcome noise. But it was only coincidence. Professor Warren had asked to see the President to tell him of his travels in Europe and could hardly be denied. Senator Bulkley's remarks about devaluation simply meant that the possibility of devaluation will not be surrendered so long as the pound is not pegged. And what the President was saying about prices had nothing to do with monetary experiments.

The message in the talk of price-raising was that the objective of the Administration was no longer to restore the price level of 1926. Whether or not the public has been justified in believing this to be its objective, it no longer is. The President was saying, in effect, that the Administration still wants a rise in prices, and that it believes in a system of prices, but that it no longer is aiming at the 1926 level. This level was anything but utopian or even tolerably just. It included many injustices, and its restoration in toto would restore the injustices. The President was telling this by roundabout to the correspondents, and they would have understood if Professor Warren and Senator Bulkley had not appeared on the scene.

The disappearance of General Johnson leaves the President without the one intimate associate from whom he derived strength. General Johnson was doing a big job of his own, and relieved the President of certain responsibilities. He both spared his master and because of his dynamic personality and implacable loyalty he actually imparted to him some of his own vitality. Now the speculation is who will take his place. The inner circle of advisers—Richberg, Ickes, Hopkins, and Miss Perkins—is already stabilized, and none of its members has quite the qualities to fill the General's place at the White House. Probably Raymond Moley comes as close to doing it as anyone, and the new friendliness to business is in no small measure the fruit of his association with the President. Professor Moley, however, is not in the government, he is not an administrator, he cannot relieve the President of responsibility. In a regime where so much power centers in the executive, as it does in the New Deal, a man like Johnson was a godsend. Vast power could be delegated to him without a strain on his loyalty. Washington will watch closely to see whether the President finds someone to trust as he trusted Johnson. The influence of such a man on his time could be tremendous.

[*Mr. Swing contributes a regular weekly letter from Washington.*]

Taxation in the New Social State

III. Federal Finance

By WILLIAM WITHERS

IN 1933 and 1934 the government embarked upon a program of extraordinary expenditures designed to bring about recovery. Total expenditures, most of which were listed in the emergency portion of the budget, were increased in three years from four to seven billion dollars annually. Ordinary expenditures were considerably reduced. As a result of growing expenditures and inability to balance the budget, the national debt increased from nineteen billions in 1932 to twenty-seven billions in 1934.

The present Administration's expenditures reveal certain outstanding policies. The government showed itself disposed to ignore the opposition to a large increase in the public debt. Large sums were lent, chiefly through the RFC, to private business, farmers, and home-owners to secure their solvency and prevent deflation. The government thus continued to pursue the previous Administration's policy of debt salvage. Apart from these loans to support business, the emergency expenditures arose mainly from the attempt to spread purchasing power, to provide relief, and to reduce overproduction. Large appropriations were made for public works and relief—policies not acceptable to the previous Administration. Finally, payments for crop restriction became a new and important part of agricultural expenditures.

The federal expenditures have to be judged primarily on the soundness of these policies and on the adequacy of the expenditures to effect them. As to the loans to salvage business and farm debts, it has been asserted that the high capital value of the debt structure maintains high interest charges and thus prevents a reduction of cost in keeping with the reduced demand for commodities during a depression. This is true in any depression, but especially so when in the preceding period of prosperity capital values have been unduly inflated. Maintenance of these values by the payment of the debt service with government funds merely perpetuates existing rigidities in prices and prolongs price maladjustment. It has been argued, on the other hand, that rapid deflation might so destroy confidence and profits as to cause further business recession. The latter view might be accepted if it could be shown that the support of debts was actually increasing the purchasing power of specific groups of consumers, but under the circumstances it is probable that such measures may retard rather than promote recovery.

In the support of "bad" debts the present Administration has turned out to be as great an offender as its predecessor. In the fiscal year 1933, when the Hoover Administration was still largely responsible for expenditures, the loans which were used principally to support the debt structure amounted to only $1,278,000,000, or about 40 per cent of the total RFC outlays. In the succeeding fiscal year, in which the Roosevelt recovery program really got under way, the loans for this purpose amounted to $1,899,000,000, or more than 47 per cent of the total RFC outlays. The policy of tying up large amounts of federal funds in private businesses, especially banks, has therefore been continued in the Roosevelt Administration without any assurance that the conditions leading to their financial difficulties will be eradicated. No fundamental changes in banking or business have been made. The appropriations of the RFC are now used as a revolving fund. The repayments of loans are sufficient to support a large volume of new loans.

The effectiveness of the government's program of public works was extremely limited. Under the Emergency Relief and Construction Act of July, 1932, a total of $1,822,000,000 was assigned to emergency construction. Of this amount $322,000,000 was to be spent for federal emergency construction and $1,500,000,000 was to be lent by the RFC for self-liquidating public works, to local bodies, and to private agencies. When the Roosevelt Administration came in, however, only $6,000,000 had been obligated for federal public works and $63,000,000 for local public works. The federal program was halted by President Roosevelt and part of the funds turned over to the CCC. The PWA began a new program, abandoning the self-liquidating test of eligibility and giving grants as well as loans to the localities. But less than two billions of the $3,300,000,000 appropriation remained for administration by the PWA after special allocations had been made to other emergency agencies. By August 31, 1934, total expenditures amounted only to a little over one billion, of which roughly four-fifths went for federal construction. The program was seriously hampered by legal and financial difficulties in the localities; not enough money has as yet been expended to have any very great effect; the funds are poorly distributed between federal and local projects; and they have little relationship to the stage the depression has reached. The army and navy received more than the States and municipalities combined. In spite of the relative generosity of the PWA appropriations, the program brought to light many obstacles to coordination of federal and State efforts in emergency construction activities. A brief period in which the government sought to make up for these delays by CWA expenditures was prematurely ended when the political and financial consequences began to loom large on the front pages of newspapers.

It is extraordinary that such large amounts have been spent on the army and navy and to support tottering banks and insurance companies by an Administration promising to remember the "forgotten man." That individual should be thankful that relief and CWA expenditures were at least a significant part of the budget for 1934, since it is apparent that the tendency of the price-fixing and monetary phases of the Administration's program is to decrease rather than increase the relative incomes of the farmer and worker. An analysis of expenditures indicates that the government takes much more seriously the support of the debt structure and the raising of prices through the action of NRA codes than the spreading of purchasing power.

The taxes adopted in the summer of 1933 for the emergency program included levies on dividends, capital stock,

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excess profits, gasoline, and beer, and certain nuisance taxes. These were retained, except for the dividends tax and miscellaneous nuisance taxes, with some revisions in the Revenue Act of 1934. Receipts from taxes, although insufficient to balance the budget, are promising. The new taxes, together with liquor and processing taxes, the increase in rates, and the tendency toward business improvement, brought a rise in revenue from about two billion dollars in 1933 to more than three billions in 1934. Receipts from the income tax increased, but the greatest gains came from the miscellaneous internal-revenue taxes and from the processing tax on farm products.

The Revenue Act of 1934 was primarily an attempt to meet the long-neglected question of tax avoidance. The right to file consolidated corporation returns was limited. Exemption was denied to religious or educational organizations which spend large sums on propaganda. A new method of dealing with capital gains and losses was introduced. The rates of the estate tax were increased. Income-tax rates were not raised to any great extent, but the rate structure was changed. The new measures to reduce tax avoidance offer, however, so many technical difficulties in enforcement that a large amount of taxes will probably be avoided for years.

It is probable that the government could have raised rates still higher and obtained still larger receipts, particularly from the income and surtaxes. It is unfortunate that such heavy reliance was placed on internal-revenue taxes, which, through price changes, shift the burden to lower incomes. As for tax avoidance, earlier action on this score, as well as on unjustifiable forms of tax exemption, would have yielded some of the receipts the government now needs.

The exemption of government bonds from the surtax has been criticized for years. Its effect is to permit the wealthy to avoid payment of surtax rates by investment in federal securities, thereby defeating the purpose of progressive taxation, and to promote concentration of debt holdings. The wealthiest taxpayers are the ones who gain most. Moreover, the Treasury ordinarily loses more in revenue than it gains through the lower interest it has to pay on the bonds; and the increase in the debt combined with the increase in the rates of surtaxes will make the government's losses from this source even more serious in the future.

The increases in tax rates have not brought us very far toward the tax levels of Great Britain, France, and other Western nations. It is possible for the United States to support a much higher tax burden, and if the Administration is sincere in its efforts to spread purchasing power it should face the necessity for higher and more progressive taxes. The increase in commodity prices is apparently passing the processing tax on to the consumer, while the farmer gains little in the way of increased prices for his crops.

It is futile to argue that the tax system can be a powerful agency of social control when realities show that it cannot. Business and banking will not permit the tax system to be such an instrument. Too great changes in the direction of progressive taxation, assuming that they were politically feasible, would be neutralized by tax avoidance or by increased prices. Since this is the case, the best we can expect is a more balanced tax structure, one well adapted to different levels of income, so that it would not discourage saving or reduce purchasing power. This would be in part achieved through somewhat higher income-tax rates and the maintenance of these rates after the depression ends, so that receipts from this source can be used to pay off part of the debt. But it would scarcely be more than a neutral influence in the flux of economic forces.

Great increases in the public debt are associated with rising prices. It has therefore been urged recently that higher taxes be levied in order to reduce the amount of public borrowing and thus avoid, to that extent, the danger of inflation. But so far the public debt has apparently not been responsible for any considerable inflation, and it is erroneous to expect that its increase, taken by itself, will cause inflation. It would have such an effect only if the expenditures for which the debt was incurred passed into general circulation and constituted an active net addition to the total purchasing power. An analysis of the expenditures has shown us that a great part of them were for the purpose of salvaging debts. To the extent that this occurred, the increase in expenditures has not caused and will not be likely in the near future to cause any serious inflation. But if liquidation of these debts begins, it may put government loans into circulation and thus increase the active purchasing media. Thus the extent to which increased expenditures will cause inflation depends in part upon whether or not widespread foreclosure of these debts occurs before business revives.

Expenditures made for other purposes have not as yet so increased purchasing power as to cause a marked rise in prices. It is possible, of course, that if the depression continues much longer the government will find it difficult to float from four to eight billions more of public debt without resorting to its war practices. In that case banks and individuals will be encouraged to borrow to purchase government bonds, and these bonds will be used as collateral for such loans. In this fashion total purchasing power will be still further increased, with the result that a considerable rise in prices may take place. It may be granted therefore that if the government continues large expenditures, it would be advisable for it to increase taxes to some extent if it wishes to avoid this sort of inflation.

One great danger that lurks in the public debt relates to stock-market speculation. Prior to the depression the existence of a large public debt, with its credit potentialities, encouraged the inflation of stock values. Adequate banking laws could reduce this danger. But it should be remembered that one of the best weapons against stock inflation is an increase in the level of taxation upon the return of prosperity and the devotion of large surpluses to debt retirement.

A popular method of emphasizing the burden of the present government debt is to point out that it has now exceeded the post-war high point. The burden is not, however, unduly heavy. England is now supporting a much higher debt, relative to its wealth and population, than is the United States. The inhibiting effect of the large debt upon banking and business expansion is of more immediate concern. Not only do the large debt holdings by banks seem to restrict lending to private business, but they build up in the assets of the banks a very rigid form of loans which could not be liquidated rapidly without embarrassing the government. Banking theorists who believe that one of the great weaknesses of the American banking system lies in the lack of liquidity of bank loans see here one of the more rigid elements in the banks' assets. It is possible that the government should make a definite effort, in case it finds it necessary to borrow further, to go to the people and obtain a wide distribution of debt holdings, thus relieving the banks of the necessity of tying up their assets in government bonds.

There have been numerous warnings that more borrowing will induce a declining government bond market or will force the Treasury to borrow at extremely high rates of interest. Last spring the government faced the problem of refinancing about one billion dollars of the Fourth Liberty Loan, bearing 4½ per cent interest. The program was carried out, and refunding has been accomplished at lower rates of interest. The limit is apparently not yet reached; there has been no marked or consistent tendency for the price of government bonds to fall. During the same period the Treasury has been alert to the dangers of an excessive amount of floating debt, and has been converting its short-term into intermediate debt. In view of the enormous maturities of old debt which fell due after the present Administration took office, the Treasury's management of its borrowing program has on the whole been successful.

It is possible that if a strong movement against public borrowing had developed in the past two years the tendency would have been to place taxes on low incomes, as has been done frequently by the States. Whether or not this would have been desirable depends, of course, upon one's theories of the causes of depressions. But certainly to place high taxes on low incomes would be inconsistent with the theory of the Administration that the depression is due in part to maldistribution of purchasing power.

Two lines of policy already indicated by the Administration contain sound practice for the future—the reduction of appropriations for RFC loans to business, and the reduction of the floating debt. When more prosperous times return, nothing should hinder the effort to retire the debt as soon as the budget is balanced. Tax rates and the degree of progression in the tax system should be increased. Finally, two great sources of lost taxes—tax exemption and tax avoidance—have not yet been adequately dealt with by Congress.

[*This is the third of a series of ten articles on taxation, planned and edited by Professor Paul Studenski. The fourth, State Finance, by M. Slade Kendrick, will appear next week.*]

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In the Driftway

THE Drifter's young friends are discovering America. They have spent their first thirty years, or perhaps somewhat less, in the caverns of New York City. When they took a particularly long trip it was to the end of the subway line, where they found themselves at the Zoo. In the summer they went to the shore of Long Island Sound, with other urbanites like themselves, or they simply stayed in town because "New York is such fun in the summer." Or merely because they did not know anywhere else to go. (Lest it appear that all the Drifter's friends are members of the upper middle class, he hastens to say that plenty of them remain in New York for financial reasons!) But all of them had one thing in common: the country made them uncomfortable. Too quiet, they said, too big, too full of animals and plants. And of course the members of the human race who lived elsewhere than in New York City were to be regarded with kindly pity, because it was obvious that anybody who could live in town would. Look at the advantages!

* * * * *

ONE by one these poor blinking city owls are taking trips. Some of them go down to the coalfields of Pennsylvania and West Virginia; some of them get into an old car and drive to the Coast; some of them tour New England, stopping not at the large hotels in the big towns but at the frame dwellings with a "Tourists" sign out on the front lawn. Some of them are even going South and are struggling with that foreign country below the Mason and Dixon line that no Northerner ever quite understands. And when they return to the metropolis they throw out their hands and shout their discoveries. "America is a wonderful country!" they cry. "I learned to talk to garage men; garage men are the most interesting people in the world!" "America is so big and so grand; such variety, such wisdom, such geography, such human nature; so many people and all different!"

* * * * *

TO the Drifter, whose discovery of the grandeur of America came much earlier, these simple-hearted enthusiasms would grow a little tiresome if he were not generally grateful for the spread of human knowledge in whatever direction it manifests itself. Let New York discover the hinterland if it will. Like the man biting the dog, this is news of the first water. And if enough New Yorkers learn to talk to garage men, perhaps the garage men, in turn, will learn that New Yorkers aren't so bad either. The race of brash, boasting, and cocksure humans which is popularly thought to inhabit Manhattan does not really live there at all. Get one of them in a corner and treat him kindly and he turns out to be rather a decent fellow. And contrary to popular superstition, New York is a feverish and unsatisfying place to visit but quite a nice place to live in, where almost everybody minds his own business and where Live and Let Live might very well be inscribed on the local escutcheon. In other words, New York is not a separate country but an indigenous and rather unsurprising part of the United States. And the United States is not a foreign country either, but

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that native land to which New Yorkers, whether they like it or not, belong. The Drifter is glad that more and more New Yorkers are learning to like it.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Miss Dawson Is Fired

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The discharge of Miss Sidonia Dawson, an experienced relief worker, from her position as supervisory aide at Precinct 18, Manhattan, of the Home Relief Bureau, is not only an issue in relief circles but one that is of importance to the people of the entire city, for it affects the whole relationship between the Home Relief Bureau staff and the 200,000 families on relief.

The facts, briefly stated, are these: On Thursday, September 27, a group of unemployed called on the Home Relief Bureau at 519 West Forty-fourth Street and asked to see the supervisor, Miss Florence Elsey, to ask her to redress certain grievances. The chief receptionist, Samuel Harmartuk, met the delegation, asked them to wait, and then went for the supervisor. While Mr. Harmartuk was gone, a group of policemen led by Patrolman Gottlieb, local officer stationed at the bureau, charged the group waiting inside the bureau offices. They seized the spokesman of the group, twenty-year-old Barney Oster, and began to beat him unmercifully. Miss Dawson, a supervisory aide standing nearby, called on the police to stop.

This courageous protest of Miss Dawson's against police brutality was followed the next day by a statement distributed within the precinct by the Grievance Committee of the Home Relief Bureau Employees' Association, voicing their emphatic protest against this unprovoked police attack. The statement further suggested that if the supervisor was responsible for the calling of the police, she be removed, and a complete investigation of this action be made. Later a meeting, at which Miss Dawson spoke, was held in front of Home Relief Director Corsi's office protesting against the police attack in Precinct 18.

On Thursday, October 4, Miss Dawson was discharged with a letter of notification signed by Mildred Gordon, assistant director, Borough of Manhattan, of the Home Relief Bureau, which stated that Miss Dawson, an admittedly competent worker, was discharged "because of activities inside and outside of the precinct." Miss Dawson has been working in the bureau for almost three years, and not even the administration can attack her work on grounds of incompetency. Her subordinates are now demanding her reinstatement.

This discharge of Miss Dawson, an active member of the Home Relief Bureau Employees' Association, is, we submit, a shameless indorsement of police brutality and foreshadows other attacks on the organization of the employees. It is, furthermore, an attack on the constitutional rights of the association. For these reasons the association is determinedly waging a campaign for the reinstatement of Miss Dawson.

New York, October 10 B. L. RIBACK, president,
Home Relief Bureau Employees' Association.

Mr. Hodson Explains

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The letter of October 10 signed by B. L. Riback, president of the Home Relief Bureau Employees' Association, raises two questions, which I will deal with separately.

1. It asserts that Miss Sidonia Dawson was discharged because she had protested against alleged police brutality on September 27, and it implies further that her dismissal was influenced because of her membership in the Home Relief Bureau Employees' Association. Neither of these statements is true. She was discharged because of her deliberate misrepresentation of the facts in regard to the disturbance of September 27, in a public speech on the street in front of the offices of the Home Relief Bureau.

This administration has taken a liberal and sympathetic attitude toward its employees and others who wish to make complaint or criticisms. There are proper channels within the organization through which the suggestions of the employees are received and acted upon. It is obviously destructive of the morale of the entire organization to have our employees, especially those in an executive position, calling mass-meetings on public streets to denounce those who are charged with the legal responsibility for carrying on the relief program. It is even worse when that denunciation is presented in an unfair manner.

2. Now as to the events that occurred at the Home Relief Bureau precinct on September 27. The facts as reported to me by the officials of the Home Relief Bureau and by the police are as follows: A group of fifteen members of an unemployed council came to the precinct and insisted upon seeing the supervisor. She was busy at the time of their arrival with a very serious matter which needed immediate adjustment. The supervisor sent word to this protesting group of fifteen that she would attend to the matter which they had in mind as soon as she had finished the work in hand. The group refused to wait and rushed up the stairs into the reception room, creating great disorder. Patrolman Gottlieb, who is referred to in the communication, made every effort to persuade them against the violent tactics which they were pursuing, but without result. They refused to desist and reinforcements had to be called from the nearest police precinct. Three additional policemen came, and again an effort was made to persuade the group to disperse peaceably and again they refused. Thereupon the policemen, without any display of force other than what was necessary, attempted to push the group back. At this point Barney Oster, who is referred to in the communication as being twenty years of age but who is in reality twenty-five, struck the officer in the face with his clenched fist. Up to this point no one of the policemen had struck a blow either with his fist or with any instrument. From that time on a general melee resulted and blows were struck on both sides, but no serious physical damage was done to anyone.

This department has consistently taken the position that the Police Department should not exercise any more force than is necessary to preserve order and never should attack citizens who come to protest. However, if the great mass of unemployed people in this city are to receive attention, the work of the Home Relief bureaus must be carried on in an orderly and peaceable way. It is obvious that when the police are called upon to preserve order they will have to meet force with force, if the protestants insist upon that method of procedure. This is exactly what happened on September 27 and it is typical of other incidents in which certain protesting groups have deliberately resorted to force in order to create a general disturbance.

The great mass of the unemployed on the Home Relief Bureau rolls are conscious of the fact that we are doing everything in our power to provide for them as intelligently and humanely as possible. A small minority are intent upon creating disorder at every possible turn. The actions of this group from time to time compel us to use force in order to enable our staff to carry on their work and to be free of the threats and intimidation which are hurled at them by these irresponsible persons.

WILLIAM HODSON, Commissioner

New York, October 13

Labor and Industry

Scab City, New Jersey

By ALFRED H. HIRSCH

"OUR law is the night stick and we use it." I quote Mayor Frank Hague, czar of Jersey City and Democratic boss of New Jersey, who is reputed to be a multimillionaire maintaining a duplex apartment in Jersey City's most fashionable residential building, the Duncan Apartments, and a summer home at Deal Beach, and making frequent trips to Florida and abroad although, as far as is known, he has never earned more than $8,000 a year as mayor. His statement, in an exclusive interview printed in the Newark *Sunday Call* of October 5, 1933, continues: "There are no gangs who use Jersey City as a hideout or headquarters, because all suspicious characters are apprehended wherever they are seen, in automobiles, trains, or on the street." What these words meant I discovered when I spent three days as a guest of his city in the Seventh Precinct jail. I was watching from a small distance when William Schwartz, a member of the Furniture Workers' Industrial Union, started to picket outside the Miller Parlor Furniture Company, carrying a sign which urged employees to join the union. Seeing a police officer speak to Schwartz, I crossed the street. I asked the officer some questions. Schwartz was arrested. So was I.

Inside the jail I understood the significance of the statement that "all suspicious characters are apprehended wherever they are seen, in automobiles, trains, or on the street." During the three hours a day spent outside the cells in a narrow corridor where the prisoners are told to "exercise" I spoke to most of the thirty or forty prisoners. Unlike me, most of the men were ignorant of the charge against them. Schwartz and I were charged with disorderly conduct, a misdemeanor, but we were fingerprinted like criminals.

One man, a Swede who had been looking for a job and had asked an officer for directions, was taken to the courtroom on Thursday, June 28, only to have his case postponed until July 5. Bail may have been set but he failed to mention it to me—he had no way of getting it. I was in court on July 5 and as I entered a man said, "Hello." It was the Swede. He had been discharged. He borrowed ten cents from me to get out of the city.

Leon Wilson, a young Negro, had been picked up as he was waiting for a street car on Sunday, June 25, at 7:45 p.m. He had shown the patrolman his work card indicating that he was employed as a cleaner in the Pennsylvania Station, New York, and that he had worked there earlier that day. He explained to the officer that he had come over to Jersey City to visit a friend. Wilson had been allowed to make one telephone call since his arrest; having failed to reach his employer, who was out, he was not permitted to call again. When I left the jail on Friday, June 29, to be transferred to the county jail, Wilson was still locked up awaiting trial. Bail of $1,500 had been set—Wilson earns $15 a week.

The Miller Parlor Furniture Company, of 261 Orient Avenue, Jersey City, was formed by the merger of two former Brooklyn firms, the Maujer Parlor Frame Company and the Junius Parlor Frame Company. Both had unexpired labor contracts with the left-wing Furniture Workers' Industrial Union in Brooklyn, which they broke upon moving to Jersey City. It is reported that they had been invited to move by Mayor Hague, who had assured them immunity from labor troubles. Jersey City was to benefit through taxes and "personal property" assessments, which in the case of a business house are levied principally on stock kept in storage. The furniture company, employing seventy men, was to save more than $1,000 a week by reducing the average pay from $35 to $19. After the removal from Brooklyn old employees received cards inviting them to work in the Jersey City plant. Upon arrival they were told to "forget about the union." They called a strike and picketing began in June. The union was reinforced by representatives of the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners and the American Civil Liberties Union.

Pickets were arrested, observers were detained and in some cases arrested, and in one case, that of the writer, an observer was arrested, tried, and convicted. Thirty-day sentences were meted out indiscriminately without regard to the evidence. In no instance were the pickets charged with peaceful picketing, which is legal in the State of New Jersey. Charges were based on a State disorderly-persons act, the provisions of which are extremely flexible but which nevertheless had no application.

In my own case, the officer who had told me at the time of the arrests that he was acting "under Mr. Miller's orders" (the owner of the plant), denied when testifying that he had spoken to me except to tell me that I was under arrest. He testified that a crowd of fifty had collected—it really consisted of eight or ten children with three or four curious adults—and went so far as to describe the color of two non-existent baby carriages whose passage was "interfered with." Under the able questioning of A. J. Isserman, defense counsel, the officer contradicted himself several times, but this had no effect on Police Judge William J. McGovern, a Hague appointee who has never passed his bar examinations. Prosecutor Hansen's only question to me was: "Have you ever been convicted before?" The cases of all fourteen convicted defendants are being appealed.

Nothing less than the right to picket is involved. Two A. F. of L. locals, more timid than the Furniture Workers' Industrial Union, have called off strikes because this right was denied them. One of these, the Journeymen Barbers' International Union of America, Local 362, called off a strike because a delegation of union members who called on Director of Public Safety (Police Commissioner) Thomas J. Wolfe learned that "no picketing would be allowed." A strike of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butchers Workmen of North America, Local 29, against the Nagel Packing Company in Jersey City was ended because "the men were not allowed to picket."

The attitude of the Jersey City administration, including the police and the lower courts, constitutes an attack on wage scales in New York City as well as in Jersey City, since the firms of both cities must compete in the same markets. It is a challenge to the right of labor to organize, and consequently to strike, not only in New Jersey but by extension throughout the country. If it is successful in Jersey City, other communities will not be slow to follow suit. Other "runaway shops" have already sprung up in Jersey City, among them the Restful Slipper Company, the General Upholstery Company, and the Metro Art, Inc. Firms have also removed under similar conditions to other towns in New Jersey, such as Newark, Perth Amboy, Elizabeth, and Union City. And it is evident that Jersey City employers feel themselves exempt from the decisions of the National Labor Board, which has recently upheld the Furniture Workers' Industrial Union in ordering that all former employees must be taken back on a union wage scale in the Miller plant. Miller has ignored the order.

In spite of Jersey City's procedure in making arrests and obtaining convictions, Director of Public Safety Wolfe states that "the truth is that the police of Jersey City are not and never were hostile to union labor." He adds that the police "protect" labor. How this is accomplished can be seen in the case of the National Hotel and Restaurant Employees' Organization, Local 1, an independent union. Police entered its headquarters on January 27 asking for Harris Cleron, the organizer. On February 6 two detectives interrupted an executive-committee meeting to question all those present, and on the following day they closed the union headquarters. Two and a half weeks later, on February 24, a policeman and a detective entered a restaurant at 12 Journal Square from which the union had rented a back room as headquarters. They knew they would find Cleron there. Before his eyes they took away the restaurant owner's license. Cleron was forced to leave town, and previous to a meeting of the union on March 2 the members were instructed by the police to expel Cleron and elect a new organizer. The union has since ceased to exist. When I saw Cleron recently in Newark, he said: "In Jersey City a union can exist only if it supports Hague."

An analysis of Hague's attacks on "racketeer" unions best reveals his attitude toward labor. The leaders of these unions had grown rich and powerful. Wages were comparatively high; taxes had become so high that such firms as the P. Lorillard Company, employing thousands of tobacco workers, moved from Jersey City. Bountiful patronage in the form of hundreds on its pay roll, some of whom did not even come to Jersey City to collect their checks but received them by mail, coupled with failure to collect taxes, brought the city close to bankruptcy. An about-face on the labor front was necessary: wages had to go down, industry must be brought back.

Theodore Brandle, former ruler of the International Association of Bridge, Structural, and Ornamental Iron Workers of Hudson and Bergen Counties, was for years a friend of Mayor Hague's and shared prosperity with him. By 1931 Brandle's dictatorial methods in his alleged labor union had brought him into such complete disrepute among the rank and file that he became a political menace to Hague. No longer a colleague of Hague's, he was openly proclaiming himself a despot on his own throne. Hague, confronted by his Frankenstein, could not destroy him, but he did have to break with him openly. The McClintic Marshall Company was awarded the contract for the three-mile diagonal bridge, now known as the Pulaski Skyway, which forms part of the elevated highway passing through Jersey City and Newark and running into the main road to Philadelphia, at a reported figure of $20,000,000. The firm furnished a cash bond, contrary to the usual procedure whereby bonds were posted through Brandle, who got a commission. Brandle called a strike and the State Highway Commmission continued the work with non-union labor. On February 27, 1932, Thomas Harrison and other scabs were attacked while riding to work in a car. Harrison died two days later.

The trials came up on December 6 and in the *Jersey Journal* for that day appeared the following revealing statement: "No arrests were made in the case until more than a week after the murder. *Then Mayor Hague sent out the word that he had broken with Brandle and the police started rounding up Brandle's pickets in their investigation.*"

The election was only a few months off and it was an auspicious moment to launch an attack on the union racketeers. Mayor Hague became the champion of the people. Brandle's downfall appeared imminent, but the defendants were all acquitted on December 9, 1932.

The acquittals met with a storm of criticism, however, threatening Hague's very regime. On January 18, 1934, Brandle was driven out of the union. Judge John H. Lenehan, a solid Hague man, was named as receiver with a sizable fee. I spoke recently to a member of Local 45 of the Iron Union. He said: "The union is broken. Nothing in the treasury, and three hundred members where we used to have over a thousand."

This is but one example of Mayor Hague's union-smashing campaign. In 1933 a group of cleaners and dyers wished to join Local 617 of the Teamsters' Union. The A. F. of L., built up of craft unions and at that time opposed to vertical, or industrial, unions voted against their admission. Jeremiah Buckley, head of Teamsters' Local 617, proceeded to set up separate funds and books for the cleaners and dyers with the intention of applying for a charter for them as soon as the size of the membership allowed. Whether his intentions were straightforward or not is irrelevant as the following facts will show. Buckley was arrested on June 30, 1933, charged with "obtaining money under false pretenses." Bail was set at $80,000, finally reduced to $15,000, and he was freed on bond. Meanwhile receivership actions were brought against Locals 560 and 641 of the Teamsters' Union. The latter was on strike at the time, or rather its members had been locked out by the mason-material dealers on the question of wages. For eleven months beginning in January, 1933, Mayor Hague's Jersey City police escorted the trucks, manned by scabs.

Finally an agreement was reached whereby receivership proceedings against Locals 560 and 641 were to be dropped on condition that Buckley and the other officers of Local 617 were ousted. This was promptly done, and, by coincidence, Judge John H. Lenehan was again named receiver. He has been in charge of the local since December, 1933. The International refuses to recognize him and consequently no dues stamps are sent to the local, which in turn makes no dues payments. The local is on the verge of expulsion.

Nor is that the end. On December 16, 1933, Maxwell Bublitz, business manager of Local 164 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, was removed from his position, and Judge John H. Lenehan became receiver. The receivership was based on the alleged false use of relief funds totaling about $3,000 (the sum first mentioned was $30,000). Bublitz claimed that the relief funds had been set up following the passage of an amendment to the by-laws of the local to that effect. When the amendment was declared unconstitutional, Bublitz had the money deposited with the general funds of the union.

This clean-up of racketeers was followed by a general anti-union drive in an effort to bring business back to Jersey City by making it attractive to all exponents of the "open shop." Frank Hague is himself a member of the Teamsters' Union, although he is said to have served as a strike-breaker in 1912. Next year he became one of the five city commissioners of Jersey City and four years later, in 1917, the mayor. He has reigned continually since.

He embarked for a vacation trip to South America and Europe on June 30, following his strenuous barn-storming tour of New Jersey on behalf of his fellow-Democrats Harry Moore and William L. Dill, nominees for United States Senator and Governor respectively. The rumor persists that Hague is supporting Moore with the understanding that Moore, when elected, will resign, and that the new Governor, Dill, whom Hague is also supporting, will fill the vacancy by appointing Hague to the United States Senate. Less than two weeks after his departure the ban on peaceful picketing was lifted by order of Acting Mayor Arthur Potterton. This change in policy is due to two factors: the public interest aroused in the Miller Company case and the desire to spike the guns of New Jersey Republicans who are making political capital out of Mayor Hague's stand as a "friend of labor."

Furthermore, on July 23, a temporary injunction granted on June 25 to the Miller Parlor Furniture Company by Vice-Chancellor Charles M. Egan, enjoining picketing of the plant, was vacated by the federal courts on the basis of the Norris-La Guardia Anti-Injunction Act. This was reaffirmed on September 10 when United States District Judge Avis denied the motion of the Miller Company for a preliminary injunction.

Meanwhile the Restful Slipper Company, formerly of Brooklyn, has moved to Jersey City and refused to renew its contract with the independent United Shoe and Leather Workers' Union. A temporary injunction enjoining the union from picketing and even from communicating any information about the strike was granted by Vice-Chancellor Charles M. Egan on September 12, as noted in a recent issue of *The Nation*. However, on September 21 picketing was carried on by representatives of the American Civil Liberties Union and the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners. Police were present but no arrests were made. And on September 27, at a hearing held to decide whether the injunction should be made permanent, Vice-Chancellor Egan greatly modified his former ruling and stated that his views on labor disputes had recently been "broadened and enlarged."

The cases of the Miller Parlor Furniture Company pickets are still to be appealed. The battle is not won but Mayor Hague has not yet broken the backs of the unions which are willing to fight him.

[This is the first of two articles on the labor policies of Mayor Hague and Jersey City. The second will appear next week.]

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Books, Drama, Films

Jules Romains's Progress

The Proud and The Meek. By Jules Romains. Translated by Warre B. Wells. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

TOWARD the close of the present volume, which is the third in the long series of novels in which Jules Romains is attempting to reconstruct the whole of French civilization of his time, the young and tender-hearted Abbé Jeanne arrives at a formulation of his private or "unofficial" philosophy. His conclusion is that human society, when all is said and done, can be reduced to a very simple dichotomy. There are, on the one side, the humble and the meek; on the other, the proud—those who are haughty and overweening "in the imagination of their hearts." According to the Abbé, this division has nothing to do with any effort to split up society into different social classes. The humble are sometimes to be found among the rich and the proud among the poor. "Social condition was not the origin of the difference. . . . It might simply be the sign of that difference, or mark where it had momentarily come to a head." The Abbé is aware that his view amounts to a kind of Manicheism; but of the feelings only, not of the intellect.

On this very simple schematization of mankind Romains has chosen to base the scheme of this third section of his work, which, like the earlier sections, is made up of two distinct parts. The first part deals exclusively with those characters in the work who illustrate most conspicuously those traits which the Abbé ascribes to the proud—"an appetite for power, or manifestations of power; a craving for conquest and possession." It traces out, that is to say, the progress of the liaison between the arrogant and unscrupulous Sammécaud and the morally invertebrate Madame de Champcenais. A great many chapters are devoted to the detailed explanation of Havercamp's business operations, and it becomes more certain that the role of this unknown but energetic opportunist in the field of Paris real estate is to be that of pre-war "big business man," American model. Gurau, whose self-intoxication is of a different order, goes farther along the path of political compromise when he hires a young secretary to keep his conscience for him. The worldly young Abbé Mionnet attracts the interest of the right people and is on his way to becoming something more important than just another parish priest. And Quinette enjoys a little more of his peculiar kind of power when he toys with the idea of love in the company of the young musical composer who will probably be his next victim. It is clear that in placing such people as Havercamp and Quinette in this first half of the volume Romains is illustrating the Abbé Jeanne's contention that the proud are not always the rich. Of all the characters in this part Havercamp alone is motivated by any material object, and even for him money is not so much the source as the symbol of power.

In "The Meek" we cross the bridge into the world of the pensive, the lovely, the compassionate—the kingdom of Christ. Little Louis Bastide is bought a new pair of tan shoes, which only serve to make him feel very guilty, especially since his father, a little later on, loses his job in the factory. A walk down one of the more squalid streets in the city suddenly turns the gentle Jerphanion into a revolutionist and he gets into communication with a kindred spirit, the schoolmaster Clanricard. The Abbé Jeanne visits an abandoned mother in a hovel outside the fortifications and has his clairvoyant vision of the double structure of society. A few new characters are introduced: Madame Camille, the vendor of contraceptive preparations, to whom Madame de Champcenais is forced to have recourse; Stephen Bartlett, an English newspaperman, who is presented entirely through the travel diary in which he records his first impression of Paris; and Madame Yvoy, the wife of Bastide's employer, who rebuffs little Louis brutally when he makes a plea for his father's reinstatement. And again it is to be noted—in his treatment of Bastide, who is too proud to accept a job that looks too much like charity, and of Madame Yvoy, who is afraid to allow her feelings to take precedence over her rights—that Romains is stressing the lack of correspondence between the two methods of dividing up society, the economic and the spiritual or emotional.

Whether the dichotomy which Romains follows in this particular volume represents any final and definitive social philosophy of his own is, of course, very much in question. The philosophy is, after all, expressed through the mind of a single character and does not necessarily possess any more auctorial authority than the belief of Jerphanion, toward the close of the book, in the immediate necessity of a social revolution. The notion of the proud and the meek may be, therefore, only a notion, one of the many incidental ideas or conceits possible in a work of this length, which Romains here uses as a kind of structural device. Or it may simply be a rather homely and specific expression of some broader and more general philosophical attitude which will emerge more clearly in the later volumes of the series. Certainly it seems unlikely that a writer like Romains, who is capable of the most abstract statement of his ideas, will be content to leave us with such an emotive and even sentimental set of terms. As for the problem of Romains's political identification, which has occupied certain of his American critics, there is nothing in the present section, any more than in the earlier sections, to justify the somewhat hysterical cry of fascist. The truth is that it is much too early to point with certitude to any one of the several political attitudes represented in the work as being unmistakably that of Romains himself. It has been one of the triumphs of "Men of Good-Will" so far that it has presented the different social levels with their corresponding points of view so exclusively in terms of individual character that no explicit point of view on the part of the author has been necessary. Between Gurau's kind of radicalism and Jerphanion's, between Sammécaud's values and those of Clanricard, there can be no question of choice; and in his characterization of these people Romains has relieved himself of the necessity of any judgment.

In view of the extravagant praise which the opening sections of the work have received in this country, however, it may not be too early to venture some very general estimate of Romains's powers as a novelist, some opinion concerning the more strictly literary qualities of his work. Unquestionably, the scale of his project is impressive; and its scale has been perhaps most responsible for the extraordinary claims that have been made, in advance, for his work. But scale in itself is not a sufficient guaranty of the excellence of a work of fiction. We need only recall the Rougon-Macquart cycle of Zola and the more recent prodigies of John Dos Passos. It is well, therefore, to keep in mind Gertrude Stein's observation that a masterpiece does not always look like a masterpiece. A masterpiece on the same plane with the major works of Proust, Joyce, and Mann "Men of Good-Will" has not so far given evidence of becoming. Despite his technical virtuosity, his familiarity with the most diverse social backgrounds, and the maturity of his point of view, Romains has a mind which, for want of a better description, can only be called commonplace. As an analyst of the sentiment of love (in Wazemmes, Havercamp, Sammécaud), he is neither as subtle nor as profound as Proust; he belongs, as a matter of fact, somewhere between Proust and the last popular writer in the yellow-back French tradition. The whole treatment of

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Quinette's psychology and crime is also on a level somewhere between Dostoevski and Edgar Wallace. A close inspection of Romains's style would perhaps best reveal the quality of relaxed intellectual tension which marks his writing and which keeps him from becoming a master of the first order.

At the same time "Men of Good-Will" continues to be the most absorbing experiment in the field of fiction being made anywhere in the world at present. The pervasive weakness just pointed out does not in actuality prevent it from supplying a solider and more continuous kind of interest than any number of works which reveal a greater depth, intensity, and brilliance. If it were not too much of a paradox, one might say that its very lack of intensity becomes a virtue for a novel-reading public that has been provided with too rich a psychological fare for at least a generation. It marks a new period for the novel, a period of recovered composure, in which the novelist can roll up his sleeves and quietly embark on mighty projects.

WILLIAM TROY

Without Benefit of Peasantry

American Ballads and Folk Songs. Collected and Compiled by John A. Lomax and Alan Lomax. The Macmillan Company. $5.

THE elder and younger Lomaxes—for since the publication of John Lomax's "Cowboy Songs" in 1910 a new generation has risen into the ranks of American ballad collectors—begin their introduction to the present omnibus with a startling quotation from an Oxford professor of music who lectured recently at Bryn Mawr. "Since America has no peasant class," the professor said, "there are, of course, no American folk songs."

If the professor is ever pressed to defend his utterance he will have to prove, granting his initial premise to have been correct, either that we really do have no peasantry or that we really have produced no folk songs. In the first case he might be driven to a new definition of his term; and in the second case he would have to take account of the fact that the United States, judging by what has happened since 1910 or thereabouts, *seems* to be the richest country on record. The Lomaxes point out that a hundred collections of what purport to be American ballads and folk songs have been published during the quarter-century in question; that there are three hundred known versions of "Frankie and Albert"; that someone is hoarding five hundred stanzas of "Mademoiselle of Armentières"; and that "The Old Chisholm Trail" runs to a full thousand stanzas.

It would appear that we had the folk songs, then, and so of necessity the folk to produce them, peasant or otherwise. The only trouble with the word peasant is that it is not American, any more for that matter than the word folk is. The cowboy is not a peasant, though he knows hundreds of songs whose words and tunes fit any definition of popular art that can be made. The Negro in a work gang is not a peasant, though his ability, say the Lomaxes, "to portray an emotional situation or to picture an incident in a few graphic and powerful one-syllable words is almost without parallel," and he continues to exhibit this ability in new songs every day. Neither is the railroad man a peasant, nor the Kentucky mountaineer, nor the soft-coal miner, nor the shanty-boy at sea, nor the college undergraduate, nor the child in the street; yet each one of these persons is familiar with many snatches of unremembered origin and is capable of repeating them when appropriately surrounded by his peers. America has no peasant class. But Americans grow up on songs which, whatever they think of them in critical or self-conscious moments, are perhaps the nearest of all living things to their uninstructed hearts.

Mr. Lomax and his son would be the first to admit that their collection is not the final one. Nor is it, as they point out, perfectly representative, since Indian poetry, the Spanish traditional ballads of the Southwest, and the English ballads of the southern Appalachians are given no place. The final collection, when and if it can be made, will fill ten times as many volumes as Child found it necessary to publish; and there is no possibility at present of a selection which would be satisfactory to everybody. The Lomaxes have wisely considered the needs of the numbers of characters are set before the reader, and their lives offering new variants of established songs, adding explanatory and bibliographical information when that is desirable, and in at least one field turning up new ground. This is the field of the Negro work song, which to be sure has been gone over very competently by Odum and Johnson. But the Negro worker is so far from having ceased to be creative that there is still much to do, and what the Lomaxes did was to spend several months of the summer of 1933 listening to segregated gangs in the prison camps of Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Tennessee. They brought back the words and music of songs sung by men with such names as Iron Head, Clear Rock, Chin Shooter, Lead Belly, Black Samson, Can't Make It, Butter Ball, Ing Shing, Scrap Iron, Tight Eyes, Double Head, Bull Face, Log Wagon, Creepin' Jesus, Long Distance, Burn Down, Steam Shovel, Black Rider, Barrel House, and Spark Plug; and by two women called Dink and Bat. This is their contribution in the present volume, though inasmuch as the whole volume achieves great excellence as an anthology, there is every reason to call it a contribution in itself, as Carl Sandburg's "American Songbag" was, and as innumerable special collections have been, from Cecil Sharp and Krehbiel on to day before yesterday.

The fact that the Lomaxes sometimes fail to provide an air to be sung with their words, though their customary procedure is to print the simple melody which their phonographs or their transcribers recorded, makes it easy to agree with them when they say that in general with American folk song the music is more important than the words. The words, indeed, seem to be of no importance at all; they are scarcely poetry, and they are seldom sense. The combination, however, is always a folk song. There can be no doubt as to that, or as to our lack, don't you know, of a peasantry.

MARK VAN DOREN

A Technician of Mediocrity

The Executioner Waits. By Josephine Herbst. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

"THE EXECUTIONER WAITS" is a solidly constructed novel-machine. Each part functions for the whole, each character is fitted into the total effect, there is hardly a paragraph that exists for its own sake. A great number of characters are set before the reader, and their lives are recounted in such a way as to fit them into the economic history of the times. No character can escape Miss Herbst's purpose or get her to relax her remorseless science. The result is a book that is difficult to read and that, after it has been read, it is impossible not to admire for its clarity and organization.

The problem Miss Herbst has undertaken is to describe the effect of the economic class antagonisms of the contemporary world on the lives of a middle-class family. The Trexler family is made up of limbs that are economically sound, of some that are economically frail, but all of them are emotionally rotten. It branches out with sons, daughters, sons-in-law, daughters-in-law across the America of our time. It speaks the American language. (Miss Herbst has a superb ear for the way Americans actually talk and a style that is able to convey it.) But the Trexler family and practically everyone else in "The Executioner Waits" are as inhuman as the parts of a machine. They have hardly any emotions that are not mechanically caused by economic problems or social conventions; they have no fancies, humors, caprices; they are dead and gestureless; except that practical problems attack them, they would not stir.

"Mrs. Chance kept a sharp eye on her son. . . . Her son was living with a woman. Her skin from neck to feet seemed flooded with red at the idea. . . . The visions that came to her thick and fast tormented her. She took soda for heartburn." "Abel Chance did not worry about his soul. As a deacon of the church his soul was taken care of. He loved the Sunday ritual of waffles for breakfast with the Sunday paper crisp and unopened waiting for him in the living-room. He did not believe in reading the paper at the table on Sunday. He was always shaved and bathed before Sunday breakfast and sat in his lounging jacket with the consciousness of clean underwear, the finest woolen socks, and pure linen helping him to savor the special Sunday quality of the day." Mr. Chance, who "would as soon think of not winding his watch as not going to church," his wife who takes soda for heartburn when she discovers that her son is living with a woman—these clumsy marionettes are to Miss Herbst not especially mechanized creatures, but typical representatives of the American middle class. The Wendels and the Trexlers are as the Chances. Without irony, indignation, or pity, with a cold exactitude, Miss Herbst reports their reflex angers, habitual fears, illimitable dulness.

Such mediocrity is inhuman. Miss Herbst has overplayed her propagandist's hand. A people such as she describes is not worth saving. Moreover, one feels that Miss Herbst *requires* her characters to be dull-witted, feelingless, and dead. For she describes them only in terms of their habits. As a great word has it, we are only heroes momentarily. Moments of wonder and doubt even the most automatic of us must experience at some time or other. Not so Miss Herbst's characters. The social purport of "The Executioner Waits"—analysis of the economic pressure on the American middle classes—requires of course a disclosure of what is habitual in the middle-class reaction to economic stress. But one can describe any class in terms of its automatisms. True enough, Miss Herbst manages to pump a little enthusiasm and life into those of her characters who find themselves on the side of the workers. But it is not easy for her to handle a living and inventive organism. Her very Gertrude Steinish style is particularly inappropriate to such a task, although it is beautifully adapted to the mechanics of emotion. Miss Herbst's workers, wobblies, and farmers are much vaguer than her money-, property-, and convention-bent bourgeoisie. The fact is that Miss Herbst is more adept at dealing with the dead than with the living, with the fancyless than with the fanciful, with automatic, expressionless actions than with creative and human sentiments. Miss Herbst is most at home artistically with the ugly. If this were not the case it would be impossible for her to deal so scientifically with these terribly banal lumps of calculating clay. The fact that Miss Herbst writes without warmth or scorn, that she does not even have any hatred for her characters, proves, it seems to me, that there is a subtle affinity between her talents as a writer and their lack of talent as human beings. To put it frankly, it occurs to me that Miss Herbst's writing equipment necessitates a talentless humanity such as she describes.

But once we suspect that Miss Herbst has something to gain as a writer by the defects of the people she writes about, it becomes difficult to have faith in her vision. The question arises: In a society of supermen and superwomen would not Miss Herbst find novel-writing too adventuresome an art? In, let us say, a classless society in which men and women are free and creative, in which the élan of their lives would correspond only to a rhapsodic, laughter-loving style in art, would not Miss Herbst find reality not dull enough for her talents? A harsh

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judgment. But I find even a trace of satisfaction in Miss Herbst's portrait of the middle class. Her extremely exact renderings of family conflicts end often enough on a note of complacent half-delight in the vulgarity that has been exposed. Thus I do not find revolutionary longing in any single character that is in any way convincing. The ignoble, the mercenary, and the mean are so powerful in these pages, and Miss Herbst is so unfrightened, unhurried, calm—and slightly satisfied in her vision—that the total effect of the novel is, artistically, a call to disgusted impotence, even though the ideological purport of the book is the necessity for revolution. Few can be inspired to action by a machine's slightly satisfied judgment of machines.

LIONEL ABEL

Sonnets of a Mountaineer

Man with a Bull-Tongue Plow. By Jesse Stuart. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.

JESSE STUART, of Kentucky mountaineer farmer folk, writes because he can't help it. Scotch on his father's side, Indian and English on his mother's, he farmed, worked in the American Rolling Mills and hated them, then went to college in Tennessee. He's back on his farm now, feeling and thinking in poetry. As Mark Van Doren says (on the jacket), you can read his book as autobiography, and he is most amusing taken in this fashion. But if, as Mr. Van Doren also says, he is to be considered as a modern American Burns, then we had better define our terms. Perhaps Mr. Stuart is the only kind of a Burns we, in this country, can grow. We have no true folk background, no folk song save a sectional folk song. And Jesse Stuart makes almost no use of the Kentucky mountaineer folk background. When he quotes, or almost quotes, or adapts, he is using A. E. Housman or some other poet whom he remembers from his college days, when, obviously, he got the usual smattering of poetry and remembered it. Probably he learned, too, what a sonnet looks like. At all events he writes in the sonnet form or in a form at least vaguely resembling the sonnet. He must have run across and been much taken with Edgar Lee Masters, for this book reminds one continuously of Spoon River. Here are all the village people in their graves. Some, to be sure, are out of their graves and talking about those who are in. Much of the talk, even in sonnet form, is racy and very colloquial.

Now and then, however, the poet turns literary. He has a way of starting off with a literary line, and then, after chewing his pencil, setting down exactly how he arrived at the sensation stated in the literary line.

> This is the night for song; the windows shake.
> I guess it is the wind that shakes the windows.

The book as a whole is very entertaining—a cross between a kind of folk exuberance and that thing called poetry.

Stuart is like Burns in this at least that he seems to have loved a great many girls and all of them because they were young, sweet, and pretty; because, like the land, they indicated a fragrant spring. He wants to live with all of them and he wants to lie in the grave with all of them. He loves the soil, too, and good honest work, and freedom. He detests city jobs, conventional education, and the business of holding-down petty political positions. The good clean life is, for him, the farmer's life. He knows his townspeople and his farm hands, and he writes tenderly, humorously, and full-bloodedly of them. He is not really a poet at all, in the usual sense of the word; he is not the lyric singer Burns was. But he feels and lives as Burns might have felt and lived, in America, and here sets it down.

EDA LOU WALTON

Shorter Notices

The Manuscript of Shakespeare's "Hamlet" and the Problems of Its Transmission. An Essay in Critical Bibliography. By J. Dover Wilson. The Macmillan Company. Two Volumes. $4.50.

Mr. Wilson's remarkable work is the first of three which he will devote to "Hamlet." The second is an edition of the play for "The New Shakespeare" (already in press) and the third is a discussion of it as a dramatic masterpiece. The present treatise is in effect a bibliographical introduction to the edition Mr. Wilson is preparing, the problems involved being so numerous and interesting that instead of the customary ten or twenty pages two volumes were found necessary. Mr. Wilson, who is one of the half-dozen leading Shakespearean scholars throughout the world, belongs to the somewhat fanatical school of British bibliographers headed by Pollard, Greg, and McKerrow. He is fanatical, that is to say, because he is so emphatic about the difficulties of establishing Shakespeare's text and because he is so sure that he knows how to solve them. When this emphasis is discounted, the present textual analysis remains altogether fascinating and almost altogether convincing, and is by any account one of the most amazing productions of a modern pen. With all the resources of the new bibliography at his command Mr. Wilson proceeds to consider which portions of the Quarto of 1603, the Quarto of 1605, and the Folio of 1623 come nearest to representing Shakespeare's intention with respect to "Hamlet." Without going into his arguments, which are as interminable as they are brilliant, his conclusions may be stated briefly. The Quarto of 1605 was set up by an ignorant printer from the poet's manuscript. The Folio text was a playhouse prompter's copy considerably and often stupidly revised. The Quarto text of 1603 was carelessly taken down in the playhouse or imperfectly remembered from it, and hence is of value now and then as showing what a spectator heard. But the best text is that of 1605, and Mr. Wilson will favor it in his forthcoming edition, which should be historic.

An Introduction to Pareto. By George C. Homans and Charles P. Curtis, Jr. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

This introduction to Pareto, whose "Sociologie Générale" is scheduled to appear shortly in English translation, aims to make the study of Pareto easier. The authors avow as their dearest hope for their book "that it will be found interesting enough to be at once discarded in favor of Pareto." Judged by the purpose the authors set for themselves, the book must be declared quite inadequate. In the absence of any attempt to motivate attention by posing the problems of sociology in their most concrete forms, the lay reader will find the book too technical, and discard not only it but Pareto as well. The informed student of sociology will be irritated by the amateurish treatment of the problems of scientific methodology, which the authors discuss at length on the basis of an uncritical reading of popular works by eminent scientific figures. The treatment of the fundamental problems of social causation, classification, and experimental and non-experimental actions is discursive and not analytical. No critical examination of Pareto's assumptions is offered, and the large claims advanced for the revolutionary importance of his work are not substantiated. The authors seem to be unaware that, terminology aside, most of Pareto's leading concepts can be found in earlier works of formal sociologists of both the French and German schools. The book's chief merit is the fresh illustrative material it contains, drawn from various modern sources, of Pareto's classification of residues and derivations.

Drama

Star Finds Love

"PERSONAL APPEARANCE" (Henry Miller's Theater) is no bid for the Pulitzer prize even if it does deal with certain aspects of the American scene. I take it that neither the author nor the producer had any thought of elevating the stage, and I doubt if either was much concerned with literary values. On the contrary their methods are rough and ready, and between them they have concocted an entertainment more than a little amusing in its rough and ready way, with more laughs of the sort which originate below the neck than very many comedies can boast.

Carole Arden is a movie star on a tour of personal appearances in the company of a general manager whose chief duty is to prevent her from Finding Love too often or too publicly. She is, as she does not hesitate to explain, devoted to "my-husband-Benjamin-Feinberg-president-of-Superfine-Pictures-Incorporated." But she was, after all, only a child who had never been married but twice when he carried her off to glory, and her life is not easy for one who is simple at heart and who longs for nothing so much as a quiet existence with hollyhocks and a strong, simple man. What is more natural than that she should dream of happiness with the handsome proprietor of a filling station before whose establishment her car breaks down, and what is more natural than that, when she discovers his interest in the technical methods of movie-making, she should propose that he accompany her at once back to Hollywood and Mr. Feinberg? Does she not know from her own experience how futile it is to write letters? Does she not owe her own success to "personal contacts" (of a nature not too clearly specified) with the great of moviedom? My readers, I hope, get the idea, and it is not necessary to explain in detail just how the general manager persuades the star to make the same supreme sacrifice which she made in her last picture, "Drifting Lady," when she surrendered the only man she had ever really loved to the innocent girl who had been waiting for him. But the manager's methods are ingenious and bring the curtain down on the most hilarious recent variant of the profane tag line.

In form and style "Personal Appearance" is a bit mongrel. One of its ancestors is plainly the Kaufman-Hart opus "Once in a Lifetime," and there is also an unmistakable family resemblance to the many reckless farces which culminated in "She Loves Me Not." Less fortunate is a strain which seems to have come down through the long line of innocent bucolic comedies from which the late Winchell Smith made a fortune, and, indeed, the only really dull moments of the evening are those in which the influence of "The Fortune Hunter" or "Turn to the Right" rears its pretty head. The incongruity is not, however, serious, and any insidious sentiment is quickly dispelled by one of the first-rate wisecracks with which the evening abounds. Gladys George is very good indeed as the susceptible siren, and my guess is that the audience will be swelled by whatever Hollywood visitors happen to be in town during the run. What is more they will probably know enough to laugh louder than anyone else whether they feel like it or not.

"Lost Horizons" (St. James Theater) has all the solemn aspirations which "Personal Appearance" leaves to others, but it is not, unfortunately, anything like as successful. Its heroine is a suicide compelled to learn in the beyond how the life she cut off would have benefited others whom she does not even know, and the idea is one which most persons would be willing, offhand, to accept as "interesting." Like most ideas which can be made to seem interesting in a sentence, its possibilities are,

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however, exhausted as soon as it has been stated, and the more it is elaborated, the duller it becomes. Jane Wyatt as the heroine is as beautiful and charming as usual but there is not much that she can do. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

Pure Cinema

FOR more than thirty years the little group of islands off the west coast of Ireland to which the Celts gave the name Aran (because the shape of the largest of them resembles a kidney) has attracted writers, artists, and archaeologists from all over the world. Here, in 1898, came the Anglo-Irish littérateur, John Millington Synge, in search of a more wholesome creative environment than he was finding in the small hotel bedrooms of left-bank Paris. The results in "Riders to the Sea" and "The Playboy of the Western World" were to become, as everyone knows, among the most influential pieces in the modern theater—although neither of these plays, if the truth were realized, was quite authentic in the impression which it gave of the life and spirit of the islands. Liam O'Flaherty, the only native of Aran ever to enlist in the British army, according to the local scandal, has returned there for the background both of his best novel, "The Black Soul," and of his worst, "The Martyr." Archaeologists from France, Germany, and Belgium have come to speculate on the mystery of the huge, precipice-like Dun Aengus, which may have been either a fortress or a very early outdoor temple, and which is certainly one of the oldest antiquities in the British Isles. It was inevitable that sooner or later an enterprising film director like Robert Flaherty should set up his camera in these islands and give us a photographic rendering of their very special quality of remoteness and beauty.

To anyone visiting the Aran Islands without a particular professional object in mind, their attraction is something complex and imponderable. It is not only the pinched beauty of their physical appearance—the precise network of minute green fields, the granite meadows the color of the sea, the hard-bitten contours of the coastline. It is not only the revelation of an economics so primitive that the very soil itself must be created by the hand of man—out of ground stone and seaweed laid along the barren slopes and ledges. Nor is it altogether the sense of a historical continuity such as one receives nowhere else in Europe—of a race which has been living in the same place and speaking the same language for more than two thousand years. All these impressions and feelings combine in the realization that here, on the fringe of modern industrial Europe, is a kind of little oasis in which both nature and man have managed to preserve an aristocratic indifference to the unruly passage of time.

Flaherty's "Man of Aran" (Criterion) is photographically one of the most beautiful pictures that have ever been made. In the greater purity of its lyricism it is superior to "Nanook of the North"; and in its avoidance of thesis and over-scored plot it surpasses the film that Flaherty made with the late F. W. Murnau in the South Seas. The pictorial values of the background are realized fully and without resort either to sentimentalization or pretentious stylization. It is doubtful if any more successful photography of the sea and sea-forms—waves, foam, storms—has ever been managed. The sea is not only a background, a centralizing image, but a symbol; and the symbol is indistinguishable from the subject and the theme. By the juxtaposition of this image with another image, that of man himself, an almost abstract symbol of resistance moving erect between stone and water, Flaherty secures all the story or "plot" that is necessary. The consequence of this abstract simplification of theme is to give the picture an absolute aesthetic beauty such as is rarely achieved on the screen. But it also involves eliminations which make it, as a picture about the Aran Islands, in many respects incomplete and disappointing. Aside from any number of missed opportunities in the everyday social and economic life of the place and the total absence of any historical sense, it fails to indicate anything essential or unique in the character of the people. It is probable that Flaherty could have treated his theme equally well along the coast of Brittany or Maine. What "Man of Aran" actually represents in Flaherty's career, as a matter of fact, is a departure from the documentary film with which his name is usually associated to the type of abstract or "pure" cinema. As an example of this type it is a triumph, and the objection that it does not possess certain features of the other is hardly justified. It is likely to be, in any case, the most satisfactory film of any type that we shall see this season. WILLIAM TROY

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ALTHOUGH THE JAPANESE DEMAND for complete equality is likely to be somewhat modified under pressure, it is idle to deny that a great gulf exists between the positions taken by the Japanese and American governments with regard to naval limitation. Tokio's demands would give Japan not only full parity but actual superiority in Far Eastern waters. The Japanese propose that ships designed for offensive purposes, including vessels with guns of more than 6.1-inch caliber, be drastically limited and that each country be allowed an equal number. For all other vessels, designated as defensive—small cruisers, destroyers, and submarines—the total tonnage allotted to each country is to be identical, but each government is to be free to distribute this tonnage as it sees fit. While pressing for theoretical equality with respect to these latter vessels, the Japanese have hinted that they might refrain from building up to treaty limit except as an "emergency" measure. The United States, on the other hand, has always maintained that even the 5-5-3 ratio of the Washington treaty gave Japan definite superiority in the Far East, and that further concessions were out of the question. It has indicated its willingness to abandon use of the term "ratio," but only on condition the Japanese agree to preserve the status quo with regard to "relative security." Faced by the danger of a complete collapse of naval limitation, the British have desperately sought some basis for compromise. Although they are naturally opposed to any substantial increase in Japanese armaments, their opposition is by no means as irreconcilable as that of the United States. But as yet they have been unable to find a tenable middle ground.

THE OUTCOME of the naval discussions is inevitably linked with the larger question of Japanese ambitions in China. Although Tokio has been successful in preventing a formal discussion of allied political issues in conjunction with the naval talks, it has been unable to prevent Great Britain and the United States from pressing their protests against the projected Manchoukuo oil monopoly. As it has been outlined, there can be little question that the monopoly is a direct violation of the open door which Japan has promised to preserve in Manchuria. Under its terms the British and American oil companies will not only be compelled to surrender a substantial share of their business to Japanese competitors, but will also be required to maintain a six months' supply of oil on hand, which may at any time be taken over by the government at its own price. Tokio has attempted to dodge the question on the ground that Manchoukuo was an "independent" nation, and if the Powers regarded it as a part of China they should address their protests to Nanking. But the Japanese know perfectly well that they cannot evade the issue by subterfuge. The present naval ratios are conditioned on the maintenance of the open door and the territorial integrity of China. Should Japan persist in denying these, it is obvious that the other nations would not dare grant an upward revision of the ratios. Moreover, there is little that Japan can do against concerted pressure by the two Anglo-Saxon Powers. If it comes to an actual showdown, Japan is obviously in no position, economically or politically, to allow itself to become involved in an unrestricted race in naval construction. That fact and that fact alone may ultimately bring the Japanese government to its senses.

CHIEF JUSTICE ALFRED A. WHEAT of the District of Columbia Supreme Court has found the Railway Pension Act unconstitutional on the ground that it is confiscatory in some of its phases and that it illegally assumes the right of Congress to legislate in respect to employees not directly connected with interstate commerce. This decision probably represents nothing more than a temporary setback to the progress of economic-security legislation. The United States Supreme Court is hardly likely to follow Judge Wheat in drawing metaphysical distinctions between carriers which are and their employees who are not engaged in interstate commerce. And even if his refinement of the concept of interstate commerce should prevail, Congress could so redraft the act as to accommodate it to the refined concept. The interstate-commerce argument is based on Supreme

Court cases decided under the federal Employers' Liability Act, in which the court has uniformly held that carriers were not liable unless the worker "was engaged in interstate transportation, or in work so closely related to such transportation as to be practically a part of it." But the liability law applies only to transportation, and the Supreme Court in deciding cases has been careful to draw a distinction between transportation and "commerce—of which transportation is but a part." As for Judge Wheat's argument that mechanical and clerical employees are not engaged in interstate commerce, the fact is that from the Debs case in 1895 to the Bedford Cut Stone case in 1927 the federal courts have continually issued injunctions in labor disputes on the ground that certain trade-union activities—whether in the field of transportation, manufacturing, mining, building, or quarrying—interfered with interstate commerce to the extent of constituting conspiracies in restraint of trade. Not until the Anti-Injunction Act of 1932 did the federal courts desist from applying the anti-trust laws against organized labor. Our law, apparently, is governed by its own peculiar logic. If it is a question of enjoining a union, then the worker participates in interstate commerce even though he is not engaged in transportation. If it is a question of granting old-age pensions, then the worker must be engaged in transportation in order to participate in interstate commerce.

NOW THAT FIVE WEEKS have been devoted to testimony taking, and the case is on the verge of completion in the federal court at Wilmington, Delaware, the circumstances which led to the Weirton Steel Company's labor troubles seem fairly well established. It is true that four prominent industrialists have taken the witness stand for the company—to tell the world how beneficial company unions can be—but their evidence is more than balanced by the scores of workers who gave weight to charges against the steel mill of coercion, intimidation, and violence. It would have been interesting if the court, instead of hearing Eugene Grace of the Bethlehem Steel Company, Walter C. Teagle of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, Charles R. Hook of the American Rolling Mills Company, and William W. Holloway of the Wheeling Steel Corporation on the subject of independent versus company unionism, had been privileged to hear workers of these companies tell their side of the story. Deprived of this, the court listened to tales of threats, lost jobs, and company-police violence. It heard the story of a plant manager who was prevented from carrying on negotiations with the steel union because he was kidnapped by members of the company union, who "meant business," as they told him. Fighting fire with fire, apparently, the Weirton Company tried to show that it was the steel union, and not the employers, which was actually guilty of coercion, because the union pointed out to the workers that they were legally entitled to carry on collective bargaining. Although the Weirton case has largely disappeared from the front page of your favorite newspaper it is still of importance to labor, and the court's decision in regard to it will be awaited with great interest by both sides.

THE GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA has brought about the release of George Issoski, one of the humbler citizens of his State, a steel worker of Aliquippa, who was arrested on September 11 for handing out union literature and sent secretly to the State Hospital for the Insane. The commitment was made by a lunacy commission appointed by the sheriff of Beaver County, which is controlled by the Jones and Laughlin Company. The terror against collective bargaining reached such a high point in Aliquippa that the State Department of Labor sent six investigators to the scene. It was one of these who, asking for information at a street corner, heard the warning remark, "You know what happened to George." But let Governor Pinchot himself tell "what happened to George" after his arrest:

> Issoski's wife when questioned declared that her husband's disappearance was connected with his union activities. She said that he had been arrested on September 11, and that several days later she had been sent for by Dr. Cornelius to come and see him at the Beaver County jail. There she was, she said, asked to sign a paper declaring that her husband was insane. She added that she was threatened with the cutting off of her relief unless she did so. When she was courageous enough to refuse, the right to see her husband was denied her. From that time until her husband was found [in the insane asylum] she had no idea of his whereabouts. So far as the record shows, the lunacy commission which examined Issoski took no testimony and examined no witnesses. Dr. Bond, of the University of Pennsylvania, consented to make a special investigation. His report indicated that Issoski was perfectly sane. The institution confirmed this diagnosis.

The steel industry boasts that 90 per cent of its workers prefer the company union. "What happened to George" is only one of the more sensational methods by which "preference" is induced. Yet even in the face of such terror 3,600 of the 5,000 employees of Jones and Laughlin have joined the independent union.

THE FUNDAMENTAL INSTABILITY of our so-called recovery program is portrayed in the recently published estimates of the United States' balance of payments for the first half of 1934. During the six-month period there was a surplus of exports amounting to $173,000,000 and a net inflow of capital, long- and short-term, of $560,000,000, which was balanced by a receipt of $920,000,000 in gold. Stripped of all technicalities, this means that by cheapening the dollar we have augmented our disgracefully large gold reserve at the expense of other countries, and at the expense of the normal economic adjustments which alone can bring world recovery. With nearly half of the world's gold already in our possession, together with a disproportionately large share of the stocks of silver, it is sheer hypocrisy to say, as the President did in his recent speech to the bankers, that there is "a growing appreciation in other nations of the desirability of arriving . . . at a point of steadiness of prices and values." Our constant assault on the world's monetary reserves inevitably acts as a deflationary influence on world prices and forces weaker nations to adopt more extreme measures of economic nationalism. Our action would not be so unjustified if there were any real reason for accumulating this vast store of gold and silver. The only possible value of these reserves is as a medium of exchange for the purchase of goods and services. Yet while an increase of imports, through a substantial reduction of tariffs, is the one obvious escape from our difficulties, it is the one step that the Administration refuses to adopt, even as an experiment.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE lynching of Claude Neal in the neighborhood of Marianna, Florida, on October 26, after he had been taken from jail in Brewton, Alabama, was well attended by men, women, and children in arms, not to mention an orator who described himself as a member of the legislature. Nor was this surprising, for at least two newspapers, the Marianna *Times-Courier* and the Dothan (Alabama) *Eagle,* had thoroughly advertised the affair, even quoting a deputy sheriff as saying that in his opinion the mob would not be molested either before or after the killing. The Governor of Georgia, urged to send the National Guard to prevent what everyone in the State but himself seemed to know would happen, explained that he had consulted with the local authorities, who had assured him they could "take care of any situation that might arise." How well they did so is indicated by the reported remark of still another deputy sheriff that if the mob was determined to kill the Negro, he knew of "no way to prevent it." Neal was accused of the rape and murder of a young white girl, and so large was the crowd in front of her father's house, where the lynching had been planned, that a picked group of the town's elect took the Negro off into the woods, mutilated his body with knives either before or after death, and brought the corpse in for the crowd to see, after which it was hanged to a tree in front of the county courthouse. And this was entirely fitting. For the body of the Negro became thereby the symbol of justice and decency which were destroyed by violence in that little Florida town. The whole revolting affair will give a decided impetus to the movement for a federal anti-lynching law.

THE PLACE OF THE NEGRO in the far-reaching program of the TVA should be defined as soon as possible. Negroes themselves believe they are being slighted both in the immediate working program and in plans for the future. "The real complaint," write Charles H. Houston and John P. Davis in the *Crisis,* "lies in the failure of the TVA to incorporate the Negro as an integral part in its whole economic and social rehabilitation program. The general attitude of the TVA toward the Negro is that he is a harmless nuisance which has to be tolerated but which one cannot afford to encourage." Specifically, the Negroes note that they are excluded from the model town of Norris, and that employment of Negroes on the TVA projects in general is confined to low-pay levels. As matters now stand, the accusation of unfairness is hard to refute. Norris, being in the hill district where Negroes are not numerous, was conceived as a white project. Negroes later were employed in small numbers and then excluded from the model town and its remarkable educational and social privileges. At Wheeler Dam, in a district where Negroes are much more numerous, more than 20 per cent of the workers are Negroes, but no social or educational planning has been done for employees of either race. We must expect that the TVA, when it announces its program here, will evince an interest in the Negro and not take the easy course of acquiescing in the traditional prejudice of the South. It is not enough simply to employ Negroes on TVA projects on a population basis, which is being done, nor will the rights of Negroes at Wheeler Dam be upheld by giving them educational and social advantages. The TVA is long-term planning of the first importance and is known as the most enlightened undertaking of the New Deal. It cannot keep this reputation unless it builds a community in which Negroes, so far as the state can determine it, have full economic and social equality.

IF IT REALLY COST only eighty dollars for the oil which enabled the new Union Pacific streamlined speed train to cross the continent from Los Angeles to New York in only 56 hours and 55 minutes, we are indeed witnessing a revolution in railroading. This time is 14 hours and 32 minutes faster than the previous transcontinental record, and the train could have cut off five hours more on its run between Chicago and New York, which was only twenty minutes faster than that of the regular Twentieth Century Limited. What strikes one most about the train is its smallness and compactness. The aisles are so narrow that a very stout person could hardly go through them, and the sections of the Pullmans are so small that it seems as if the passengers would have to be fitted in with a shoe horn. The train as a whole weighs only 200 tons, as against approximately 700 tons for a standard train of the same length. Undoubtedly there will be remarkable developments in this type of train within a very short time, precisely as was the case with the automobile. That the speed will be increased goes without saying—this train averaged only a little less than sixty miles an hour, which by no means represents its capabilities even on the run from Los Angeles to Chicago. But as it is, the travelers on it lost only two business days and three nights. It was certainly time for the railroads to act. Three questions remain to be answered—whether it is not too late, where the railroads can obtain the money to reequip themselves, and whether they can pay the interest on this money after they have obtained it.

LOOKING LIKE A BENEVOLENT VIKING, Miss Gertrude Stein on October 24 returned to her native land, bringing Miss Alice B. Toklas with her in tangible form to quiet any doubts that may have been harbored of her existence (Miss Toklas's existence—nobody has ever doubted Miss Stein's). She was genial to reporters, gasped amiably at the New York skyline, and was not ashamed of considerable ignorance of American affairs, particularly of the death of President Coolidge, which had evidently not yet reached her ears. Moreover, in advance of her lectures on the subject, she explained why she writes as she does. It is because she writes as she talks. "I do talk as I write, but you can hear better than you can see. You are accustomed to see with your eyes differently to the way you hear with your ears, and perhaps that is what makes it hard to read my works for some people." Her public may as well let the whole matter go at that, merely noting that their eyesight was better in the perusal of "The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas" than in, say, the following sentence from "Geography and Plays": "Lightning has no meaning, gleaning has choosing descending, bread has origin, a taste is spreading." We have tried both seeing and hearing this, and the two senses seem equally baffled. It might be a good idea to follow the noble example of the producers of "Four Saints in Three Acts," and wrap it up in cellophane. This would undoubtedly improve the visibility and it would be a lot of fun besides. All of which should be taken as no disrespect to Miss Stein, but as an elliptical way of saying we admire and like her, and wish her a merry and profitable home-coming.

Sinclair, La Follette, and Cutting

THERE are only three vitally important contests in the elections now so close at hand. In Wisconsin, in New Mexico, and in California the outcome will be of profound significance for the entire electorate and for the immediate political development of the country. Elsewhere there is apathy among the voters, partly because of their extraordinary confidence in Roosevelt, partly because the masses are so deeply engrossed in the struggle for a bare existence that they have little time or strength for anything else. Decreased registration in various quarters tells the story, and so does the absence of any genuine leadership or alternative economic program on the part of the Republicans. But in the States we have mentioned the fight is on, the issue is joined. Notably in California the lines are clearly drawn. Whatever else may be said about Upton Sinclair's extraordinary achievement in a contest which he began without money, with only a few followers about him, and with apparently no hope of success even in the primaries, it cannot be denied that his candidacy has quickened the political life of the State in an amazing way. He has made the electorate face the economic issues of the day. He has challenged single-handed not only the press of the State but the intrenched forces of privilege and wealth. The character of the opposition to him and the despicable measures and weapons to which it has stooped are his chief glory. As a result he is likely to win the whole-hearted support of every liberal.

He is fighting the worst press conspiracy which we have ever witnessed. As we write, the most unscrupulous elements in both the Democratic and Republican parties are closing in upon him. Chester Williams, of the American Civil Liberties Union of San Francisco, backs the charge of Sinclair that the *Literary Digest* poll was loaded by Merriam supporters who bought up the ballots at 25 cents each and cast them for the Republican candidate; moreover, the poll did not include Los Angeles County, where Sinclair's strength is admittedly the greatest. George Creel, after waiting as long as possible to see what the outcome would be, has repudiated Sinclair in a letter that reeks of self-righteousness and a new concern for the public welfare. We are aware that some of our readers in California and elsewhere have grave doubts of the workability and wisdom of Sinclair's EPIC plan and of his executive ability. Yet the fact remains that if Sinclair is elected, the cause of social and economic justice will be advanced. If he loses, the forces of privilege and black reaction will be heartened the country over.

In Wisconsin, too, the outcome of the three-cornered contest among the Republicans, the Democrats, and the La Follette Progressives is of vital import to the development of reform policies in the United States. As for Senator La Follette, surely no *Nation* reader in Wisconsin needs urging from us to stand by him. The Senator's steady growth in usefulness and power, his statesmanship and that of his brother, and their courage in breaking their old political ties and starting a new party are all sufficient to focus the nation's attention upon what is happening in their State. If there is a clean Progressive sweep in Wisconsin, people who wish to break loose from the old party thraldoms will take heart everywhere. In New Mexico, also, Senator Bronson Cutting's fight to win a well-earned reelection has been thrown into clear relief, not only because he is one of the most useful of the Progressive Republican Senators but because, for some reason which is not clear to us, the Roosevelt Administration has turned against him. It is generally assumed that this is because he has been at times outspoken in his criticisms of the President's policies and the New Deal. In Green Bay, Wisconsin, the President identified himself with the La Follette candidacy; in New Mexico the President has not personally acted, but others near him have.

The truth is that in this election the President has played politics, in the main with remarkable skill—as usual—yet not with sufficient skill to avoid the charge of hypocrisy or at least of gross inconsistency, for which the activities of his Postmaster-General are also partly responsible. The President has insisted that he was neutral in all local contests, and yet, in addition to the facts cited above, he has allowed Mr. Guffey of Pennsylvania, Democratic candidate for Senator, to go in and out of the White House, as Mr. Swing points out on another page, in such a way as to lead to the inevitable deduction that he stands high in the President's graces. There was never the slightest necessity for the President's playing politics. However great their hardships, the masses of the workers are so strongly for the President that in a State like West Virginia the only question is whether or not he will get more support than he did in 1932. When the New York *Herald Tribune* permits its Washington correspondent to admit on its front page that the President is going to win a great victory, if an indirect one, we may be certain that the portents are beyond dispute. Yet that vote of confidence, when it comes, must not be taken wholly as an expression of progressive sentiment or as an indorsement of his liberal policies. There are deductions to be made for benefits received and politics played.

As for the rest of the country, the disheartening thing is the absence of strong candidates and vigorous personalities in the Senatorial fights. In Ohio Senator Fess is beaten, but "Vic" Donahey is no man to represent that State in this time of crisis. The same is even truer of Governor Moore of New Jersey, also certain of election. As we have pointed out, the Senatorial situation in New York is a disgrace to the State with only the able candidacy of Norman Thomas to redeem it. In Missouri, the State of Washington, and elsewhere there is no promise either that the New Deal will be strengthened or that the intelligence and ability of the Senate will be increased. In many places the Senatorial nomination has gone begging, with loss of public interest as a result, and the same is true of numerous local contests, like that in Colorado, where there is no choice between the two gubernatorial candidates. If New York stands out, it is only because of the aggressive tactics of Robert Moses, which are, however, considerably offset by his passing the lie, calling names, favoring the sales tax, and refusing satisfactorily to define his position with respect to the power trust. In Maryland Governor Ritchie's fifth gubernatorial candidacy—unprecedented in our history—deserves public approval.

The President and the Bankers

THE encounter between the President and the bankers last week was a notable instance of the usefulness of words to hide the repression of ideas. The President's speech, put through a sieve, yields only a minor nugget of substance—his promise to take the government out of business as rapidly as the banks resume their normal functions. Even this must rank as a glimpse of the obvious. The spokesman of the bankers, Jackson E. Reynolds, did not know how to be so artfully vague. He had to make two major concessions to the Administration. He admitted the justification for delay in balancing the budget, and acknowledged the good sense of not proclaiming a stabilized dollar. Thus the President apparently scored twice to one score for the other side. The assembled four thousand bankers cheered the President rapturously, undisturbed at being beaten. The stock market, out of reach of the President's charm, thought it was wiser, and at once marked down prices sharply.

Behind the scenes, however, it is rumored that the bankers came out considerably better than would appear at first sight. It is hinted at Washington that the President agreed to drop the idea of a Central Bank in exchange for acceptance of a permanent scheme of deposit insurance, with a limit of $5,000 a year, which would involve a liability of not greater than 1 per cent of the total deposits of any particular bank. Whether this means that the President has surrendered to the bankers is not yet clear. At the very least it means that he has abandoned open hostility and is experimenting with cooperation. Nor does one need to search long to discover the reason for this amazing reversal of policy.

The fact is the halfway measures of the New Deal have not fulfilled expectations. Pump-priming has not made the water flow. The country staggers under a load of unprecedented expenditure which must go on if the present level of production, low as it is, is to be maintained. The army of the unemployed is not being demobilized; the great majority of the people are near, or on, or over the borderline of poverty. The New Deal began as a cheerful program of reviving business with moderate government spending while correcting many obvious abuses. The spending was too small and too slow, and the reforms were insufficient. Those that would have amounted to something, a more adequate distribution of wealth and a new charter of responsibility for labor, are still to come.

Obviously the Administration will not bring new energy into its treatment of the crisis for some time. It will continue to spend for relief; it will go on priming the pump with public-works projects. It hopes for a substantial business revival by next summer. The President talks of the advantage of increased output at lower prices, while the production and price controls of the NRA are being relaxed. But this presupposes that revival is inevitable. So supposed Hoover, and so supposed the New Dealers last year and again this autumn. Is it not time for the Administration to tell frankly and fully what it is prepared to do if recovery does not come?

The alternatives are simple. Either business will accept the leadership and reforms of the New Deal and put its capital to work, or the government will take its place. It is folly to say that for business this is not a matter of volition. The bankers through their spokesmen admitted by inference that credit might have been more generously given. What bankers and business men really want is to run the country as they have run it since time immemorial. And now that they are not running it they have lost "confidence." Will they have more confidence if the government undertakes to put the unemployed to work? Government spending on an adequate scale can do it, and indeed will do it if necessary, for the country will not wait for recovery much longer.

The prospect of such spending does not frighten us as it would the bankers. It need not, as they believe, lead to inflation if the Administration invests in permanent values, and if it amortizes its loans out of heavy taxation in the higher income brackets. Most of the present spending is transitory in value, with an eye on consumers' purchases and early recovery. We prefer to see recovery bought outright, with an end to the question whether the people are ruled by the government or by business. But if it is too early for such a solution, we wish the President would tell the country what he has in mind beyond the measures of the moment. And we hope that blueprints are being prepared for the eventuality that recovery once more fails to keep its rendezvous. We hear a good deal about the thought given in Washington to the reduction of the NRA, and about the study spent on modest housing programs. We should like to hear more about the program which is going to put all the unemployed to work and keep them permanently busy as suggested in the President's last broadcast. If it had such knowledge, the country would not worry about problems of currency and relief, or even be anxious over the attitude of bankers.

Will Dr. Butler Act?

FOR years *The Nation* has marked the growing liberalism of the president of Columbia University and read with satisfaction his various pronouncements in defense of liberal principles in politics and learning. Only last July, before the Pilgrims in London, he warned his listeners of the encroachments of absolutism and called upon "the English-speaking people" to "rise together in their overwhelming might to defend the [democratic] foundations on which their civilization is being built." These were courageous and timely words.

But our admiration for Dr. Butler gives us the right to demand that he deliver not only the sentiment but the substance of liberalism. Are the principles he supports actually in force at Columbia? The unhappy answer to this question is to be found in an article on another page of this issue. The investigator who wrote Fascism at Columbia University asserts that active, avowed fascists are in control of the Italian Department and the Casa Italiana, and that the Casa is a center of fascist propaganda in New York. He assumes that President Butler is not aware of these facts. We wish we could join in this charitable supposition, but we find it impossible. President Butler is not a stupid man, nor does he hold aloof from the detailed administration of his university. He must know what is going on. Why, then, does he passively permit the fascization of an important department?

We think we know what Dr. Butler's answer to this question would be. He would appeal to the ideals of liberalism to condone the crushing of liberty at Columbia. He would assert that each department must be allowed to govern itself, that the men in question are able scholars and teachers and must not be discriminated against because of their opinions. We wish to assure President Butler that we have no desire that teachers—even reactionary teachers—be excluded from Columbia for political reasons. What we do demand is that such teachers be prevented from excluding men of opposing views and from using a university department for partisan political ends. Does President Butler deny that the men in control of the Italian Department have done this? If so, we ask most seriously and respectfully that he answer a few direct questions.

Social gatherings and lectures are continually held at the Casa Italiana. Has any liberal Italian ever been invited to speak there on any subject?

Has free discussion been permitted there of Italian political principles or even of general theories of government?

Has any anti-fascist been offered a teaching position or given a graduate degree in the Italian Department? Are there, in fact, any liberals teaching in the department today? (We note, for example, that Professor Arthur Livingston, undoubtedly the leading American scholar in the field of Italian literature and culture, formerly in the Italian Department, is now listed as associate professor of French.)

Have not both money and furnishings for the Casa Italiana been donated by agents of the Italian government?

Why was Professor Riccio awarded a medal the other day by the Italian government; was it for pure scholarship?

Does Dr. Butler believe, in short, that the Italian Department, under the headship of the fascist, Dino Bigongiari, is run according to academic standards of free inquiry and discussion; and does he believe that the Casa Italiana, under the control of Giuseppi Prezzolini, is merely a social and cultural organization similar to the Maison Française?

How would he like it if the Soviet Government helped to furnish and support a Karl Marx House at Columbia for the purpose of similarly propagating Russian "culture"?

We wish to call President Butler's attention to a booklet recently published by the Student League for Industrial Democracy, entitled "Italian Intellectuals Under Fascism." In this brief but carefully documented account of the theories of education governing the schools and universities of Italy, it is pointed out that all university professors are forced to sign an oath pledging themselves to fulfil their academic duties "with the purpose of forming active and valiant citizens devoted to the fascist regime." We readily admit that Dino Bigongiari, as a teacher in an American university, is not bound by the academic regulations of his native land. It is no less true that as an ardent fascist he will base his teaching and the management of his department on fascist ideals. The record of the Italian Department and the Casa Italiana supports this assertion only too well.

We call upon President Butler, in the name of the liberal principles he has himself publicly espoused, to investigate the matters exposed in the article and to answer the questions propounded in this editorial.

The Pie in Art

As everybody knows and as nearly everybody has pointed out to friends who knew it already, Mickey Mouse is the supreme artistic achievement of the moving picture. The more prosy even go on to wonder at the fact, but it is not, after all, so much of an anomaly. There are plenty of analogues in the chronicles of literature, and there is also an absolute parallel in the brief history of the movies themselves. Ask anyone who remembers them in the days before the war when Roxy's paranoia was just beginning to manifest itself in the first supercinema up in Harlem, and the chances are ten to one that he will recall most vividly, not the polite comedies which the Edison Company was making in the Bronx, not the moral domestic dramas which Lubin was turning out in Philadelphia, and not even the spectacles of the superman Griffith, but the Keystone comedies, in which cops with a variety of strange mustaches chased bathing beauties across the beach, and the artistic possibilities of the pie—conventionally called custard but actually huckleberry, which photographs better—were first fully exploited. Anyone not criminally ignorant of the period knows also that Mack Sennett was the inventor of this genre, and it is no more than right that he should become, as he now has, the subject of a biography appropriately illustrated with photographs of the entire corps of cops and bathing beauties, as well as of Mabel Norman, Fatty Arbuckle, Gloria Swanson, and others who owe their greatness to his unfailing eye for budding talent.*

It appears that Sennett (real name, Sinnott) was a boilermaker with operatic aspirations who got into the Biograph Company as an extra when his musical career stalled. It appears further that in a very few years he had made five million dollars out of slapstick and that he then lost most of it when he did not realize in time that his day was passed. But this summary gives no real idea of the career of a man who was a demoniacally energetic plunger as well as a hard-boiled executive. It was he who plucked Charlie Chaplin out of a forty-dollar-a-week vaudeville job, and it was under his management that Charlie turned from a dismal failure in his first picture to a dazzling success. More revealing of his methods as well as of the general atmosphere in which the early movies were made is the story of his first production in California, where he had been sent by two ex-bookmakers with a little money. In a taxi between railroad station and hotel he saw the beginning of a D. A. R. parade, conceived a scenario impromptu, dumped two comedians and a camera man on the street with instructions to "run in and out of the parade, fall and keep mugging all the time," and then, during the afternoon, finished the picture. No wonder the ex-bookmakers were pleased.

Perhaps Sennett's comedies were not really as funny in their outrageous way as they seem in retrospect, but one gag quoted in the biography makes us think that perhaps they were. A character was praying for "more light." Immediately a window above fell out of its casement on his head. He looked up and the subtitle read: "Either my prayer has been answered or that window needs fixing."

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*"Father Goose. The Story of Mack Sennett." By Gene Fowler. Covici-Friede. $3.

Issues and Men

The Peace Cause Moves On

DESPITE all the discouragements, the movement for peace goes on. Who can doubt it who follows the activities of our chief church organizations? Year by year some of them become more militant, more determined in their opposition to all war. What lover of peace can read the pastoral letter just published by the House of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church without joyous amazement? Here is what they say about the abominable armament business:

> The passions that are stimulated by greed and unholy ambitions have found fresh expression, and are fostered and promoted by the infamous practices of the manufacturers of munitions and armaments, whose soulless enterprise knows neither friend nor foe in the prosecution of its nefarious ways. For greed of gain and wickedness of design the industry has no parallel in modern times. It foments strife, fans the flame of hatred, embroils nations in bitter rivalries, and uses the ill-gotten wealth at its command to inspire fear and to provoke war. It is a major factor in creating unrest and generating suspicion among peoples.

If that does not sound exactly as if it had come from the columns of *The Nation,* what could? It is what we have been saying for years. But let us read further in this pastoral letter:

> War is outlawed and solemn peace pacts affirm it. . . . As Christians we can have no part in any program which is designed to violate these principles enunciated by the Prince of Peace. War is murder on a colossal scale.

That is precisely what some of us were saying all during the World War at no little risk, and it is of course directly contrary to what Bishop Manning and that eminent Episcopal rector, Dr. Darlington of New York, have been teaching right along. But the bishops do not stop there. Many of them upheld the World War. They have seen the light, and here is what they now say:

> The testimony of the Great War shows the wicked folly of such a struggle, and its aftermath has shattered the world's hope and issued in confusions and disorder, the magnitude of which we are yet incapable of measuring.

Dr. Darlington, who is chaplain of New York's crack cavalry regiment, should be interested in this assertion of the bishops:

> The Christian Church cannot and will not deny loyalty and fealty to its Lord by being partner in any scheme, national or international, that contemplates the wholesale destruction of human life. *It refuses to respond to that form of cheap patriotism which has as its slogan: "In times of peace prepare for war."* It regards as wicked the waste of the nation's wealth in the building of vast armaments and the maintenance of greatly augmented forces on land and sea. [Washington papers please copy, and Franklin D. Roosevelt please read.]

A few weeks ago the Presbyterian Synod of the State of New York met at Buffalo and indorsed the recommendations of its committee on social service. After citing the stand of the Presbyterian General Assembly in supporting all conscientious objectors to war and demanding that they be excused in educational institutions from all "military instruction without loss in academic standing or official censure of any kind," and after expressing its opposition to military training in schools and colleges, the committee urged the Synod through its pastors to influence parents "to refrain from sending their children to schools where military training is required." This savors of a boycott, and it is strengthened by the fact that the Synod approved opposition to the appropriation by the State Legislature of any funds for the drill hall at Cornell, where there is compulsory military training. When one remembers that the bulk of the members of the Synod were encouraging preparedness in 1915 and 1916 and then shouting for the war and proclaiming it to be God's will, it is plain that we have come far in a short time. The Synod does not propose to be caught napping the next time. It therefore indorsed the recommendation of the committee that the churches should now make clear to all their members the economic price to us of neutrality if war should break out anywhere in the world, and educate them to be willing to pay the price of relinquishing our trade as a neutral rather than to be drawn into "the madness of war." As the committee said, "The economic price of neutrality is as nothing beside the spiritual and human price of war." The Synod also instructed the committee to follow the Senate investigation into the manufacture of war munitions and to make suggestions hereafter as to the advisability of investing church funds in corporations which have a major interest in war material.

There are other reasons for hope in this matter of peace. If the Japanese seem bound to make trouble over naval armaments, the impending settlement of Japanese and Russian friction in Manchuria by the sale of the Chinese Eastern Railroad removes that danger of war which alarmed our highest officials at the turn of the year. There are still sore spots galore in Europe, over all of which hangs the menace of Hitler. But speaking as rector of St. Andrew's University in Scotland the other day, General Smuts, who foresaw at Paris the wickedness of the Treaty of Versailles and denounced it when it was finished, declared to the students that, despite the failure of disarmament and the "vogue of silly drilling, strutting about in uniforms and shirts of various colors," he did not find a real war temper anywhere or the material conditions necessary for a modern war. He was much more alarmed by the new tyrannies in Europe than by the danger of another great war. Encouraging all this is; still it calls for redoubled activity against the militaristic forces of evil now so strongly intrenched in the United States as well as abroad.

Oswald Garrison Villard

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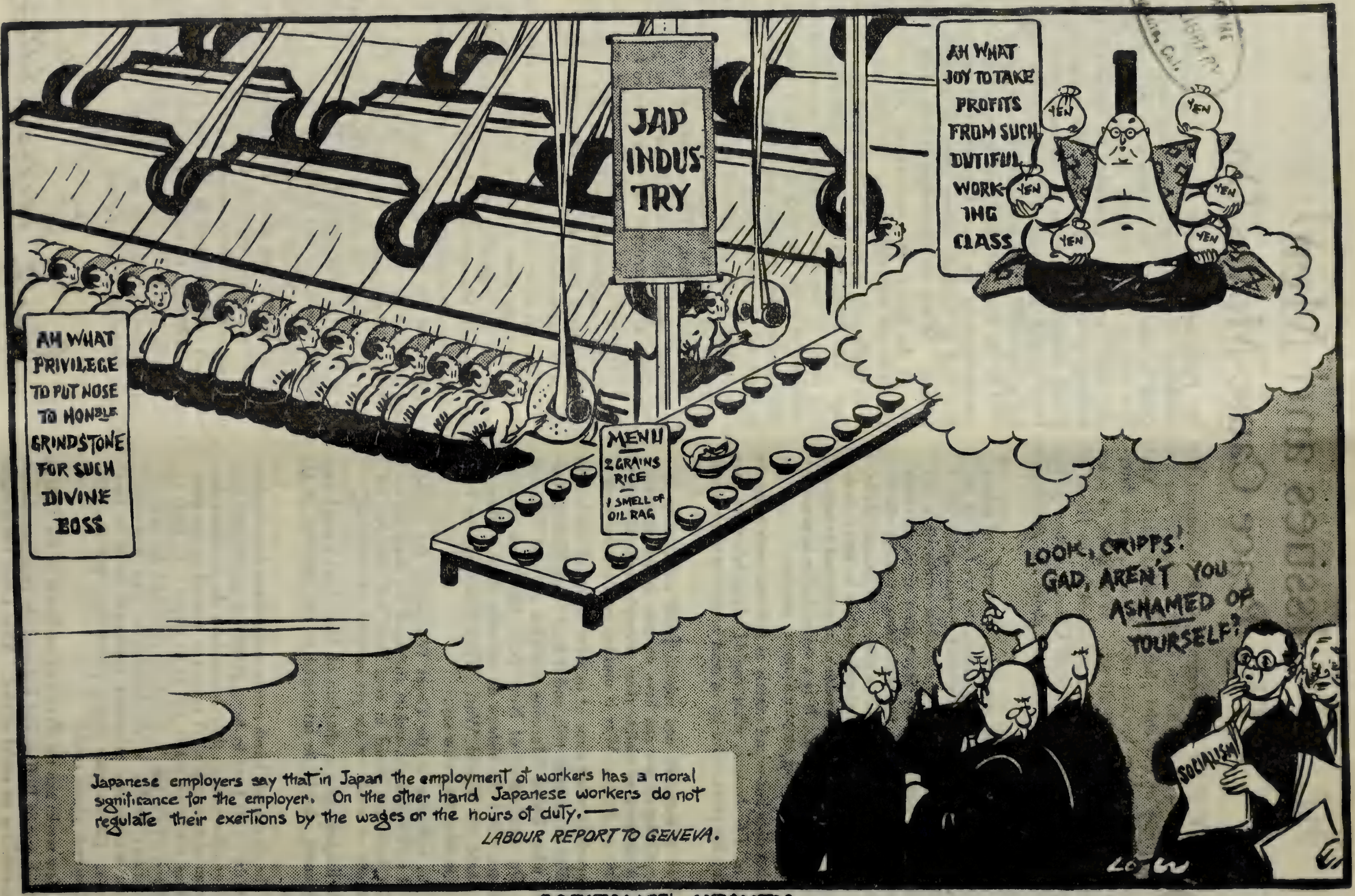
JAP INDUSTRY
AH WHAT JOY TO TAKE PROFITS FROM SUCH DUTIFUL WORKING CLASS
YEN
AH WHAT PRIVILEGE TO PUT NOSE TO HON'BLE GRINDSTONE FOR SUCH DIVINE BOSS
MENU 2 GRAINS RICE — 1 SMELL OF OIL RAG
LOOK, CRIPPS! GAD, AREN'T YOU ASHAMED OF YOURSELF?
SOCIALISM
Japanese employers say that in Japan the employment of workers has a moral significance for the employer. On the other hand Japanese workers do not regulate their exertions by the wages or the hours of duty.— LABOUR REPORT TO GENEVA.
LOW

CAPITALIST HEAVEN.

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The Japanese Trade "Menace"

By T. A. BISSON

OUR sadly muddled world economy has recently exhibited many contradictory phenomena, but perhaps none more extraordinary than Japan's rapid trade expansion during the past two years. While some other countries have regained a small fraction of their pre-depression trade, Japan has already reached a point within striking distance of its 1929 total. The moment for this trade drive, which began while Japan was slashing its way through "scraps of paper" such as the Nine Power Treaty and the anti-war pact, could have been better timed. With Japanese guns and airplanes bespeaking Japan's political ambitions so unreservedly in Manchuria and at Shanghai, the Western world turned to face this economic offensive with a heightened sense of alarm.

Diatribes against the Japanese "trade menace" became the stock in trade of a certain type of politician in many Western countries. The customary charges of "dumping" and "sweated" labor were leveled against Japan by self-righteous Western business men, who would naturally be expected to feel a sympathetic concern for the welfare of Japanese factory workers—if not for their own. On the floors of congresses and parliaments and in specially arranged exhibits Japanese goods which sold for incredibly low prices were displayed as object lessons of the need for action. The Hearst press and Mussolini were equally alarmed, and both joined in whipping up sentiment for a new crusade against the "yellow peril."

In the last analysis this general hullabaloo was based on the grievances of the particular industrial and commercial interests which were feeling the pinch of intensified Japanese competition. It was the pressure of these special interests that obtained the enactment of a mounting list of tariff increases and quota systems against Japanese goods in many countries of the world. As usual the consumer interest in low-priced goods was ignored in the making of these decisions. They represented the instinctive reaction of a protectionist era, and necessarily excluded a larger view of Japan's trade expansion—its extent, its distribution, the factors that made it possible, and its potentialities. It has now become possible, with the evidence of two years' developments at hand, to draw up a balance sheet.

The increases in Japan's trade during the past two years make a substantial showing. Total Japanese trade advanced from 2,383,000,000 yen in 1931 to 3,778,000,000 in 1933, as compared with 4,365,000,000 in 1929. The recovery has been greater in exports than in imports and has led to a marked reduction in Japan's normal excess of imports. Measured in yen, exports for 1933 were 62.3 per cent above those for 1931, and only 13.4 per cent below those for 1929. Owing to the depreciation of the yen, this recovery must be checked with reference to volume and gold-dollar value. Taking 1928 as the base, the indices for Japan's export trade in 1933 were 112.7 in volume, 94.4 in yen value, and 40.9 in gold-dollar value. In other words, as compared with 1928 a very much larger volume of exports in 1933 sold for somewhat less in Japanese currency and for tremendously less in gold dollars. The decline in gold value, however, needs to be discounted, since the internal purchasing power of the yen remained fairly stable in 1932 and 1933.

The shift in the regional distribution of Japan's exports during the 1931-33 period has been perhaps the most significant aspect of its trade recovery. In its old-established Asiatic markets Japan had by 1933 regained the position occupied in 1929. In the newer markets of Africa, Oceania, the Near East, and Latin America, however, Japan had nearly doubled its pre-depression export totals. Since Japanese goods still form a relatively small proportion of the total trade of these latter areas, the importance of this advance can be easily exaggerated. Nevertheless, Japanese exports to these newer markets showed continued large increases during the first half of 1934, indicating that in the future Japan may well become a serious competitor in a much wider area of world trade than it was active in before the depression.

The political repercussions of Japan's trade expansion have been most violent where inroads have been made on the colonial preserves of other imperialist Powers. An acute struggle in British India during 1933 was settled by an agreement for the exchange of Indian raw cotton and Japanese cotton goods on a strict quota basis, with provision for higher tariff preference to British goods. Effective until March 31, 1937, this Indo-Japanese pact constitutes a three-year armed truce. On the other hand, the quotas imposed by the British government in May, 1934, on imports of Japanese cotton and rayon goods into Crown colonies represented an open declaration of war. Similar difficulties have arisen in the Dutch East Indies. On July 25, 1934, in the midst of a trade conference held at Batavia to iron out Dutch-Japanese issues, the Dutch authorities imposed quotas on a number of Japanese products that were monopolizing the local market. In the same way tariff increases have recently been suggested in the Philippines for the major purpose of protecting imports from the United States against Japanese competition.

In each of these instances the interest of the colonial population in low-priced goods has been left out of consideration. Resort to tariffs and quotas in such cases, especially where no local industry is affected by Japanese competition, constitutes a particularly vicious use of foreign political control. In this regard the judgment rendered on Great Britain by the *Economist* is equally applicable to other Powers: "But for the future it appears that among the benefits of British rule the doubtful privilege of buying expensively from Lancashire is to be forced upon the 'native' in many corners of the globe."

Contrary to the general trend, Japan's exports to the United States, even in the 1932-33 period, have increased but little. A major decline of more than 400,000,000 yen between 1929 and 1930 has never been regained. On the other hand, Japan's imports from the United States have been rising steadily, until in 1933 they virtually equaled the 1929 figure. As a result, since 1932 the balance of trade has shifted heavily in favor of the United States. For the first half of 1934 purchases from the United States exceeded sales by 176,000,000 yen. Nevertheless, certain firms affected by Japanese competition have brought sufficient pressure to bear on Washington to obtain increased tariff rates on a number of Japanese products. Before this process is allowed to proceed farther, it might be well to consider that it will eventually jeopardize the large and growing market which Japan affords for American goods.

Two factors have been largely responsible for Japan's successful trade drive—low production costs and the depreciation of the yen. The cheap production costs of Japanese industry are the result of low labor costs and an increasing degree of technical and organizational efficiency. Wages in Japan are exceedingly low, and the bulk of Japanese factory operatives work from fifty-five to sixty hours a week. On the other hand, it is questionable whether the productive capacity of the Japanese worker, except possibly in the textile industry, is equal to that of the Western worker. Students of Japan's industrial economy have always enjoyed the game of balancing these considerations against each other in an effort to decide how cheap Japanese labor really is. Evidence presented at the 1934 conference of the International Labor Organization showed that in 1931 wages in Japan were virtually equivalent in gold value to those of Italy and Poland. It was also pointed out that in subsequent years the deterioration of wages and labor conditions in Japan had been no more excessive than in other countries. On the basis of this evidence it may be assumed that the labor costs of Japanese industry are at least as low as and probably somewhat lower than those of the most economically managed industries in Western countries. Whatever the actual differential may be, however, it would not be sufficient by itself to account for Japan's extraordinary invasion of world markets since 1932.

When the Minseito government took office in 1929, it launched a vigorous drive for the rationalization of Japanese industry. A Japanese NRA, designed to restrain reckless competition, to promote the formation of trade associations, and to strengthen the control of industry through such associations, went into effect in August, 1931, and has since been applied to virtually all the chief industries of Japan. (Unlike the NRA this act made no effort to control wages or hours of work.) In a number of selected industries programs were also instituted which involved the fixing of production quotas, the establishment of joint sales offices, and if necessary the enforcement of minimum prices. Even before 1929 a progressive improvement in technical and managerial skill had been taking place in the most advanced Japanese industries. The Japanese textile industry, with up-to-date machinery and flexible adaptation of the type and quality of textile fabrics to particular consumer areas, constitutes the preeminent illustration of this development. On the whole, however, with the possible exception of the textile industry, this rationalization movement has merely lessened a competitive advantage that in many cases still rests with the West.

The rapid depreciation of the Japanese yen in 1932 and 1933, added to the low production costs of industry, was sufficient to confer a decisive advantage on Japan's export trade. Such an advantage should normally prove but temporary, especially in the case of Japan, which must import large quantities of industrial raw materials, notably raw cotton, but several factors have combined to prolong this advantage over a period of years. Japanese cotton manufacturers, prior to Japan's departure from the gold standard in December, 1931, had purchased large stocks of American raw cotton at cheap prices. Currency depreciation has so far resulted in only a moderate rise of Japanese internal prices, a rise which has not seriously affected costs of production. Instead, the burdens of this inflationary process, through the continued decline of wages and the lengthening of hours, have been placed on the shoulders of the working class. Japan's trade recovery has stimulated business activity, increased earnings, and resulted in greater employment, but at the same time it has lowered the living standard of the employed workers.

An evaluation of Japan's trade revival raises two major issues—the degree of its stability and its effect on the world at large. That the limits of the expansion have not yet been reached is sufficiently indicated by the continued increases in 1934. For the first half of this year Japan's total trade amounted to 2,162,000,000 yen, as against 1,846,000,000 in the corresponding period of 1933. On this showing Japan's foreign trade for 1934 is likely to equal or surpass the previous high level of 1929.

For the present at least, the factors which have combined to give Japanese manufacturers a decisive advantage in world trade are continuing to operate in their favor. At the same time a number of tendencies working in the contrary direction are steadily gaining strength. New tariff barriers and quota systems against Japanese products are continually being set up. Equalization of internal and external price levels, which normally follows currency depreciation, should eventually eliminate the advantage of the depreciated yen. While the exchange differential continues to exist, however, Japanese trade should at least be able to maintain a level approximating that of pre-depression years. On a long-term view the most serious threat to Japan's export trade is the growth of competing industries in areas that are now markets for Japanese goods—a process that has already gone far in China and British India.

Japan's export manufacturers have based their success on the simple principle of taking a smaller margin of profit on mass sales at extraordinarily low prices. This policy is particularly effective in a period of world-wide depression, when price rather than quality considerations are uppermost in the mind of the customer. The profits reaped by Japanese firms since the export boom began are a sufficient proof that the low sale prices of Japanese goods do not constitute "dumping" in the accepted sense of selling below the cost of production. It is true, of course, that certain special industries in other countries have been adversely affected by intensified Japanese competition. But if the interests of the consumer are taken into account, the Japanese manufacturers may well argue that they are performing a distinct service to the world community. Whole populations, particularly in colonial areas, have been enabled to buy low-priced goods which they might otherwise have lacked during years of dire economic stringency. For many Western exporters, moreover, the rapid growth of Japan's imports since 1932 has opened up an important market for the sale of either raw materials or manufactured products. An expansion of world trade, no matter from what source, necessarily carries with it an excess of benefits. Far from being a menace, Japan's trade recovery, from this standpoint, must be considered a distinct gain for the world as a whole.

From the point of view of the outside world, however, one big question mark must be set against Japan's trade revival. Resting largely on currency depreciation, it not only depresses the living standards of the Japanese workers but forces competitors in other countries to adopt similar tactics. It is, in other words, part and parcel of the disastrous trend toward economic nationalism for which the principal commercial countries, including the United States, are jointly responsible. This process hinders the reestablishment of world monetary stability and strengthens the general tendency now evident for capitalist rationalization at the expense of the workers. Further intensification of international competition in the world markets on this unhealthy basis may well lead to economic chaos and war.

Last Look at the Campaign

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

Washington, October 29

THE campaign ends with the Democrats in a slightly more favorable position than after the Maine election. Then they were happy with the prospect of losing not more than twenty-five to thirty seats in the House and of making a net gain of six in the Senate. Now they expect to lose not more than twenty in the House, and to gain eight or nine in the Senate without dropping a single Democratic Senator.

The Administration will have the best of both worlds at the polls. It will get nearly the entire left and center vote. It will lure a goodly number of conservatives with the new spirit of graciousness to business now pervading the White House. The left has no alternative to the New Deal, and now conservatives are beginning to say they have no effective alternative to the President when it comes to holding a radical country in check. It takes magic to produce such a favorable political situation and the President has done it. If it is deliberate strategy it is as brilliant as it is unsound. It can be excused if the trial period for business would have begun, election or no election. It is unsound because obviously the President cannot lead both a radical country and the conservatives who fear a radical country. The President may not be deliberately playing both ends against the middle, but he has marked the campaign with a tinge of equivocation, and has somewhat befuddled the clarity which existed when the campaign began.

Many close fights give the election an interest which it otherwise would lack. First in excitement and importance is the race of Upton Sinclair in California. The attack on him has embraced the whole range of dishonesty from simple lying to forgery. The State was flooded with handbills purporting to be the indorsement of Sinclair by the Young Communist League. No such league exists in California, and Communists as such are as hostile to Sinclair as are conservatives. The handbills were finally traced back to the office of an attorney with a large corporation practice. The Republican Attorney-General of Los Angeles County brought action to disfranchise about 100,000 voters, charging false registration, almost exclusively of persons in poor circumstances. The procedure he laid down involved the personal appearance of each voter and the production of proof of qualification. This would take months, and was meant to rob Sinclair of a large body of votes.

In Washington I had the astonishing experience of being told by an authoritative Democrat that Sinclair probably would lose and by an equally authoritative Republican that probably he would win. I suspected wishful thinking in both instances. The President's firm refusal to be drawn even into left-handed support of the party's candidate is defended by the prevarication that the White House is keeping out of local campaigns. But Sinclair expected no open indorsement, certainly not as much help, say, as was given Guffey of Pennsylvania. Guffey was invited to two White House meals, and was able to tell White House correspondents that the President had authorized a power survey in the State. This might mean the expenditure of over $50,000,000. This is the kind of vote-catching which, since Maine, has infuriated the impoverished Republicans. The President, in telling the newspapermen that he had not promised to help Sinclair, said it with such emphasis that he was interpreted as meaning he had no intention of giving any help. A few days later the unsavory Guffey got what Sinclair was not to have. The letter which came to Sinclair headquarters from Postmaster-General Farley made it appear at first that Sinclair was at least to get the blue ribbon of the party boss. But it was later explained that it was a form letter with a facsimile signature, and that even the note under the letter itself, handwritten in Mr. Farley's particular green ink, was a facsimile, too, added to all form letters to make them look more personal.

Reports from California indicate that Sinclair has lost ground since the primary. His indorsement by the American Federation of Labor should mean that he will carry San Francisco County. The support of the Utopians might actually decide the election, for their numbers are now reported as fantastically large, perhaps as great as 400,000. The assertion often made that even if elected Sinclair will be powerless because of a hostile legislature is denied by Sinclair's friends. They say that if he wins he will also have a majority in the lower house. He then could checkmate an obstructionist senate by free use of the referendum.

The word from Wisconsin is that Senator La Follette is ahead, but his brother will have a smaller vote for the governorship. Senator Fess apparently is beaten in Ohio. Senator Robinson in Indiana is enough on the defensive to have campaigned during the last few weeks wholly on local issues, after finding his attacks on the New Deal were not popular. His reelection is in doubt. Senator Vandenberg in Michigan made a similar change in tactics, and after beginning with outspoken criticism of the New Deal, softened his tone and found some things to praise. Unless there is a New Deal landslide, his reelection is probable, and he then would rank as one of the few eligibles for Republican standard bearer in 1936.

The President has tolerated an inference that he would like to see Bronson Cutting beaten in New Mexico by Representative Chavez. Not only is Farley giving Cutting's opponent all possible help in the interests of regularity, but the President appears as sponsor of the drive. Senator Robinson of Arkansas, as the Administration's man in the Senate, visited the White House to discuss the campaign and his own participation in it. Leaving the President, he announced his engagements as including two speeches against Cutting in New Mexico. What other meaning could be given this than that the President approved? Progressive Republicans will have cantankerous words to say on partisanship when Congress meets.

To listen to the Republicans, the decisive factor in the campaign is money, and the victory of the New Deal is being bought solely with expenditures for relief, public works, and crop restriction. Certainly many special payments have been timed to count as much as possible at the polls. But the Republicans, while suffering from this disadvantage, suffer, too, from not having a modern program to offer the country. They are keenly aware of the costly time-lag in the present party routine, causing the campaign of 1934 to be fought on the repudiated platform of 1932. The Republican National Committee did formulate a set of principles for this year, but these are not authoritative, and are timorous and vague. They bind no candidate, and they are not forceful enough for these abnormal times.

The impression in Washington is that the New Deal in some specific details is losing ground in the country, yet the President, if anything, is more popular than ever. But his strength is due in part to the vacuum left in political life by the absence of an organic opposition. So long as a Republican Party platform composed many months before the crisis of 1933 is forced into use, and no one can bind the Republicans to anything more timely, the one-sideness of the campaign is almost inevitable.

[*Mr. Swing contributes a regular weekly letter from Washington.*]

Fascism at Columbia University

By A SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR

RECENT events in Europe have again focused the attention of the American press on Italy. Compulsory military training for eight-year-old boys, Mussolini's insistence upon militarism, and his provocative challenge to Jugoslavia have recently aroused unfavorable comment in journals which last year had almost forgotten that Italy was the model upon which Hitler based his government by mass murder.

The visit to this country of 350 Italian students, many of them prominent athletes, was, of course, a propaganda move designed to win the friendliness of American university students to the fascist cause. With this fact in mind, it is refreshing to note that the Columbia *Spectator,* the student newspaper, carried on October 5 an editorial calling upon President Butler to take the same courageous, liberal stand against fascism which his colleague, President Conant of Harvard, took in the Hanfstängl incident. The same issue of the *Spectator* carried a front-page article by Sir Anthony Jenkinson, former Oxford student editor, deploring the apathy and inertia of American universities in regard to fascism.

The apathy and inertia which Sir Anthony deplores is nowhere better illustrated than in Columbia University itself. Presided over by one of America's leading liberals, Columbia should be the center of a campaign against all forms of fascist intolerance. In fact, President Butler only last spring, in a brilliant speech before the American Woman's Association, pointed out the dangers of fascism and communism and made a plea for a militant defense of American democratic ideals. Thus it is rather surprising that Dr. Butler says nothing about, and therefore presumably is not aware of, the subtle fascist propaganda within the walls of his own university. The center of this propaganda is the Casa Italiana. The Casa, a handsome seven-story building, is an integral part of the university, as are the library, the college, and the law school. It is the home of the activities of the Italian Department. And yet it has become an unofficial adjunct of the Italian Consul-General's office in New York and one of the most important sources of fascist propaganda in America. Let us observe at the outset that while German Nazi propaganda has been for the most part clumsy and obvious, Italian fascist propaganda has been subtle and elaborate.

No liberal can quarrel with the principle that Columbia University must permit all varieties of political opinion, including fascism, to be freely expressed there. The Casa Italiana has consistently violated this principle, however, by refusing to permit, within its walls or in its publications, any expression of opinion at variance with fascist doctrine. In spite of definite attempts on the part of unbiased students, outstanding Italian liberals such as Count Sforza, Gaetano Salvemini, now a visiting professor at Harvard, and Guglielmo Ferrero have never been invited to speak at the Casa Italiana. The Casa has several rooms for Italian visitors to this country, but none except Fascists have been housed there. Most of the furniture for this center of fascist propaganda was donated by the Italian government.

It is not generally known that Giuseppe Prezzolini, the present director of the Casa Italiana, was in the days before fascism a crusading liberal. As editor-in-chief of the *Voce,* an Italian periodical published in Florence between 1908 and 1916, he attacked the corruption of the reactionary and demagogic regime of the period to such an extent that he was known throughout literary and political Italy as *l'uomo puro,* "the incorruptible." A good part of the activity of Prezzolini and his associates on the *Voce* consisted of attacks on the intellectual bombast of the pre-war nationalist movement, which later became the very keystone of the present fascist doctrine. Among the collaborators on the *Voce* were Benedetto Croce, the noted philosopher, Gaetano Salvemini, now in exile in America, Amendola, a courageous liberal who was killed by the Fascists for his part in the Aventine opposition after the murder of Matteotti in 1924, and Giovanni Papini, the author of "The Life of Christ." All these men, with

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the exception of Papini, remained true to their liberal principles. Prezzolini, after the March on Rome in 1922, avoided taking a definite position until the summer of 1933, when he expressed outspoken fascist sympathies in an Italian newspaper article reproduced in the Italian American review *Atlantica.*

Despite Prezzolini's early record of liberalism, an attempt was made by an instructor in the Italian Department of Columbia University to link the *Voce* and Prezzolini to fascism in a doctoral dissertation entitled "On the Threshold of Fascism." The purpose was to create out of whole cloth the myth that Prezzolini was the precursor of Mussolini and that the *Voce* had been of invaluable aid in preparing the intellectual foundations of fascism. Nothing, of course, could be farther from the truth. The author of the dissertation, Peter M. Riccio, now an assistant professor in the Italian Department at Columbia, acknowledges in his preface Professor Prezzolini's "unlimited hospitality and liberal donation of material." It is therefore clear that Prezzolini was aware of and participated in this hoax. Professor Riccio's contribution to contemporary Italian culture was exposed several months ago in *La Stampa Libera,* a New York independent Italian newspaper, and in a pamphlet written by two Italian exiles, Carlo Rossi and Antonio Marchi, entitled "An Academic Scandal at Columbia University." This pamphlet properly asserted that "it is impossible . . . to understand how Columbia University can approve of such a travesty on scholarship, on good taste, and on intellectual decency and honesty." It declared that Professor Riccio's book, "fraudulent in conception and execution, could not have borne the imprimatur of a university unless special pressure was at work." With incontrovertible evidence it brought out the equivocal structure upon which the dissertation rested, and declared it "one of the worst and most disgraceful dissertations ever written in the history of higher education," revealing astonishing ignorance of Italian affairs and of elementary standards of scholarship.

What was the special pressure? Why should Professor Riccio have been interested in writing a book in which every standard of intellectual honesty had been subordinated to a definite effort to exalt Prezzolini, to reconstruct his past, and to praise the fascist movement? "On the Threshold of Fascism" was only the first in a long series of incidents which can leave no doubt in the mind of an unbiased observer that the Italian Department at Columbia is dominated by fascist influence.

After the erection of the Casa Italiana, largely through funds contributed by the Italian Americans of the metropolitan district, the head of the Columbia Italian Department, Professor Dino Bigongiari, an avowed fascist, sought to intrench fascist influences in the conduct of Italian studies at Columbia University. He first invited Giuseppe Prezzolini to come to Columbia as a visiting professor. Prezzolini was a free-lance journalist after his editorship of the *Voce,* and for several years after the war had been a book-seller and press agent. Professor Bigongiari's subordinate, Mr. Riccio, then prepared the dissertation referred to above on the *Voce* and Prezzolini's work. In theatrical parlance this method would be known as a "build-up." A few months after the appearance of this book Prezzolini was made director of the Casa and a full professor of Italian, Riccio was made an assistant professor, and Bigongiari remained as head of the department and as the real power in carrying out fascist ideas. The same Professor Riccio was secretary of the committee in charge of arrangements for the visit of the Italian university students to this country, and on October 23, 1934, he was presented with a medal by the Italian government for his services in its behalf. There is an intimate association and regular correspondence between the Italian Embassy at Washington, the Italian Consul-General's office in New York, the office of the *Fasci all'Estero* of Rome, which has charge of fascist activities abroad, and the Casa Italiana.

The relation of the Casa to its students is a most questionable one. Student gatherings for the purpose of discussing aspects of fascist rule are forbidden; a critical attitude of mind among students is discouraged. The professors have the power of withholding higher degrees in their department from students who view contemporary Italy with an open mind. One of the most important activities of the Casa is an educational bureau. Its head is Leonard Covello, a high-school principal who serves as the henchman of the Casa fascist group in the city high-school system. The real purpose of the bureau is to instil Italian nationalism into the Italian population of New York. This is done by means of a speakers' division which, manned in part by graduate students of Italian descent at the university, goes into the Italian quarters of the city and pleads for adherence to Italian customs and fascist ideals. For the maintenance of this bureau and other Casa activities the Italian Consul-General of New York last year contributed $3,000. The policies of the Casa have alienated almost all the men who contributed money toward its erection. Its deficit, at present, amounts to more than $50,000.

The official publication of the Casa is the *Italy-America Monthly.* This publication is the result of a merger of the monthly of the Italy-America Society and the Casa Italiana *Bulletin,* formerly an autonomous monthly issued by the Casa as an organ for the expression of student and faculty opinion. The present monthly is frankly fascist in character, and in its nine months of existence has not carried a single controversial article. Its leading article has consistently been written by Beniamino de Ritis, an officer of the Italy-America Society and a fascist propagandist who is not affiliated with Columbia University. Each of De Ritis's articles has taken up some aspect of the fascist state. It need not be asked whether or not Mr. de Ritis approached his subject with a critical mind. One may wonder what interest the disinterested American student of Italian culture or politics can take in such a publication.

Using a part of a great American university as an agency of a foreign government should obviously not be permitted. The situation at Columbia is possible only because of ignorance of Italian affairs or general indifference to them. Considering the number of competent scholars in the Italian field, it is difficult to see why a foreign journalist should have to be imported for the purpose of teaching Italian culture in this country. Now that the facts are known concerning the betrayal of a semi-public trust by a few men, the intrusion of foreign political influences in American universities should not be tolerated. In view of the irrefutable evidence linking the Casa Italiana with fascist propaganda, President Butler would do well to make a thorough and impartial investigation of this unwholesome situation.

Taxation in the New Social State

IV. State Finance

By M. SLADE KENDRICK

BEHIND the current issues of American State finance lie past policies the effects of which reach into the present, deepen its difficulties, and thereby emphasize the need for fundamental changes. From 1922 to 1929 State expenditures, which ordinarily comprise from 13 to 15 per cent of all governmental expenditures in this country, expanded under the smile of a prosperity which, however deceptive it may seem in retrospect to have been, appeared genuine at the time. In 1922 the States spent in round numbers $1,280,000,000; in 1929, $2,061,000,000. This was a remarkable increase in public expenditures for a period of eight years. And not all these expenditures were for current governmental services. An increasing proportion of them—32 per cent in 1929 compared with 17 per cent in 1922—were outlays for permanent improvements which could yield their incomes of service only in time. Thus, while the number of private automobiles and new houses and the amount of other private capital goods were increasing, the mileage of hard roads and the number of parks, public buildings, and other long-time public enterprises were also increasing. Both public and private enterprise were spending in the present for the sake of the future.

All this spending both for current services and for permanent improvements might have been a provident garnering for the public need from the lavish output of private enterprise if it had not been for the method of financing it. Although rates of existing taxes were increased and some additional sources of taxation were developed, the ensuing gains to the public revenue were insufficient to finance the expanded program of State activities. Resort to borrowing became general. Only a few States resisted the temptation to spend now and pay later. The net debt of the States rose from $834,000,000 in 1922 to $1,690,000,000 in 1929, and the annual interest payment increased during the same period from $41,000,000 to $94,000,000. Thus, at the onset of the depression, State revenues were burdened with the heavy annual carrying charge of a greatly increased public debt.

The effect of the depression on the financial systems of the States was relatively small at first. The trends of the prosperity period continued for a time. State levies on property were cut in response to the continued demand of the depression-ridden farmers for a reduction in their taxes, while rates of taxes collected in the main from urban sources were raised and some new taxes were introduced. Expenditures, however, continued to grow more rapidly than revenues, and in two years the net debt of the States increased by another $300,000,000. Thus the mortgaging of both present and future income to debt service continued.

Even so, if the depression had ended in 1931, State finance might have pursued its care-free way with a relatively small disturbance. Recovery would have postponed the reckoning. But the economic sky turned darker to the accompaniment of falling prices, bankruptcies, a cracking international financial structure, mounting unemployment, and growing distress. Revenues which had formerly held up began to fail in supply. Even levies of the property tax, once a sure source of money, began to be followed by an alarming total of delinquencies. And to make matters worse, the need for revenue increased because some provision had to be made at once for the relief of the unemployed. Private charity and municipal relief had broken down. The States had to take over part of the relief burden. So desperate was the situation that they could not cope with it, and soon the federal government was forced to come to their rescue by assuming the greater part of the relief expenditures in all the States and the whole of these expenditures in some States.

Under the accumulating stress of failing revenues and increased expenditures, salary cuts became general and decreased appropriations to State institutions the rule. Allocations to local units for educational and other services were cut drastically in many States, and the burden of relief, as already indicated, was passed on in large part to the federal government. Despite these economies, some of which were of questionable wisdom, budgetary deficits grew larger. In some States these could not be financed by bond issues because of constitutional restrictions; in most States, because of a decline in their credit rating.

The States, therefore, have gone far afield in their search for revenue. Emergency levies have been added to the regular imposts of certain taxes. Eighteen States have adopted the general sales tax since 1929, and an equal number the chain-store tax. Since 1929 twelve States have introduced the personal income tax, and eleven the taxation of amusements. In 1933 ten States introduced the taxation of betting. Repeal offered another source of revenue. Twenty-four States have passed laws taxing spirits, and thirty-nine have provided for the taxation of beer and wine. These additional sources of State taxation are mostly levies on the consumption of the masses. Need for revenue prepared their way. But however fully that need may justify their imposition in the present emergency, not all these taxes should be continued as permanent sources of State revenue. Yet in practice it is difficult to discontinue the levy of a tax.

Thus, in its large outlines the general financial situation of the American States inspires neither praise for past performance nor optimism for the future. The record speaks of poor financial management, and is even more dismal for collective than for private enterprise because of the greater number that must share responsibility. The matter in point, however, is not appraisal of State finance but a consideration of what should and can be done about its problems.

The general financial problem of the American States is threefold: to maintain the services of government, including those resulting from the depression; to pay interest and principal charges on the debt; and to reorganize State public finance so as to prevent a recurrence of the present fiscal emergency. Of these problems the first two are of immediate importance.

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The traditional solution of a financial difficulty, public or private, is to spend less. This solution has already been applied by the States. Hence, if it is to mean anything at present, it must mean either a further curtailment of the ordinary services of government or, except as federal relief is supplied to replace it, a disregard of the needs of the unemployed. Reduction in State expenditures by either of these methods would not be in the public interest.

A more practical consideration is that it cannot be done. The social philosophy that government is to act rather than to restrain, to provide rather than to withhold, was established before the depression. As need on need has pressed for recognition, this philosophy has become intrenched. And though emphasis on the sphere of governmental activity may vary, a popular return to the economic philosophy of individualism and laissez faire is no more probable than a return to the means of transportation of a hundred years ago.

Expenditures for debt service cannot be reduced without the destruction of State credit. A few States may be able to refund some bond issues into others bearing lower rates of interest, but this is not the general situation. For most States the debt is a burden the annual cost of which cannot be lessened save by the slow process of reducing the principal. This burden has been accepted by practically all the States. Indeed, many have repudiated obligations to their employees and to their citizens generally in order to meet the interest on their bonds.

The present need of the States, social and economic, is clearly for more money in their treasuries. It ought to be possible to recommend that in this emergency the revenues of the future be drawn upon through the device of borrowing. But as has been indicated, present and future revenues are already mortgaged heavily. Hence this suggestion cannot be offered as a general solution of the problem. A few States, however, still have excellent credit. For these, borrowing for part of their requirements would seem a sound policy.

In recommending additional taxation, the writer is aware that the new sources discovered by State legislatures in recent years limit the possibilities that remain. Nevertheless, some sources of additional revenue are still untapped. The personal income tax offers considerable possibilities of revenue in States that have not yet adopted it. Where constitutional restrictions prevent adoption of this tax, they should be removed. Unfortunately, this will be a difficult task in some States owing to the rigid structure of their constitutions. But never was there a time more favorable for the breaking of barriers than now. This opportunity should be used. States that already levy personal income taxes could raise additional revenue from this source by a revision of rates and personal exemptions. Although the progression of State income-tax rates is limited by the opportunity that wealthy persons have of moving from a State of high taxation, more progressive rates could be levied in some States. In most States some rates in the income-tax schedule could be raised. Personal exemptions are generally high; these should be lowered greatly. Much has been said in recent years about "broadening the base of taxation." This argument has been commonly used in justification of the levy of a general sales tax. The base of taxation may, however, be broadened in a much fairer way by a tax that considers differences in income than by a tax that is levied upon rich and poor alike at the same rate. But in recommending greater use of the personal income tax, it is recognized that a personal income-tax law does not enforce itself. The success of such a tax depends largely on the quality of its administration. The minor sources of taxation, amusements and tobacco, offer some possibilities of revenue. Less than one-half of the States tax amusements, and less than one-third tax tobacco. It would appear that in these dark days non-essentials might be taxed to supply essential public services to all and the necessaries of life to those in distress.

Although not so immediately pressing, the problem of reordering public finance in the States so as to prevent a recurrence of present financial difficulties is of great importance in the long run. First of all, State taxation policy should be adjusted to the business cycle. It is not necessary to forecast the coming of a depression in order to prepare for one. All that is necessary is to recognize that depressions come and to act accordingly. Tax rates should be kept high in the next period of prosperity and debts should be paid. If this course is followed, it is safe to predict that after full allowance for any difference in severity, State finance will weather the next depression better than it has come through the current one. Furthermore, each State should develop the best State tax administration possible. There is nothing mysterious or accidental about efficient tax administration. It can be had by any State that wants it; it gives an annual reward in years of prosperity and in a period of depression offers assurance that such revenue measures as may be adopted will have at least as great a degree of success as tax administration can give them.

Reform of local government is yet another means toward the end sought. State finance can never be on a sound basis until local finance is also. Elimination of local waste, inefficiency, and improvident financing would strengthen the tax base for State as well as for local government. Such reform would be most helpful in the present plight of State government, but unfortunately it cannot be accomplished in time to afford much relief during the current depression. A beginning could, however, be made now on the basis of the excellent studies that have been made in this field.

Another fundamental measure needed for the reform of State finance is a thorough revision of the tax structure. State taxes are now levied at one extreme on vague and general principles, at the other on practical issues only. Taxation in the individual States exhibits little plan, and State taxation as a whole is full of burdensome provisions by which each State seeks revenue regardless of the claims of other States. What is needed in each State is the development of a system of taxation whereby the taxes imposed would be in close adjustment to the purposes that account for their levy. The constructive purposes for which the revenues of the modern State are expended should be recognized in its tax system. What is needed generally is the adoption of certain principles of interstate comity in taxation, so that equities in property, business, and incomes that cross State lines will no longer be burdened because of the interstate character of the ownership. Individualism among States serves the common good no better than individualism among persons.

[*This is the fourth of a series of ten articles on taxation, planned and edited by Professor Paul Studenski. The fifth, Local Finance, by Philip H. Cornick, of the New York State Commission on the Revision of Tax Laws, will appear in the issue of November 21.*]

Conflict Not in the Headlines

By AVIS D. CARLSON

WITH the newspapers reporting increasing violence in various American communities, it should be valuable to analyze the civic temper and intellectual atmosphere in a town which is not in the spotlight. For in communities as in individuals the maladjustments and cumulative irritations of today are the violences of tomorrow.

Consider, then, Wichita, a bewildered Middletown whose 6,000 families on relief are growing steadily more hopeless and resentful, whose labor movement is rapidly stiffening, whose intellectuals are moving leftward along with their kind everywhere, whose conservatives are angry and a bit frightened. On the surface everything is so quiet that Wichita appears only slightly perturbed by the depression. But the quietness is deceptive, for beneath it tensions are increasing daily and must continue to increase so long as the business and political leadership of the town maintains its present rigidity in defending the status quo.

How little elasticity of opinion there is in this leadership I may show by sketching a series of recent amusing episodes. Strung together, they constitute either a beautiful plot for comic opera or a brief for the Jeremiahs who see in them the first rumblings of approaching fascism. Needless to say, they have not been featured by the Wichita press.

For one of the funniest we are indebted to our extraordinarily alert D. A. R. When a few years ago they noticed that the traffic squads of school children were using red flags to halt traffic, the Daughters were simply horrified. Immediately they procured green flags for the squads' use. And now whatever habit-jolt we suffer from putting on the brakes at the sight of a green flag is more than compensated for by the knowledge that our children are saved the pernicious psychological influence which would inevitably result from constantly seeing and handling the flag of Moscow. If only some great national organization would rise to its duty and point out to the railroad systems and the Catholic church the harm they do in using this iniquitous color!

But a gesture of that sort, no matter how noble, is not to be compared in effectiveness with the day-by-day earnestness of a group of citizens who are at or near the center of the town's civic life. It is hardly a coincidence that most of the busier of them have military connections, are officers in the reserves, prominent in the Legion, or officially connected with the local National Guard unit. Many of them belong to the Sojourners' Club, that interesting organization of Masonic reserve officers which in Wichita, at least, serves as a steering committee for all patriotic activities.

One of the important functions of the group is to prevent any of the nation's celebrities popularly supposed to be tainted with either radicalism or pacifism from speaking in Wichita. When, for instance, one of the Y. M. C. A. clubs two years ago invited Sherwood Eddy to the city, the patriots moved heaven and earth to prevent his talking. Their efforts were only partly successful. The students of the municipal university were protected from him, but his backers found him a church where he could address a mass-meeting. The darkest forebodings of the patriots were realized when during the course of his speech Mr. Eddy remarked that he would never support another war and that there were some good things to be said for the Russian experiment, thus proving himself a treasonable citizen and a rabid Communist. After the meeting the secretary of the Y was invited to appear before the Sojourners' Club and was there reprimanded for his part in contaminating the civic life with the presence of a person like Sherwood Eddy.

Public spirit of that sort must have its effect upon the community as a whole. Some time after the Eddy incident the City Teachers' Association brought Glenn Frank to town for a lecture. The patriots were terribly concerned. But imagine their indignation when the Wisconsin alumni of the University Club proposed that the club should give a dinner in his honor. Several members leaped to their feet and threatened to resign on the spot if the club should so disgrace itself. When it was learned that the Chamber of Commerce was making plans to have Mr. Frank address a luncheon meeting for them, pressure was brought to bear upon the program committee and Mr. Frank was bluntly wired that his presence was not desired. And to cap the incident, the Superintendent of Secondary Education was roundly rebuked for his guilt in allowing the teachers to bring the Wisconsin fomenter of revolution into the town.

Recently a joint committee of the American Association of University Women, the Young Women's Christian Association, the League of Women Voters, and the Christian Youth Council (hothead organizations, all of them!) sponsored a two-day visit of Paul Harris, a "paid agitator" (I heard those words actually used) of the National Council for the Prevention of War. Immediately the American Legion got into action to prevent his coming. When they found the sponsoring groups could not be deterred, they turned their attention to the Board of Education. In the end Mr. Harris was not permitted to speak before any public-school group. Presumably the tender minds of high-school and university students must be protected from discussion of such subjects as comparative disarmament and the peculiar necessity for peace in the modern world of machines.

Last winter a group of ministers, college professors, teachers, Y secretaries, and clubwomen sponsored the lecture course of the League for Industrial Democracy. On the program were Harry Laidler, Professor Edward Berman of the University of Illinois, James Yard, Professor S. D. Myres, editor of the *Southwest Review,* and Norman Thomas. When the sponsors petitioned the Board of Education for permission to hold the lectures in a high-school auditorium, the board committee which controls the use of the buildings refused in a tart letter stating that it was the fixed policy of the board to allow a school auditorium to be used only for educational or cultural programs and that this series of lectures came under neither classification!

Most of the civic "boards"—the Community Chest, the Y. M. C. A., the city commission, the University of Wichita, and so on—contain outspoken red-baiters and pacifist haters. But in many ways the situation in the Board of Education is the most alarming to citizens with liberal tendencies. One of the most influential members of the board is a retired lieutenant colonel who is now district manager of the Kansas Gas and Electric Company, the local unit of the Electric Bond and Share network. Another member, a major in the reserves, is a lawyer but is best known locally for his prominence in various military organizations. With such a vigilant pair of patriots on the board any subversive tendencies among school teachers are fairly sure to come to light. Last winter what should turn up but a veritable attempt to introduce Russian propaganda among the students of the high school through the medium of the high-school division of the Y. M. C. A.

It happened in this wise. Unable to find a Bible at the minute, the teacher sponsoring the "Hi-Y" gave the student charged with "leading devotionals" a little book of quotations compiled by David Porter, a national figure in the Y. M. C. A. In the book were scores of innocuous sayings about the brotherhood of man and the true nature of Christianity. Was it then only by chance that the student should read a paraphrase of the Good Samaritan story in which a man of color going down the pages of history is set upon and beaten, passed indifferently by an Englishman going to take up the white man's burden, tossed a coin by a philanthropic American, and at last succored by a Russian Communist who "bound up his wounds and made him a partner in his enterprise"?

The patriots knew that more than mere chance was involved. At once they saw the incident in its true light, a detail in a great plot of the Y. M. C. A. and the schools to overthrow the government by corrupting the minds of our future citizens. Vigorous measures were taken. Our major made a ringing plea to the Board of Education to withhold the contracts of the two principals, the one because the incident had occurred at his school and the other on the general suspicion of radicalism. Action on the contracts was deferred for a month, but in the end the patriots voted with the rest of the board to rehire the principals. The major, however, issued a vigorous statement to the effect that he hoped the erring school men would consider themselves on probation this coming year, for in another year he would raise "a real howl" if they continued to "do their thinking out loud."

During a recent uprising on the part of the unemployed because their relief had been cut to a below-subsistence level for a period of five weeks, it was no accident that the liveliest, most indignant supporters of "law and order" came from among the patriots. It was also no accident that when the unemployed were dispersed from an orderly meeting by tear bombs and the National Guard, the liberals watched with sympathetic eyes. For perhaps the first time in their comfortable lives they had a real fellow-feeling for a group of social outcasts.

The forces all around are tightening. Today a genuine organization of the unemployed is in formation. The labor unions, which have never had any militancy in Wichita, are achieving a new solidarity. The "intellectuals" have no organization whatever, but the town is so small that they all know each other, and a whisper of gossip about any event or policy that affects their interest passes quickly among them. Dissension is definitely growing in Wichita, and genuine trouble may not be far over the horizon.

In the Driftway

THE Tennessee Valley Authority, which is engaged in the business of bringing the power age to some two million persons in the vicinity of the new Norris Dam, has been faced with a problem as unusual as it is profound. One "Ras" Lindemood, a farmer in Union County, Tennessee, finds his land located directly in the basin of the dam. He is willing to accede to the government's plans for establishing him somewhere else, but he stipulates that he must not go so far that he cannot carry fire from his hearth to his new home. His forebears came from Virginia in the days of the early migrations across the mountains, and the fire they kindled on the hearth of their Tennessee home has been burning ever since. Their grandson, "Ras," means to keep it burning.

* * * * *

THIS touching story moves the Drifter to one observation that is particular and slightly melancholy, and to another that concerns the human race as a whole. He wonders first whether a beneficent government, in designing its compact, neat, two-by-four cottages to house the fortunate inhabitants of the valley, has made any provision for hearth fires at all. In an era of modern conveniences the electric stove will undoubtedly take their place, and if the new houses contain an open fireplace it will speedily degenerate into a repository for cigarette butts in the winter and a jar of ferns in the summer. It will no longer be needed for heat, light, or culinary purposes. The old hearth fire will be displaced by a miracle that is brought into the house on a wire, and with it will come, to "Ras" Lindemood and his neighbors, a new world, although not necessarily one that they will prefer to the old.

* * * * *

MORE generally considered, the story of the Tennessee farmer and his fire indicates the two halves into which the human race is divided. There are those who would keep fire burning through generations, who behave as they do because their fathers before them behaved so, who are not only bound but nourished by tradition. These persons remodel old houses, buy antique furniture, and keep an attic full of old letters. (If they have no attic, as very likely they have not, they yearn for one.) They not only prefer the world as it is, unsatisfactory though it may be; they are terrified at the thought that it may change suddenly. Consider how opposite are the other sort of people. They spent most of the late nineteenth century in stamping out hearth fires. It is true that many of these blazes gave little warmth, but one suspects that the hearth is still colder now they are out. The fire quenchers triumphantly did away with the church, they administered a sad blow to the home, they threw doubts upon democracy, and the profit system was bowed beneath the weight of their scorn. Having cast these ashes to the winds, they are busy kindling a new blaze, one that will set the world on fire and carry with it the brightness of the millennium. Since he has reduced his discussion to these simple metaphorical terms, the Drifter is almost afraid to confess what in the beginning he was sure of—that he thinks himself, on the whole, a fire carrier. As a Drifter should, he has been in many parts of the earth and seen a good many different kinds of people, but it was their likenesses that interested him rather than their differences. He watched for his own hearth fire burning in them, and almost always found it, whether they were peasants or princes or priests. His more impetuous friends will consider this heresy of the first water. He warns them that if they ever succeed, as a sort of punishment for this apostasy, in dragging him into their incendiary business, he will join them not without regret. He will be looking forward longingly to the day when the new fire shall have died down a little. At his advanced age he is inclined to prefer more warmth and less heat.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Mr. Berle on Mr. Corey

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

A. A. Berle's review of Lewis Corey's "The Decline of American Capitalism" in *The Nation* for September 12 is written in such a slipshod and contradictory fashion as to make one suspect that Mr. Berle would like to be faithful to capitalism and to truth at the same time. Mr. Berle begins by sneering at Marx and then draws a red herring across the trail by making a distinction between politics and economics. "Marx was mainly concerned with a political solution," and "as an adjunct to this he spent tremendous effort on a critique of the economic system." One would think that politics was in one world and economics in another, and that Marx, by chasing a political will-o'-the-wisp, had finally wandered into economics and stumbled, in his dull, dogmatic way, on some neglected economic truths. But what is the real connection between politics and economics? Go back to Adam Smith and you will find that his "Wealth of Nations" was written as a phase of his inquiry into "those political regulations which are founded on expediency, and which are calculated to increase the riches, the power, and the prosperity of a state."

Now Marx succeeded in showing that quite apart from the howling injustices of capitalist distribution the system was founded on postulates logically so contradictory as to constitute as great a defiance to nature and mathematics as a perpetual-motion machine in mechanics. The thing couldn't work, not because it attempted to exploit the workers, but because it attempted to exploit them in a geometrical progression without providing the purchasing power to permit cashing in on the exploitation. For pointing all this out Marx was called an unbalanced crank, whereas the real cranks, the seekers after economic perpetual motion, were honored as followers of natural law in economics. And now when Mr. Corey, on the basis of a painstaking empirical and quantitative study, verifies the conclusions which Marx derived from a critique of fundamental postulates, as well as presents a wholly original analysis of what constitutes the economics of capitalist decline, Mr. Berle dismisses his work as that of a bigoted dogmatist, "in the same class in economic matters as any fundamentalist proving the literal accuracy of the Bible by geographical evidence."

But Mr. Berle is not so blinded by his interest in capitalism as not to see out of the corner of his eye that Marx and Corey are somehow right. And so he says that Marx "guessed right," and that while Mr. Corey's work is to be "dismissed as science," his "conclusions are probably sound." These terrible Marxists must have an uncanny pull with God to be able to get true conclusions by following false scientific methods, while the orthodox economists who follow the true methods are somehow unable to get these conclusions until the Marxists point them out.

Mr. Berle gives a perfect Freudian betrayal of his motivations when he writes that economic adjustment means for Mr. Corey "accepting an intolerable fascism or a communism *which, as he paints it, would seem to be almost equally intolerable.*" I have read Mr. Corey's book from cover to cover, and nowhere do I find him painting a picture of communist society, let alone painting an intolerable picture of that society.

Mr. Berle concludes by commending the cultural values of capitalism. But the cultural values of capitalism exist only as a negative quantity. Acquisitive industrial capitalism has not created any cultural values, but it has progressively degraded every one of the cultural values which were created before this capitalism came into full operation. It has degraded art, it has degraded the wonderful possibilities of science, it has degraded the democratic, humanitarian dream, it has degraded even common commercial honesty—and Mr. Berle's case shows how it has degraded intellectual honesty and sincerity as well.

New York, September 25 BENJAMIN GINZBURG

What Houghton Mifflin Left Out

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

That was an interesting review by Mr. Villard on "Forty-two Years in the White House," in *The Nation* for October 3, particularly regarding the divergences between the book and the magazine versions. The first quotation that he makes was omitted from the book merely because we felt it was repetitious. In the second case, our quotation is exactly as it appears in the manuscript, and we cannot find there the sentence that the *Saturday Evening Post* puts in. The third quotation appears in the book as well as in the *Saturday Evening Post.* The fourth quotation is given exactly as it appears in the manuscript, where there is no explanation as to the identity of "the third party."

Boston, September 30 R. N. LINSCOTT

Berry and Tomato Picking

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

As a berry grower I was much interested in John Macnamara's article on berry picking in *The Nation* for September 12. Like a good many other folks, he thought that farm work was something which needed no preparation and no study, no practice and no great skill. And he still thinks that, and complains of the wages he was able to earn.

Down here on the Eastern Shore many of us still follow the old custom of feeding our men, and twenty-five cents a day will not feed them very well if we value the food at the cost only of growing it. A few years back I had to get some unemployed city help for picking tomatoes, paying them $2.50 per day with room and board in addition. Several men in the crowd could not pick more than six baskets per day, and I can yet hear the sound of the tomatoes as they were crushed by inexperienced feet. During that same season we had colored farm men working for us who were making $3 per day at 3 cents a basket, were not missing any, and were not putting in any green ones—just the difference between being an experienced farm laborer and being an unemployed city man.

If our young friend John had stayed for the peach, apple, and pear harvests, he could probably have made a pretty good living. Just one week is not a fair test for inexperienced labor. He should go back for the pruning and other needed work, for the country is lovely and he could make a living, even if he had to live as did the early settlers.

Betterton, Md., October 10 Evelyn Harris

For the Persecuted

To the Editors of The Nation:

Armistice Day is proposed as a fitting time to make a collection for the tragic needs of those who are persecuted in the land against which we fought. The sacrifice of the war dead in their hope for democracy should challenge us to support today those who suffer in Germany for their fidelity to religion, democracy, and peace. Especially does it now seem a duty for world Christendom to take energetic action to counter the age-old recurrence of persecution of Jews; and also to stand by the Christians, pacifists, "non-Aryans," and others who suffer for conscience's sake.

As an immediate step in the world effort which should be made, the Fellowship of Reconciliation is urging that collections be taken in churches and elsewhere between now and Armistice Day. The Fellowship of Reconciliation will distribute, or transmit to competent agencies, such funds as are sent to it. The chairman of its relief committee in Europe is the Reverend F. Siegmund-Schultze, formerly of Berlin, now at the University of Zürich. Gifts may be sent to the Armistice Fund, The Fellowship of Reconciliation, 2929 Broadway, New York City.

New York, October 1

Robbins Wolcott Barstow
Henry S. Coffin
Edward L. Parsons
Francis J. McConnell
Ernest F. Tittle

Farm Loans

To the Editors of The Nation:

My attention has been called to the letter from Mrs. Mary E. Livesey, published in your issue of October 10, in which she complains of the treatment accorded her by the Farm Credit Administration. While Mrs. Livesey is very flattering to me personally, I cannot but take issue with her on her attitude. She does not state all the facts connected with her case. The Farm Credit Administration is doing a very constructive piece of work and has saved thousands of farms from foreclosure. In the period from June 1, 1933, to June 1, 1934, $1,257,000,000 was loaned to farmers through the FCA, and through offices such as mine the indebtedness of farmers has been scaled down to the extent of $39,000,000.

Mrs. Livesey wished to borrow on unimproved land without any farm buildings or dwellings and on land not under cultivation. The Federal Land Bank of Springfield has very wisely made a ruling that it will not make loans on unimproved land, in order to prevent the federal funds appropriated for the purpose of assisting farmers from falling into the hands of real-estate speculators. It does make exception for land not under cultivation, unimproved by buildings, if the land is uninhabitable, such as swamp-land.

Jerome Waxman, Secretary-Treasurer,
Landis National Farm Loan Association

Vineland, N. J., October 19

The first book frankly facing relationships
not even supposed to exist:

The SEX LIFE of the UNMARRIED ADULT

EDITED BY IRA S. WILE, M.D.

The contributors include Margaret Mead, Robert L. Dickinson, Ernest R. Groves, Mary Beard, Robert Morss Lovett, Lorinne Pruette, N. W. Ingalls, Ernest W. Burgess, Morris L. Ernst, and Horace M. Kallen.

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What are the dangers to an unmarried couple in arousing, but not fulfilling, physical desire?
What problems face young couples who delay marriage for economic reasons?
Is the proportion of illegitimate births increasing despite widerspread knowledge of contraception?
Is homosexuality common among unmarried women?
Is a marriage in which there has been pre-marital sexual intercourse more likely or is it less likely to go to smash?
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Labor and Industry

Scab City. II

Making Jersey City Safe

By ALFRED H. HIRSCH

ON the outskirts of Jersey City one reads neat road signs: "Make Jersey City the Safest Community in the United States." Perhaps when Steve Bodwich and John Mulally were arrested in the Ukrainian Hall on New Year's Eve, 1931-32, and charged with "collecting funds for children of striking Kentucky miners," this policy was not in operation. In any case, the police entered a private hall where the men were taking a collection by invitation and made the arrests without warrants.

Albert Kovington, Edward Topp, and Cornelius E. Klop, who went to police headquarters to make inquiries about the charges against these men and to have bail set, were given no information and were arrested shortly after leaving police headquarters. It was three days before counsel was able to free the five on writs of habeas corpus. When the cases came up, the prosecution moved for dismissal, since there was no charge against the prisoners. Judge Egan, who recently stated that his views on labor disputes had been "broadened and enlarged," told the defendants to "get out." He added: "The judges will always cooperate with the Jersey City police in keeping the streets of Jersey City clear of trouble-makers."

Frank Hague, perennial Mayor, brooks no opposition—especially at election time. In the 1929 mayoralty campaign he found himself up against an orator by the name of James Burkitt, anti-Hague "Jeffersonian" Democrat, hailing originally from that citadel of freedom, Alabama, but long a resident of Jersey City. Burkitt was arrested many times during the campaign thanks to the convenient Disorderly Persons Act and the cooperation given to the Mayor by the police department. In spite of Burkitt's efforts Hague was reelected, although his majority was considerably smaller than it had been four years before—and smaller also than it was in 1933. Burkitt has since migrated to Chicago, where he is said to hold a political job obtained for him by Jersey City "friends" who were eager to see him settled elsewhere.

One of the two local evening papers broke a long enduring loyalty to the Hague organization by supporting Burkitt throughout the campaign. For a time it lost its theater advertisements, but its owner, Judge Joseph A. Dear, a lay member of the Court of Errors and Appeals, was obdurate. The Hague administration retaliated by printing accounts of "$40-a-day Dear." According to these stories, Judge Dear valued his services to the State at forty dollars a day throughout the court term and including such holidays as Christmas. Besides Mayor Hague, his critics included A. Harry Moore, at that time a former Governor only because of the New Jersey constitutional requirement of an intermission of three years between possible terms. Mr. Moore's ensuing 1931 gubernatorial campaign was successful, and in 1932 he reappointed Judge Dear. Since that time such opposition as the *Jersey Journal* gives to Hague has been ill-defined and takes the form of questioning doubt rather than statement.

Before and during the 1933 mayoralty campaign some forty deputies of the Superintendent of Elections, *all Republicans or anti-Hague Democrats,* were arrested. George Scharmer, for example, was arrested on Election Day after he had objected to certain illegal practices at the polls. The duty of a deputy of the Superintendent of Elections is to enforce proper procedure at the polls. Mr. Scharmer was charged with "interfering with voters" and held for three days with bail set at $3,500. During this time he was unable to communicate with his wife, who was about to be delivered of a child. He was held for the grand jury. No indictment was found against him and he was released.

The day after Scharmer's arrest William Noble, another of the Fusion deputies of the Superintendent of Elections, was arrested as he talked to an employee of the J. W. Greene Company, where he had bought furniture shortly after his marriage in December, 1932. He had previously walked past the Fusion headquarters nearby to see what had happened to it since the elections the day before. He was "just about to talk about the elections" when a Jersey City detective approached and asked: "What are you doing here?" The officer then searched Noble and escorted him to the police station. Here he was subjected to abusive language, during the course of which one of the men said: "I've got a good mind to take you down in the cellar." He was then conducted to another police station where he was fingerprinted and photographed. He was held in jail for three days, but when the case finally came up on May 13 he was immediately discharged. Only the testimony of the man with whom he had been speaking at the time of the arrest saved him from being held on whatever charge the police might have chosen to make against him.

The Mayor seems ruthless. Still, his Republican opponents are not averse to pulling plums out of the public pie whenever they can. One of them, William Sewell, for a number of years held simultaneously the position of counsel to the Republican Bureau of Elections in Jersey City and that of corporation counsel of the city of North Bergen, where his friend and former law associate, Julius Rich, is the Democratic Mayor. He has only recently given up his labors on behalf of North Bergen. Another Republican, Robert O'Brien, formerly an outspoken leader of the opposition, who used to describe the Mayor as one of the "most corrupt men in the country," forgot all his differences with him as soon as he became secretary to the New Jersey State Racing Commission. Since that time his public activities have consisted solely in agitating for the restoration of horse racing in New Jersey.

And neither Hague's staunchest supporters nor Walter Edge's Republican followers have ever disputed the strange friendship existing between these two political enemies. Upon numerous occasions they have been seen emerging wreathed in smiles from private conferences in leading New Jersey hotels.

The Tammany Hall of Jersey City not only objects to open anti-Hague meetings and activities on the election front, but frowns on all assemblages which might tend to upset the stand-pat functioning of city affairs. It is a law unto itself. Last April Thomas Berry, a lifelong resident of Jersey City and a representative of the newly formed Civil Works Association, made up of relief workers who had CWA jobs, hired a hall and arranged for speakers to address this organization. On the night of the meeting, April 16, police were stationed at the door of the hall barring entrance. The next day a committee from the Civil Works Association called on John Malone, deputy Mayor, to protest and were told by him that if they wanted to hold another meeting they "would have to see the chief of police for a permit." Every time they approached the owner of a hall they learned that they could engage it only upon presentation of a police permit. On May 4 Berry, accompanied by George B. O'Neill, an investigator for the American Civil Liberties Union, went to the Bergen Lyceum to attempt to rent the hall. A policeman stopped them and O'Neill was ordered out of town. Berry was warned by the officer that he would lose his relief job. Finally the American Civil Liberties Union, which had contracted to supply speakers to the Civil Works Association for several meetings, succeeded in renting a hall for May 24. It was informed by the police that this meeting would be broken up, and together with the Civil Works Association it instituted injunction proceedings against Mayor Hague and Director of Public Safety Thomas Wolfe.

An immediate hearing was held before Vice-Chancellor John O. Bigelow. At this hearing the Jersey City authorities, through counsel, promised not to interfere with the coming meeting. In view of this promise A. J. Isserman, counsel for the complainants, agreed not to press the suit on the assurance from the court that he could renew the application at any time if there was interference with any future meetings. He further insisted in open court upon the right of his clients to criticize freely the conduct of the police and other Jersey City officials. Protected by these pending proceedings, several meetings were held without interference.

But the struggle against such tactics is not always so successful. Albert Hoffman, Communist candidate for the New Jersey Assembly in 1932, was arrested on July 9 of that year two blocks from the police station, immediately after he had called at the station to get permission to hold a Communist meeting in a private hall. He was unable to get counsel to apply for a writ of habeas corpus until July 15. On that very day the hearing came up and he was immediately discharged. Needless to add, there was no meeting.

Although in most communities the charge of vagrancy signifies that the suspect has no local residence, this is not the case in Jersey City, for on April 20, 1932, Joseph Greenberg was arrested for distributing leaflets and indicted as a "vagrant *living at* 109 Wayne Street, Jersey City." Greenberg, as a matter of fact, had lived at this address for fifteen years and the property was owned by his parents. He had been distributing leaflets issued by the International Labor Defense, an organization which is not popular with the Jersey City officials. He was given a ninety-day sentence. His parents then obtained new counsel who promised to free him without appeal. Greenberg was released but placed on probation for two years.

Nor is free speech the concern of the Jersey City autocracy. Morris Langer, a leader of the Needle Trades Workers' Industrial Union who was murdered by thugs in 1933 in Chatham, New Jersey, was given a sentence of thirty days on April 16, 1931, because on April 9, at a street-corner meeting he "did utter loud and offensive language, to wit, 'Down with the A. F. of L'." Upon appeal to the Hudson County Court of Common Pleas, the case was thrown out by Judge Thomas H. Brown, who ruled that there was "no violation of any act." Jersey City police are noted for stopping cars, searching and questioning all occupants, and arresting them "on suspicion." Four men, Minerich, Borich, Rivers, and Carethers, the last two of them Negroes, were arrested in Jersey City when they asked the way to the Holland Tunnel on October 15, 1933. All four were miners and left-wing union leaders from Pittsburgh and West Virginia who were going to New York to attend a meeting. Two days after the arrests an attorney asked the desk sergeant what had happened to these men and was informed that they had been arraigned the day before and were out on bail. The lawyer was not satisfied with this answer, and upon further questioning found that all four were still incarcerated. They were released on October 18 on bail of $1,000 each, charged with "being in an auto, and having no legitimate business in Jersey City," in accordance with a law enacted in 1933. They were subsequently convicted and sentenced to ninety days.

Shortly before, on September 17, 1933, Alexander Ivanoff, organizer of the Shoe Workers' Industrial Union (since amalgamated with some independent unions into the United Shoe and Leather Workers' Union), and three others were going to a meeting during a strike against the I. Miller Company. They were arrested en route and charged with "being unable to give a good account of their presence in Jersey City" and "with having no legitimate business in Jersey City." The arresting officer testified that Ivanoff and the others had admitted they were going to a union meeting. He did not consider this legitimate business. The court agreed with the policeman and sentenced the four men to six months each on the basis of the 1933 law which had led to the conviction of Minerich and his companions. They were released on $1,000 bail pending appeal. Their attorney meanwhile presented arguments against the constitutionality of this law. The Supreme Court of New Jersey finally ruled it unconstitutional, and the cases against Ivanoff, Minerich, Borich, Rivers, Carethers, and many others were thrown out.

The action of the New Jersey Supreme Court constituted no redress since the arrests had hampered the strike. This was the aim of the New Jersey authorities, as the following statement, quoted from the *Jersey Journal* of the day after the Supreme Court decision, makes plain: "The high court decision upsetting conviction under the 1933 Disorderly Persons Act will not deter Director of Public Safety Thomas J. Wolfe in his determination to enforce the provision of that act to keep gangsters and *undesirables* [my emphasis, A. H. H.] out of Jersey City, he declared today."

Back in October, 1931, plain-clothes men entered the Royal Spa restaurant and asked Irving Danovitz, an employee, to come out with them. He was forced into a waiting car, where the men proceeded to beat him. Danovitz was unaware that these men were detectives and therefore called for aid. The police who arrived recognized his captors as detectives of the Jersey City Police Department, and he was taken to the police station, "pummeled, beaten, and clubbed all the way down," and "yanked out bodily" upon arrival. Here he was "cuffed around and beaten for about half an hour." He was then fingerprinted and placed in a cell without the opportunity of notifying anyone until hours had passed. He was completely unaware of the charge against him until, just before he was put in a cell, he "heard the detectives tell one of the superior officers at the police station that he was one of a crowd who had been running a gambling place." Danovitz had had no connection either direct or indirect with any establishment of this description and had never been convicted of any charge or even arrested before. No complaint was brought against him and he was released.

Jersey City, where reporters have difficulty in seeing police blotters, where public financial hearings result in assaults as criticism is gagged, where all arrested individuals are fingerprinted regardless of the charge against them, must be made the "safest community in the United States." Does it matter that cars are stopped because they carry Negroes, or contain men wearing caps? Does it matter that the occupants are jailed? Is Mayor Hague, whom Joshua Ringle, Republican, in a "build-up" statement for his party issued on June 28, 1934, calls the banker of "the firm of Kelly, Milton, and Hague," the insurance man of "the firm of Armstrong, Milton, and Hague," the lawyer of "the firm of Milton and Hague," the partner in the garbage-removal business of "the firm of Scatuorchio, Malone, and Hague," to be allowed to run the city, with the help of the night stick and at the expense of all who oppose him? Is picketing to be classed as "interference with any person or persons lawfully being upon the streets or public places"?

The campaign of the Furniture Workers' Industrial Union and supporting organizations to uphold the simple rights of workers to organize, to strike, and to picket can be the first blow struck for decent conditions of labor and for the constitutional rights of those who happen to pass through the City of Perpetual Arrests.

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Kohler Wins

By HANS CHRISTIAN

THE Wisconsin labor movement received a disheartening setback when an A. F. of L. union lost an election to the Kohler Company union. The Kohler strike received the personal attention of William Green, and once again he permitted himself to be cajoled and compromised into defeat. Leading up to the strike was a year of delays and evasions by State and national compliance boards in the face of Kohler's open defiance—delays too easily accepted by the union. More than a year ago it had a membership of 1,850 out of 2,500 workers. In the election it received only 643 to 1,063 unchallenged votes.

In fairness it should be stressed that the union tackled a large job. It worked in virgin soil, with men who had grown up in the tradition of the divine right of the boss; it not only opposed one of the most impregnable open shops in the country, but in so doing it left itself wide open to assault by public opinion. Again, it could not help the fact that the National Labor Board in one breath held Kohler guilty of violating the Recovery Act, and in the next allowed his company union to enter an election on equal terms with the labor union. The strike leaders, moreover, were unaware that the name of the company union would actually appear on the ballot until they saw it in printed form. The A. F. of L. should never have allowed its members to vote on such a ballot, but again it showed its "good-will."

The labor leaders could not prevent Kohler, secure behind the barricades that surrounded the village and plant, from resuming operation several weeks before the election. There is little doubt which way the several hundred carefully picked men who got jobs voted. Within the armed fort a daily routine of half work, half picnic went on. Lollipops and cigarettes were showered on the loyal employees. Nothing was too good for them. Kohler shops became for a brief time what they had been before in the popular imagination.

By chance, the election date fell two weeks after that on which 250 men had been laid off in the pottery department, the men who formed the backbone of the labor union. The union's four checkers challenged those of the 2,228 rapidly moving voters that they happened to know were ineligible. Among them were not only all the office employees, many of the executives, all the foremen and supervisors, draftsmen, and shop clerks, but also chambermaids and porters from the company's dormitory for single workers, Kohler's private gardeners, employees of Kohler Village, a game warden from a distant park, an aviator and mechanic from the Kohler airport, and stable boys from the Kohler private estate. The union challenged 368 voters; how many slipped by is unknown. The company challenged 185 on the ground of strike violence though not a single arrest was made during the strike.

The election result was obviously embarrassing to the two Labor Board judges. Somehow nothing seemed settled. The strike continued. The full rancor left by the massacre persisted. Kohler remained the aloof paternal dictator who issued terse, legalistic statements. The 643 who voted against the company union appear to have forfeited forever their chances of a job at Kohler.

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Books an

It's Fun to Be Immortal

Resurrection. By William Gerhardi. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

ABOUT ten years ago Mr. Gerhardi published a delightful and successful novel called "Futility," which all its readers still remember. Nothing else one-half so good has come out of his irresponsible imagination until the present sparkling book, concerning which, nevertheless, a warning is necessary. Before three pages have been passed one finds oneself murmuring the name of Proust and remarking with an air of great penetration that the author is apparently doing the same thing with the methods and themes of the Frenchman that he formerly did with those of the great Russians, whose tradition he perverted to the uses of impudent comedy. So indeed he is; but from page ten on he acknowledges Proust as his master, and it is a bit disconcerting to be told straight out what one had just congratulated oneself upon divining. An advertising man would know better than to offend the reader's *amour propre* in this cruel fashion, but it is impossible to remain angry very long with anyone as debonair as Mr. Gerhardi, whose flow of animal spirits and whose inexhaustible torrent of small talk may be guaranteed to charm anyone not armed beforehand with an unalterable opposition to frivolity in any form.

He tells us, to be sure, that he is not being frivolous, that "Resurrection" is not a spoof. There is even a note on the flyleaf to assure us that the experience of which the book treats "is, incredible as it may seem, a true experience." Mr. Gerhardi really had determined to write a book which should do for his own life what "Remembrance of Things Past" had done for Proust's. He really had become convinced that life was nothing until it was over and that experience was meaningless until it had been all gathered together in that eternity of art where all is simultaneous. What is still more important, he really did come to himself one morning to discover that some sort of astral double was wandering freely away from the body lying inert on the bed, and by this experience he really did reach the joyous conviction not only that man is immortal in a literal sense, but also that he will spend at least a part of his eternity in contemplating his life as a work of art.

Perhaps we had better give Mr. Gerhardi the benefit of the doubt. On the evening after the Great Discovery he went to a dinner party, and when in all solemnity he announced to his partner, "We do not die," the only response he got was "Pf!" It would be too bad if readers and critics should treat a serious testament with similar irreverence, but one thing is certain. However solemn Mr. Gerhardi may think he is being, ultimate seriousness is not within the pleasant limitations of his nature, and the whole adventure emerges from the telling as a sort of polite farce. In the first place, the past which he recaptures centers around the misadventures which arose on the occasion when he went to North Africa determined to renounce the world in company with a beautiful Arab wife whom no one seemed able to supply. In the second place, his style perpetually turns into a graceful parody of Proust, whether that is what he intends it to be or not. Take, for example, the passage describing the state of one's spirits on arriving at a dinner party:

> In these first twenty minutes before going in to dinner social courage is at its lowest ebb. . . . At this initial stage, blurred by the light of chandeliers, feeling like an asylum inmate led up with feeble grin and guilty step by a kindly nurse for inspection by earlier arrivals, already leaning back, grasping firmly their glass of sherry, against the huge chimney piece and, you think, surveying you with

vidual to survive in any social system. No one could read "Lust for Life" unmoved; but because the theme itself is so essentially serious, one must resent certain phases of Mr. Stone's approach that are belittling to it. I refer particularly to an episode in which he causes an imaginary woman to appear before Vincent in long white robes and sandals, like some creature out of Arthur B. Davies. She tells him her name is Maya, that she has always been with him and watched over him and loved him. She tells him he is beautiful because his soul is beautiful. But she does not stop there.

> "Kiss me, Vincent," she said.
>
> He kissed her on the mouth. Her lips were no longer cool. They lay side by side in the rich, crumbly loam. The woman kissed his eyes, his ears, the nostrils of his nose, the declivity of his upper lip, bathed the inside of his mouth with her sweet soft tongue, ran her fingers . . .

Whether or not this episode is intended as a lyrical short-cut to something Mr. Stone was too lazy to work out in fact, it is inexcusably silly. Fortunately it falls far below the level of the rest of the book.

Mr. Stone apparently does not conceal a thwarted art critic under the novelist. There are whole pages of conversation like excerpts from some Introduction to Modern Art. When he describes a painting he is usually content to indicate the subject, some of the colors, or perhaps to say it reeks of bacon, smoke, and potato steam. I do not mean to suggest that he should have done more than this. Too much about the pictures would have impeded his real theme. But he implies that the paintings are good, and I agree with him. ROBERT MORSE

Apotheosis of a Heroine

A World in Birth. By Romain Rolland. Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

"A WORLD IN BIRTH" is the last of the five volumes of the cycle known as "The Soul Enchanted." In its six hundred pages Rolland attempts an apotheosis of his heroine, the "soul enchanted." Annette aids and abets a number of younger people in their random struggles for very ill-defined ends. She witnesses the murder of her son in a brawl with Italian Fascists. She encourages another youth to throw his life away in a gesture equally futile but even more poetical. And, finally, she convinces herself that, dying at a ripe age of angina, she is "taking her share in the holocaust of her sons." Of course everyone dies sooner or later of one disease or another, if not by some grosser folly, but it seems not unlikely that Ananias and Saphira, as well as Dr. Arnold of Rugby and Romain Rolland's Annette, incurred the "martyrdom" of angina. Rolland shuts his eyes to such possibilities. His "moral nobility," as he says of one of his characters, obscures his sight. Rolland's treatment of birth is as unrealistic as his treatment of death. There is Julian, for instance. Julian wanted to marry Annette but his family wouldn't let him. So he married somebody else. Yet when his wife had a child he was sure—and Rolland is equally sure—that this daughter resembled Annette. "He recognized certain details imperceptible to other eyes, a downy shadow at the corner of the lips, the carriage of the neck, the pronounciation of certain consonants, remarks she had made, and God knows what else!" God, indeed, must have taken a hand, or the father of all unreality! Such absurdities would not matter if Rolland would confine himself to romance and stop bothering about the world. But when he declares that all the sorrow of Annette's life "had been the angle of inflection of the forward march of Destiny," we may naturally wish there should be no weak links in the chain of his logic and no flaws in his major assumptions.

all the way down," and "yanked out bodily" upon arrival. Here he was "cuffed around and beaten for about half an hour." He was then fingerprinted and placed in a cell without the opportunity of notifying anyone until hours had passed. He was completely unaware of the charge against him until, just before he was put in a cell, he "heard the detectives tell one of the superior officers at the police station that he was one of a crowd who had been running a gambling place." Danovitz had had no connection either direct or indirect with any establishment of this description and had never been convicted of any charge or even arrested before. No complaint was brought against him and he was released.

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careful to present Markand as an anti-literate man ill at ease in his wife's library of Bergson, Freud, James, and so on. Markand's wife is converted to Catholicism, and in a curious state of jealousy he leaves her and his job. Wandering over America, he comes in contact with almost every social expression of the America of 1913—the I. W. W. movement, the poetry renascence in Chicago, the beginnings of experimental education, the Farmer-Laborites, and finally the growing Marxian revolutionary party. In all his wanderings Markand goes from confusion to confusion, until he stumbles upon the Marxists. From them he gains his first insight into what is the matter with society and with himself. He is reborn and made fit for a revolutionary sense of values.

The scenes in which the Southern miners are duped by the governor of the State, in which the Wobblies discuss their strike tactic, the poets' revelations to the Chicago elite, are well handled, and for all their reportorial simplicity are more moving than anything else in the book. But Mr. Frank's disregard for craftsmanship has a disastrous consequence. Few readers will be convinced that David Markand deserves to be reborn. In his pursuit of values Markand meets a good many women, and most of them go to bed with him. Chorus girls, daughters of millionaires, school teachers, waitresses, all want to sleep with Markand. Whether Mr. Frank's purpose was to show that a man without a sense of values will live exclusively on his sex, I cannot say, for each *amour* of Markand is described in such physical detail, his sensations in the arms of each successive woman are recounted with such lyrical completeness, that one becomes convinced that Mr. Frank approves his protagonist's technique of orientation. The effect is incredibly blurred. Some readers will be justified in considering Markand a clown tramping the sexual road to values, and I can imagine a sexualist putting down Mr. Frank's book encouraged to take himself more seriously and to ascribe his sexual availability to a desire for truth—a comic effect for so serious an effort, and demonstrating that a disregard for craftsmanship is ultimately a disregard for reality.

Apparently, in the genre of the "serious," reality plays a subsidiary role. "But now the slave need not be other men: need not be ourselves, for other men are ourselves." These words coming from John Byrne, a revolutionary Marxist, ring false. It is all very well for Markand, who seems to share most of his creator's philosophical prejudices, to cry out in delirium: "There's no need in dying. I am the raper and the killer. . . . We are all one. What we do to each other we do to ourselves. That way we can bear to live." But to make a Marxist express one of Mr. Frank's pet idealist sentimentalisms, when suspicion of such lofty verbiage is practically an obsession among Marxists, is, to put it mildly, tampering with reality at the very point where even the novelist has no rights. A novelist has the right to invent as much as he pleases; he can make his characters of any emotional substance he likes, he can project dramatic situations in which their philosophies, even political, are absurdly unrelated to the facts they face. He can show, for example, a Marxian revolutionist in a situation in which he would be much better off if he believed in absolute idealism. He can show how by persevering in his philosophy the Marxist would suffer, comically or tragically. If he did so the reader might be stimulated to pity or laughter, and to a sense that no philosophy is absolute and that when men adhere to a philosophy they must risk their joy and dignity. This is the method of dramatic art, and the only objection to employing it is that it requires a serious and resourceful talent. Mr. Frank no doubt has other objections to this method, which should not prevent us from objecting to what he has done. For what purpose could Mr. Frank have had in making a Marxist express anti-Marxist notions which are also the notions of Mr. Frank? Only, I submit, the most personal of purposes, utterly irrelevant

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to any aesthetic or philosophic aim. And it is a shabby trick to play on a fictitious character incapable of defending his honesty against his creator.

The truth of the matter is that there is no such genre as the *serious.* Mr. Frank's seriousness amounts to nothing more than a passionate conviction that life must be taken seriously. But to take life seriously, just as to take it trivially, in a real way, one must have a technique. Mr. Frank has no technique. He is neither a Marxist nor a subscriber to the total Mind, to speak philosophically. He is neither an inventor in dramatic art nor humbly obedient to its laws. His seriousness is thus only a fury to philosophize. And every freshman in philosophy knows the fury to philosophize, and no one knows it better than the freshman. LIONEL ABEL

Van Gogh as Hero

Lust for Life. By Irving Stone. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.

THE eccentric and dismal events of Vincent Van Gogh's life have too often aroused the thwarted novelist in art critics. Such men as Thomas Craven betray an odd delight in the Grand Guignol for its own sake. They gloat over the severed ear, the exaggerated passions, the epileptic seizures of that sick and maladjusted man. Even worse, they allow their own tragic words to infect their criticism of Van Gogh's painting. Mr. Stone, I take it, is a novelist. From a novelist one might have hoped for a dispassionate and honest attempt to clarify and explain the behavior of an extremely interesting human being. During the first part of Mr. Stone's book I felt that some such clarification was perhaps his goal. He contrives to make Vincent's reactions among the coal miners fairly plausible and really moving. But as page after page went by, planted with incredibly heavy ironies, I began to suspect that Mr. Stone had fallen into the old attitude of unquestioning sentimental identification with his hero. Any person who enters the novel unfortunate enough to prefer the clothes of average decency to little rabbit-skin hats and laborers' denim is immediately hooted out of countenance with muted jeers. My objection to this attitude of "They were all out of step but Jim" is simply that it is unfair to Van Gogh. No truth can come out of this refusal to judge. How much more penetrating and serious a study might be made of Van Gogh by a writer less willing to accept a sort of mystical rightness in all his actions.

Almost in spite of Mr. Stone I found myself sympathizing with the charming girl who fled from Van Gogh's advances crying, "No, never, never!" For Van Gogh emerges as one of those anti-social monsters born into civilization to their own misery and the acute discomfort of all around them. Their emotions, however sincere and disarmingly noble, have no brakes such as usually restrain individuals better adjusted to society. They are so egocentric that to conceive of the probable reactions of their fellows is an impossibility for them.

That Van Gogh's inability to form any graceful human relation stemmed from this want of imagination in regard to others Mr. Stone shows clearly, but he somehow implies it is the fault of the others. Of course it is usual to bring forward the artist's genius as an excuse for any defection from civilized standards. "Lust for Life" sounds again and again the note that all artists are mad. The greatest have not found sanity incompatible with creation, but have rather transcended by lucidity and a kind of *knowingness.* Yet it is impossible not to sympathize with this distorted and gifted man. The mere outline of his awkward way through the world is full of moving implications, implications of the grandeur and absurdity of human feeling and conduct, of the inevitable struggle of the individual to survive in any social system. No one could read "Lust for Life" unmoved; but because the theme itself is so essentially serious, one must resent certain phases of Mr. Stone's approach that are belittling to it. I refer particularly to an episode in which he causes an imaginary woman to appear before Vincent in long white robes and sandals, like some creature out of Arthur B. Davies. She tells him her name is Maya, that she has always been with him and watched over him and loved him. She tells him he is beautiful because his soul is beautiful. But she does not stop there.

> "Kiss me, Vincent," she said.
>
> He kissed her on the mouth. Her lips were no longer cool. They lay side by side in the rich, crumbly loam. The woman kissed his eyes, his ears, the nostrils of his nose, the declivity of his upper lip, bathed the inside of his mouth with her sweet soft tongue, ran her fingers . . .

Whether or not this episode is intended as a lyrical short-cut to something Mr. Stone was too lazy to work out in fact, it is inexcusably silly. Fortunately it falls far below the level of the rest of the book.

Mr. Stone apparently does not conceal a thwarted art critic under the novelist. There are whole pages of conversation like excerpts from some Introduction to Modern Art. When he describes a painting he is usually content to indicate the subject, some of the colors, or perhaps to say it reeks of bacon, smoke, and potato steam. I do not mean to suggest that he should have done more than this. Too much about the pictures would have impeded his real theme. But he implies that the paintings are good, and I agree with him. ROBERT MORSE

Apotheosis of a Heroine

A World in Birth. By Romain Rolland. Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

"A WORLD IN BIRTH" is the last of the five volumes of the cycle known as "The Soul Enchanted." In its six hundred pages Rolland attempts an apotheosis of his heroine, the "soul enchanted." Annette aids and abets a number of younger people in their random struggles for very ill-defined ends. She witnesses the murder of her son in a brawl with Italian Fascists. She encourages another youth to throw his life away in a gesture equally futile but even more poetical. And, finally, she convinces herself that, dying at a ripe age of angina, she is "taking her share in the holocaust of her sons." Of course everyone dies sooner or later of one disease or another, if not by some grosser folly, but it seems not unlikely that Ananias and Saphira, as well as Dr. Arnold of Rugby and Romain Rolland's Annette, incurred the "martyrdom" of angina. Rolland shuts his eyes to such possibilities. His "moral nobility," as he says of one of his characters, obscures his sight. Rolland's treatment of birth is as unrealistic as his treatment of death. There is Julian, for instance. Julian wanted to marry Annette but his family wouldn't let him. So he married somebody else. Yet when his wife had a child he was sure—and Rolland is equally sure—that this daughter resembled Annette. "He recognized certain details imperceptible to other eyes, a downy shadow at the corner of the lips, the carriage of the neck, the pronounciation of certain consonants, remarks she had made, and God knows what else!" God, indeed, must have taken a hand, or the father of all unreality! Such absurdities would not matter if Rolland would confine himself to romance and stop bothering about the world. But when he declares that all the sorrow of Annette's life "had been the angle of inflection of the forward march of Destiny," we may naturally wish there should be no weak links in the chain of his logic and no flaws in his major assumptions.

☐ JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says ☐

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Remembering Rolland's popularity as a novelist and the reverence that has been accorded him as a prophet, one is shocked by the windy vacuity of this volume, its deficiency as a tract, and its utter failure as fiction. A propagandist should be more statistical. A novelist should be less abstract; he should have more detailed information and should give a more vivid account of particular cases and of particular scenes. It is not enough to say that a husband and wife were estranged by "a consciousness of the social uselessness of their lives." An author who has a hundred and fifty pages to devote to such an episode might certainly be more dramatic. And if a marriage can be undermined by such a consciousness of social uselessness, then why bring in a banal seduction? One has difficulty in submitting to the leadership of a mind in which the reiteration of opinion takes the place of information and evidence—a mind, furthermore, which after many years of apprenticeship has failed to develop or forgotten how to display the most elementary skill in the use of its chosen medium, the method of fiction.

ROBERTS TAPLEY

Catholic Family Portrait

The Anteroom. By Kate O'Brien. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

TWO years ago Miss O'Brien's first novel, "Without My Cloak," won the Hawthornden prize and achieved a notable success. It was a livelier piece of work than "The Anteroom," with a larger cast moving on a wider stage. But the purity of style, the subtlety of characterization, the fine sensitiveness that made "Without My Cloak" so satisfying and unusual a first performance have no less scope in the more restricted area and quieter key of this second novel.

She has adopted in "The Anteroom" a time-device which lends to it from beginning to end an intensity subdued by grief, a general suspense beneath which individual dramas proceed. The Mulqueens, cousins of the Considines of "Without My Cloak," and like them a Catholic family of wealth and position, are gathered at the house where Teresa Mulqueen, the mother, lies dying of cancer. An English specialist who happens to be in the country is brought down to pronounce on the question of one more operation, and on the day before his arrival the patient's brother, Father Tom Considine, comes to hold Mass for the household at her bedside. The entire action of the novel takes place within these two days, the Eve of All Saints' and the Feast of All Saints, and the one following, the Feast of All Souls. Gathered in "the anteroom," waiting for the verdict, which apart from their common emotion affects them and their lives all differently, Teresa's children see their lives also come to a climax during this period. While the mother prepares to die, they, watching in pain for her, have to solve the problems which make it hard for them, individually, to live.

The narrowness of her chosen framework compels Miss O'Brien to a neatness of plot which is not always credible. Her portraiture, too, is more sketchy throughout than it was in the earlier novel. Yet her characters have life, within the limits she has set them, and charm. And the setting of "The Anteroom" permits her to convey with delicacy, sympathy, and objectiveness the living reality of Catholic faith in which such families as the Mulqueens exist.

R. S. ALEXANDER

In next week's issue Maxwell S. Stewart will review "Russia's Iron Age," by William Henry Chamberlin.

Shorter Notices

My Shadow as I Pass. By Sybil Bolitho. The Viking Press. $2.50.

To those who knew him even slightly, William Bolitho was a strange and fascinating man. Fire burned somewhere in him, the fire, probably, of a passionate intelligence, an inexhaustible curiosity about life. Every experience that he had he must have looked at freshly, as if no other man had ever had a similar experience before. The world to him was a great jigsaw puzzle that he had to put together anew every day, and the zeal that he brought to the task was evident in every word he wrote. It is a tribute to his widow, writing, in this book, the story of their love affair and marriage, that she communicates this quality to the reader. And she communicates, too, her grief at his death in a meaningless accident, and her feeling of being more dead than he, and lost in a world without him. She has written a little idyl of love and grief, indeed, and only her rather hysterical literary style keeps the book from being as impressive as it should be. For it is a curious paradox of writing that passionate feeling can be expressed more passionately by understatement than by exclamation marks. Both Mrs. Bolitho and her readers were let down by the want of a judicious editorial blue pencil.

D Is for Dutch. By Thames Williamson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

Here is an extraordinary thing—a novel by a highly educated American which manages to catch all the bareness and melodramatic horror of a folk tale or a ballad. Its hero, Herman Bauer, was a stolid, hard-working, Pennsylvania Dutch farmer until in an old trunk in an attic he found his mother's powwow book. His mother had been a kindly woman who used her lore to cure her ailing neighbors, but the book worked both ways, for good and evil. Bitten by lust and greed, fascinated by the power he felt in himself, Herman began to powwow for his own ends. A neighbor whose farm Herman coveted was sick of parrot fever, and when his wife, a loose, pretty woman, called Herman in to cure him, Herman determined to hex him to his death. From that moment horrors rush on swiftly, too swiftly for Herman himself to comprehend. His power turns him into a satanic figure, but Satan's boots are too large for him. Half a spectator and half a blind actor, Herman sees the neighbor die, finds himself in love with the wife, and plans to kill his own comfortable, broad-hipped Katy, that he may marry her. But here the powwow book fails him. His hexing frightens the light-headed widow into suicide, and Herman, his magic drained out of him, is forced to go on with his daily life, living on his dead neighbor's rich farm with Katy, who knows that he meant to kill her. This fearful, half-supernatural tale is told with incisiveness and skill. Mr. Williamson has used the curious dialect of the Pennsylvania Dutch to enormous advantage. The simplicity of his style is the simplicity of their speech. Not for a moment is the reader pulled away from the isolated, archaic world of these superstitious farmers. Mr. Williamson himself has been completely absorbed by his material.

Babouk. By Guy Endore. The Vanguard Press. $2.

With Babouk, the African Negro who has another name in history, as his hero, Mr. Endore has reconstructed the story of the eighteenth-century slave trade, of life on a plantation in Haiti, and of the great rebellion which Toussaint L'Ouverture led. The method is, somewhat too obviously, satirical, and the final chapter indicates his real thesis, the slavery of all men under capitalism. It is evident that Mr. Endore spent much

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time in research. He has delved into old letters, diaries, and account books. But his imagination has not fused his material into dramatic fiction. Probably he has too many purposes in mind. He would analyze the psychology of these slaves, describe their lives and customs, and probe their inarticulateness. He would present facts, and he would also throw into satirical contrast the lives of the African slaves and those of the white planters and make it quite evident that the desire for profit destroys all human decency. He is best at describing pictorial scenes—of Negro dances, of the stupid displays of white wealth, and finally of the horrors of the rebellion. Babouk is not the center of the story as he should be. He is merely one of a good many figures who happen to hold the stage. The book is full, as a diary or notebook might be, of interesting facts, observations, and descriptions. But it lacks narrative continuity and dramatic value; it also lacks consistency of tone. And the last chapter, in which the revolutionary theme, the denunciation of capitalism as slavery, is written down, is bad writing, almost fake poetry.

Drama

Mr. O'Casey's Charade

THE American public was not left unprepared for "Within the Gates" by Sean O'Casey. A few Sundays ago the author explained through the columns of the New York *Times* just how his play was to be taken and just why it was great. Now the program at the National Theater contains an insert in which the symbolism is reexplained for the benefit of those who did not hear him the first time, and, on the whole, the press at least has responded to these promptings with gratifying unanimity. "Within the Gates" was received with more wholehearted salvos of critical approval than have fallen to the lot of any very pretentious play seen here in years.

Any tendency on my part to moderate my transports will be taken, I fear, as sheer perversity. My colleagues will set it down to a desire to be different; but they will be wrong if they do. I went with no more trepidations than one usually feels on an occasion for which much has been promised, and I sat with suspended judgment through the whole of the first scene, in which the Atheist pursues God, the Young Whore looks for Joy, and the Bishop tries to get in touch with the Common People. I thought, as the author had bid me do, about the triviality of the contemporary theater, about the greatness of the ancient morality plays, and about our need to recapture in art as in life some sense of the pain and the ecstasy and the greatness of human existence. But so far as I was concerned, it was, frankly, no go. The declamation and the gestures remained merely declamation and gestures. The poetry and the symbolism seemed merely well intentioned and, for the most part, in reasonably good taste. But "Within the Gates" did not seem really to earn the title of either poetic drama or genuinely illuminating allegory. On the contrary it remained only (to use in a specific sense Mr. Woollcott's favorite synonym for the drama in all its forms) a charade—grave, elaborate, and doubtless the product of genuine emotion but, so far as expression is concerned, merely a charade nevertheless.

One difficulty is either that I do not know what Mr. O'Casey is driving at or, as seems to me more probable, that I know only too well. Either some Message to which I am unfortunately not attuned is cunningly hidden beneath a mass of conventional, rather adolescent verbiage or the author is merely saying at great length and with the intense air of a discoverer what we have all said about Life when the mood was upon us. Spring is mighty, love is sweet, and (to give the author's idea the benefit of just that sort of distinguished utterance he himself so sadly lacks) the world belongs "to him whose strenuous tongue can crush joy's grape against his palate fine."

That youth knows the secret which age has forgotten, that priests are cowards, and that prudent men are dumb cattle—this and all the rest that goes with it may be either a romantic notion or it may be, as I do solemnly believe, the greatest and most important of truths. But though the great and simple commonplaces are the best subjects for the greatest art, they are also the most difficult, and to repeat them in the form of direct generalities is to challenge immediate comparison with the finest utterance of the race which has known them and used them since it first lisped in numbers. This comparison Mr. O'Casey, like all but one in ten million, is far from meeting. His theme is the theme which the public always thinks about when it hears the word "poetry"; perhaps it is, indeed, something about as near as one could get to a common denominator for all poets. But the whole of his feeling and expression is oddly undifferentiated from the common denominator as such. He seems to have no tone, no accent, no gesture of his own. He is merely resolutely poetic. Nor can one fail to be struck by the lesson contained in the fact that an author whose style and manner is so individual when he writes in his semi-realistic plays about specific characters in specific situations should so completely lose all distinction of language when he turns to the more completely abstract.

Consider, to take a single example, the central character who appears as the Dreamer—surely the most hackneyed of all poetic symbols. Or consider a brief excerpt from the author's own gloss upon his personages:

> The Dreamer, a symbol of a noble restlessness and discontent; of the stir in life that brings to birth new things and greater things than those that were before; of the power to realize that the urge of life is above the level of conventional morality; of ruthlessness to get near to the things that matter, and sanctify them with intelligence, energy, gracefulness, and song; of rebellion against stupidity . . .

That is a large as well as an admirable program, a good deal for one symbol to hold. But the language which the personage speaks, like the language in which he is described, has that same undistinguished, undifferentiated character referred to above. There is nothing to set the language apart, no evidence that it has been minted anew. This is only the raw material of a kind of poetry common to all of us who feel so freshly what comes out of us so tamely, and who know from that very tameness of our utterance that we are not poets. And what is true of the language seems to me to be very largely true of the play as a whole. The purpose is laudable and deserves whatever praises and encouragement laudable purpose may deserve. But Mr. O'Casey does not so much say the things he has to say as say that he wants to say them. The stage has need of plays of passion, and poetry, and joy. But I find it hard to be very grateful for a play which does not get much farther than to tell us that we need these things.

I shall have to postpone until next week any further notice of Noel Coward's "Conversation Piece" (Forty-fourth Street Theater), in which some charming pageantry and the presence of Yvonne Printemps redeem what otherwise the author would probably call "a faintly dullish evening."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Fifty Best Books of 1934

A list compiled by the editors of The Nation *will appear in the Christmas book number.*

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Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. Cable Address: Nation, New York.

AS A WHOLE the elections represent an astounding confirmation of the personal popularity of President Roosevelt, and a vindication of liberalism as against the die-hard conservatism of the Republicans. For despite its frequent betrayals of the workers in connection with Section 7-a and the recent tie-up with the bankers, the American public has looked upon the Roosevelt Administration as distinctly liberal. The vote demonstrates that with all of the weaknesses of the New Deal only a small minority would like to go back to the halcyon days of the '20s. In general, however, the character of the candidates elected is not such as to inspire confidence in a further trend toward progressivism in the Democratic Party. Among the supporters of the New Deal elected to the Senate were such irresponsible politicians as Copeland of New York, Guffey of Pennsylvania, and Moore of New Jersey. As we go to press, the fate of Bronson Cutting of New Mexico, one of the most able members of the Senate, remains in doubt. On the other hand, there is genuine cause for rejoicing in the striking triumph of the new Progressive Party in Wisconsin, putting both the La Follettes back into office, as well as in the splendid victory of Governor Olson and Senator Shipstead in Minnesota. If the independent parties in these two States can get together, it is possible that they may yet grow into an effective national third-party movement. In other sections of the country, however, there is no evidence of a growth of an intelligent radicalism. While the vote for the minor parties has been recorded in only a few instances, it has been almost incredibly low. Running against two such nonentities as Copeland and Cluett, Norman Thomas was able to obtain only 130,000 votes in New York City, out of over 1,600,000. In Bridgeport, the Socialists succeeded in electing a few representatives to the State legislature, but this victory is rendered less significant by the notorious conservatism of the Bridgeport Socialists. In light of the present election, there seems little doubt that the American people want a change—a "new deal"; but their discontent has yet to find effective or intelligent political channels.

THE DEFEAT OF UPTON SINCLAIR in California, after one of the nastiest campaigns on record, shows what will happen to any radical who attempts to challenge the existing order through the medium of an old-party machine. A great tide of discontent in California carried Mr. Sinclair triumphantly through the primaries and into the arms of Mr. George Creel and the Postmaster General. But when his strength became really formidable and when it became plain that although he had modified his EPIC somewhat for the sake of Mr. Creel's delicate sensibilities, he was still offering a direct challenge to California big business, the dogs began to howl and Mr. Creel and "Jim" ran for cover as fast as they could. The Merriam forces did not spare any of the dirtier political devices to defeat the EPIC candidate. They attacked Mr. Sinclair on all fronts, and adduced quotations from his writings to show him as a menace to the family, the church, and the home. And the Administration at Washington turned from friendliness to repudiation almost overnight. The EPIC program was positive enough, but it was backed, not by an electorate thoroughly grounded in Socialist principles, but by a general feeling of dissatisfaction with the status quo, which was not strong enough to put Mr. Sinclair into office. He made a magnificent campaign, and we regret his defeat, but we cannot believe the battle lost. Perhaps a clear-cut triumph for lawlessness and reaction will in the end do more to arouse the people of California than a Sinclair victory would have done. The economic weaknesses of the EPIC plan are serious and might have proved embarrassing to the radical movement. The weakness of the present system, supported by the terrorism of the Republican administration, will become more glaringly apparent every month. Merriam's victory may prove to have been too dearly bought.

THE SEVENTEENTH ANNIVERSARY of the Bolshevik Revolution finds the Soviet Union in a position to enjoy the rewards of years of sacrifice in the building of an industrial economy. Both in agriculture and in industry the record of the past twelve months has been unusually satisfactory. Despite the serious drought in the spring, government grain collections have been completed far earlier than in any previous year and compare favorably in quantity with those gathered in the record harvest of 1933. With over 80 per cent of Russia's 25,000,000 peasant households now on collective farms, guided by experienced party workers affiliated with the tractor stations, the Soviets' troublesome agrarian problem seems to be a thing of the past. In heavy industry production was within 2 per cent of the plan for the first nine months of the year. The Soviet Union has displaced Germany as second in the world in the production of pig iron; in the output of steel and rolled metal it is surpassed only by Germany and the United States. These gains have been accompanied by encouraging progress toward overcoming the perennial problems of waste and labor inefficiency. During the first eight months of 1934 the costs of production were lowered 5 per cent, while labor productivity was increased 11.8 per cent. Moreover, the reduced threat of war and the lessening of the strain in the economic sphere have been followed by a corresponding easing of political tension, as evidenced by the abolition of the O. G. P. U. and the enfranchisement of ex-priests, ex-kulaks, and other former class enemies who have demonstrated their loyalty to the Soviet state. Viewed as a whole, the Soviets can well afford the two days taken in celebration of the year's achievements.

THAT ENGLAND has regained political as well as economic normalcy was demonstrated by the sweeping gains made by the Labor Party in the recent municipal elections. The victory was even more decisive than that of last March when Labor captured the London County Council for the first time, or that of the municipal elections of a year ago. Out of 1,300 contests the Laborites gained 740 seats. In London itself Labor now controls fifteen of the twenty-eight boroughs, one more than its previous high peak. Outside the city it won forty-one towns from the Municipal Reformers (Conservatives) and regained all of the ground lost in the 1931 debacle. Although national questions played little or no part in the campaign, the issues bore a striking resemblance to those which divide the parties in the national sphere. The Municipal Reform Party charged Labor with undue extravagance, particularly in its various slum-clearance projects and social-welfare work. Labor did not deny that the expenditures had been heavy, but was able to demonstrate to the satisfaction of the electorate that the money had been well spent. Coming as it does immediately after two decisive victories in parliamentary by-elections, this most recent success indicates definitely that the tide of public opinion is still running strongly against the Conservatives, and suggests that Labor's dream of a clear majority at the next general election may not be wholly fanciful. Nor is the passage, on November 2, of the sedition bill, which imposes severe restrictions on the traditional British liberties, likely to enhance the popularity of the rapidly disintegrating National Government.

SCORNED ALIKE by the coal operators and the intrenched United Mine Workers of America and totally ignored by the National Labor Relations Board, members of the dual union, the Anthracite Miners of Pennsylvania, have again taken up the weapon of direct action to defend their right to recognition. Labor strife which has been smoldering for many weeks in the hard-coal area around Wilkes-Barre flared up again recently in a series of pitched battles between the rival unions, and the threatened general strike does not now seem to be far off. Scores have been injured in the factional hand-to-hand fighting which was forced upon the insurgent miners as they picketed the Susquehanna Collieries at Nanticoke in protest against the dismissal of twelve union members, allegedly for union activity. That they are defying not only their traditional enemies, the operators, but also the whole "majority-rule" conception of the federal government's labor agencies, has apparently not dissuaded them from their action. Through its anthracite conciliator the National Labor Board ruled that operators could not enter into contracts with the Anthracite Miners' union so long as contracts with the United Mine Workers existed. These contracts are presumably based on the older union's claims of majority representation. But the rebels assert that they are now in a majority in the Wilkes-Barre area and are willing to let a referendum settle the whole troublesome business. The referendum, however, has been refused on the ground that the Anthracite Miners are not abiding by the conciliator's decision that they are not to be recognized. This vicious circle must be broken if further bloodshed is to be averted, and the way to break it is for the federal government to step in and hold the election.

THE COURSE OF THE ADMINISTRATION now seems clearly set for heavy spending if there is no "natural" business revival by next summer. A conflict has been waged for months to win the President to this approach. The "spending school" did not envisage the present trial period for business, and would have preferred to start now with a program putting the unemployed to work. The President, however, felt it wiser to make such peace as he might with business interests and test the truth of predictions that a sound revival would come by the late spring if only business were given certain specific assurances. He gave a few of these, notably that he would not launch a central bank, would make deposit insurance a not intolerable burden to the banks, and would iron out economic incongruities from the NRA. He will maintain a certain volume of "pump-priming" expenditure. At the same time he is taking measures to strengthen the structure of mortgage finance, next to the banks the most important sector in our financial economy. This, however, is only a provisional program, and is given to the country together with news of a PWA five-year program costing $12,000,000,000. There is nothing definite about this, only the general statement that $7,000,000,000 would go for non-liquidating projects, the remainder for low-cost housing. Obviously, the President will not decide about it now. He might choose to proceed with the first year's portion, $2,400,000,000, when he makes up his budget in December. Probably he will put off any action until just before Congress adjourns in June. For by then the "natural" theory of revival can be measured by the facts.

THE "SPENDING SCHOOL" had originally thought in still vaster sums—as much as $5,000,000,000 a year for five years. The magic was not to be in the five-year idea, reminiscent of Russian planning! The idea was that spending cannot have full psychological influence if the community does not know that more money lies waiting after the year's appropriation is exhausted. Much of the spending so far has not been stimulating because it was patchy, and the busi-

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ness community felt it would not have a lasting effect. The reduction from $25,000,000,000 to $12,000,000,000 has been made not with an eye on economy but on the idle resources of the banks, which are calculated to amount to the smaller figure. The Treasury Department apparently is considering long-term bonds as the eventual way to finance the program, and hopes to borrow most of this money at present low interest rates, though in the last of the five years, if revival is in progress and money is in demand, the cost of government borrowing will increase. It is not certain how many persons can be put to work in a year by the expenditure of $2,400,000,000. At $1,200 a man, the number is 2,000,000, and if the Keynes theory is correct, for every man directly given employment another man, perhaps even two men, find work. That would be 4,000,000 jobs at least, but not more than 6,000,000. Unless such spending produces revival all around, it will not solve unemployment. We still shall have to count on supplementary methods to replace direct relief. Ultimately the spending school wants to do away with unemployment insurance on a large scale and take up the slack in business with an elastic public-works program, kept in being for the purpose. This conception will not make smooth going in the next Congress for an unemployment-insurance program which needs for success, first of all, a profound conviction that it is essential to the continuance of American civilization.

THE PREVAILING political winds are blowing through American university halls with increasing force; and there is no doubt that the conflict between reaction and radicalism on the college campus is growing sharper day by day. At the College of the City of New York, where the student body has for years been notably independent in its thinking, there has been a continuous round of protests, suspensions, picket lines, and arrests, followed by further protests, ever since a group of Italian students, who were clearly representatives of Mussolini's fascist state, were received with university honors by the college authorities. The resentment of the student body reached a climax in the declaration of "Oust Robinson Week," in the course of which eighteen students were arrested for picketing the home of President Frederick B. Robinson.

OUT WEST, where everything, including repression of free speech, is a little stronger, five students, four of them important student officers, were suspended from the University of California at Los Angeles for radical activities in connection with the National Student League. The particular issue was the determination of the student body to run an open forum free from faculty domination, in this instance a forum on the California campaign. It is significant that all the students suspended were of high scholastic standing. It is perhaps also significant that the student vigilantes who soon afterward began patrolling the campus with the avowed intention of driving out radicalism "with force if necessary" were recruited from among athletes. The Los Angeles affair was taking on all the aspects of a reign of terror, and Provost Ernest C. Moore had already sought the well-known last refuge of the scoundrel by appealing to all universities to "become active helpers of the United States in its day of difficulty," when President Robert Gordon Sproul, who heads both the Berkeley and the Los Angeles branch of the university, arrived to make a personal inquiry, after which four of the five were reinstated. Meanwhile the University of Santa Clara has announced the expulsion of the editor of the campus weekly for publishing an anti-war editorial. The American college student seems to be in a fair way to learning a few of the facts of life.

THE MOST RECENT COMMUNIQUES from the German church-front indicate that the repulse suffered by the Nazis in their attempt to "coordinate" the Protestant churches has been turned into a complete rout. On three separate occasions Hitler postponed receiving Reichsbishop Müller, to whom he was to have given the oath of loyalty to the *Führer*, and it is now an open question whether Müller will ever formally be taken into the official family. A few days later Dr. August Jäger, the Reichsbishop's legal adviser and right-hand man, was summarily removed from all of his various offices. This was followed on October 30 by Hitler's reception of Bishops Meiser and Wurms, the two deposed leaders of the insurgent "Independent Confessional Church," and their restoration to office. While these concessions have fully reconciled the small group of churchmen who are organized in the pro-Nazi German Christian Society—who also found Dr. Jäger more than they could stomach—they have by no means healed the breach in the Protestant church. It is highly possible, however, that Hitler may swallow the last vestige of his pride, admit his defeat, and turn the church back to the clergy. But embarrassing as all this must be to him personally, there is little reason to believe that the conflict has seriously undermined Hitler's position. From the outset the insurgents have made it quite clear that theirs was a fight for ecclesiastical, not for political liberty.

THE BATTLE OF ALBANY, one of the more sanguinary episodes in the War of the Depression, in which policemen used their clubs so freely on a hundred hunger marchers that eleven of the marchers had to be carried off to the hospital, has resulted in a few sober second thoughts on the part of local and State officials. Governor Lehman announced, after hundreds of protests had reached him, that "peaceful and orderly assembly and petition" would be permitted. Major John A. Warner, Superintendent of State Police, offered the protestants trucks—which they refused—to take them back to New York City. And the Mayor and Acting Mayor of Albany made haste to explain that the marchers had started the fight and the poor beleaguered policemen had merely acted in self-defense. Until we have more convincing proof than the word of the police themselves that the row was begun by the marchers, we prefer to believe the affair merely another of those occasions in which the police lost their heads and a group which intended to make a perfectly lawful protest to the proper officials got theirs bloodied by night sticks. A similar affray took place in Denver on the very same day and under almost the same circumstances. The staff correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune* reports, without any documentation, that "most of the marchers were Communists." Whether they were or not before the battle took place, it is likely that most of them are now. There is probably nothing more nicely calculated to make a Communist out of a relief protestant than a head which has felt the force of a policeman's club.

President Butler and Fascism

THE NATION has received the following communication from President Butler, denying the charges contained in the article Fascism at Columbia University, printed in *The Nation* last week:

A reading of the anonymous article in *The Nation* of November 7, to which my attention is directed by your letter of October 30, makes it plain that *The Nation* has been imposed upon. This article is one more exhibition of the prevailing tendency to persecute, even maliciously, anyone whose opinions or supposed opinions differ from those of the writer. The article is a curious hodge-podge of falsehood, misrepresentation, and half-truth, with the result that it ends in utter nonsense.

No member of Columbia University is ever questioned as to either his political opinions or his religious beliefs. These are matters for himself alone. The university concerns itself with character, scholarship, teaching power, and personality. There is not now and never has been any attempt on the part of the distinguished scholars, so recognized on either side of the Atlantic, who are responsible for the conduct of the university's work in all that relates to Italy to discriminate against anyone, either teacher, student, or visitor, because of his political opinions, which, indeed, are usually unknown. On the contrary, these scholars have promptly declined every suggestion that action of this sort be taken when made to them from sources outside the university.

The Casa Italiana, which is the generous gift of men and women of Italian origin living in New York, is wholly without political purpose or significance. In this respect it does not differ one iota from Schermerhorn Hall, the scientific laboratory building upon which it looks. The Casa Italiana is admirably equipped for the study and teaching of all that relates to Italy and its civilization—the history and geography of the country, the language and the literature and the art of its people, together with their social, economic, and political institutions as these have developed through the centuries. In all that concerns scholarly endeavor it stands to Italy in precisely the same relationship that the Maison Française stands to France, the Deutsches Haus to Germany, the Casa de las Españas to Spain, and the coming Japanese House to Japan.

The article to which you direct my attention mentions the names of Count Sforza and Senator Croce, both of whom are my warm personal friends and constant correspondents. Count Sforza, a distinguished European statesman of high rank and large experience, has often visited us on Morningside Heights and will soon do so again. If his engagements permit he will certainly speak at the Casa Italiana within a few weeks. Senator Croce, who is the outstanding philosophical mind of this generation, has frequently been invited to Columbia but has not been able to accept our invitations. Only within the last few days has he finally decided that he cannot arrange to come to the United States in the near future, on the invitation of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, in order to address the American Historical Association on the occasion of its annual meeting at Washington in December next. Had Senator Croce been able to accept that invitation, he certainly would have spoken at Columbia both to our students of philosophy and to those of Italian.

Senator Guglielmo Ferrero, whose name is also mentioned in this article, was invited by the director of the Casa Italiana in person to speak at the Casa, but was compelled to decline to do so. Signor Ferrero, however, accepted an invitation to lunch here as the guest of the Casa Italiana and met a number of members of the university faculties.

The Casa Italiana has entertained in its rooms Jews and Catholics, fascists and non-fascists in large numbers. No inquiry has ever been made as to the political beliefs of any one of these guests. Among the well-known anti-fascists who have recently received prolonged hospitality at Casa Italiana are Signor Max Ascoli and his wife. Signor Ascoli is now a professor at the New School of Social Research.

Professor Arthur Livingston, to whom reference is made, is one of our most valued scholars, and has for some years been classed as a member of the Department of Romance Languages with the group in French rather than with the group in Italian for budgetary reasons only, and without the slightest reference to any political opinions that he may hold. At the moment he is directing the work of candidates for the degree of doctor of philosophy whose major subject of study is Italian, and he is carrying to completion a translation of the monumental work of the outstanding Italian social philosopher, Pareto.

The Department of Italian at Columbia as now constituted has been in the habit of recommending for appointment to professorships of Italian in other institutions outstanding scholars, always because of their fitness and without any regard whatever to the fact that they might have publicly made anti-fascist declarations. One scholar, in particular, who was appointed not long ago to a professorship elsewhere on the recommendation of our department was a signer of Senator Croce's well-known manifesto.

The Nation's anonymous contributor is singularly misinformed as to the director of the Casa Italiana. When Professor Prezzolini first came to Columbia more than ten years ago as a member of the staff of the Summer Session, it was Professor Livingston who had suggested and urged his appointment because of his reputation in Europe as an outstanding scholar and man of letters. Those who supported this proposal were assailed at that time for having invited to this country so conspicuous an anti-fascist as Professor Prezzolini. When Professor Prezzolini was named director of the Casa Italiana, he occupied the distinguished post of chief of the literary section and of the information section of the Institute of International Cooperation of the League of Nations at Geneva. It may be of some interest to know that he was elected to that post by the votes of all the members of the League of Nations with the exception of Italy and Paraguay.

I can only repeat that *The Nation* has been imposed upon by a contributor who fails to accept public responsibility for his misstatements. My answer to your question is that Dr. Butler will not act for the convincing reason that there is nothing for him to act upon.

[Signed] NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

The Nation received President Butler's letter with mingled feelings of satisfaction and sorrow: satisfaction because the letter itself is a complete refutation of the charge that *The Nation* has been imposed upon; sorrow because it is clear that Dr. Butler has been grossly deceived by subordi-

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nates in whom he has apparently trusted. Dr. Butler has been imposed upon, not *The Nation*. Despite its sweeping denials and general assertions, Dr. Butler's letter with its numerous irrelevancies fails to answer or even to mention many of the specific points made in the article on Fascism at Columbia University and the editorial which accompanied it in last week's *Nation*. Among these are the following:

1. That the Casa Italiana has refused to permit in its publications any opinion at variance with fascist doctrine.

2. That such noted Italian liberals as Count Sforza and Professor Salvemini have never been invited to speak at the Casa whatever visits any of them may have made to the university.

3. That Professor Prezzolini, director of the Casa and former liberal journalist, in 1933 announced outspoken support of Mussolini and fascism.

4. That Professor Riccio's dissertation linking Prezzolini and the *Voce* movement to fascism was "fraudulent in conception and execution and could not have borne the imprimatur of a university unless special pressure was at work."

5. That Prezzolini was aware of the purpose and nature of this dissertation and aided in its publication. (Here let us state that we have learned that the printing of Professor Riccio's scandalous dissertation was subsidized by the Casa Italiana.)

6. That Professor Riccio was secretary of the committee in charge of arrangements for the recent visit of the Italian university students to this country and that on October 23 he received a medal from the Italian government for his services in its behalf.

7. That an intimate association and regular correspondence exist between the Italian Embassy at Washington, the Italian Consul-General's office in New York, the office of the *Fasci all' Estero* of Rome, and the Casa Italiana.

8. That student gatherings for the purpose of discussing fascist rule are forbidden at the Casa.

9. That the real purpose of the Casa educational bureau is to carry on fascist propaganda among the Italian American population of New York.

10. That the Consul-General's office last year gave $3,000 to the Casa, and that the Italian government originally donated most of the furnishings.

11. That the *Italy-America Monthly*, the official publication of the Casa, is frankly fascist in character, that it has not once carried a controversial article in its nine months of existence, and that its leading article has consistently been written by Beniamino de Riti, a fascist propagandist who is not affiliated with Columbia University.

Let us now deal specifically with the denials and counter-charges contained in Dr. Butler's letter.

1. The reason for the anonymity of the article will be obvious to anyone who understands the methods employed by fascist agents and organizations. The identity of the author is known to *The Nation*, his reliability is beyond question, and he is prepared to accept responsibility for his statements if any legal challenge is offered.

2. Dr. Butler calls the fascist professors mentioned in the article "distinguished scholars, so recognized on either side of the Atlantic." Professor Riccio's dissertation would hardly entitle him to this rank. His dissertation has been sharply attacked as a miserable fraud. (See Professor Gaetano Salvemini's article in the Belgian review *Res Publica*, December, 1932, Brussels, and the pamphlet issued last year by Carlo Rossi and Antonio Marchi, "An Academic Scandal at Columbia University.") Has Dr. Butler ever read either the dissertation or the pamphlet which demolishes it?

3. To say, as Dr. Butler does, that the Casa "is wholly without political purpose or significance" is merely to substitute an ideal for a fact. In 1926 the Italian consuls in the United States were designated as lieutenants of Il Duce himself, and all persons of Italian origin living in America were placed under their direct orders and absolute obedience was demanded of them. The Casa Italiana has been and is subject to the orders of the Italian Consul-General in New York through its director Giuseppe Prezzolini, who is still an Italian subject. All its "splendid physical resources" have been, with the exception of the Paterno Library which is a part of the university library system, exclusively controlled by the fascist group. Thus the Casa Italiana bears no similarity to Schermerhorn Hall or the Maison Française.

4. *The Nation's* contributor did not question the personal relationships existing between Count Sforza, Senator Croce, Guglielmo Ferrero, and Dr. Butler, or the fact that Count Sforza has "visited us on Morningside Heights." The article did not imply that either Columbia University as a whole or President Butler as an individual was fascist. The fact remains that, in spite of Dr. Butler's friendship and his undoubted influence at Columbia, not one of these distinguished gentlemen has ever spoken at the Casa Italiana. To say that Count Sforza will speak there in the future and that Senator Croce "certainly would have spoken . . . to students of Italian" had he come to Columbia, raises the question of Dr. Butler's speculative powers. It is our guess that, in the future, the Casa will think it wise to include a few non-fascists among its speakers, if any is willing to accept.

5. Dr. Butler asserts that Guglielmo Ferrero was invited to speak at the Casa Italiana by Prezzolini. If so, *The Nation's* article was in error on this point. However, he did not speak. Nor did the Casa Italiana, as Dr. Butler claims, invite Signor Ferrero to luncheon during his visit to Columbia. Professor Prezzolini, acting as an individual, invited Ferrero to a luncheon at the Faculty Club which was attended by "a number of members of the university faculties." This luncheon was not even under the auspices of the Casa.

6. *The Nation's* contributor did not state that either Jews or Catholics were excluded from the Casa. But what anti-fascists have been "recently" entertained there? Professor and Mrs. Ascoli were housed there for three weeks in 1931, two years before Professor Prezzolini became an avowed fascist. Dr. Ascoli's letter to *The Nation*, although revealing a regrettable error of fact, reveals also his clear understanding of the political nature of the Casa.

7. Count Facchetti-Guiglia, a leader among Italians of fascist sympathies in New York, made a speech at a banquet at the Hotel Commodore in 1927 to raise money for the Casa. He denounced Professor Arthur Livingston as an anti-fascist, and stated that no money for the Casa would be forthcoming from Italian Americans sympathetic to fascism until Professor Livingston's connection with the Casa and the Italian Department should be severed. If Professor Livingston was transferred to the French Department for "budgetary reasons only," shortly after Facchetti-Guiglia's speech, the coin-

cidence seems strange indeed. In any case, we should like an explanation of the "budgetary reasons" for Dr. Livingston's removal from the Italian Department. Might they not be related to the fact that places had to be made for two additional professors: Riccio, author of the dissertation on Prezzolini, and Prezzolini, director of the Casa?

8. Dr. Butler also states that Prezzolini was brought to Columbia by Professor Livingston and not by Professor Bigongiari. If this is so, *The Nation's* investigator was misled by public declarations to the contrary made by Professors Bigongiari and Riccio and others at the Casa on numerous occasions.

9. Dr. Butler's reference to Prezzolini as "so conspicuous an anti-fascist" must seem more humorous to us than to the director of the Casa himself. Prezzolini was indeed considered an anti-fascist—ten years ago when he first visited Columbia—but later he changed his allegiance and came out in support of the dictatorship of Mussolini, and permitted—even aided—the publication of Riccio's dissertation, which had as its purpose the reconstructing of Prezzolini's past to make it appear as a forerunner of fascism. "The Threshold of Fascism" was the title of the work. Prezzolini cannot have it both ways; since he has chosen the fascist interpretation of his life's work, we have a right to ask that President Butler do the same.

The charges made in *The Nation's* article last week were sound. The fascist control of the Casa Italiana is beyond dispute. It is a matter of grave public concern when even a single department of a great American university is controlled by representatives or adherents of a foreign dictatorship and its activities turned to partisan political ends. President Butler has refused to act. He asserts that "there is nothing for him to act upon." We have no doubt that the information he received from the "distinguished scholars" in the Italian Department only served to fortify his natural belief in their integrity and academic standing. We ask him again, most earnestly, to go behind these returns and check the facts for himself. There are impartial scholars at Columbia who could tell him the truth. If he does not care to find it out, there are others who do; undoubtedly the Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities would be happy to investigate the relations of the Casa and the Fascist Government. But that should not be necessary. Columbia should be able to clear its own name.

End of the Labor Truce

THE strike movement, after subsiding for several weeks following the "settlement" of the cotton-textile walkout, has resumed its upward course. Swept along by the butchers and meat-cutters, the retail clerks have awakened from their petit-bourgeois slumbers and are driving home recognition claims against the Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company. The Paterson silk workers are engaged anew in the conflict which started last year with the promulgation of the several textiles codes. In both the automobile and the steel industry the labor boards remain perched on quietly smoldering volcanoes which are likely to erupt at the first stirring of seasonal revival.

Thus the forces of labor militancy called into being by the Recovery Act continue to operate with undiminished vigor. Despite the President's plea for an industrial truce, despite the continual short-circuiting of strikes by an A. F. of L. leadership which has delivered its mind and will to the Administration, despite the spinning by the National Labor Relations Board of excellent theories which the Department of Justice refuses to enforce—despite these and many other paralyzing factors, organized labor's militant spirit will not down. Each new repression, far from subduing it, merely serves to quicken it over a wider area. It is clear by now—so clear that the rank and file of American labor can no longer be in doubt—first, that the President will not move to disturb the status quo in industrial relations unless driven to do so by labor pressure from below; second, that the various labor boards, although fertile in theories concerning rights and duties under Section 7-a, are powerless to compel anti-union employers to grant union recognition; and, third, that the Department of Justice will remain supine no matter how frequently and how flagrantly the statute may be violated.

A year and a half has now passed since the Recovery Act took effect, and the Administration has made no effective move to redeem the pledge of Section 7-a. The President charmed all ears with pleas for peace, but when called into direct action, he brought about sterile and specious settlements in three major conflicts—captive mines, automobiles, iron and steel. The labor boards, except for the automobile board and the first cotton-textile board, took the statute in dead earnest, construed it at face value in a long series of decisions, ran into a blank wall of non-compliance, and were brought to a pause. The Department of Justice refused to act on violation after violation: witness the Harriman and Houde cases. When it did act, for the one and only time, in the Weirton case, it bungled horribly on the first try; none of its labor experts, apparently, took the trouble to familiarize themselves with the Anti-Injunction Act.

It can be readily understood, therefore, why organized labor should once again resort to strikes. The government cannot or will not act to force organized industry into dealing with organized labor. Labor must turn, then, to *force majeure* as the only alternative. This not only has merits as a prime weapon of direct pressure upon employers, but it also has merits as a tactical maneuver calculated to drive the Administration, willy-nilly, into attempts to enforce the statute and to coax new and improved legislation out of Congress—if Section 7-a needs improvement.

The two most recent outbursts of labor unrest—the strikes of the retail clerks and of the silk workers—are symbols and portents at the same time. The retail clerks' strike indicates that the germ of union organization has now infected a class of workers previously believed immune to such a distinctly proletarian disease. The silk workers' strike indicates that code-making is an exploded panacea for labor troubles; the NRA still stews today, as it did in the summer of 1933, in the original mess of the cotton, rayon, and silk codes. Both strikes are portents of upheavals in automobiles and steel.

The government has made no move either to relieve the automobile workers of their Labor Board incubus or to rectify the original automobile code with its "equitable adjustment" of super-minimum wages, its tricky averaging of maximum hours, and the infamous "individual merit" clause. Both the settlement of March 25 and the existing code provisions are here to stay—unless upset by direct action. The Steel Labor Board has moved tactfully so far, as if to cajole the employers into union recognition, but all to no avail. It will be the old story. The board will issue decisions favorable to union recognition, the employers will ignore them, perhaps a Blue Eagle or two may flap away, and the Department of Justice will tie itself into knots finding reasons why it should not prosecute. When Judge Stacy remarked that "power is never surrendered; it is always taken away," he gave expression to a doctrine which the steel workers are likely soon to act upon. What the steel workers know—what all workers have come to know—is that by refraining from strikes they merely entangle themselves in the machinery of the "national run-around."

The Saar Plebiscite

MARSHAL PETAIN'S recent declaration that the French army must be prepared to act in the event of a Nazi putsch in the Saar Basin is but one of many indications of increasing tension throughout Western Europe as the date of the plebiscite approaches. All sorts of rumors are afloat. It is said in some quarters that Hitler intends to seize control of the Saar before the plebiscite can be held. More authentic reports presented before the League in October declare that the Nazis are planning to march into Saarbrücken immediately after the vote is taken on January 13 and before the Council can pronounce on the result. Still others assert that the Reich will act only in case it is thwarted in the election, but that it will brook no postponement in the reestablishment of German rule in the Saar should the plebiscite turn out favorably for the Reich.

Irrespective of the truth of these various rumors, there can be no question that the Nazis are straining every effort to obtain a decisive pro-German vote. It is felt that even a large minority against return to Germany would be a serious blow to Nazi prestige, since it would lead to inevitable comparisons between the results of the plebiscites in the Third Reich and the result in a German country where the vote is free. Hundreds of thousands of marks are being expended on every conceivable form of propaganda to emphasize the historical, racial, and economic ties between the Saar and the fatherland. Although barred by law, Nazi storm troopers are said to be pouring into the region, alternately resorting to pleas and threats to force the population into line.

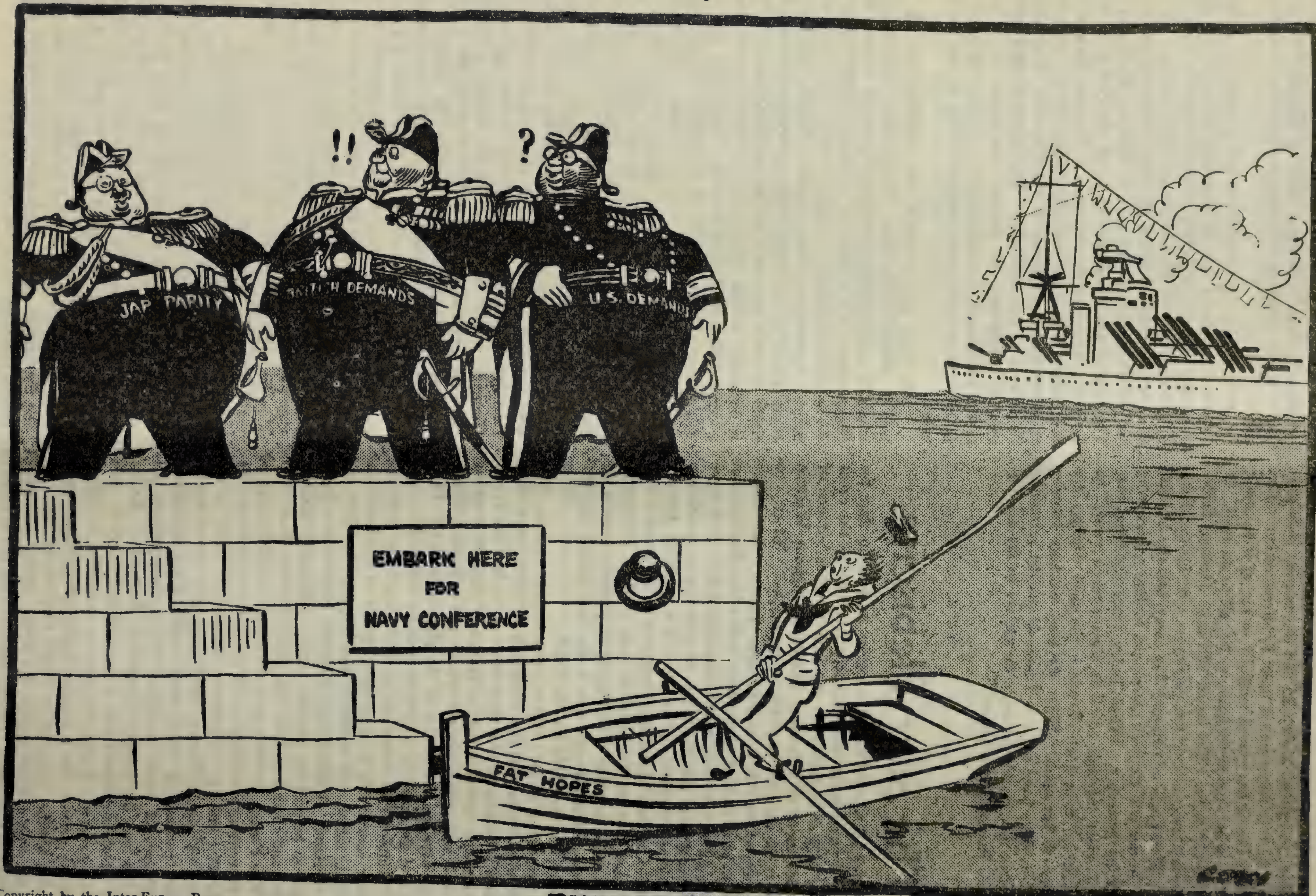
The French for their part are almost equally concerned with preventing the adherence of the Saar to Germany. Realizing that only an insignificant minority is likely to vote in favor of joining France, the French government has announced concessions which would make a continuation of League control more attractive. In a memorandum presented before the League Council in September, the late Louis Barthou declared that in case the Saar voted to maintain the status quo it would be possible to modify the existing regime to provide for a greater degree of self-government, and that another opportunity would be provided later, presumably after Hitler's demise, for a vote on the question of returning to Germany. He also asserted that in the event of a pro-League vote France would make arrangements to cede the mines to local residents, while if Germany won, the French would insist on full repayment before surrendering control.

Prior to the rise of Hitler it was a foregone conclusion that the Saar would vote at least nine to one for return to Germany. Today, according to close observers, only from 35 to 40 per cent of the electors are certain to vote for Germany, while from 20 to 25 per cent—including the Socialists and Communists—are sure to vote for the status quo. The vote of the remaining 35 to 45 per cent is doubtful, depending largely on developments in Germany between now and January 13. It is generally recognized that the balance of power lies in the hands of the Catholics, who comprise 70 per cent of the population. The recent strained relations between Hitler and the Vatican have added to the uncertainty, but should a reconciliation take place, the great majority of these votes would unquestionably be cast for Germany.

The chief danger lies in the possibility that the vote will be comparatively close. Under such circumstances it would be easy for either France or Germany to claim fraud. Registrations for the plebiscite are about 200,000 higher than the estimated number of eligible voters, and it has proved difficult to weed out those who have illegally enrolled. Already certain groups in the French government show a disposition to favor resistance to German reoccupation, by force if necessary, in case 30 per cent of the electorate vote for a continuation of League control. And there can be no doubt that a large section of responsible British opinion would support France in such a decision. Unfortunately the Treaty of Versailles itself appears to allow the League a certain amount of discretion in the matter. Article 47 provides that the purpose of the plebiscite is "to make in due time permanent provision for the government of the Saar Basin in accordance with the wishes of the population." The Annex to the Treaty further says: "If, for the whole or part of this territory, the League of Nations decides [on the basis of the plebiscite] in favor of union with Germany, it will be the duty of the League of Nations to cause the German government to be reestablished in the government of the territory specified by the League." This would appear to give the League power to make distinctions in various sections of the Saar, and since France is a dominating factor in the League, it practically amounts to giving France the right to survey the results of the plebiscite and to decide whether the Saar is to be restored in whole or in part.

In such a situation the danger of a Nazi coup is unquestionably great. The putsch, if it occurred, would probably be engineered from within the Saar in a manner to make it appear independent of German direction. But if it called forth French intervention, Germany might well consider such action equivalent to a declaration of war. To prevent such a crisis the League should make full and adequate provision to police the poll without the aid of France, which after all is one of the interested parties. And to clear the atmosphere further, the League Council at its meeting on November 21 should issue a statement making it perfectly plain that the elections will be fairly conducted and that immediate action will be taken to abide by the results, treating the Saar as an indivisible unit. Anything less may have serious repercussions on the peace of Europe.

A Cartoon by LOW



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TONNAGE PROBLEM

Issues and Men

Trains and Trains

WHEN I went through the new Union Pacific streamline train which broke the record by coming from Los Angeles to New York City in, roughly, two days and three nights, my memory flashed back to an experience I had two winters ago on a train going from Milwaukee to Rockford, Illinois. It was a two-car train consisting of a combination engine, baggage, and mail car, with a Diesel electric motor, and one passenger coach. The coach rocked so badly that I asked the conductor what was the matter with the roadbed; had it been allowed to run down as much as that? "No," he replied, "the roadbed is fine; the trouble is with the car. It is more than fifty years old." I said I had noticed the coal stoves at each end, and told him that method of heating had been forbidden by law in New York State about thirty years ago because when trains were wrecked so many cars were burned up by the coals scattered from the stoves. He then asked me what had happened to American initiative and enterprise in the railroad field. He had been reading of a fast train between Berlin and Hamburg which covered the ground at the rate of ninety-five miles an hour for at least part of the way. Why could we not do as well in America? I took a sardonic pleasure in pointing out to him that in America rugged individualism and private enterprise still controlled the railroads, while in Germany they had government ownership and operation. It quite stunned him for a moment and then he began to laugh. Afterward he confided to me that he and his associates, who are in direct touch with the traveling public, were constantly making recommendations to their superiors, the operating officials, but that they had not yet received even an acknowledgment of a single one of their suggestions for improving the service.

"We know," he went on, "that if they would give us a train that went seventy miles an hour on this roadbed, with a refreshment bar and comfortable seats, we could beat the private automobile and the automobile truck all to pieces, but I do not suppose now that we shall ever get it." He looked sadly at the few passengers on the train, and I wondered then—as I did when I saw the new Union Pacific flier—whether it was not too late for the railroads to get back their lost traffic. I know all the excuses that the railroad men make, how they are being ground between the upper millstone of the Interstate Commerce Commission, which has "deprived the railroad executives of all initiative," and the nether millstone of the Railroad Brotherhoods, which are "constantly dictating wages without regard to earning capacity." I also know full well the mischief that has been done by New York bankers in dictating the selection as railroad presidents of persons inexperienced in actual railroad management. But I recall innumerable lost opportunities for the speeding up of traffic and the modernization of trains. Indeed, when I looked at that Union Pacific flier I was struck by the fact that, after all, the coaches are just like the standard ones except that they have been compressed. The aisle between the sections is so narrow that I almost touched both elbows as I went through. I saw only one or two new devices for the comfort of passengers. Since no window can be opened, everything depends on air-conditioning. If anything should happen to that system on a hot summer's day the passengers would certainly be hard-boiled when they arrived at their destination!

Then I went back in thought to the train on which, as a small boy, I traveled to the opening of the Northern Pacific Railroad five decades ago. It was composed entirely of private coaches lent by the presidents of the various railroads. One of them, which came from the Baltimore and Ohio, was so rotten that the train broke in two going down the western side of the Rocky Mountains, with the result that the rear part caught the front part and demolished the Baltimore and Ohio car, fortunately without serious injury to anybody. But these private cars, like the Pullman coaches of that day, were hardly different from those of today. Last year at the Chicago Exposition I saw for the second or third time the original Pullman car and marveled again how little real development has taken place since the introduction of sleepers. We still astonish the European traveling public by our refusal to adopt the compartment system. These new Union Pacific Pullmans approximate the compartment idea in that the sections can be shut off more rigidly than is possible in the ordinary curtained sleeper. But when I think of the luxurious first-class sleeping cars on the trains of the Soviet Union I cannot but feel that here again the boasted advantages of rugged individualism over governmental operation are mainly non-existent. There are no such fine cars in the United States.

It is now announced that seven more high-speed streamline trains are to be built as a result of the allotment of federal loans totaling $2,270,000 to five major railroad companies. But meanwhile it does seem as if with the existing roadbeds and existing coaches trains could be speeded up. In 1883 the crack trains on the Northwestern transcontinental roads averaged twenty-five miles an hour. Probably today they do not exceed thirty or thirty-five miles, with the exception of the very fastest. Undoubtedly the cost of coal comes in here. But nothing ventured, nothing won. If the railroads are not going to speed up their trains, as the Union Pacific is now doing, to compete with the airplane and to show a marked superiority in speed and comfort to the private automobile or bus, they must expect to remain far in the rear. Moreover, they should cheapen fares. The English railroads, I notice, are continuing this winter their reduced summer excursion fares. Our American roads do not yet recognize the need of really lowering rates to meet lowered incomes—especially in the dining-cars, where the prices remain outrageously high.

Oswald Garrison Villard

War Germs in the Danube Basin

I. The Crisis in the Succession States

By OSCAR JASZI

THE five Danubian states which arose from the disintegration of the Hapsburg monarchy are so closely related that no independent Austrian, Hungarian, Czecho-Slovakian, Rumanian, or Jugoslav problem can be said to exist. The future of these people is inseparably joined. Strangely enough, the increasing misery of vast masses of the population, their inability to satisfy their most elementary physical needs, has not led to a sharpening of the class struggle, but rather to an enormous amount of hatred and distrust, the age-old atmosphere for dictatorial domination. I am convinced that the great majority of the people in the new states, with the possible exception of Czecho-Slovakia, are living under such conditions.

Of course the capitals of the states exhibit great splendor and have undergone magnificent development. One sees everywhere new quarters, with palatial buildings. But the provinces often show neglect and misery. Seeing the gigantic new post office in Kosice, an economically stagnant town in Slovakia, the tourist would not suspect that the famine regions of Carpatho-Russia lie only a few hours away. Bucharest has the most luxurious dispensaries; in smaller country towns wounds are dressed with paper for lack of cotton. Among unemployed workers and especially among the landless in the regions of overpopulation, there exists an appalling misery. This destitution has been considerably mitigated, decentralized, so to say, in those countries where a serious land reform has been introduced; but there is real famine in many regions of Hungary, where two-thirds of the people are either landless or living on a plot of from one to two hectares. In the neighborhood of Vienna, during the winter of 1933-34, one-fourth of the children could not go to school in bad weather for lack of clothes, and many of those who went had had no breakfast. But the most crying misery is in Vienna itself. One cannot walk ten steps on the most fashionable streets without meeting old and young men and women, often entire families, begging for alms, half-grown children on their knees supplicating help, even during the night and in pouring rain.

Spiridon Popescu, in a book which was honored by the Rumanian Academy, says that in some parts of his native country a whole family frequently lives in a single damp room and sleeps under a single blanket on the floor, grown-ups and children, healthy and sick together. The most elementary cleanliness is unknown. In some Jugoslav villages a box of matches is regarded as a treasure, and sometimes families join in keeping up their hearth fires in order to save this coveted symbol of modern civilization. I was told by reliable persons that often in a large village one could not find as much as a thousand dinars (about $23) in cash. But the situation is far worse in Hungary. One reads in a conservative magazine that in 1932 the income of a gainfully employed agricultural worker's family—a happy category among the unemployed majority—provided each member with about 12 to 14 fillers a day, or about 3.6 to 4.8 cents. The tragic suicide-strikers at Pecs were almost aristocrats in this land of paupers. One reads in another paper that there are great numbers of persons in villages who do not cook during entire weeks in winter, whose only nourishment is dry corn, who go to bed at five o'clock in the afternoon and sleep until nine o'clock in the morning in order not to freeze, and who search diligently for cabbage stalks. Similar misery exists among the unemployed industrial workers. The luxurious metropolis of Budapest is surrounded by the mansions of modern troglodytes, while many thousands of abandoned children are vagrant on its streets. For the disreputable job of state hangman there was a fierce competition, among the many candidates being two women and several university graduates.

Perhaps nothing reveals this tragedy more clearly than the infant-mortality figures. In Hungary infant mortality is 18.6 per cent, in Rumania 17.6 per cent, in Carpatho-Russia 19 per cent, and in Slovakia 17 per cent, as compared with 6.5 per cent in England, 7.9 per cent in Germany, and 7.6 per cent in France. The tuberculosis mortality per 10,000 inhabitants is 20 in Hungary, 18.8 in Rumania, 26.6 in Jugoslavia, and 16.8 in Czecho-Slovakia, as against 7.9 in Germany.

In analyzing the causes of this appalling situation, the chief emphasis must naturally be laid upon the evils of economic nationalism, which have become even more aggravated in recent years. The states with developed industries, Austria and Czecho-Slovakia, have established a high protective system for their agricultural products, and the agricultural countries—Hungary, Rumania, and Jugoslavia—have embarked on a program of artificial industrialization. The two groups strangle each other, and a continually growing militarism and bureaucracy compel them to continue this destructive process. Add to this in the lower Danubian states a suffocating atmosphere of corruption, a fatal inheritance from Byzantium. The system of *bakshish*—the old Turkish practice of tipping for public service—has become in Rumania almost a state institution, and the theft of public funds is a serious budgetary problem. These practices create an increasing burden of taxation, and a brutality in financial administration which has become one of the most tragic features of present-day existence. Even in such a highly developed state as Czecho-Slovakia so-called flying tax commissions have been known to appear with large vans before private homes and coffee houses to seize all valuables from the owners and guests as payment for tax arrears.

But far more fundamental than all these symptoms is the growing pressure of agricultural overpopulation. The more backward a territory is, the more rapid the growth of population. Each hundred hectares of land under cultivation must support 64 persons in Austria, 72 in Hungary, 97 in Rumania, and 114 in Jugoslavia. The gravity of this situation will be understood when one bears in mind that in Germany only 52 persons and in France only 48 live on the same amount of land, although the productivity of the

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soil is almost double that in Rumania, Jugoslavia, and parts of Czecho-Slovakia. After the World War the victorious states tried to solve this problem by dismembering the large estates—this was at the same time a nationalistic attack on the alien feudal classes—but achieved no substantial results. The movement failed not only because the growing masses tended to subdivide the newly acquired lands into very small segments, but also because no distribution of land alone could have improved matters without an adequate credit organization, a cooperative movement, and an efficient system of agricultural education.

The economic crisis of the succession states is aggravated by a constitutional one. From a world empire Austria has become a small state, in part a barren mountainous country, with an overdeveloped industry which cannot find markets. Only two real solutions can be imagined: a Danubian federation which would provide an outlet for its industry, commerce, and unrivaled scientific activities, or *Anschluss* with Germany. Vehement nationalistic developments have blocked the first road; the jealousy of France and Italy the second. After the World War the Socialists were faced with a clear-cut choice between a bolshevik dictatorship and a parliamentary democracy. Led by international considerations they chose the second. However, their program was strictly negative. "Austrian Marxism" regarded the state only as an instrument to foster the interest of the proletariat. The red municipality of Vienna did admirable work in building enormous apartment houses and other protective institutions for the working class, chiefly at the expense of the middle classes, but the feudal estates and the banks remained practically undisturbed. These elements allied themselves with the shrewd and powerful forces of Austrian clericalism and the remnants of the old imperial bureaucracy and military cliques, and utilizing the swelling ranks of the intellectual proletariat, became the organizers of the dissatisfied peasantry and middle classes. Socialism lost ground year by year, and the growing tide of fascism and Hitlerism made the hour ripe for a coup d'etat. The bloody suppression of socialism was without doubt demanded by Mussolini, for whom it meant the military *Gleichschaltung* of Italy, Austria, and Hungary. So the new *Ständestaat* was founded, which is in fact a dictatorship like the corporative state of Italy or the National Socialist state of Hitler; its form serves as a façade to deceive Western public opinion.

The Austrian experiment is less fascist than the Italian and the German, since it is without popular ideology and the armed lower middle class plays a far less important role in it. The Austrian regime is rather the reincarnation of the spirit of Metternich, the old alliance between church, army, and bureaucracy. The first article of the new constitution says: "In the name of God, the Almighty, from whom all right emanates, the Austrian people received for their Christian, German Bundesstaat this constitution."

The clever and cultivated priests, bureaucrats, and officers who control this dictatorship abstain from the loud and insipid demagogy of fascism and Nazism. They act in a fascist manner, but they do not advertise their procedure. Though the Jewish intellectual middle class has suffered greatly in Austria, there has been no unnecessary brutality in the "cleansing"; no mob riots have been tolerated, and even the bloody Jew-beating of the young gentlemen of the universities was considerably tempered. Though the new rulers are enthusiastic admirers of the Hapsburg military glory, they are at the same time nice obedient League of Nations men; they even participate in the Pan-Europa movement. They extirpated socialism, but did not considerably diminish the privileges of the working class established by the Socialist regime. They suppressed the freedom of the press entirely, yet there is no open censorship; the chief of the press merely gives telephone "advice" in a mild and cordial tone. As a matter of fact only the restitution of the Hapsburgs could give a logic, a permanency, a moral tone, to this anachronistic system. This is however highly improbable; it is categorically opposed not only by the Little Entente but also by the Hungarian rulers.

However muzzled Austrian socialism may be at the present time, it cannot be doubted that the aspirations of 700,000 organized workers will be in the long run a great factor in the future development of Austria. The blood of its martyrs has given new strength not only to Austrian socialism but to the whole Western labor movement. Had Austrian socialism fallen in the same ignominious way that German socialism fell, there would be no hope for the rebirth of the movement. The pride of this conviction animates the Austrian masses at the present time. It is clear that without the spontaneous participation of the workers the new state will always remain unstable. The government itself is beginning to understand this situation. Vast posters frequently appear on the streets of Vienna urging the workers heartily and beguilingly to join the corporative state and to cooperate with it in restoring prosperity.

Very different is the situation in Hungary, so different that the present regime would protest against even speaking of a constitutional crisis. Only a few months ago Premier Gömbös solemnly asserted: "We are an island of peace in Europe." Indeed, there is a perfect "harmony" in the cruelly mutilated country. The whole political world is united in the patriotic front of revision of the treaties which formed its frontiers. All other serious issues are sleeping, or distorted in the interest of the ruling classes. The parliamentary debates are sham fights, ably managed by the government. The government controls the elections by a strong machinery, by open ballot in the great majority of the constituencies, by a middle class subservient to the state, by rigorous control of the press, and, if necessary, by armed force.

Yet this apparent unity of patriotic public opinion does not deceive any serious observer. The Hungarian constitution is weak, a glittering façade on a feudal structure which is rapidly being transformed for fascist occupancy. When the Karolyi attempt at democratization failed in 1918-19, and when bolshevism was uprooted with the help of Rumanian bayonets, the country was flooded by a wild nationalistic wave which showed a remarkable likeness to the later Nazi movement. It was a movement of an armed lower middle class and of officers who took an indiscriminate bloody revenge against both democracy and bolshevism. But the loud demagogy did not last very long. The awakening Magyars did not possess the dogmatic rigidity or the mystic enthusiasm of their German brethren. Furthermore, with an unorganized and backward peasantry and a pseudo-bourgeoisie, the thousand-year-old feudal structure of the country, allied with a usurious capitalism, was strong enough to maintain itself. Hungary was the only country in Europe in which the feudal system was practically untouched, though the landed nobility was made almost bankrupt by the agrarian crisis and has been compelled to surrender a great part of its political leadership to fascist elements—secret military associations and pseudo-gentry intellectuals.

The real leaders of the white counter-revolution, Horthy and Gömbös, are the unchallenged masters of the present situation. Since they have filled every post in the army, the police, and the gendarmerie with their own people, and since they control entirely the administrative government and the judiciary, they no longer need to resort to open terrorism. This is why the able Gömbös repudiated the suggestion of his overlord, Mussolini, to establish a fascist state in Hungary. He does not need a fascist state, because the real ends of fascism are better served through the "thousand-year-old constitution," which is at the same time a nice instrument with which to obtain sympathy from the League and the West. (Perhaps a new loan will ultimately materialize!) And the shrewd neo-fascists of Hungary, knowing very well that Mussolini is a doubtful protector, keep other irons in the fire for German fascism and even for Western liberalism.

It is no wonder that under the duress of these economic and political problems there is widespread fear of a new war. Whereas in 1914 the masses were taken completely by surprise, now there is a general anticipation of new convulsions, the only difference being that radical intellectuals of the left think rather of social upheaval, while people of the middle and the right are expecting nationalistic wars. Perhaps nobody expressed this general nervous tension more clearly to me than a distinguished Czech psychiatrist. "The war is now latent," he said, "because the nations do not yet know who are their friends and who are their enemies. The moment they know, they will begin to cut each other's throats."

[*With the cooperation of the Social Science Research Council of America Dr. Jaszi recently spent several months in the Danube valley and parts of the Balkans investigating conditions in those regions. This article is the first of a series in which he will discuss the economic and political problems of the succession states. The second will appear next week.*]

On Being a Nuisance to Japan

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

Washington, November 5

THE naval discussions in London have proceeded with a notable absence of propaganda of American origin. The restraint has been deliberate. The State Department wisely chose not to add the pressure of American public opinion to the nearly impossible task of Norman Davis. The Manchoukuo oil incident smacked of familiar imperialist tactics, but the story "broke" in Japan. It was not, as it looked, an attempt to demonstrate to this country that Japanese predominance in Asia is banging shut the open door, and that a big navy is the only possible defense for Standard Oil in the Orient.

But one day soon America probably will read that the naval talks have been "indefinitely postponed," and will be asked to accept the consequences of breakdown without having seen the issues while the talks were in progress. These are fundamental talks. They touch bottom in an important phase of American foreign policy, indeed of America's entire behavior as a great nation.

We are asking Japan to accept continuance of naval inferiority. Japan is asking us to accept naval parity. Our demand is not that Japan should be so weak that we can veto her in Asia. In theory, Britain and the United States ought to be strong enough to do that now. In fact they cannot, as they discovered after the collective denunciation of Japan by the League Assembly, nor can they hope to at the present cost of warships. The inferiority we ask of Japan is not inferior enough to matter much. In the last analysis, we could not expect to win a war from Japan in short order. All we can hope is, without a war, to retard Japanese expansion, and to limit somewhat the Japanese Monroe Doctrine in Asia. Even this is only a hope. Has the strength of the American navy, or of the combined British and American navies, so far restrained Japan on the continent of Asia? No one can answer with certainty. Perhaps it has. Yet for this "perhaps" we pursue our present naval policy, we fight to retain costly battleships and aggressive aircraft carriers, and we allow the military dictators of Japan to tell the Japanese people that we are planning a war.

American policy would be at least intelligible if we were asking effective superiority over Japan. Then we could explain that we have undertaken to be big brother in Asia, and intend to patrol that part of the world, knocking all bullies off the sidewalks and, while cowing them, giving our business interests the inside track. This would be the comprehensible imperialism. Instead, we are playing the far smaller game of being a nuisance to Japan. We agree that we shall not be strong enough to stop her. But we want her to be weak enough perhaps to pause and consider every time she makes a new move in Asia.

Admittedly, this statement of our policy is only part of the story. One must examine the alternatives. The "big brother" policy does not come into consideration, since nobody wants it in America. That leaves only two other possibilities—to sign a naval treaty conceding parity to Japan, or to concede parity in effect simply by dropping treaty control of armaments with Japan.

Signing a treaty containing parity would be like ratifying Japan's Monroe Doctrine in Asia, and it is out so far as the State Department is concerned. It is not in line with our actions so far. We refused to recognize Manchoukuo, and we would refuse to recognize a parity which meant Japanese supremacy in Asia. We might actually tolerate parity, that is, do nothing about it, but we would not sanctify it by signing a treaty. It isn't as though Japan could conceivably become strong enough to menace American security. We are in no danger ourselves. But we are not going to sign away our interests in the Orient in a public ceremonial.

The other choice is to make no treaty at all. Perhaps this is what the State Department foresees, and our claim to a "nuisance" fleet is not meant too seriously. But this is not the impression I am given here. It appears that the nuisance-navy conception is taken in earnest. And that would mean that even if there were no treaty, there probably would be official encouragement to build to maintain the five-three ratio. In other words, we are not bluffing in London.

Probably the talks will break down. Britain would like to play that happiest of her roles, the "honest broker," this time between us and the Japanese. But her attention is focused on Europe and the German menace, and the difficulties of maintaining a two-Power standard. Britain does not want to agree to full formal parity for Japan, for then France might claim it, and after France Italy, and after Italy Germany. She has vital interests in Asia, far greater than our own. She owns territory there. Her prestige is involved in a way ours is not, for weakness in China would make her weak in India and wherever her rule is dependent on her subject races believing her strong. Yet since she cannot afford to outbuild Japan or to join us in a victorious war in the Far East, she can only go through the embarrassment of being sweet to Japan, hoping in that way to safeguard Hong Kong and British rights in the treaty ports. Ultimately, too, she wants to wring trade concessions from Japan. The British have little scope for honest brokering.

Japan is expected to renounce the Washington treaty, getting a free hand in building capital ships and aircraft carriers, after our refusal to abolish them or reduce their size substantially. Norman Davis can say that without a Washington treaty we shall be free to fortify our islands in the western Pacific. But this is only talk. So far both he and the British are pressing the Japanese to produce figures showing what they really want, as though it can be told in figures. The Japanese want parity as an idea. In particular they want China to know that they no longer are inferiors by their own treaty signature. The only point to the London talks may be to make the Japanese feel they have had the opportunity to say whatever they please, since an agreement is out of the question.

In pressing the Japanese to continue to accept inferiority, we put forward two justifications. We say we are pursuing the treaty method in arriving at armaments. We say, too, that we still hope for collective action to restrain Japan, and that our navy, if not weakened, is a vital factor in it. Undoubtedly the treaty method is worth every effort. But a treaty must embody an accord, and this time an accord is not possible without a surrender we are not likely to get. As to collective action there should be no illusions. When the Assembly of the League condemned Japanese aggression and pledged itself not to recognize any changes it had achieved, that was the best to be had in collective action in the world of today.

If the talks break down, nothing can happen until 1936, for the London treaty does not expire till then, and another conference has to be held before the Washington treaty can go into the discard. Thereafter Japan might decide not to build to parity. Already there are suggestions of informal promises to this effect. That would make matters simple for us. We then could hold to the navy of the Washington and London treaties without a sense of injustice to anyone, and the Japanese would have the spiritual benefits of theoretic parity.

But the ultimate choice we may have to make is whether we will build to the five-three ratio if the Japanese decide to enlarge their navy. In the London talks we are taking the line that this ratio is not to be changed. We are doing this although we know that the ratio is not enough to give us the upper hand over Japan, and does not really matter. We know that parity is no threat to our security. We can argue for the ratio only on a "perhaps"—it may be that we have in some undemonstrable way restrained the Japanese in Asia, or at some future time may succeed in doing so. The danger is that the nuisance-navy idea, however illogical, will be accepted by the public as one of the traditions of American policy. Granted, it may be logical not to sign a treaty with Japan accepting parity. But there is nothing illogical in agreeing to Japanese parity without a treaty, even if it gives Japan free play in Asia, undesirable as that may be. If we cannot drive the Japanese out of Asia, or if we cannot get them to withdraw by threatening to drive them out, what use is a navy which will only "perhaps" make the Japanese "pause and consider"?

The idea of letting Japan build to parity will not be popular in those circles which like a chests-out foreign policy. To them it would mean withdrawing from Asia. Such people usually believe we have a destiny in the Far East. For them the navy is an instrument to protect the American flag, by which they mean business. Though the business conceivably to be lost in Asia by letting Japan have as large a navy as ours is at best an almost invisible fraction of our national production, such people will be delighted to go on building superdreadnoughts and aircraft carriers on the general theory that we are a big nation and must have our say in foreign affairs.

Another approach is still possible. We might forgo the capital ship and the aircraft carrier, and join Britain, Japan, France, and Italy in restricting the navy of the future to defensive types. This would be consistent with our own proposals at the disarmament conference, where we pressed to have land armaments restricted to defensive types. Giving up capital ships and aircraft carriers would render the American navy less effective in the face of the British and Japanese navies. But it would not jeopardize American security, and it would not lessen the safety of American shipping on the high seas.

The fact that President Roosevelt is known to be using the services of Chief Justice Hughes in studying the naval question is highly suggestive. Mr. Hughes will always be associated in the public mind with having initiated the first and greatest reduction in naval armaments. It cannot be stated whether the President is doing more than taking private advice from the Chief Justice. But the news came out that he had appealed to him at a time when the President himself was speaking of the need for reduction. It was not widely published but it attracted the attention of those who read between the lines.

Soon after, former Secretary Stimson appeared at the White House for lunch. He came at the President's behest. That the President should wish to consult such "elder statesmen" as we possess signifies that the naval question is not being left to routine treatment. It also may mean that the President has far-reaching ideas in mind. If they include the abandonment of aggressive ships, the news has yet to reach the Navy Department. There the talk is all of further building.

[*Mr. Swing contributes a regular weekly letter from Washington.*]

Stabilize the Dollar Now!

By MAXWELL S. STEWART

TWO years have passed since Franklin D. Roosevelt was elected President of the United States. They have been years of unusual excitement, of violent fluctuations in business, of alternating hope and despair; but despite unprecedented governmental activity, economic conditions throughout the country are practically on a level with those existing when Herbert Hoover was so emphatically turned out of office. The Federal Reserve Board's index of industrial production, most fundamental of all the business indices, jumped from 66 per cent of the 1923-25 average in September, 1932, to 84 a year later, but is now back to 71. In spite of the PWA and other recovery agencies, contracts for new building construction have been running about 10 per cent below the 1932 level. Unemployment has been somewhat reduced over the two-year interval but is considerably higher than at the same period in 1933. Agricultural production, upon which real living standards are largely dependent, is lower than it has been for nearly a generation.

There is no dearth of suggestions as to what action should be taken to meet this crucial situation. We find that pressure is being brought upon the President from all directions for steps which will aid particular groups at the expense of the nation as a whole. Perhaps the most vocal and influential of these groups are those seeking further monetary experimentation. Of these the Committee for the Nation—of Wirt notoriety—is still by far the most active. Within the past two years this organization has spent more than $200,000 in its campaign for a cheaper dollar, and is now demanding that the dollar be reduced to 50 per cent of its former gold value.

This campaign is particularly dangerous because of the plausibility of the arguments for further currency depreciation. Stated without regard for complicating factors they appear unassailable. Among the primary causes of our difficulties, we are told, is the fact that the prices of basic commodities are still extremely low in comparison with fixed charges, as well as with the prices of manufactured products. This means that the producer of raw materials must materially increase his output in order to maintain an undiminished purchasing power; it also means a considerable increase in the real burden of his indebtedness, since these obligations are invariably expressed in terms of dollars. To the inflationist of the Warren school, the key to these profound maladjustments is found in the abnormal rise in the value of gold during recent years, which may be offset, according to this theory, by the simple device of increasing the government buying price for gold.

In support of their contention proponents of devaluation have made much of the recovery enjoyed by certain countries in which the depreciation of currency has exceeded our own, particularly in Great Britain, Sweden, Australia, and Argentina, as contrasted with the continued depression in the so-called gold bloc—Belgium, France, Italy, and the Netherlands. There is a certain amount of truth in this assertion, although the contrast is by no means as great as they imply. In the case of Great Britain, however, the argument proves something of a boomerang, for while British recovery has exceeded that of the United States, Great Britain has not reduced the value of its currency to the degree that we have. The situation in Sweden is complicated by the fact that it has adopted an extensive public-works scheme in addition to its monetary policy. Argentina and Australia, primarily exporters of agricultural produce, have been favored by good crops at a time when drought has wrought havoc throughout Europe and North America. Moreover, Australia has the distinction of being the one capitalist country which has adopted an intelligent and comprehensive plan for combating the depression.

For a real test of the efficacy of the Warren theory, however, we need not go abroad. It is now a little more than a year since the President initiated his campaign to cheapen the dollar in terms of foreign currencies. During this period the price of gold has risen 20 per cent, the Department of Labor index of commodity prices has advanced 8 per cent, and the retail price of foodstuffs has also increased 8 per cent. Thus it cannot be denied that the plan has achieved at least part of its objective. But higher prices have not brought improved economic conditions. During the same period the volume of industrial production has declined 15 per cent, employment has dropped 5.3 per cent, and factory pay rolls have fallen approximately 2 per cent. In the face of such facts there is little need to enter into a theoretical analysis to show why the Warren plan could not succeed. It is enough to say that for once, at least, the economists were right.

Nor was devaluation the only monetary expedient adopted during this period. Last August, in response to tremendous pressure from the organized silver interests, the government launched an extensive program of silver purchasing, likewise for the purpose of increasing commodity prices and stimulating business activity. Details regarding the execution of this program have not been made public, but it is known that American purchases are already in excess of 100,000,000 ounces, exclusive of the subsidy given to domestic producers.

The net effect of these two measures is substantially the same. Both tend to depress the dollar in terms of foreign exchange and thus give a temporary advantage to American exporters. Both tend to drain monetary reserves from foreign countries and thereby exercise a further deflationary influence on world prices. The gold-buying program has had a particularly detrimental effect on France and the gold bloc, while China has proved the chief victim of the Administration's silver policy. French wholesale prices have fallen 7.4 per cent since the United States revalued the dollar, and the recovery process which had been well under way throughout 1933 has been indefinitely set back. Belgium, Italy, and the Netherlands have also suffered from a relentless decline in wholesale prices. In China, handicapped as it is by poverty, the absence of a strong central government, and lack of machinery for the control of currency and credit, the drain of silver is likely to precipitate a severe national crisis.

Taking the world as a whole, monetary instability has

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thus become the chief barrier to recovery. As long as it exists, no country dares to reduce tariffs or make any significant move toward economic disarmament. Unless they can be assured with regard to the future value of money, traders must confine their activity to business which offers quick returns at a relatively high margin of profit, while long-term credits, like all forms of international lending, will remain practically non-existent. Moreover, when a large creditor country like the United States or Great Britain deliberately depreciates its currency, debtor nations have no alternative except to follow suit or to adopt prohibitive restrictions on trade, thus creating a vicious circle. For whether we are nationalists or internationalists at heart, we must recognize that the economic structure of the world was built on an exchange rigidity which permitted the development of an international division of labor on the basis of comparative costs. Departure from this principle involves, at the very least, considerable readjustment of the national economic structure; at the worst, the possibility that the industrial or agricultural activities of large portions of the nation's population may be wiped out overnight by monetary manipulations. In the case of the United States the pinch has been felt primarily in agriculture. Millions of farmers, particularly in the South and Southwest, long dependent on foreign markets for the sale of their products, have become so impoverished as a result of our nationalist economic policy that a government subsidy has been necessary to save them from actual starvation. Hundreds of thousands of industrial workers have likewise been thrown upon charity by our failure to adjust our economic program to present-day realities.

Abandonment of this nationalist monetary policy, however, will not be easy. Stabilization labors under a severe psychological disadvantage as compared with inflation. It has little appeal to demagogy. It cannot promise to usher in a period of prosperity tomorrow. It is negative, in the sense that it merely constitutes a return to a previous condition which was none too happy. Moreover, the term has had the misfortune of becoming almost the private property of bankers. This fact perhaps more than any other has caused the public to mistrust all attempts to restore a sound international currency.

What is needed, of course, is something more than is implied by the word stabilization. The dollar has been maintained at a fixed gold value since January 30, but we have enjoyed few of the benefits of true stability. In the first place, the threat of further devaluation has tended to make all long-term commitments extremely hazardous, thus choking the capital market. Second, the chief advantage of stabilization has been completely lacking because of the chaos in the international field. Great Britain has allowed the pound to drift within a range of 4 or 5 per cent, while the majority of other currencies have either been linked to sterling or allowed to fluctuate independently. Chinese currency has been torn from its anchorage by the American silver policy. And in those few countries which have maintained their allegiance to gold the depreciation of the dollar has created a fundamentally unstable situation.

International action cannot be obtained without bold leadership. In the financial sphere only three countries may be considered as really influential—Great Britain, France, and the United States. If these three nations could reach an agreement on stabilization, it is likely that the other countries would hasten to follow suit. But would France and Britain be willing to cooperate if the United States took the initiative at the present time? The answer, I believe, would be definitely in the affirmative if the United States exhibited a willingness to pay the full price of recovery. Certainly the time is more auspicious than any other period since we abandoned the gold standard. France is sorely pressed, and nothing could please it more than the assurance that it need not face further depreciation of the pound or the dollar. Possibly the Doumergue government might desire to revalue the franc in conjunction with an international stabilization agreement. If so, the United States could scarcely have the ill grace to object. But public sentiment in France is much more likely to demand a retention of the present parity, and the country's enormous gold reserve is a sufficient guaranty that it could be maintained, though at a cost.

In the case of Great Britain the situation is not quite so clear. There has been surprisingly little comment one way or the other on Ambassador Bingham's recent speech in which he advocated the linking of the pound and the dollar. Nevertheless, as the world's greatest trading nation, Great Britain has more to gain than any other country from the restoration of international economic stability. If an agreement could be reached on a reasonable basis, Britain would almost certainly fall in line. At the time of the World Economic Conference, or even six months ago, no such arrangement was possible. Great uncertainty existed regarding the true purchasing-power ratio between the pound and the dollar, and as a result each country sought to debase its currency as much as possible in the belief that it was thereby aiding its export trade. It is now evident, however, that stabilization at $4.86 or even $5 to the pound could be maintained without a serious strain on either nation.

From an economic point of view the task is a challenging one. An international currency system can only be maintained where there is a reasonably free flow of capital, goods, and services from country to country. No such condition exists today, and since most of the existing trade obstructions are defensive in character it will be extremely difficult to abolish them. Here again the United States and the other creditor countries must take the initiative, for they alone have everything to gain and nothing to lose by making the attempt. Only through stabilization, the lowering of trade barriers, and the resumption of international lending can they hope to obtain any substantial benefit from their creditor position. Should the attempt fail, the worst that could happen would be a relapse into conditions such as the world faces today. Should it be successful the world could at least have a breathing space in which to attempt to work out a more stable basis of international cooperation than has existed in the past.

But it is from a political rather than an economic standpoint that the greatest sacrifice will have to be made. The whole drift of American policy since the World War has been blindly nationalistic, in sheer disregard of our own best interests. To reverse this trend will require courage and leadership of an order rarely shown in American politics. Fortunately, however, there is reason to believe that the Administration is coming to realize that there can be no purely nationalistic solution of the economic problems facing the United States. The Administration's tariff policy, the speeches of Secretary Wallace, and the recent memorandum submitted by the American delegation to the International

Institute of Agriculture at Rome are all clearly moves toward the reestablishment of a world economy on a basis consistent with the growth of planning and control within national boundaries. For lack of a realistic economic policy based on our creditor position we have suffered five years of unprecedented depression. The first step toward reversing this trend must of necessity be stabilization of the dollar—in conjunction with other nations if that is at all possible, if not, by independent action in the hope that others may follow our example.

What Business Men Think

II. The Hand of Improvidence

By WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, JR.

UNDER any deal the man of affairs of 1934 would have looked out upon a troubled world wherein trade warfare had succeeded trench warfare, and every nation was engaged in barring imports from its neighbors. It follows that the observer would behold on every continent governments trying to solve a chaotic and desperate domestic situation which was part of the legacy of the World War. This was true of the new Administration in the United States headed by Franklin D. Roosevelt. What he chose to call the New Deal was, in part, his concept for coping with an acute and threatening emergency. Without delay he displayed his courage and vigor of action by his affirmative handling of the demoralized banking situation, then on the verge of collapse. His steady and confident temper generated a new hope which was immediately reflected in national sentiment and duly recorded in the quotations of the market-place. But that episode was merely a beginning. The New Deal, being both a philosophy and a mode of action, began to find expression in diverse forms which were often contradictory. Some assisted and some retarded the recovery of industrial activity. Bold and novel experiments on the part of the New Dealers soon began to startle the conservative element. An enormous outpouring of federal money for human relief and immense sums for public-works projects started to flow to all points of the compass. The nation began to think in terms of nine ciphers. Six billion dollars was added to the national debt, thereby offsetting in an incredibly short time the farsighted post-war reduction of that debt by the Coolidge Administration in the years of plenty. A bureaucracy in Washington grew by leaps and bounds, led and manned by the faithful, eager to make history. And finally, to lend the picture the heightened academic touch, John Maynard Keynes of Cambridge, England, appeared in Washington and again commended the plan of buying Utopia for cash.

Meanwhile the old freedoms, or, if you prefer, the old anarchies, of the business world are in process of restraint. New statutes hedge about the activities of bankers, brokers, industrialists, and all those who direct the use of capital. Even the rights of sovereign States and of their individual citizens seem to be somewhat dimmed. The lines of separation of governmental functions have become decidedly hazy. The President is almost a legislator. A bureau chief becomes the judicial interpreter of administrative law. A Supreme Court justice lends his wisdom to the administrative arm. Controls, restrictions, prohibitions, and warnings become the order of the day. The American business man, once the symbol of free initiative, awakens to find himself "cribbed, cabined, and confined," shorn of much of his former prestige. If he possesses a sense of humor he must recognize, of course, that the old hand of the old dealers was obviously overplayed. The aberrations of the war markets, the dizzy height of commodity prices just prior to Armistice Day, the fantastic and frantic happenings from 1922 to 1929 explain for him the political earthquake of 1932. He is busy adjusting himself to the new circumstances as he gazes upon a situation where a huge unemployment dominates the necessities of political action, as poverty and distress on the grand scale have to be dealt with daily by the masters of the state.

Yet he finds the practical problem of producing profits at this juncture to be extremely difficult, save where government spending has happily flowed out in his direction. As matters stand today, an industrial or mercantile concern not only finds its foreign markets sharply restricted but sees its home market adversely affected by serious drought and by widespread and militant strikes. It must reckon with higher taxes, higher material costs, and higher wages. It must carry on its business in terms of a dollar that is subject to further possible devaluation. It finds the government establishing or fostering competing agencies of business, and it fears further legislation hostile to its interests. On the other hand, the talons of the Blue Eagle look less terrifying since the bluff General Johnson relinquished his efforts to do the impossible. The voluntary cooperation of business developed under the NRA should stand as a permanent national benefit. The attempt at price-fixing will presumably go to the error side of the trial-and-error column. Likewise the attempt to advance wages ahead of the effective demand for goods has revealed its futility, to say nothing of its economic unorthodoxy.

The morale of the business man is, however, shaken as he observes increasingly in the government service, and in command of vastly powerful bureaus, men who are frankly Socialists in their economic faith. For the New Deal turned out to be a tripartite adventure which looked to results far beyond national recovery. It sought a recasting of our social scheme and embodied what is termed a "planned economy." The pattern of this concept can be traced to the teachings of the English Fabians on the one hand and to the Grangers of our own agricultural West on the other. Furthermore, the drama of the Russian Soviets has lent a sanguine hue to the imagination of many of the adolescents of the left wing of the new Democracy.

The further purpose of the Roosevelt program may be seen in a series of political forays calculated to destroy the prestige and power of the notable figureheads of the Republican Party, together with their allies, and to dry up the sources of revenue which made them so formidable to the Democrats in the past. It is in this arena of practical politics that Postmaster-General Farley has played such an effective part. A chorus of protest gives voice to the charge that he has dampened the fires of the civil service and has unblushingly put place-men and partisans upon the abundant new pay rolls. In addition, it has presumably been his privilege to guide the streams of plenty, voted by a perfervid Congress, in such a way as to assist enthusiasm among the voting citizens of local communities in the forty-eight States. The gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh bestowed in the State of Maine just prior to the Congressional elections were not and will not be forgotten. The outcome of that campaign, when considered in connection with the stream of federal checks now pouring into the grain States, helps to explain the continuing control of the Democratic Party in national politics. Should business recovery assert itself strongly before Congress meets, it is possible that new and radical legislation might be held measurably in check. In default of definite recovery we may expect another outburst of demagogic profligacy which would postpone budget balancing to the Greek calends and pave the way to ultimate money inflation.

What could be done to save us from such a calamity? The President alone has the power to give effective encouragement to business at this time. The business and banking community awaits some sincere assurance that there will be less interference by government agencies with the law of supply and demand. It wants to hear that an immediate effort will be made to check the flood of expenditures, thereby insuring an honest purpose to balance the budget.

A more hopeful and even more significant move would be the early inclusion among the President's advisers of more men of high reputation and long experience in the realm of practical affairs. The responsible man of affairs, with capital at risk in enterprise, who has known the alternations of hope and fear and has come to comprehend the significance of those sequences which tie together the periods of peak prosperity and panic decline, has procured an education through experience that has in it the beginnings of wisdom. To a man of such training much of the hasty and emotional legislation of the New Deal is not only absurd but hopelessly obstructive to the government's own program of recovery. In default of some substantial strengthening of the personnel of the Administration, we can look only for a continuation of that ingenuous and venturesome opportunism which carries a gambler's risks. There is some encouragement, to be sure, in the fact that several members of the Brain Trust have been moving unostentatiously from the center toward the circumference of the political circle. As that scholar and rhapsodist, Dr. Rexford G. Tugwell, disappeared over the Atlantic's horizon there came inevitably to mind Matthew Arnold's characterization of Shelley, "Beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain!"

The democratic plan of government is not fool proof. It works very badly—panic succeeding prosperity—when it is saturated with monopoly, especially land monopoly, which shuts out the common man from the sources of production. The dangerous elements of monopoly should be eliminated by legal and peaceful means, as is entirely possible when the voting public has been sufficiently educated to understand the fundamental laws that govern production and exchange. But a mere transfer from individual monopoly to state monopoly, with its consequent regimentation and fettering of essential freedoms, can effect no cure of the malady. A democracy can be wrecked by bureaucrats, however high-sounding their ideals, who fail to conserve the nation's credit and thereby open wide the door, even if unintentionally, to the destructive forces of anarchy. When the history of our times is written, it is probable that the demoralization of the voters of the country by the distribution of floods of money from the public treasury, coupled with a false philosophy which declares that every man is entitled to be maintained out of the public funds, will be regarded as the most glaring of the political errors of our generation.

Even so, is there not some effective and hopeful means for dealing with our immediate national problems? As affairs now stand, specific recommendations seem well-nigh futile. So general has been the flouting of economic law that "confusion now hath made its masterpiece." The false price and wage levels decreed by the NRA; the disruptive and punitive character of the Securities Act and of the Stock Exchange Act, with the consequent starving of the heavy industries; the prentice work of the New Deal surgeons upon the corpus of the public utilities—all suggest that time and reflection must first be permitted to color the thought and action of the Congress, the Cabinet, and the Chief Executive.

We may be grateful, however, that some measure of recovery from the depths of depression is evident throughout the world. This tendency should help to carry us gradually, if haltingly, forward.

[*This is the second of a series of four articles by business men discussing various aspects of the New Deal. The third will appear in an early issue.*]

In the Driftway

THE Drifter's editorial colleagues have already commented with typical solemnity on the Old-Age Revolving Pension Plan, sometimes called the Townsend plan, of rewarding men and women over sixty with a monthly stipend of $200. They must, of course, agree to renounce any private income they may have, they must not engage in any remunerative work, and they must spend their whole pension in the United States before the next monthly check comes due. For various reasons, at any age, the Drifter is outside these considerations. In the first place, although he has picked innumerable places to which, in his declining years, he might repair, in no one of them would it be even remotely possible to spend so much money in the space of thirty days. He would not, presumably, be expected suddenly to assume the support of a family. And for himself, an elderly retired Drifter in reasonably good health, $200 would last not one month but well on to six. What would undoubtedly happen, in the case of the oldsters so suddenly enriched, would be that their pension would go for gewgaws for their grandchildren. But since, as a result of the revolving pension fund, the depression would be over and everybody would be in funds once more, the little darlings would be merely still more spoiled by grandpa's presents, which would be returned with thanks by a determined parent.

PERHAPS the brightest promise of the Townsend planners is that "society would be able to utilize one of its most valuable assets, the brains and experience of old people, now dissipated in the task of keeping body and soul together." To which the Drifter answers, "Pish!" The number of men, and women too, who have not completed their best work by the time they are sixty—whether under the duress of economic necessity or not—could be set dancing in a row on the point of a needle, along with the angels that were formerly thought to frolic there. Some of the Drifter's best friends are over sixty. They appear to be in full possession of their faculties and even to enjoy life in a quiet and eminently satisfactory way. But as an active and valuable asset to society—that is another matter. Consider the great in almost any field: At sixty Chaucer was dead, as Shakespeare was at fifty-two; Milton finished "Paradise Lost" when he was fifty-eight; Leonardo lived to be sixty-seven, but he spent his last years merely in accepting the adulation which he had so richly earned in his youth; Harvey at thirty-eight had begun the lectures on the circulation of the blood which made him famous; Machiavelli died at fifty-eight; Jane Austen at forty-one; Tolstoy at sixty had long since finished his greatest works; Keats and Shelley are too obvious examples to need more than mention. The exception of Thomas Hardy, who was still writing poetry of high rank at eighty, merely proves the rule. No, let us be very clear about our old-age pensions. They would make more pleasant the last years of those persons who received them, they would lift a financial burden from those young persons who had formerly to support old ones, they would create new jobs; but that they would enrich the world by new works of art or of science, or even by workable new ideas, the Drifter very much doubts.

* * * * *

ON at least one other point he takes issue with the exponents of Dr. Townsend's particular Utopia. "Assurance of safety in old age," they assert, "would abolish the tendency of hoarding and selfishness which now clog up the circulation of money." The Drifter has another pish for that. Men hoard—when they do—because they are by nature miserly; they make desperate attempts to accumulate wealth because they like wealth, today, not at sixty; and they are selfish as God made them, not with any idea of keeping themselves safely in their old age. There are, in short, many difficulties about the Townsend plan. The most difficult of all, Where Would the Money Come From? the Drifter is content to leave to his more serious-minded colleagues.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

"Women and Wages"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The article by Alma Lutz on Women and Wages in *The Nation* for October 17 reflects the usual abstract and theoretical point of view of a small number of professional women with respect to labor legislation for industrial women. In their eagerness to establish the rights of women in general, the opponents of protective legislation for women workers would sweep away the barriers against exploitation and oppression which have been slowly erected through long years of effort on the part of persons close to workers and on the part of the workers themselves.

As to the minimum wage becoming the maximum, this has not occurred in any State in this country or in any nation in Europe. In times of widespread unemployment the difference between the highest and lowest wage levels shrinks because minimum wages are pegged and kept from sagging to bottomless depths, while the higher wages are not so controlled and therefore sink under the pressure from the vast reservoir of unemployed. It is important to note that under NRA codes it is in such notoriously sweated branches of industry as cotton textiles and cotton garments that the differential between minimum and maximum wages has shrunk. That the minimum wage has substantially helped workers in even the most substandard industry is obvious when we contrast the average hourly wage of 22 cents for cotton-textile operatives in February, 1933, with the average of 37.6 cents in July, 1934.

It is absurd to quote California experience under minimum-wage legislation as an argument against such laws. In the spring of 1933 at a legislative hearing on a bill designed to change the set-up and decrease appropriations for minimum-wage enforcement, there was overwhelming support by workers, social workers, and employers for increased efforts to enforce the law. A friend of mine present at the hearing wrote me at the time, "The whole consensus of the meeting was that the minimum wage must be preserved."

Citation of the adjustment in the Oregon minimum-wage decree for women in canneries during the depression is simply proof of the flexibility of minimum-wage laws. In contrast to the 22½ cents an hour guaranteed to women cannery workers in Oregon, the Consumers' League of New York disclosed by an investigation made in the summer of 1933 that three-fourths of the women in the canneries covered were making 12½ cents an hour, and some were making even less.

Miss Lutz apparently is unfamiliar with the fact that the New York minimum-wage law is applicable industry by industry, and that the only wage board yet set up is for the laundry industry. The law provides a trial period of nine months before a wage decree becomes mandatory. Reports of the New York Department of Labor indicate a substantial rise in the average weekly rate of pay for laundry workers after the decree went into effect, and this notwithstanding the fact that hours had been shortened. More money was made in less time.

It is impossible to discover where Miss Lutz got her figures when she states that "average earnings for women in New York City are as low as $9.93 a week, and in the rest of the State as low as $4.29." She does not give the date or source of these figures nor the occupations they cover. The Department of Labor informs us that in July, 1934, average weekly earnings of laundry and dry-cleaning employees were $13.98 for the State and $14.38 for New York City.

Again, Miss Lutz is not sufficiently informed when she cites the threat of North Dakota employers to replace women with men if required to pay the minimum wage. The Commissioner of Labor of North Dakota wrote us after this threat was made that it was an empty gesture and that no women had lost their jobs.

Space forbids listing the more than seventy local, State, and national organizations that supported the New York minimum-wage bill, many of them including large numbers of industrial women. The newspaper roster of organizations opposing the bill shows several business and professional women's groups but only two groups of employees of business concerns, the members of one of which were almost certainly coerced by threats of dismissal if they did not take this position.

New York, October 27 LUCY R. MASON,
General Secretary, National Consumers' League

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An Anti-Fascist at Columbia

To the Editors of The Nation:

I find in your article Fascism at Columbia University, in *The Nation* for November 7, a statement which is not quite correct. Your investigator writes: "The Casa has several rooms for Italian visitors to this country, but none except fascists have been housed there." I was, with my wife, a guest at the Casa Italiana in October, 1931; at that time Professor Prezzolini had not yet declared himself a supporter of fascism, while my anti-fascism was well known to him as it was to everyone who came in contact with me. Other anti-fascists and non-fascists were housed at the Casa Italiana until the end of 1931; about the following period I am not informed.

But I must say that after the laws were passed which imposed the fascist oath and membership in the Fascist Party upon Italian university professors, the gap between fascist and anti-fascist intellectuals abroad became so wide as to leave no possibility of an intermediate position or any safe ground for personal and academic intercourse. Italy being what she now is, the Casa Italiana could not help being a center of fascist propaganda. However, it is only fair to demand a certain regard for the elementary requirements of scholarly integrity from the people of the Casa Italiana, and an unremitting vigilance on the part of the authorities of Columbia University. To the attainment of these goals your campaign is a timely contribution.

New York, November 3 Max Ascoli

A Correction from Louis Fischer

To the Editors of The Nation:

In my article A Trip Around Russia in *The Nation* for October 31, I wrote that the Soviet Union had exported 27,000,000 tons of wheat in 1933-34. I copied the figure wrongly from the London *Times*. It should be 27,000,000 bushels, and bushels in the next sentence, too.

Moscow, October 17 Louis Fischer

Contributors to This Issue

Oscar Jaszi was Hungarian Minister of Nationalities in the Karolyi government. He is now professor of political economy at Oberlin College.

William Lloyd Garrison, Jr., is a recently retired investment banker.

H. L. Mencken is well known as author and editor.

Philip Blair Rice has contributed reviews and critical articles to *The Nation* and the *Symposium*.

Sidney B. Fay is professor of European history at Harvard University.

Ernest Gruening, a former editor of *The Nation*, is chief of the Division of Territories and Island Possesions of the Department of the Interior.

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Labor Notes

The Old Men Win

THE recent election of officers in the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers resulted in a victory for the conservatives. The race was close, with several rank-and-file candidates losing by a few hundred votes. Only 5,300 members voted in the election. There are at least 35,000 members in the union. Some of these have paid dues, some have paid in part. A member's dues must be paid in full before he can vote. A conservative was elected vice-president of the Industrial Division, a new office created by the last annual convention, which was dominated by the rank-and-file leaders. A sixty-year-old member of a defunct lodge was elected assistant secretary-treasurer, an office which has been vacant since 1931. Mike Tighe has been an officer since 1898, president since 1919. He will be seventy-nine years old if he lives out his two-year term. Ben Davis, feeble-minded editor of the *Amalgamated Journal,* has held the position since 1899, although his son does the actual work of putting out one of the worst labor publications of the country. Shorty Leonard, secretary-treasurer, has held the office since 1919. Tom Gillis and Ed Miller, vice-presidents, are virtually newcomers, since both are starting only their sixth year in office. John Savage, resident trustee, who is also the janitor in the union's building, was unopposed. Al Armour, rank and filer, was elected a trustee. The other trustee is a conservative.

Each steel district has an organization committee which is powerless to act, according to the union's rules, and is supposed to meet for educational purposes. These district committees are controlled by the rank and filers, voting membership being based on five members for each lodge regardless of size or dues-paying members. The conservative leaders of the steel workers are unwilling to conduct a massive organizing campaign, and if they were willing would prove incapable. There will be a joint district meeting in Pittsburgh early in November. Will the rank-and-file leaders, many of whom are more experienced now than last June, take some power into their own hands? It might be pointed out that the Amalgamated Clothing Workers at one time was an organization within an organization whose leaders were as conservative as Tighe, Leonard, et al.

The Dock Strike Settlement

TO all outward appearances the award recently handed down by the National Longshoremen's Board brings the Pacific Coast dock strike of last summer to a successful if belated conclusion. The award establishes a standard work week of thirty hours, with a six-hour day and a five-day week. Straight-time pay is increased by 10 cents an hour to a total of 95 cents. Over-time pay is raised 15 cents an hour to $1.40. Moreover, the pay increases are made retroactive to July 1, 1934. A compromise is struck on the question of control over the hiring halls. It will be recalled that the International Longshoremen's demand for exclusive control was the fundamental issue in the walkout which began last May and culminated finally in the short-lived San Francisco general strike. Henceforth the hiring halls will be managed under the joint control of the I. L. A. and the steamship-line employers. But the award specifically provides that the hall dispatchers, the officers who assign the workers to the various docks, must be chosen by the union. This is union recognition of the most practical kind. The award, unanimous except for the dissent of the employer member on pay rates which he thought were too high, will go into effect without any difficulties of enforcement, inasmuch as the employers have already signified their assent. The longshoremen of the Atlantic and Gulf ports are now expected to make a drive for equivalent conditions. This should not be too difficult since the steamship mail subsidies provide the government with an ace card in what is at bottom a game of *Realpolitik.*

Working for the Government

THE plight of the substitute postal employee illustrates how the government can preach one thing to private business and practice quite another. The postal authorities are boasting about the surplus in postal revenues. They naturally fail to point out that the post-office economies which have produced this surplus have been achieved at the expense of the regular employees through the stretch-out and the speed-up, and of approximately 26,000 substitute postal workers who have been reduced to a starvation wage and in many cases forced to apply for public relief. The postal substitute is on call at all hours of the day or night, on Sundays and holidays. He is called only when the work is too heavy for the already overburdened regulars, and he is paid by the hour at a rate considerably lower than that for regular postal employees. Formerly the period of substituting was from several months to two years. The present substitutes, some of whom have served for from four to eleven years, are doomed to an indefinite period because in the interests of economy all appointments to regular jobs were suspended three years ago.

The extremely wretched condition of postal substitutes has resulted in the rise of a militant organization, the National Association of Substitute Post Office Employees, which has fought retrenchments in the Post Office with great energy. The effectiveness of this organization has been demonstrated by many small makeshift concessions granted by the department, the last one being the appointment, on August 16 last, of 1,885 substitutes to regular positions. It is also reflected in the attitude of the bosses—in this case, postmasters appointed by the government—toward the activities of the union.

In St. Louis Substitute Clerk William F. Hill, a national officer of the N. A. S. P. O. E. and president of the local, wrote a letter to the St. Louis *Star-Times* pointing out the comparatively small number of post-office vacancies filled on August 16 (Postmaster-General Farley's 1933 report showed that there were 20,000 such vacancies caused by death and retirement) and pointing out also that the present curtailment of services would not be alleviated until more appointments of substitutes were made and the undermanned condition of the post office corrected. The St. Louis Acting Postmaster, W. Rufus Jackson, immediately preferred various inapplicable charges against Hill, including "moral turpitude" for writing such a letter, and recommended his dismissal. In his attack upon Hill, Jackson made no reference to his connection with the N. A. S. P. O. E., but in press statements he branded the organization as "a communistic element fomenting unrest"; and he stigmatized certain active members of the organization before the whole body of substitutes as foreigners and "rats." Charges of intimidation, reprisals against active members, and the institution of a reign of terror have been made by substitutes of the St. Louis Post Office in affidavits filed with the American Civil Liberties Union, which has taken up the case on the score of constitutional rights.

The Hill case has now had repercussions in New York City, where Albert Schatzberg, another substitute clerk, has been recommended for discipline or dismissal because as a member of the organization he took part in the defense of Hill.

Books, Drama, Films

Wells Nearing Three Score

Experiment in Autobiography. Discoveries and Conclusions of a Very Ordinary Brain (Since 1866). By H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Company. $4.

THERE is, of course, no such thing as a bad autobiography. Let any man who can qualify as literate at all take his pen in hand and gabble about himself, and the result is bound to be an instructive and entertaining book. If he tries honestly to tell the truth, then at least a little of it will get into his narrative, and whatever is true about one human being, however lowly, is an engrossing matter to all others. And if he attempts to lie, then his lying, in the main, will be transparent, and his readers will be enchanted no less, for lying is always amusing. I can recall no life of a man by himself that was downright dull. I used to go to secondhand bookstores and buy the fly-blown autobiographies of Methodist missionaries, professional war veterans, eminent actors, and other such bores, but never once did I bring home a book that was quite unreadable, in the way that so many novels, and books of verse, and especially so many treatises on the sorrows of the world, are unreadable.

Mr. Wells gets a lot about the sorrows of the world into his story, for he has wasted a great deal of his time and energy trying to cure them, but they are happily drowned in his own private woes, some of them serious and the rest pleasantly ridiculous. For many years he had very bad health, and against it he struggled with a gallantry that he here makes light of but does not manage to conceal altogether. This gave him a square look into the abyss, and what he saw there was surely no Utopia. His two marriages turned out badly, though one of them endured for thirty years. He attempts a long analysis of them, with some aid from the Freudian astrology, but all he contrives to reveal is that his private judgment is very poor. But this is no news, for one of the chief marks of a man whose private judgment is poor is his passionate conviction that humanity would be better off if it took his counsel.

Mr. Wells has made three separate careers. He began as a biologist, switched to journalism and then to literature, and finally set up shop as a prophet. My guess is that he'd have been a happier fellow, and much more useful to his nation and his time, if he had stuck to his first choice. For his mind is essentially scientific, even when his discourse is of love and its sweet hallucinations. He is always trying to unearth the facts that lie beneath appearances, and to arrange them in orderly chains. In Huxley's laboratory he was completely at home, and if Huxley had not walked out on him, leaving him to greatly inferior professors, he would have remained there. Outside he has floundered uncomfortably, seeking facts in areas where none were to be found, and then consoling himself by imagining them, and by erecting bold theoretical structures upon their shaky foundation. It says enough about his blind groping to note that he has fallen, of late, for the New Deal, and is convinced that Dr. Roosevelt has "mental arms" that are "long."

His greatest success, using the noise made and the money earned as criteria, came to him as a novelist, but it is hardly likely that his novels will long outlive him. That he has some skill in evoking plausible and moving characters he proved in the case of "Mr. Polly," but in most of his stories the people are hardly more than sandwich-men for his current enthusiasms. That is certainly true of "Ann Veronica" and "Marriage," and it is also true, save for a few riotous moments, of "Tono-Bungay." These books are primarily tracts, and today, for all their technical virtuosity, they begin to seem as archaic as the tracts of the Fabians. Put them beside "Babbitt," and you will see the difference between a manifesto, however clever, and a human document, however imperfect. Wells plainly had a lot of fun writing them, but his inner pull was against them, and in the end he yielded to it, and began trying to reduce history to syllogisms. He succeeded publicly but failed actually, for history remains a mystery, and there is no useful clue to its secret in the "Outline."

His notion that his mind is "ordinary" is apparently sincere; if so, it is only one more proof of his unfitness for metaphysical exercises. His mind is really one of the most extraordinary that England has produced in our time. It moves swiftly and daringly, and overlooks little that lies along its path. It has an insatiable acquisitiveness, and a great deal of originality. Day in and day out it buzzes with ideas, good, bad, and indifferent. No other contemporary writer has said so many things worth hearing, though maybe not worth heeding. Compared to him, Shaw is only a kind of monomaniac. If he had remained faithful to biology he might have been another Huxley, and perhaps even a greater than Huxley. But a whole herd of Huxleys would have been baffled by the problems he has actually tackled. In that wilderness of human relations which he explores so assiduously nothing properly describable as science is yet possible, for the data at hand are still too meager, and even the most elemental laws remain to be discovered. Wells, unable to discover them, resorted to the unhappy device of assuming them. The result was some magnificent writing, but it was only writing, not science. In the laboratory there would have been better materials for so ingenious a man, and hence better chances.

But all this, of course, is only saying that the world commonly misuses its men of talent. Three-fourths of them are square pegs suffering in round holes. In the ideal commonwealth that Wells has so often envisaged (and in so many different forms) they would be sorted out more rationally, and made more comfortable. But that commonwealth tarries beyond the sky rim. While it lingers there we must be content to see natural-born evangelists performing sadly as scientists, and natural-born scientists told off to spin yarns and whoop up New Deals.

H. L. MENCKEN

Russia Weighed in the Balance

Russia's Iron Age. By William Henry Chamberlin. Little, Brown and Company. $4.

I Worked for the Soviet. By Countess Alexandra Tolstoy. Yale University Press. $3.

IT would be interesting to chart, as a statistical exercise, the correlation between the curve of Soviet industrial production and the appearance of critical or anti-Soviet books. This strange phenomenon might be interpreted in any one of several ways. A critic of the Five-Year Plan would suggest that it was because industrial progress had been attained at the expense of the masses of the people. A Communist would see in it a deliberate plot to obscure the really remarkable achievements of the Soviet Union as contrasted with capitalist failure. Possibly it is neither of these, but merely a reaction from the wave of pro-Soviet books published in recent years.

None of these explanations quite account for Mr. Chamberlin's latest book. Because of his long residence in Moscow and the general merit of his former work, Mr. Chamberlin has long been considered among the three or four leading American authorities on Soviet affairs. In certain respects his present volume sustains his reputation. It is comprehensive, up to date, and admirably written. But unlike his earlier writings, it is severely critical of recent Soviet developments. Moreover, one has the feeling, whether justified or not, of a constant, subconscious comparison between capitalism and communism, to the disparagement of the latter.

Among the specific criticisms which the author brings against recent Soviet policy, four points stand out as worthy of special mention. He objects, first of all, to the ruthlessness with which industrialization was pushed, involving, as he claims, great injustice to the better-to-do peasants and cruelty to the Soviet class-enemies. Second, he maintains, on the basis of considerable evidence, that the success of the Five-Year Plan has resulted in a lowering of living standards throughout the country, and that the price paid by the peasantry has been out of all proportion to their gains. Third, he compares the drive for industrialization under Stalin with the modernization program of Peter the Great, suggesting that both are the result of the Russian temperament and that both were forced through without sufficient regard for human values. Finally, he discerns a growing nationalism and an increasing inequality of income which suggests a return to the evils of capitalism.

Since it is impossible to take up these charges in detail, it should be pointed out in passing that other observers, fully as competent, deny that conditions such as he describes are in any sense typical. Recent reports indicate, moreover, a substantial improvement in general living conditions. Nevertheless, the fact remains that industrialization has been achieved at great cost. From the Soviet point of view the only issue of importance is whether or not the sacrifices which have been made have advanced the cause of socialism. In order to answer this question some account at least must be taken of what the Communists term the dialectical approach. With this, unfortunately, Mr. Chamberlin has very little sympathy. For him the dialectical method, which is the basis of Soviet tactics, may be roughly equated with the doctrine that the end justifies the means. Thus unable or unwilling to grasp the basis of Communist theory, which has been the secret of the amazing flexibility of the Soviet system, he falls into the fallacy of postulating the future on the basis of surface trends. This error is apparent, for example, in his assumption that the present inequalities of pay and privilege are likely to become crystallized into basic class distinctions—though contrary to all the tenets of communism. It also explains his lack of sympathy for the view that collectivization was necessary in order to uproot the growing bourgeois tendencies among the peasantry.

This does not mean that Mr. Chamberlin is wholly blind to the constructive achievements of the Soviet regime. He admits that substantial progress has been made in the spheres of education, public health, recreation, culture, and in the betterment of conditions for industrial workers. But even here he qualifies his praise by repeated accusations of regimentation and inefficiency, so that the impression is one of dubious success. As a result the picture given, with all due regard to the prestige and presumed sincerity of the author, is little more than a caricature of life in Russia today. True, most of the essential facts are there, but they are set in curious relief by the absence of more than a passing acknowledgment of some of the most significant phases of the Soviet world. Practically nothing is said, for example, regarding the measures taken for the protection and emancipation of women. There is only the scantiest mention of public-health activities, the care and protection of children, the treatment of criminals, or the noteworthy achievements in the field of science. Only on rare occasions does one catch a glimpse in the pages of the book of the spirit which animates the Soviet scene, which causes millions to forget material hardships in the joy of building a new society. This does not necessarily imply that Mr. Chamberlin has deliberately misrepresented Soviet life: he is merely unable to see the forest for the trees.

"I Worked for the Soviet" is a completely different kind of book. The author, a daughter of Leo Tolstoy, has been openly unsympathetic with Bolshevism from the outset. As a result of mild counter-revolutionary activity she ran afoul of the Cheka and served two terms in prison. Nevertheless, she tells her story simply and with few recriminations. Many of her experiences, particularly those in prison, are of absorbing interest. Although, unlike certain other members of her family, she failed to adjust herself to the new society, she is honest and straightforward in admitting it. As a frank class-conscious book, it is at least subject to none of the misunderstandings which arise from the analysis of a supposed "impartial" observer.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

Edna Millay's Maturity

Wine from These Grapes. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harper and Brothers. $2.

IN this, Miss Millay's first volume in three years, there is evidence of a remarkable transformation, of a growth not only toward intellectual maturity but also toward poetic integrity. If it continues, the change promises to be comparable with that of the earlier into the later Yeats.

One contemplates any change in Miss Millay, indeed, with mixed emotions. In these times she has been the only poet of exceptional gifts to carry on the high romantic tradition with gusto; and it is well enough to have a romantic or two about, lest we ossify. But such gentry tend either to develop or to become overblown. In her recent books the odds on the two courses seemed about even. Several poems in "Buck in the Snow" were sounder and subtler than anything she had done before, and "Fatal Interview" contained a few sonnets that were almost flawless after their kind. But the trappings of Elizabethan pageantry had come to seem definitely faded with use; and there was a forced and melodramatic note in the exchange of her earlier role, of big-hearted girl giving easement zestfully to unremembered lads, for that of treacherous queen taking her knights to bed.

On the whole, then, Miss Millay's fresh start is to be welcomed. In place of the metronomic beat of the early poems and the uncertain cadences of much of her later verse, she now writes with a tight but supple rhythm that shapes itself to the thought and the mood. The images spring from direct experience, mellowed, and often indeed slightly blurred, by reflection; or, in many instances, from science assimilated to sensation.

Several of the poems treat explicitly of the poet's break with her past. Such are Sappho Crosses the Dark River into Hades, where Sappho asks only for a quiet corner of hell unencroached upon by Phaon, and Desolation Dreamed Of, with its repudiation of romantic escape:

> I said farewell. Nevertheless,
> Whom have I quitted?—which of my possessions do I
> propose to leave?
> Not one. This feigning to be asleep when wide awake is
> all the loneliness
> I shall ever achieve.

There is also the discovery of selflessness:

> When will you learn, my self, to be
> A dying leaf on a living tree? . . .
> Has not this trunk a deed to do
> Unguessed by small and tremulous you?

The principal theme of the book is a meditation on death—death as it appears both to the individual and to the race. This theme, in the first of its aspects, has been a favorite with Miss Millay of late. But whereas the prevailing mood hitherto has been one of a rather frantic desire to cheat death of as much of

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his harvest as possible, she now is resigned to giving Charon his due, if no gratuities. "Childhood is the kingdom where nobody dies"; maturity, in Lines for a Grave-Stone, pays the dead homage without envy; and the poet's final word is: "I shall die, but that is all that I shall do for death."

This treatment of the subject from the perspective of the individual is, however, but an episode in the development of the main theme, which is the extinction of the race. Miss Millay foresees for man not an anonymous death in the "sun's bubbling bowl," nor a slow demise "lost in whistling space without a mind," but self-destruction in internecine conflict. Although the theme is treated at greatest length in the sequence of eighteen sonnets entitled Epitaph for the Race of Man, no one of them, perhaps, is as effective as the brief poem in a freer measure, Apostrophe to Man. Miss Millay has not yet altogether subdued the sonnet form to her new-found manner. Its restrictions often tempt her facility, and at times ensnare her in the conventionally cosmic. The least ambitious of the sonnets, such as X and XII of the final sequence, are the most successful.

There is, finally, an issue which I should have preferred not to raise. But it has been broached before, and it is revived by the statement on the jacket of this book that Miss Millay is "one of our great poets." The adjective cannot in any case be applied with assurance to a contemporary; there are, however, more specific reasons why those who use the word sparingly might wish to withhold it from Miss Millay's achievements to date. Her work is not rich enough in overtones and in contrapuntal cross-references to be great musical verse; nor sufficiently marmoreal for great plastic verse; nor of such comprehensive ordering power as to be great poetry of ideas. At its best, it falls just short of that intensity which is found in the highest moments even of some contemporary poetry. There is a word slightly in the way, or else the image lacks the needle point. It never quite, to use E. E. Cummings's phrase, "lifts the top of your head off." This volume, however, contains verse that is both distinguished and thoroughly honest, and it renews the possibility that Miss Millay may yet earn the stronger adjective.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

Lloyd George Takes Control

War Memoirs of David Lloyd George, 1916-1917. Volume III. Little, Brown and Company. $4.

THE first two volumes of Lloyd George's Memoirs (reviewed in these columns, December 13, 1933) covered the first two years of the war. The third deals with the difficult six months following the overthrow of the Asquith ministry, when the dynamic Welshman became captain of the ship instead of first mate (Minister of Munitions). He explains why and how he made up his Cabinet as he did, indulging as usual in spicy, if not always complimentary, comments on leading personalities. In spite of his "disinclination for revealing unpleasant public truths which reflect on distinguished public servants," he declares that the truth of history demands that people "see how reckless and unintelligent handling brought us almost to the rim of catastrophe and how we were saved largely by the incredible folly of our foes."

The first and most valuable third of his volume explains the extraordinary but characteristic energy with which he took steps to meet the submarine peril. Runciman at the Board of Trade and Jellicoe at the Admiralty, he asserts, showed an incredible pessimism and unresourcefulness in meeting the new danger which threatened to give victory to the Germans. "We had a palsied and muddle-headed Admiralty declaring that nothing could be done." Misinterpreting shipping statistics and rejecting all suggestions of civilian experts, the Admiralty brass buttons long opposed the convoy system to protect Britain's supply of food, munitions, and men from overseas. Lloyd George speedily appointed Sir Eric Geddes as First Lord of the Admiralty, and Sir Joseph Maclay, a practical Glasgow shipowner whom he had never seen but who was highly recommended by Bonar Law, as Shipping Controller. They gave the convoy system a fair chance, and it soon proved one of the most effective means of protecting merchant shipping. At the same time vigorous measures were taken to secure more tonnage by building and purchasing ships, to provide a more efficient transportation system, and to grow more food in England. How gigantic the transportation problem was may be seen from his figures: during the war and up to November, 1920, the troops, nurses, and prisoners moved by the Army Sea Transport numbered over 33,000,000, not to mention 2,400,000 horses, mules, and camels, and 49,000,000 tons (equal to 122,000,000 shipping tons) of stores and equipment.

There follow several chapters on the military direction of the war. Here Lloyd George takes the generals, especially Joffre, to task with the same vigor as the British admirals. In spite of two years of frightful loss of life in trench warfare, they wished to continue the fruitless efforts on the western front, where the enemy was strongest. Lloyd George, on the other hand, wanted to try a surprise where he was weakest—from the East or from the Italian side; but militarist opinion was too strong against him. In this connection he has some caustic things to say, in a chapter on Psychology and Strategy, about French jealousy and unwillingness to support an Italian offensive which might dim the glory of French arms.

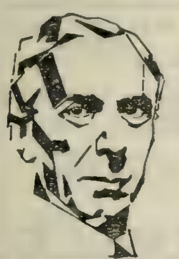
The Russian Revolution and America's entry into the war are dealt with in the closing chapters. They are less valuable as Lloyd George was not one of the principal actors and has little to contribute that is new. Others have told the story more fully and authoritatively. Yet there is much of dramatic interest in his reports of the Balfour, Northcliffe, and Reading missions to Washington, which did so much to promote harmony between the two great Anglo-Saxon peoples, and the Milner mission to Russia, which was futile because of the seething chaos which erupted into revolution a few days after the Allied delegates left Petrograd. SIDNEY B. FAY

Mexican Empire

Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico. By José Luis Blasio. Translated by Robert Hammond Murray. Yale University Press. $3.

Phantom Crown. By Bertita Harding. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.50.

THE empire of Maximilian is a unique and intriguing episode in history. It combines the elements of high tragedy, melodrama, and opera bouffe. The designs of emperors, the will of peoples, the destiny of nations, and the love, ambition, and disaster of a man and a woman are intertwined in a drama that provides a varied appeal to every human emotion. No wonder then that an enormous literature has sprung up about Maximilian and Carlotta. Much of it is autobiographical—the first-hand accounts, on the one hand, of the French, Austrian, Belgian, and Mexican participants in the attempt of Napoleon III to create a transatlantic empire, and of defenders of the republic on the other. So vast is the amount of material, much of it still unutilized in the archives of European capitals or in the possession of the descendants of principals, that the historians can reconstruct an almost hour-to-hour account of the movements and actions of the Hapsburg archduke from his departure from Trieste on April 14, 1864, to his execution at Queretaro on June 19, 1869.



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The most intimate close-up of the Hapsburg archduke is that by his Mexican secretary, José Luis Blasio. Written simply and without guile, a detailed account of the Emperor's daily routine, it is a useful portrait painted in friendly fashion. Blasio denies the stories of the Emperor's infidelity to Carlotta; yet maintains firmly that a complete physical estrangement existed between them throughout their years in Mexico.

"Phantom Crown" is probably the most satisfactory one-volume account of the Maximilian episode in print. It starts with the European origins, that is, with the underlying economic bases of intervention, and ends with the death of Carlotta in 1927. It is brilliantly written, with a keen sense of values and the proper proportions of pathos and irony. The author has read widely, although there are both curious omissions and curious inclusions in the bibliography. Recent trivial and wholly unimportant secondary works are included, but such invaluable studies as Gaulot's three-volume "La Verité sur L'Expédition du Mexique," Reinach-Foussemagne's "Charlotte de Belgique," and numerous other primary sources are omitted, nor have the indispensable Belgian archives or the less important Spanish and British archives been consulted.

Ernest Gruening

Shorter Notices

Goodbye to the Past. By W. R. Burnett. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

It may surprise a number of W. R. Burnett's readers to find him publishing a novel like "Goodbye to the Past." At the same time, it is almost inevitable that he should do so. Hitherto, Mr. Burnett has preoccupied himself with the idiosyncrasies of modern America. His novels have been peopled with gangsters, chorus girls, and prize fighters. Those who expect to meet these tabloid friends in "Goodbye to the Past" will be disappointed. His latest hero is Bill Meadows, a pioneer Middle Western industrialist who founded a fortune on a lucky strike in silver. He is a pure American product, crude, racy, imaginative, indomitable. The story begins with the death of the old hellion, still stubborn but helplessly old, in the house of his thin-blooded son. It carries him backward through days of factory strikes, horse racing, gambling, adultery, marriage, silver mining, until at length it leaves him as a rough, hot-headed kid of seventeen, fighting in the last battles of the Civil War. It is a good story, well and richly told. Tough and sentimental at the same time, it warms the heart and befuddles the mind. So high is the entertainment value of this tale of individualism, so truly remarkable its superficial realism, that it is an ungrateful act to suggest that Bill Meadows may not have been quite the lovable, gold-hearted rascal that his creator considers him. The book might have had more depth and honesty, if not more liveliness, had the author viewed his hero with a really dispassionate eye.

Our Mysterious Life Glands and How They Affect Us. By William J. Robinson. Eugenics Publishing Company. $2.50.

This book, despite its alluring title, is completely uninspired and makes very dull reading. It is an example of the poorer type of popular writing on scientific subjects, being no more than a sketchy summary of the more obvious facts. It does not at all touch basic biological principles, nor does it achieve a unified picture of the interrelations of the different endocrine glands in the general body economy. In praise of the work one can only say that for the most part the author attempts to present only such facts as have been proved according to the limits of present research facilities. There is a section on vitamins which is no better than the rest of the book.

Drama

The Grand Canal

"THE FARMER TAKES A WIFE" (Forty-sixth Street Theater) sounds British and "earthy." It is, on the contrary, very American and quite watery—being the really delightful play about the boom days of the Erie Canal which Frank Elser and Marc Connelly have made out of the novel "Rome Haul." Personally, I am not very well up on the folk history of my country, and off hand I should have been inclined to say that I was not especially keen about it, but one of the many pleasant things to be credited to this play is the fact that one does not need to be either. Its humor, its color, and its unaffected simplicity are completely disarming. Slight as it is, it creates a mood that is beautifully sustained, and it takes an immediate hold upon the affections of the spectator. Just how much Mr. Connelly had to do with it I do not know, but one seems to detect a quality of imagination somehow remotely related to that of "Green Pastures." Superficially its form is the form of realism rather than of fantasy, but actually it is delightfully fanciful nevertheless, and it has something of the innocent gaiety, of the accomplished yet never condescending sophistication, which made the charm of the earlier play.

For the benefit of those as ignorant as myself it may be said that canal-faring apparently developed a race of men and women as craft-conscious and as proud of their complicated traditions as seafaring ever did. A barge was a boat, a captain was a captain, and to journey back and forth between Albany and Detroit was to be a bold wanderer with every right to look down a bit on unadventurous folk who stayed dully at home. These "boaters" had a language and a code all their own. There were hostelries along the line where they came and went as privileged characters, and they claimed the right of the adventurous wanderer to a freedom of morals denied to mere stay-at-homes. At the very least they were "characters," and the attitude taken toward them and their rather raffish existence by our present authors is frankly if humorously romantic. Without any of the ponderousness of the professional local-colorist, they are nevertheless out to give us some sense of the picturesqueness, the color, and the quaint swagger—above all, perhaps, of the "boater's" pride in his profession and the part played in his life by a philosophy which made the Big Ditch the center of the universe, a mighty, personified phenomenon whose moods were to be regarded like the moods of the sea. What is more, our authors succeed. In their hands the day and the region become pleasantly fabulous and the story at once epic and ridiculous.

In a sense "The Farmer Takes a Wife" is robustious enough and enlivened by a great deal of very picturesque speech, but I am led to wonder whether or not anyone has ever noted the fact that Mr. Connelly is distinguished from other Broadway playwrights with whom one might tend to think of him by the fact that he is not in the least "hard-boiled." Somehow or other he has managed to escape from the tough tradition which rules our stage in so far as it is dominated by that Broadway with which he is more or less associated. His plays are never vulgar and never, like the typical product, somehow unpleasantly brassy. Below the surface of his sophistication is a delicate fancy, an essentially gentle spirit, something one would be inclined to call a kind of quaintness if it were not for the unfortunate associations of that word. It is that which in general makes the charm of his plays and that which contributes so much to "The Farmer Takes a Wife." It is romantic with a romanticism which takes one unawares, charming with a

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SMALL MIRACLE. Golden Theater. Theft, murder, and adultery in a theater lobby. For those who like thick slices of what the writers of snappy melodrama call Life.

STEVEDORE. Civic Repertory Theater. The Theater Union's incendiary but impressive melodrama of race trouble in the South.

THE DISTAFF SIDE. Booth Theater. Much charm but very little excitement provided by John van Druten's mild play about a mild English family. Dame Sybil Thorndike is the mild mother.

TOBACCO ROAD. Forrest Theater. Sub-human but fascinating behavior of the Georgia crackers.

WITHIN THE GATES. National Theater. Sean O'Caseys modern miracle play with Lillian Gish. Received with rapturous applause to which mine was not added.

charm which one does not resent because it is insidious without being obtrusive. Broadway, I suspect, takes kindly to Mr. Connelly because he gives it romance and sentiment without quite permitting it to realize what they are. June Walker is exactly right for the girl whom even love can hardly take away from the Canal, and there is a superb characterization by the vaudeville actor Herb Williams as the itinerant dentist, veterinary, gambler, and general friend to man.

"Between Two Worlds," Elmer Rice's second play of the season, at the Belasco Theater, resembles "Judgment Day" in nothing except the fact that both have a "social purpose." The latter was unremitting melodrama in which the intellectual background was taken for granted; the new play is primarily a discussion which takes place aboard a ship bound for Europe. One of the passengers is a Russian Communist movie director; two of the others are a discontented advertising man and an equally discontented girl who has nothing to do except spend money in a vain effort to find out what she wants. The movie director is not a wholly pleasant person, and there is a moment—applauded by the audience under the mistaken notion that the argument has been ended—when the girl denounces him for lacking that kindliness, generosity, and tolerance which the members of her capitalist class can claim, even if they cannot claim anything else. In the last scene, however, he explains that he and his kind have had too much to do to cultivate the minor virtues just yet, and the animals leave the ark with the feeling that they have been reoriented toward something which may possibly be communism. The setting gives opportunity for a good many bits of that shrewd mimicry of familiar types at which Mr. Rice so excels, and the bits were good enough to make at least one spectator regret that the author has come to set as little store as he has by this remarkable gift.

A new piece by Noel Coward is usually the occasion for a debate on the subject of whether his wit is real or false. Oddly enough, it is not likely to arise in connection with the musical comedy "Conversation Piece" (Forty-fourth Street Theater) for the simple reason that it is almost completely devoid of any attempts at wit. There is, however, a good deal of very pleasantly devised pageantry of Brighton during the Regency, and there is also Yvonne Printemps, who is a whole show by herself. Few other soubrettes could carry "Conversation Piece," but she does and for her sake it is worth seeing.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

October Fair

IT might be possible to discover some obscure but significant principle of order running through the half-dozen films viewed during the last fortnight; but the effort would be as exhausting as it would probably be, in the last analysis, worthless. The invocation of social categories is always a possibility, and one might write: "'The Merry Widow,' at the Astor, is an example of bourgeois entertainment of the most sophisticated and decadent variety—a last gay whirl across the ice before the bitter spring thaw. 'Miracles,' at the Acme on Fourteenth Street, is, on the other hand, proletarian to the core." But immediately one is filled with dread lest such a contrast give the impression that the first picture is bad because it is bourgeois and the second good because it is proletarian. All that these terms, used without the most elaborate amplification, make possible is a kind of tiresome game of classification. They neither describe the pictures nor indicate the quality which they achieve within their own respective classes. And since even a little description is sometimes more helpful than a great deal of classification, it seems better this week to run over the list rather rapidly and without concern for any kind of order.

"The Merry Widow." For the excellence of this resuscitation from pre-Dollfuss Vienna, Lubitsch is undoubtedly most responsible. It is true that Jeannette MacDonald sings more charmingly than ever before and that Maurice Chevalier has the tact not to sing any more than is necessary. But neither of these players would be capable of carrying a picture by himself—if that can be said of any screen player—and the manner in which their personalities are used is more interesting to follow than the personalities themselves. Of Lubitsch's directorial qualities, his precise sense of the tempo of speech and action required for comedy is perhaps most noteworthy. He has had this from the beginning, and it has never been shown to better advantage. It is what eliminates the obvious from his type of screen comedy and is therefore probably the source of his well-known suavity among Hollywood directors. A word should be said of the settings, which are neither laborious nineteenth-century reconstructions nor quite recognizably *moderne,* but an impossible blend of the two which corresponds admirably with the ambiguity of mood in the picture as a whole.

"Miracles." As a full-bodied dramatic working-out of a theme this is the most satisfactory film that has come out of Soviet Russia, or anywhere else, for quite some time. The background is provincial Russia after the 1905 revolution, when the government and army, through the chauvinistic secret society called the Black Hundred, managed to divert the workers' class feelings by stirring up hatred against the Jews. As a specimen of propaganda the film must be admired for the lucidity with which it provides the one intelligible answer for the anti-Jewish movement in all countries. But it can also be admired as a piece of consistently moving drama according to any standard. Like Pudovkin in "Mother," its director has had the wisdom to pose the social problem in individual terms, to present the social issue as an emotional crisis in the life of an individual character. He is helped, to be sure, in having a superb actor for the father who unwittingly betrays his son to the reactionaries. Essentially, the film is a tragedy of human ignorance and gullibility, and this is moving in any time or place.

"The Last Gentleman." This may be interpreted as an admission of failing powers on the part of England's and America's favorite "middle-brow" actor. It is hard otherwise to explain why the producers should have staked so much on the trick mechanical device at the end. Again Mr. Arliss is to be seen as one of those eccentric and hard-driving millionaires who really turn out to be senile angels in disguise. Mr. Arliss's facility with certain kinds of effect is undeniable—but, with the passage of the years, less and less significant of anything in particular. He is the Aristides among actors and for a long time now has earned his oyster shell.

"Little Friend" and "Norah O'Neale" give little support to the rumor that the British studios have more recently been working their way out of the fog. The first takes a try at the now old-fashioned technical stunt of presenting a story through the slowly unfolding consciousness of a child. (As a device in fiction it was first used by Henry James in "What Maisie Knew" and has hardly received a rest since.) Despite some fumbling attempts at subjective photography in the opening shots, the film exhibits the invariable fault (which even James did not altogether avoid) of all efforts to employ the method—the creation of a stereotyped and over-sensational central situation for the childish consciousness to piece together. As for "Norah O'Neal," which uses a Dublin hospital and a few rural scenes as a background for a sentimental triangular romance, it is such an amateurish affair from every point of view that it leaves Ireland, as a source for screen material, as much untouched as it was before.

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AS WE ENTER the sixth year of the depression, business activity, in the editorial words of the *Annalist* of October 19, is "almost at its extreme depth." According to Harry Hopkins, at least 16,600,000 persons received relief in September, with a substantial increase to be expected with the coming of winter. It is not surprising that relief as an issue is coming more and more to dominate the perorations of politicians and to haunt the minds of socially minded persons like Mr. Hopkins who see the shadow of the dole extending over an ever larger section of the population. "The danger of attaching public outdoor relief to our American political system," said Mr. Hopkins in his speech before a charitable organization in New York, "is very real"; he cited the President's recent "thrilling statement" that he was unwilling to accept a defeatist philosophy which would assume that we were going to have large numbers of unemployed for years to come; and he concluded with a declaration that "these assurances [of jobs and security for all] can be given within our industrial system without in any way affecting its fundamental structure." Mr. Hopkins here poses the central problem of the New Deal. Earlier in his speech he pointed out that "a very modest proportion of the total national income would give this security." The fact that corporate interest and dividend payments are estimated by the *Journal of Commerce* at $6,340,000,000 for 1934 as against $7,584,000,000 in 1929 shows that the income is still there. The question is: Can even the necessary "modest proportion" be extracted without affecting the fundamental structure of our system; and if it can be, will the Roosevelt Administration have the courage to extract it?

WITH THE ELECTIONS OVER, the Administration has suddenly become aware once more that large orders for American goods are being held up because of its failure to reach an agreement with the Soviet government on the pre-revolutionary Russian debt. According to a dispatch from Moscow, the State Department has submitted a new proposal which fixes the capital value of the Russian obligations to the United States—including the Kerensky debt and all private claims—at not more than $100,000,000. This figure is considerably lower than any previously mentioned in connection with these negotiations. It is not to be paid in cash but, as had heretofore been agreed upon, by increasing the rate of interest on credits granted by American manufacturers. It is understood that the Export-Import Bank will guarantee 75 per cent of these credits and that the manufacturers will carry the rest. While the report that an agreement has already been reached is probably premature, it is significant that a large number of prominent American business men are already assembled in the Soviet capital ready to enter into contracts the moment they are permitted to do so by law. Apparently these men have never heard that Soviet Russia is an economic vacuum, or perhaps they have somewhat revised opinions previously held regarding the prospects for capitalism in this country.

THE NEW FRENCH CABINET, headed by the forty-five-year-old Pierre-Etienne Flandin, represents in all essentials a continuation of the government of national union established by ex-Premier Doumergue. With a few exceptions—notably Tardieu and Pétain—the new ministry includes the same names as the old one, and is an avowed attempt to preserve the "political truce" which has existed since the riots of last February. Doumergue's downfall was brought about by his inability to reach a compromise with Herriot on his program of constitutional reform. Although the Radical Socialist Congress had expressed approval of any reform insuring ministerial stability, it had instructed its representatives in the Cabinet not to favor measures which would permit "assumption of personal power at the expense of republican liberties." Consequently the Radical Socialists held out for some modification of the proposal to give the Premier the right to dissolve the Chamber at will, a concession Doumergue was unwilling to grant. The new Premier is more concerned with improving business conditions than with the revision of the constitution, and may be expected to initiate some form of economic planning and control similar to that already in operation in Great Britain and the United States.

THAT THE NAZIS will hesitate at nothing in their effort to assure a favorable vote in the Saar plebiscite is amply revealed in the Saar Commission's report to the League of Nations. The evidence presented by the commission shows that the "German Front" in the Saar, with its 10,000 members, is only another name for the Nazi Party, and that it has functioned in direct cooperation with the Prussian secret police. This group has not only maintained an efficient espionage system, even spying on the members of the League Commission, but has resorted to various forms of blackmail, intimidation, and open terrorism in the attempt to force the German population into line for the forthcoming election. Pressure has been especially directed against Catholic priests—since 70 per cent of the population is Catholic—and is exercised through the German radio and by none too carefully veiled threats of action to be taken "after 1935." Hundreds of letters from various German ministries were seized in a raid on the German Front, revealing the existence of a special courier system with the Nazi secret police in Trier. One of these contained the suggestion that a prominent anti-Nazi be kidnapped and spirited over the German border where "we could . . . get a warrant" against him. Pressure has also been used to force local shopkeepers and private citizens to decorate their buildings with Nazi flags, and the plan of the German Front envisions "reaching individually every inhabitant of the Saar and placing every person under its control." Even more threatening to the peace of Europe was the discovery of complete plans for mobilizing the organization in a crisis. Under the circumstances further trouble appears inevitable unless the vote goes overwhelmingly in Germany's favor.

JUDGE NIELDS'S observations in the continued hearings on the Weirton suit suggest an unhappy ending to a farce which has already dragged out too long. Even if Judge Nields should grant the relief the government asks, the Weirton Company would merely be restrained, in a vague, unspecified sense, from violating the statute. The employer would not be obliged to submit to an election of employee representatives; he would not be obliged to recognize these representatives in any practical way; he would not be obliged to execute a collective agreement. But if Judge Nields rules against the government, he will undermine the last, weak theoretical underpinnings on which the various labor boards now rest. It will become manifest that the boards never can expect to enforce Section 7-a against anti-union employers as long as it rests with the Department of Justice to initiate and maintain legal proceedings. In any event the history of the suit illustrates clearly why the trade unions cannot afford to bind themselves to an industrial truce on the terms suggested by the President. The strike for union recognition in the Weirton plants began early last fall. On October 16, 1933, when Mr. Weir consented to allow a National Labor Board election, the union agreed to call off the strike. Once the strike was over and the original impetus of the drive for union recognition had died down, Mr. Weir changed his mind and refused to go through with the election. Since that time the government has engaged in attempt after attempt, each more futile than the last, to compel the company to bargain collectively. What did the union gain by calling off its strike and leaving its case with the National Labor Board?

THE RED CROSS roll-call is being conducted as we write and ten million persons may be expected to answer it. Before they do so, however, they might be interested in reading an article by John Spivak in the *American Mercury* for November. There they will find an extended discussion of the Red Cross, some of which had been made public before, but none of which is without point. These potential members may ask themselves the following questions: Do they like to think of the Red Cross as an organization which refuses aid to the children of striking miners, presses Negro tenant farmers back into the peonage from which a flood would have mercifully freed them, spends forty cents of the dollar it collects on relief and sixty cents on salaries and overhead, puts $4,000,000 collected from the American people for drought relief into a "Special War Fund," and *sells* powdered yeast to pellagra sufferers instead of dispensing to them, from an ample treasury, the food which they need? If the prospective Red Cross member finds that he does not object to these activities on the part of America's greatest "relief" organization—or even that he does not want to know more about these and other charges that Mr. Spivak makes—he may then step up, pay his dollar, and receive in return a red-and-white button to wear on his coat.

THE CIRCUMSTANCES which led the sovereign State of Missouri to send Harry S. Truman to the United States Senate are scarcely such as to inspire confidence in our democratic institutions. Last summer the obscure Mr. Truman yearned to quit his office as County Judge of Jackson County and become County Collector of Taxes. The post he held was a humdrum affair; that which he had in his mind's eye paid on a fee basis and paid handsomely. But Boss "Tom" Pendergast, absolute monarch of Kansas City and leader of the Democratic Party in Missouri, had other plans for the collectorship. Casting about for something else for his ambitious lieutenant, he hit on the senatorial nomination. Disappointed, no doubt, Truman accepted. On primary day the Pendergast boys gave him a plurality of 130,000 in Kansas City, with the result that in the State-wide vote he beat two veteran Congressmen, John J. Cochran of St. Louis and Jacob L. Milligan of Richmond, by 40,000 and 130,000 votes respectively. The election was a formality, his majority over the archaic Patterson being 260,000. And so Harry S. Truman will not collect taxes for his county but will vote yes and no on treaties with foreign countries, appointments to the Supreme Court, and things like that.

WITH A DEMOCRATIC Legislature in New York State the issue of reapportionment, blocked by the Republicans for twenty years, now comes to the front. Stressed by Governor Lehman in his campaign, reapportionment was rejected by his opponent, Robert Moses, who took the traditional stand of the reactionary leaders of his party—that the G. O. P. is entitled to control the Legislature by acreage alone, and that it is sheer presumption for New York City's millions to aspire to representation at Albany proportionate with that of Chautauqua County. Now, with a Democratic Governor, Senate, and Assembly, New York City and to a less extent the other cities of the State will get a new distribution of seats. But a numerically fair appor-

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tionment of legislative districts is not possible under the State constitution, which prescribes one Assemblyman for each rural county and prevents the two most populous counties—New York and Kings—from electing a majority of the Senate. These provisions may be changed only by a constitutional amendment, which must be submitted to the voters by two Legislatures in which the Senate membership is not the same. It will be necessary for the Democrats to retain control of the Assembly two years from now to permit the voters to pass on this much-needed reform.

THE MAGICIAN OF LOUISIANA, the immortal Huey, having made colonels out of football stars and a member of the State Senate out of a resident of Mississippi who is not even an American citizen, has now turned his attention to the debt question. With a gesture as magnificent as it is sweeping he has directed his Legislature to pass a bill permitting a two-year moratorium on all debts, public and private, of more than eight dollars. The sum was determined after Senator Long remembered that he himself had made numerous loans of $7 a head to students who wished to attend a football game at Nashville recently. An even more worth-while campaign, however, was initiated when Huey was served with a portion of restaurant chicken stew consisting solely of wings and necks. A roaring protest from the Senator got him a platter of white meat with a couple of second joints thrown in for good measure, and since he never thinks of himself but always of the public he serves, he demanded the same generosity for all chicken consumers, whose numbers, one hears, are now on the increase. It is rumored that the next piece of Louisiana legislation will take care of this matter in proper legal fashion. Any chicken growing a neck will have it stretched by the public hangman, and not more than one wing is to be permitted to a fowl. An extra drumstick is demanded instead. It is further rumored that the chickens have organized in an Anti-Long and Our-Necks-Forever League. Their spokesman, Senator Cock-of-the-Walk, is quoted as follows: "We shall show Mr. Long that we will not be dictated to on the subject of necking. We shall grow our necks and wings when and how we please, and if he doesn't look out we shall double up on pope's noses and leave special directions that they all be put in his fricassee."

THE SCOTTSBORO CASE continues to be in a muddle. An appeal is to be heard very shortly by the United States Supreme Court in the case of Clarence Norris, sentenced to die on December 7. The Alabama Supreme Court refused to review the case of Haywood Patterson, sentenced to die the same day. Should the Supreme Court refuse to consider Patterson's case on the ground that it does not come from a supreme State tribunal, only a gubernatorial pardon or commutation of sentence could save Patterson's life. It is also unclear who will argue before the Supreme Court. The International Labor Defense states it has retained Walter Pollak, who made the successful appeal last year. Mr. Leibowitz still claims he has been retained directly by the boys, and will be associated with a qualified appeal attorney. Mr. Pollak is preparing the necessary papers, but he may be asked to turn them over to someone indicated by Mr. Leibowitz before the Supreme Court hearing. The I. L. D. is appealing for funds; Mr. Leibowitz is roundly denouncing radicalism, mass movements, and all doubters of the evenhandedness of Southern justice. Nor is the State of Alabama passive. It is preparing to prosecute two I. L. D. attorneys on a charge of attempted bribery of a witness. From Montgomery we learn that Alabama agents are out with a warrant to seize on charges of perjury Ruby Bates, who testified as State's witness in the original Scottsboro trial, but later aided the defense. Should they succeed in carrying her to Alabama, they would be able to offer immunity in return for a new reversal of testimony. All of which is depressing to the hundreds of thousands who believe firmly in the innocence of the nine boys and in the need of saving their lives.

THE PAST FEW YEARS have been a period of unprecedented prosperity for armament makers the world over, according to a recent report compiled by the Foreign Policy Association. Despite the disarmament conference and the exposures of the activities of the international munitions ring—to say nothing of the appalling misery resulting from the world depression—expenditures for military purposes in 1934 are well above the 1930 level in practically all countries and are far higher than in 1914. In the more recent period Japan has been the chief offender, having expanded its defense budget by more than 96 per cent. It also has the worst record when the 1934 budget is compared with that of 1914—the increase being more than 300 per cent. Next in order is the United States, which spent nearly three times as much as in 1913. The tremendous rise in modern defense expenditures is due chiefly to the mania for mechanization and increased mobility, as exemplified in the building of tank units, the motorization of cavalry and artillery, and the expansion of the air forces. From the standpoint of a military man this no doubt seems essential, but for the world as a whole it can only mean murder and destruction.

AN UNUSUALLY FLOURISHING CROP of rumors had the Nobel Prize for Literature awarded to half a dozen different persons, including Eugene O'Neill and Willa Cather. Instead, it went to Luigi Pirandello, the sixty-seven-year-old Italian novelist and playwright whose "Six Characters in Search of an Author" was once a hit on the New York stage, and another of whose dramas, "As You Desire Me," was recently filmed in Hollywood. In the issue of *The Nation* for October 24 Professor Arthur Livingston, probably the best-informed American critic of Pirandello's work, reviewed a recently published volume of the latter's short stories and incidentally offered a general estimate of his importance. For that reason we shall not comment at length upon the award, though one observation is perhaps worth making. Pirandello is not an important writer in the sense either that he has large political or social significance or that his scope is wide. On the contrary, his most successful works have all dealt with the same metaphysical problem—the nature of truth and the ambiguous relationship between reality and belief. But he is intense as well as ingenious in the fables he invents to illustrate the problem which obsesses him, and he writes with an incisiveness and wit surprising to those who tend to think of modern Italian literature in terms of D'Annunzio's "poisonous honey." Pirandello could never be an influential writer. He is a very intellectual and tonic one.

The Death of the G.O.P.

MOST election results can be read either as affirmations or negations, and oftener than not the negative reading is more correct. The vote of 1932 went against the Republican Party rather than for the Democrats. The election of last week, we believe, also is more intelligible as a negation. We do not say it was not a positive personal indorsement of the President, for it was—and a remarkable one. We do not say it was not in a sense a ratification of the New Deal, though we fail to see how the New Deal as a program is concrete enough to be appraised by the great mass of voters. But the greater significance of the election is that it repudiated Republicanism for a second successive time. It was still more a vote against the old deal than specific approval of the new.

The second repudiation of Republicanism was emphatic enough to overcome the natural tide in a mid-term election toward the opposition. This is the first time in the history of the two present parties that this has happened. A good many commentators have used the occasion to tell the President that this lays upon him unprecedented responsibility, as it does. But it lays even greater responsibility on the men whose task it will be to build a new Republican Party.

Writing to Abraham Lincoln, founder of the Republican Party, Karl Marx, as secretary for Germany of the International Workingmen's Association in London, used these words: "The workingmen of Europe consider it as an earnest sign of the epoch to come that it fell to the lot of Abraham Lincoln, the single-minded son of the working class, to lead his country through the matchless struggle for the rescue of the enchained race and the reconstruction of a social world." Karl Marx misread the part to be played in the "epoch to come" by Lincoln and his party. But his letter is a startling reminder of what the Republican Party once appeared to be. Had it fought this election for the rescue of a single human being from economic servitude, or shown the faintest glimmer of interest in reconstructing the social world, the outcome would have been different.

Even now, in the abyss of defeat, many Republicans do not see that their party is dead, or that this election has made first-class history. The New York *Herald Tribune* cannot even find that the country has moved to the left. Contented with the defeat of Sinclair in California, it pooh-poohs the radicalism of Robert La Follette and Governor Olson. The La Follette program, it states, "is not in any real sense extremist any more than was the Farmer-Labor program in Minnesota." Readers of *The Nation,* at least, know that the platform on which Olson was reelected calls for public ownership of industry, and that the beliefs of La Follette, if the editor of the *Herald Tribune* examined them, would choke him with alarm.

The country has moved as much to the left, at least, as is required to administer two successive crushing defeats to Republicanism. We believe it has gone considerably farther. The defeat of Sinclair is not proof to the contrary, for the large vote he was able to poll shows the sudden awakening that is possible in American political thought. The firm establishment of the Progressive Party in Wisconsin and the triumph of the Farmer-Labor ticket in Minnesota, while not in themselves representing a marked change in course, confirm a steady development in the radical direction. Far more of the vote for the Democratic Party was radical than can be seen in the candidates chosen, for the hold of the President on the public is chiefly due to the belief that he is building a better life for common people, which is another way of saying that he ranks as radical. But essentially the move to the left was the move away from Republicanism, and in this sense even the election of Joseph M. Guffey in Pennsylvania must be so read, however devoid of merit he may be. For in that State was signed the death warrant of the Republican Party in its present identity.

There can be no question that the President put into the campaign every device of strategy his great wit could conceive with the express purpose of making the Democratic Party the great majority party in the country. He gauged what he said in a radical way for its political effect. He extracted every possible campaign advantage from the New Deal expenditures. He timed his semi-reconciliation with business as a final appeal to the upper-class vote which otherwise might have been lost. This election was his chance. The one two years ago had a measure of inadvertence in it; the depression had overtaken the Republicans and they had been defeated by it. This time he and Farley saw that the depression could be helped to do for the Democratic Party what the Civil War had done for the Republican. The President did not show at his best in this straining for the long-term result. His stabbing of Bronson Cutting, while fortunately not fatal, will not be pleasant to remember, and his open help of Guffey was not handsome doing. But the party stakes were high, and the President is first of all a politician, and a successful one.

Now that Congress is elected, the Administration finds itself successful to the point of unhealthiness. Large majorities signify lack of balance, and unbalance is instability. Most of the opposition will have to come from within the Democratic Party. This will make for confusion, and ultimately it threatens to confuse the leadership of the President. He will strive to hold his ranks in line while the natural forces of healthy government are disrupting them. We saw considerable inconsistency in the White House during the last Congress on this account. We can anticipate more of it in the next two years. New Dealers are pretending they are not afraid of the President's ability to do what appears almost impossible. They point to the fact that most of the candidates elected on the Democratic ticket know too well that they succeeded by virtue of their oath of loyalty to him. But when it comes to the great constructive measures which must be debated in the next session, Congress is certain to assert its place in the American system, and party lines can be maintained only by compromises that may end in making the New Deal still more of a hodge-podge than it already is. But this is the price to be paid for the death of a party. Franklin D. Roosevelt has finally smashed the opposition. He is sure of six years of unchallenged power. He now must begin the work of permanent construction.

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The Naval Crisis

IT is possible to recognize the fundamental nature of the deadlock which has developed in the London naval conversations and at the same time feel that the existing impasse is wholly unnecessary. Obviously the United States will not acquiesce in the Japanese demand for parity in the form that it has been presented. This country is faced with the necessity of defending both its Eastern and Western seaboards, and equality of tonnage—or anything approximating it—would actually give Japan a considerable advantage in the Pacific. Moreover, the fortification of the Japanese mandates, the seizure of Manchuria, and the threatened closing of the "open door" in Manchoukuo are flagrant violations of the bargain which was struck at the Washington naval conference. To yield to Tokio's demand for the abolition of the quota system while leaving these other questions unsettled would constitute a tacit recognition of Japan's newly assumed hegemony in the Far East, and strengthen the hands of the military group within that country. Although it might reduce the immediate causes of friction, it would leave an arrogant, unchastened jingoistic clique in control of one of the most powerful military and naval machines to be found in the world today.

Yet if the London conversations collapse without any prospect of agreement, the outlook can scarcely be said to be more encouraging. The Japanese government would probably abrogate the Washington naval treaty almost immediately, and thus prepare the way for a period of unrestricted naval competition. And while it may be argued that the United States is in a better position to indulge in an armament race than Japan, such a contest would not fail to accentuate the existing tension between the two nations, as well as to impose a serious financial burden upon both the American and the Japanese people. Just how heavy the burden would be is of course impossible to foretell, for once nations are caught in the vicious circle of competitive armaments, there is literally no end short of catastrophe. Even with the large savings resulting from the Washington and London agreements, Japanese naval expenditures increased from 229,000,000 yen in 1925 to 488,000,000 yen in 1934-35, while those of the United States rose from $346,000,000 to an estimated $480,000,000 for the current fiscal year, and beginning with 1936 the Vinson bill will add approximately $100,000,000 annually to the American naval expenditures.

As a solution of this dilemma it has been suggested that the United States enter into a bargain with Japan whereby we withdraw our opposition to Japanese political aspirations in China in exchange for substantial concessions on naval armaments. At first sight this suggestion is tempting. The non-recognition of Manchoukuo has had little or no effect in checking Japanese aggression, and the American people have no desire to see themselves involved in serious difficulties protecting the "right" of the Standard Oil Company to exploit the Chinese people. The real issues, however, lie much deeper. Our non-recognition policy was not adopted to check immediate Japanese aggression, but to prevent Japan from permanently enjoying the fruits of ill-gotten gains while also enjoying the prestige and position of a civilized nation in its international political relationships. Abandonment of that policy at the present moment would be construed not only as an implicit sanction of forceful seizure of Chinese territory, but as a blow at the very basis of international law.

What is needed is not so much a compromise as a wholly new orientation of our naval policy. Heretofore our policy, like that of Japan, has been based on the dictates of empire. We have sought, though ineffectually, to maintain a navy which would enable us to preserve our vested interests in the Far East and, if necessary, to extend them. And though we may dislike to admit it, this policy has proved a failure. Military experts agree that in view of our lack of naval bases our Far Eastern possessions could not be defended with a navy double the size of the present one. The only alternative, therefore, is for the United States to abandon its present conception of naval policy and look upon the navy solely as a weapon for defending American soil. If this principle were adopted, the United States would be in a position to make a proposal which would meet Japan's desire for prestige and yet at the same time preserve our defensive position in the Pacific. The following three points have been suggested by a responsible authority as the basis for such a proposal: (1) that the present battleship holiday be extended for five years, after which it might be possible to abolish the battleship outright, (2) that the nations agree not to lay down any new category of vessel, such as the German pocket battleship, but to confine new construction to the existing types of cruisers, destroyers, and submarines; (3) that the United States and Great Britain assent to the principle of defensive equality for Japan, but with the understanding that approximately the present tonnage be maintained by all the Powers, on the theory that it is adequate for the protection of existing national interests. This would remove any stigma of inferiority as far as Japan is concerned and would give it ample security against attack, even by the combined forces of the United States and Great Britain. But in no sense could it be interpreted as approval of Japan's dream of empire.

Worse than the Sweatshop

IN 1883 the International Cigar Makers' Union forced through a law prohibiting the sweatshop in the cigar-making industry. Eleven years later the first New York State law for the general control and partial elimination of the sweatshop was passed, largely as the result of pressure by the well-organized men's clothing workers, but after considerable public education on the filth, disease, overcrowding, long hours, and low wages which the sweatshop provided for the benefit of its own workers and a consuming public. To be brief, in the intervening fifty years, while public-spirited citizens were congratulating themselves on the elimination of one of the worst evils in industry, the dishonored sweatshop has, in truth, disappeared, to be replaced by the even worse evil of home work, now firmly intrenched in industry and so far not appreciably shaken by the codes which have attempted to regulate or abolish it.

An admirable study made recently by Rose Feld for the Consumers' League shows that thousands of workers in the United States, mostly women and children, are engaged in home work at wages and under working conditions that would be highly shocking to the buyers of the hand-made articles they turn out if the facts could be widely published: the same old filth and disease in the unregulated and almost uninspected tenements, together with a new element afforded by home work done in small rural communities, mostly by foreign-born workers with extremely low standards of cleanliness and sanitation; hours up to anything you like, since they are entirely unregulated; and wages from five cents an hour up to something like ten or twelve—with the added fact that as a result of these below-subsistence wages, families working long hours on piece work at home are often recipients of public relief. Children of from six years of age up find employment in certain home-work industries, either as helpers for their mothers or in the performance of some simple process—pasting flower petals, for example. As an example of the wages paid in the home-work industries, the Consumers' League reports the figures of a leading manufacturer who has 10,000 home workers on call, of whom about 3,000 are at present employed. His wage bill averages $125,000 a year. It is estimated that in one branch of the hand-knitting industry about 100,000 workers are employed knitting berets, for which the pay has been as little as three cents an hour. The State Labor Department reports an average wage for this work of six and a half cents an hour.

It will at once be asked what the NRA codes have done to control or prohibit labor of this sort. Of the 600-odd codes already adopted, some 120 are concerned with the question. Of these 80 definitely prohibit home work; others regulate it. In general these codes are simply not being enforced. Manufacturers are within the law when they send out their work to be processed in Puerto Rico, for example, where the prevailing wage is something like twenty cents a day and working conditions almost too horrible to contemplate. Work is sent into rural districts in the United States, where it is practically impossible, under the existing laws, to see that it is done according to the code rules. Home workers in rural districts know nothing of the wages insured to factory labor by law; home workers in the large cities are usually foreigners at the mercy of the boss who parcels out the work and pays them the miserable pittance they eagerly receive for it. Manufacturers are already establishing home-work agencies in Puerto Rico, in the face of a threat of enforcement of the codes. They can pay the increased costs of transportation both ways, of loss of time and possible loss of style, of additional agents, and of insurance and freight, and still find it cheaper than to manufacture the garments in New York or other American industrial centers—despite the meager wages paid here for similar work.

It is obvious that if these facts were generally known to consumers they would hesitate to purchase articles made at such a human cost both to the workers and to themselves as buyers. For articles made in dirty homes, with the presence of contagious disease all too likely, are not pleasant to contemplate, even if they are cheap. It is obvious that more stringent legislation must be passed, and that, owing to the impossibility of effective control, home work in the United States should be abolished by law. But while consumer pressure is important, and while every effort should be made to force through the proper legislation, the home-work evil, like the sweatshop evil, can be rooted out only through the mass pressure of organized labor.

Elmer Rice and the Critics

WHEN Elmer Rice recently produced his political melodrama "Judgment Day," some observers described it as "intemperate." So, replied the author, were the works of Aeschylus, and for the moment the honors seemed even. More recently in a speech at Columbia University Mr. Rice indulged himself in the playwright's favorite sport of critic-baiting and indulged with such abandon that the impartial observer begins to suspect him of being capable of a more than Aeschylean intemperance. According to one report he characterized the New York dramatic critics as "nitwits, drunkards, and degenerates." Not one "knows anything about the problems of acting and directing." Out of fifteen, no more than three or four have "some degree of sensitivity." Two or three are stupid but honest; the rest are typified by "a senile drunkard, a professional keyhole peeper, a half-witted degenerate."

To Mr. Rice's credit it must be admitted that he expressed no very high opinion of the professional critics even in the days when "Street Scene" was being warmly praised, but it is hard not to suppose that the new low he has reached in his estimation of the fraternity has something to do with the fact that his three most recent plays, "We, the People," "Judgment Day," and "Between Two Worlds," got a far from enthusiastic press. We can understand his irritation but we should like to point out that it is not entirely consistent with his position as the avowed enemy of that theater in which the critics have had their education. Mr. Rice's recent plays are all based upon the assumption that contemporary society as a whole is hopelessly rotten. If they had been too enthusiastically received by the critics who represent it, his thesis would have been measurably weakened, and if he really thinks the plays good he ought to be pleased to have Broadway reject them, since only thus can it prove him right.

Seriously, however, we doubt the implication that these plays were damned with faint praise only because they were radical in tone. After all "Stevedore" got some very favorable notices when it was produced by the Theater Union, and "Stevedore" is at least as revolutionary as any of Mr. Rice's plays. Whether the critics were right or wrong they have recently been unkind to Mr. Rice more because they did not think his plays very good of their kind than because they did not like the kind. Moreover, Mr. Rice should consider the fact before he carries out his announced threat to "quit the loathed stage" and to interest himself only in the amateur theater, which can be free of the show business. Amateurism has its dangers also, and Mr. Rice, being his own producer and director, is suffering from the effects of one of them. There is something to be said for the standards of professionalism, which may often be stupid but which are quite as often sound. The amateur theater is too likely to put up with what is not quite good enough, and Mr. Rice, for all his talents is like everybody else in his need to be held to his best. He may turn amateur if he likes, but we have an idea that if he would stop producing his own plays and try disposing of them to commercial managers again he might write others as good as "Street Scene."

Issues and Men

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Pray for Mr. Roosevelt

IF ever a man needed the prayers of his friends it is Franklin Roosevelt. No one could receive the greatest tribute of approval ever bestowed upon an American by his fellow-countrymen without being deeply moved and almost overwhelmed by a sense of the responsibility thus put on him. Nature has endowed him with an extraordinarily fortunate temperament which has enabled him to keep calm and serene in a crisis of our country's affairs which would have robbed most men of sleep. Some people have argued that this has indicated a superficial nature; if this were true, which I deny, it might still be something to be thankful for under the existing circumstances. But now surely he must feel profoundly stirred by this overwhelming evidence of his countrymen's confidence in him. More than ever now he needs the prayers of his friends that his health and strength may be preserved, that his head will not be turned by the people's unprecedented approval of the New Deal. He needs their prayers that he may display the great wisdom called for by this imposition on him of the entire responsibility for the future of the country; that is what the election means. No one can deny that the electorate chose men for Congress, with only a few exceptions, according to how they stood toward the New Deal. If it was a vote also against the old deal, it was none the less a vote of instruction to the President to go ahead as he pleases, and he may so interpret it.

What must impress the President even more is the fact that on its face the election seemed extraordinarily apathetic, outside of three or four States, like California, Minnesota, and Wisconsin, where outspoken political rebellion was under way. In numerous instances registration was low. There were few demonstrations of popular interest. The election crowd in the heart of New York when the returns were coming in was the smallest in many years, as I saw for myself. Not a single horn was blown, and no one cheered as the news of the landslide was thrown upon the bulletin boards. There were so many idle police that it was ridiculous. The newsstands were heaped with early election extras and nobody bought them. Obviously the electorate had thought the whole thing out, decided long ago what it intended to do, and then had to a considerable degree dismissed the election from its mind as an accomplished fact. It was a great demonstration of Democracy triumphant again. I know that many people think that the election was bought by large government expenditures, but that in the main is absurd. There was a deep, quiet current of public sentiment; it made itself felt in one of the most orderly elections in our history.

The more Mr. Roosevelt contemplates this, the more deeply he must be moved. He will have his hands full controlling the tremendous majorities in House and Senate. If he dominates them by the strength of his will, by reference to this election, and through his impregnable strategic position, he will be charged with being a tyrant and dictator. If he yields to them too much, it will be said that he is toadying to them and playing politics. Some of the members will come to Washington radically inclined, devoted either to particular isms, such as unsound money, or bent, like Senator-elect Bilbo of Mississippi, in his words, upon raising hell—without any worth-while economic program, or any plan at all. The President will have to work out a program comprising many constructive proposals to offer Congress as soon as it meets in the hope of getting it out of the way as soon as possible. He will probably be faced again with a revolt over the bonus. There will have to be tremendous appropriations, and if there is no marked economic recovery before spring, enormous sums must be voted for relief and public works. Then there is the whole question of what phases of the NIRA are to be made permanent, since that act expires by limitation within the next few months. There is the problem of social reform opening up before him; insurance against unemployment and old age will not be enough. It is in his hands to shape the development of the country for at least fifty years. Will he do it step by step as the situation develops, or will he come out boldly for a clear-cut program?

The vistas of usefulness that open up before him must be endless. Take the civil service alone. Here he can make over the country's governmental machine by transferring all the offices, with few exceptions, to the classified service. Speaking at Yale University on June 20, when an honorary degree was conferred upon him, he said that today more than ever before we are "calling upon trained people for tasks that require trained people," and added that he couldn't tell "the party affiliation of probably the majority of people holding responsibilities in Washington." Very well, but here is his chance to give us a trained civil service comparable to that of England, and to the best of what is left in Germany. It is within his power to put an end once and for all to playing politics with offices, which his own Mr. Farley has been doing on so large a scale, with such success. Heaven knows Mr. Roosevelt does not need to play any politics. No President ever had a freer hand. His reelection is as certain today as if the ballots had been counted two years hence. Indeed, if he does some of the things that it is possible for him to do, his nomination may even be made by unanimous consent—certainly the mustered-out Republican Party is unable to offer any opposition, or to suggest any man whose candidacy against him would not be ludicrous.

I do not deny that much may happen in two years, that to an extent Mr. Roosevelt's fate is bound up with economic success and the decrease of unemployment. But as it will take something like an earthquake to upset his regime, he can now without real opposition buckle down to the great task of domestic reconstruction and of helping to bring order out of chaos in the world outside. He has it in his power to write his name in far larger letters in American history than those of any other peace-time President.

Oswald Garrison Villard

Issues Before the New Congress

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

Washington, November 12

THE election marks the end of building storm cellars. Now begins some permanent construction. So far Washington has lived under hurricane signals. There has not been time to look ahead, and the sketchy philosophy of the New Deal has had to be read from the actions of an extrovert Administration. The President has not said: "I believe thus and so, hence I do thus and so." He has acted in an emergency; the country has had to judge his beliefs in retrospect. He has had attitudes and inclinations which his speeches stated. But he has not revealed many coherent, ripely matured plans for modifying the social structure of America. The nearest approach to basic change has been in the power projects of the TVA and parallel schemes. Everything else has been avowedly improvisation.

Congress, meeting on January 3, begins life of a new character. It must make decisions on two fundamental questions, adding two concepts to our permanent national equipment: social security, and an enduring NRA. Either of these issues merits the exclusive attention of Congress for at least a year. It must formulate what is meant by social security. Is unemployment insurance to be grafted on to the capitalist system as in England, or shall America decide instead to go in for permanent public works, creating employment rather than paying relief? If so, shall industry still be taxed for temporary unemployment benefits, say, on the Wisconsin plan?

This is only one chapter of the problem. What form shall be given to the relief for widows and their minor dependents, and for the aged? Who shall pay it, and how? Who shall administer it? A third chapter is insurance for the ill. Shall this be on a contributory basis, involving the partial socialization of the medical profession, or shall there be an extension of publicly supported institutions where everyone receives the best of care irrespective of income?

Debates on such questions should be going on in every meeting place in the country. It is hardly a year since the word "dole" was anathema to most Americans. The spectacle of the vast army of the unemployed has changed opinions somewhat, and probably most people now grudgingly admit that some form of protection is desirable. But what sort? Few have stopped to think about it. Yet Congress must rush through a federal bill more important in its implications than most constitutional amendments since the Bill of Rights, and be done with it in time for the State legislatures to add their concurrence before they adjourn in the spring.

This legislation alone will make the Congress of 1935 one of historic importance. Only less significant is the permanent form to be given to the NRA. The Administration obviously has the strength to add the codes to the list of American institutions, and intends to do so. Here an overwhelmingly important debate is to be expected. It too will be hurried; the act creating the NRA expires on June 16.

Congress will have to make two grave decisions about the NRA. It must decide whether to create a balance of power between management and labor, and whether the codes are to be a form of self-government for industry or a form of government supervision over industry. These are far more important questions than the commonly cited issues of controlled production and prices, for they directly concern the power of a small minority over the rest of the community. A permanent NRA in which labor does not have equal weight with management will perpetuate an existing economic oligarchy, and may shut off all possibility of developing a sound labor movement in this country, a doleful prospect for those who believe in democracy. A system of codes which gives self-government rather than government supervision to industry is certain to increase monopoly and to end with the defenselessness of the consumer, also a defeat for democracy. When Congress has decided these two points, it will be possible to say whether the United States has reaffirmed its original democratic faith or whether it is going the way of the continent of Europe in giving industry a throttle-hold on the economic future.

The creation of the NRA was the big item of the last Congress. Since then a full emotional cycle has ended. It reached its height in the parading period of 1933 and the exhilarating scenes of General Johnson cracking down on hitherto invulnerable captains of industry. The end came with the disappearance from the stage of the deflated general a few weeks ago. Now a new board is in the saddle, a quiet, unobtrusive body which is making a little headway in giving the codes some social meaning. But the public is weary of the NRA, and has not heard much about the new board, or examined its recent decisions, or discussed the future. Congress too will not be anything like so worked up over the NRA which is to be permanent as it was over the NRA which was to last only two years. It may not even know that genuine industrial democracy is in the balance.

It ought to be incredible that Congress should be asked to do more than make these two long-term decisions in six months. But more will be asked of it. The list of immediate issues is longer than usual, and quite as important as the program before most sessions in the past.

First comes expenditure, particularly for relief. Whatever the decision as to economic security, the certainty is that anything up to a quarter of the population will be destitute for a great part of the coming year and must be provided for. Money must be appropriated, and must be raised either by borrowing or by new taxation. Congress, everyone says, will be radical, and by radical is not meant that it will have a radical philosophy but that it will be unorthodox in money matters. It will wish to spend freely, and it will favor inflationary methods. Harry Hopkins will get his appropriations—that is not the problem. The problem is how much financial integrity the Administration can maintain in the face of Congress.

Another immediate spending measure is the President's recently announced housing project. There is to be some appropriation in any case, but it is to be on a really big scale if there is no business revival by late spring. The budget will be ready by the end of December, and it will be brought as close to a balance as conditions permit, another way of saying it will not balance. Congress will not be shocked by this. It will sign any blank check the President lays before it. But the relatively manageable deficit in December can become much larger by June, if a huge spending program becomes necessary. There are no signs whatever that the President is planning a "social" budget, in which persons with large incomes would pay a much larger share of emergency outlays. Nor is there any hope that Congress will force the Administration to become socially minded when it comes to taxing the rich. Congress prefers the capital levy via inflation.

This sentiment will focus early in the session on the fight over the bonus. Senator Key Pittman, of all persons, is pledged to introduce this measure, his financial acumen having been blunted by the fear of defeat in his campaign. The President would veto the bonus, but his majority, too large to be manageable, may overrule him. The bonus will be only one of the inflationist measures. Monetary projects will rise from this Congress with embarrassing persistence, and the President may live to rue the absence of a sober conservative minority to help keep his "wild men" in check.

The thirty-hour-week bill is an independent measure certain of full discussion. The American Federation of Labor is pledged to it, and may have lined up enough votes for its passage. The fear of the thirty-hour week was the motive power which drove business to devise the NRA last year. This year it could be used to bring genuine concessions for labor in drafting permanent NRA legislation. The Wagner bill of last session, with its charter for labor, also is due for reappearance and may prove the medium by which the rights of collective bargaining get legal definition and sanction. Here again are fundamental measures deserving of much fuller examination than they are likely to get. A fight to repeal the Bankhead cotton act will take up a substantial amount of time. So will the amendments asked by the AAA which failed to pass the last session.

Banking legislation will not be as exciting a theme as appeared inevitable a few weeks ago. The Administration, in keeping with its pledge to the bankers, will not press for a central bank and will discourage the natural inclinations of Congress toward it. Banking bills, however, will have to be taken up during the session, notably one to give permanent form to the deposit-insurance scheme, and another to reduce the number of bank examinations.

Special legislation arising from the Morro Castle disaster is certain. So is the reappearance of the St. Lawrence treaty, which has a better chance of ratification in the new Senate. The big-navy people will wish to speed up construction after the poor results of the London conference. The subject of railroad reconstruction will come up, and the creation of a Ministry of Transport. All these matters will arouse wide interest, and will compete with the rest of the program for the limited amount of time.

The session which begins January 3 can be prolonged indefinitely. But the tradition of an adjournment in midsummer will be hard to overcome. The President is much happier with Congress away. The Congressmen themselves will begin to wilt in the hot June days. Six months probably is all the time that will be given to this imposing program. Other countries hold the records for speed in the air and on land, but Congress seems to be set to beat the world in doing big things in the shortest order.

[*Mr. Swing contributes a regular weekly letter from Washington.*]

War Germs in the Danube Basin

II. Constitutional Problems in the Victor States

By OSCAR JASZI

LAST week I discussed the economic and political status of the vanquished states made by the dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Turning now to the victor states—Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, Jugoslavia—I may say that if the vanquished group is handicapped by its loss of territory and wealth, many of the troubles of this second group emanate from an *embarras de richesse*. They are confronted with the difficulty of organizing enormous resources without the necessary moral and intellectual competence.

Among all the succession states the position of the Czecho-Slovakian republic is unique. It is the only one which has been able to establish a democracy of the Western type. Its constitution, based on the English and French model, is not a show window but a reality. The nation is largely composed of small farmers and petty bourgeois, but has a strong intellectual upper middle class which is by far the ablest and most constructive in the whole Danube basin. All these groups believe sincerely in the gospel of Western democracy, while the feudal remnants in the country are of alien origin. Though the great majority of the population is Catholic, there is no other country in Europe in which anticlericalism and free thinking are so strong. The spirit of Huss is still alive, and it is not an accident that the new state found a symbolical expression in the personality of the grand old man, Masaryk.

I do not wish to convey the idea that the principles of Masaryk have been truly carried out and that Czecho-Slovakia is a model democracy. But the leading Czech intellectuals have been deeply affected by democratic and pacifist ideals and they are supported by the majority of the population. At the present time there is no prospect of fascism, though certain elements favor it. Only growing international dissension and an increasing disintegration of Europe could make it a serious threat.

Unfortunately, however, the new state rests on unstable foundations. It was built on two antagonistic principles—the ethnological principle by which Hungary was dismembered, and the historical principle by which the right of the German minority to unite with Germany was denied. The great problem of the republic is therefore to combine several national-minority groups and two regionally conscious territories, Slovakia and Carpatho-Russia, in a common loyalty to the state and in a common love of democratic institutions. The best leaders of the republic realize the importance of the task, but its difficulties are enormous. Surrounded by Magyar revisionism, by an aggressive Nazism, by Austrian Hapsburgism, by powerful Bolshevik propaganda, and by the scarcely hidden antipathy of its haughty Polish brethren, the democratic republic is in a dangerous position. Faced by the increasingly strong-arm methods of its enemies, it has been increasingly compelled to restrict political liberties. Not only are Communists strictly guarded and the German National Socialists dissolved as a party, but there is also a growing tendency to control the press and to spy on activities which are regarded as dangerous.

Great divergences of culture, language, and historical tradition exist in the young republic. Slovakia and Carpatho-Russia have always been outside the historic Czech countries and in a closer relationship with Hungary. The new state accepted the obligation to give autonomy to Carpatho-Russia, and according to the solemn promise of Dr. Benes, this will soon be done. Two-thirds of the population in this region is Ruthenian, a kindred race to the Czechs but speaking a distinct dialect and following the Orthodox creed. It was the most backward part of the old Hungary, had a high percentage of illiteracy, and was strangled by the system of latifundia and Magyarization. The promised autonomy will be a difficult transition for a population without any traditional culture or political experience, living side by side with far more highly developed Magyar and Jewish minorities. The good-will and energy of the present government cannot be denied. Illiteracy has been considerably diminished, and many new schools have been established for the Ruthenian population. There is now a real fermentation of ideas among the formerly inert masses. But there is no immediate danger of a constitutional crisis, for the country is still immature, the middle classes are weak, and the Czech administration can easily overcome the effects of possible Communist or Ukrainian propaganda.

Far more urgent is the problem of Slovak autonomy, which was promised in the Pittsburg agreement of 1917 and ratified by President Masaryk in 1918. This promise has not been fulfilled, and the influential party of Hlinka, a staunch Slovak patriot formerly imprisoned by the Magyars, still presses the claim of Slovak autonomy. Though their language is almost the same as that of the Czechs, and though the republic was established with their hearty cooperation, the Slovaks possess a distinct national individuality. The Czechs are skeptics and rationalists; the Slovaks ardent Catholics. The Czechs are highly efficient business men and meticulous bureaucrats; the Slovaks are dreamers and inclined to mysticism. The Czechs are born democrats, whereas the Slovak intellectuals imitate the social standards of the Magyar gentry, the former rulers of Slovakia. They like leisure, political intrigue, dancing and singing, and do not take readily to democracy. With this difference in tradition and nature, cooperation between the two ruling races has been difficult.

To the accusations of Slovak separatists that Slovakia has become a Czech colony, the Czechs, supported by the most able Slovak leaders and the majority of the Slovaks in parliament, answer that the "colonization" was absolutely necessary: Slovak intellectuals were lacking in the beginning; Slovakia was economically too weak to maintain a real autonomy; the Slovaks have a vital interest in participating in the government of the whole country and not only in that of Slovakia. What is needed, therefore, for the best interests of the Slovaks, is not political separation but enhanced political and cultural maturity and a reasonable decentralization of the administration.

My impression is that Slovak separatism has considerably diminished in the last years; that it has not a clear political program; that the people, in consequence of Magyar domination, never developed as much historic individuality in opposition to the Czechs as did the Croats and Slovenes, for instance, in opposition to the Serbs. In any case it would be a mistake to interpret the movement in terms of Magyar irredentism. On the contrary, Slovak intolerance toward Magyars and Jews is far more acute than that of the Czechs. My belief is that the Slovak problem will not be solved by separatism, but by decentralization and the participation of the new Slovak generation in public affairs.

Originally a small kingdom, Rumania has become a large state with immense material resources; it comprises many nationalities, and at least four of its new provinces—Transylvania, the Banat and other former Hungarian territories, Bukovina, and Bessarabia—have a distinct regional life of their own. These territories vary greatly in tradition and culture, two of them at least surpassing the level of the mother country, the old Regat. The antagonism between the Roman and Byzantine civilizations, the fundamental problem in Jugoslavia, also plays a considerable role in this country. The newly acquired territories, now infected by a wave of Byzantine corruption, had a cleaner and more efficient administration under Hungarian and Austrian rule. Yet at present, owing to the complete cultural unity of the Rumanian people, no regional constitutional problem of importance presents itself. Even the most advanced of these provinces, Transylvania, was unable to develop a national cultural life of its own under the repressive measures of Magyar domination. At the beginning of the new era when Rumania embarked on a policy of complete centralization, and when the Transylvanian leaders felt themselves dominated by the politicians of the Regat, a certain regional feeling arose, and Mr. Vajda-Voevod made popular the slogan "Transylvania for the Transylvanians." But this feeling soon disappeared, and the two great Rumanian parties, the Liberals and the National Peasant Party, carried on their political campaigns throughout the country without regional distinction. This was a severe blow to Magyar irredentism, which believed that local patriotism in Transylvania would greatly increase the chances of its return to Hungary. As the tension in Rumanian relations with the Soviets has diminished as a result of the rapprochement of Russia and the Little Entente, the regional consciousness of Bessarabia has also declined.

Untroubled by serious regional problems, Rumania was in a favorable position to apply its energies to the task of internal consolidation. Internal stability is threatened, however, by a serious conflict between the king and the parliamen-

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tary system. Nominally Rumania is a constitutional monarchy with universal suffrage and the secret ballot. In reality any party leader whom the king nominates as Prime Minister can get a majority through corrupt electioneering practices. Only twice in the history of Rumanian constitutionalism has public opinion been sufficiently strong to force elections upon the crown. But now agrarian reform, experience with free elections, and the growing menace of fascism are making the critics of the system more and more impatient. Furthermore, the personal influence of Mme Lupescu, the mistress of the king, is regarded as highly pernicious by many sincere and independent men. Offended bourgeois morality, colored by an anti-Semitic bias, has a part in this feeling, but it also is widely asserted that some of Mme Lupescu's confidants have developed a rather doubtful business activity.

The situation is further aggravated by the facts that anti-Semitism is widespread and that a strong fascist organization exists in the Iron Guard, led by the young, emotional, picturesque, and naive Corneliu Codreanu, who has created a national mysticism very much like Hitler's. The Iron Guard is an army of jobless intellectuals who lead a motley crowd of ruined peasants and petty bourgeois. They hate democracy and summon the king to assume personal leadership, with the aid of the army and the new elite of the fascists. The strength of this movement is found in the political structure of the country. Whereas both the peasantry and the plutocracy are organized in the two powerful parties, the National Peasant Party and the Liberal Party, the middle classes, the intellectuals, and the workers are unorganized and helpless. Since the industrial workers are few in number, the chief victims of this system are the middle classes. In other countries the government service to an extent takes care of the surplus intellectuals, but in Rumania the number of state officials and pensioners is smaller than in Hungary, though the population of Rumania is double that of Hungary. This explains why the two leading political parties joined in a united front last July when the danger of a fascist dictatorship seemed imminent.

For the present, at least, the king has discarded the idea of a dictatorship. He is opposed only to the "inflation of the parliamentary system." His intention seems to be to bring about a disintegration of the old parties and to form a new governmental party from the more obedient elements of the two, a party which would serve as the constitutional organ of the *camarilla*. Such an experiment might lead to serious consequences.

The gravest and most imminent constitutional crisis in the Balkans is faced by Jugoslavia. Thus far the old kingdom of Serbia has not been able to establish a workable cooperation with its newly acquired territories, especially with Croatia, Slovenia, and the Vojvodina—not to mention the smaller and less important provinces of Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, and Macedonia. Croatia, Slovenia, and, to a certain extent the Vojvodina were Western in their cultural pattern. Even under Magyar domination, Croatia possessed a national life of its own, and Slovenia, under Austrian administration, produced a fine national culture. When the victorious Serbs, after the establishment of the new state of the "Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes," embarked upon a policy of unification and centralization, attempting to create a homogeneous national state, great indignation, particularly intense in Croatia, arose throughout the districts inhabited by the non-Serbian minorities. Owing to the growing resistance of the Croats under the leadership of the emotional but highly gifted Radic, the parliamentary system became virtually paralyzed. The regular parties were unable to offer a workable program for the country; Serbs and Croats were too different in temper, in religion, and in accepted social values. Moreover, the Serbs felt themselves to be the emancipators of the servile tribes who under Hapsburg domination had fought against the national cause. Political hatred grew continuously until the murder of Radic in parliament brought the situation to a head. There was a popular demand for the king to assume dictatorial power, even among those who today hate the dictatorship most. When the dictatorship came it was generally accepted, and was even indorsed by Radic before his death as the only way out of a hopeless deadlock. The general expectation was that it would be only temporary and that the king would give a new constitution to the country. Every dictatorship, however, has a tendency to perpetuate itself, and Jugoslavia has proved no exception.

The king and the dominant military circles sought to put an end to the various national movements and to create a unified national state. This effort was founded on the idea of Jugoslav unity—one country, one patriotism, one loyalty. Therefore the new regime wiped out the old political territorial divisions and made a purely geographical division of the whole country. All the old parties were dissolved. The dictatorship wished to create a united patriotic party, and even an opposition party must be "educated" in the spirit of the Jugoslav idea. No local autonomy is tolerated. Bureaucracy is extremely centralized. Liberty of press and of assembly is entirely suppressed.

I did not meet a single competent person outside the circle of the dictatorship who believed that this daring experiment would be successful. I give below the opinion of a non-politician, possibly the most eminent of Serb scholars:

> How could such an experiment be successful? Jugoslav unity can only be the work—cultural, economic, and artistic—of many generations. Jugoslav patriotism cannot be aroused by decree of a dictator as long as hundreds of thousands of the inhabitants feel themselves to be Croats, or Slovenes, or Dalmatians. It is a pity that the king, as a great soldier and patriot, cannot see the difference between federalism and confederation, and does not understand that what the various tribes wish is not the dismemberment of the state but its reorganization. Even a very radical Croat said to me, "We desire this state but not such a state." I am convinced that there is not a single irredentist movement worth mentioning in the Jugoslav state. Even now, when the dictatorship has so cruelly hurt regional feelings, I have no doubt that in case of war the king would find the whole nation a united front. There is not one serious Croat who would like to return to Hungary. I do not know a single serious Slovene who wishes to have the Hapsburgs back. Yet the present experiment is dangerous. It can lead to disaster within the country. Desire for autonomy was never so intense as it has been during these six years of dictatorship.

The shot at Marseilles was the result of this poisoned situation but of course no solution.

[*This is the second of a series of articles by Dr. Jaszi on the economic and political problems of the succession states. A third will appear in an early issue.*]

Taxation in the New Social State

V. Local Finance

By PHILIP H. CORNICK

EACH of the forty-eight States seems to have at least two systems of local finance in operation; many States have more than two. In some of the older States there is what is entitled the general tax law, cited in practically all compendiums on the subject, although it is no longer general except in name. It is operative in all of its provisions only in rural areas if at all. Elsewhere throughout those States local finance is governed by special acts applicable to individual cities, to classes of cities or villages, or to urban communities as a whole.

Paralleling the general and special tax laws there are other acts controlling the financial operations of local governments in general or by more or less arbitrary classes—budget acts, bond acts, acts stipulating what expenditures may be made and what expenditures must be made. Under the systems in vogue in the several States—systems which frequently suffer from lack of internal coordination—the 160,000 overlapping units of government are spending ordinarily out of current revenues about one and a half times as much as the State and federal governments combined. To indicate the scale of local expenditures from borrowings, it is only necessary to say that before the federal government embarked on its program of depression borrowing, the local governments had debts outstanding which approximately equaled those of the federal and State governments in conjunction.

The entire fabric of local expenditures, furthermore, has in the course of years been welded in many States into a rigid structure by such devices as minimum tax levies for certain functions, maximum levies for others; maximum aggregate levies for all purposes (sometimes for single units of government, sometimes for all overlapping units within a given area); fixed pay scales for certain types of civil servants, and progressive pay scales for other types of civil servants.

To finance these expenditures, the laws provided, first, a loosely hung revenue system and, second, a loosely controlled system of borrowing, in both of which the valuations of property played an important part. Taxes on the capital value of property as indicated by market prices provided two-thirds or more of the current revenues. Ratios based on those capital values provided the legal limitations on the aggregate local debts which could be incurred. As property values increased, the limitations on revenues and on debts increased hand in hand; as they declined, those limitations declined similarly. Unfortunately, the debts already incurred could not be reduced at the same rate. Therein lies one of the major causes of the present financial stringency of local governments.

The items included in the property tax base vary widely from State to State and sometimes even from locality to locality within the same State. In at least one city in Pennsylvania the list of taxable properties includes only the full value of land and, in effect, one-half the value of buildings. In the rest of that State, as well as in New York, the list is restricted to lands and buildings, both taxable on full value. In other States the list includes such items of tangible personalty as the assessors can find; in still others, even stocks, bonds, mortgages, and other intangibles are also taxable on full value, in law if not in practice.

Judged by purely pragmatic tests, these diverse systems served their purpose reasonably well from about 1897 to 1929, while property values were generally advancing. In 1907, in 1913, and again in 1921 there were disquieting symptoms. Today thousands of local governments are in default on their bonded debt. Others have avoided default in that field only at the expense of not meeting current pay rolls. In many areas some essential local services have been eliminated and others drastically curtailed. While levies have tended to mount, revenue receipts have declined markedly. On the basis of these facts, each of them indisputable, a large and noisy segment of the general public is busily voicing the conclusion that the existing system of local finance has broken down and must be made over on a new pattern.

On the other hand, there are facts which would warrant conclusions diametrically opposed to this. For example, while it is true that a distressingly large number of cities have been forced to default on bond payments or pay rolls and to cut down on essential services, it is equally true that for every local unit in this group there are scores which have met every obligation as it fell due, and which have succeeded in retrenching in the costs of services without serious curtailment in the quality or quantity of the services rendered. In other words, while the existing systems of local finance in this country have nowhere escaped the effects of the world-wide financial stringency, they are in a state of collapse only in certain local areas.

It is significant, furthermore, that the local governments which are in direst distress are not distributed at random throughout the nation. Instead, they preponderate in certain fairly well-defined types of community and tend to concentrate in certain regions. Resort cities built on no firmer foundation than that of catering to the needs, whims, and weaknesses of tourists; satellite cities in the suburban fringes of metropolitan areas; farming counties which built rural highway systems on specifications suited to streets in congested cities; rural school districts which erected buildings of a type devised to meet the needs of densely populated urban areas; mushroom oil cities in the West; and here and there a great city prostrated by the almost complete paralysis of its overexpanded industries—these and other local governments of equally abnormal types have contributed defaults out of all proportion to their total number. Many of them were merely real-estate promotions. All of them suffered from temporarily inflated land prices out of all proportion to past, present, or probable future incomes.

Even in areas, however, where the local governments have succeeded in discharging faithfully and economically every obligation to citizens and creditors alike, the burden of taxation is painful, and the chorus of protest grows. Under competent leadership this protest might be used as a means to a much-needed simplification of the structure of local governments, to the reallocation of functions among federal, State, and local governments, and to the erection of an integrated tax system for federal, State, and local purposes. But leadership is absent. The checks and balances, the blurred lines of authority and responsibility within units of local government, and the conflicts of authority among overlapping units—all imposed from without—have made a career in municipal government singularly unattractive to able and high-minded citizens. In some of the State governments the situation is worse. When one party or faction at election after election places its candidate in the governor's chair, and the opposing party or faction just as consistently dominates both houses of the legislature, party responsibility becomes a memory, and party leadership a farce. To put the other side in a hole becomes the aim of political strategists.

Having looked vainly for leadership in that quarter, the people are turning to obscure, inexperienced, and often ignorant leaders. In State after State loosely drawn constitutional amendments providing for a rigid limitation of property taxes have been proposed by such men and adopted by overwhelming majorities. In Michigan and West Virginia local government in the larger cities would have been paralyzed if the courts had not found ways out of the dilemma created by such enactments. In Ohio a similar crisis impends. In other States comparable amendments are on the ballots. In California, before this is printed, the voters will have made their decision on a constitutional amendment designed to wipe out every existing tax and to substitute therefor a general tax on sales and transactions. In spite of its new-fangled name, the "syncrotax," this proposed substitute belongs in the category of taxes so aptly described by Edwin Cannan when he said that they were "well concealed from their ultimate payers by being administered in small doses wrapped up in prices."

In other sections relief for real estate has long been sought, not by tax limitation, but by the imposition of taxes on occupations in the guise of business licenses. The area within which they are being resorted to is steadily expanding. Almost half a century ago, in a book which has been out of print for so long that it has been forgotten even by its authors, Richard T. Ely and John Finley made a harsh but just appraisal of these taxes. "The license system may be fairly called medieval in its character. . . . It pushes the comparatively weaker elements and the industrially unfortunate down. . . . Licenses like many of ours remind me of taxation in the time of feudalism, when only those were taxed who were too weak to resist."

But while these misguided efforts at tax reform are in progress, the old property tax is showing sturdy qualities which even its few friends had not suspected. In cities of 30,000 and over, municipal revenue receipts as a whole declined from 1929 to 1932 (the last year for which comprehensive figures are available) 16 per cent. It is interesting, therefore, not to say amusing, to observe that the receipts from taxes on property declined only 11 per cent, and those from all other sources together 24 per cent. As the receipts from these other sources declined—including the receipts from municipal shares in State-administered taxes on sales and incomes—the levy on property had perforce to be increased. Fixed charges and the costs of providing local services essential to the public health, welfare, and safety cannot lightly be evaded. The conclusion is therefore inescapable that if the heterogeneous group of tax reformers which has stood for "broadening the tax base" had had its way, and if our municipalities during the period of prosperity had erected their revenue structure more largely on those other bases, they might well have faced a decline in revenue more serious than that which actually confronted them.

The reason for this state of affairs is not far to seek. The tax on property is an assessed tax. The valuation, at least, of real estate can be established by public officials on the basis of objective indices, and the rate of the tax is computed to meet revenue requirements. The taxpayer has the right to administrative review and of appeal to the courts, but when he has exhausted these remedies, the levy becomes effective. Taxes on sales and on incomes, on the other hand, are self-assessed taxes. The rates are established beforehand and are then applied by the taxpayer himself to the value of the base which he certifies in his return. While the public officials have a right of audit and review, the objective indices available for this purpose, in the overwhelming majority of instances, cover a very narrow range. The tax base, therefore, may fluctuate widely, not only because of a decline in sales or income, but also because of a decline in honesty. Honesty in all but a few exceptional individuals is probably too fragile a quality to survive the strains imposed by self-assessed taxes during a depression.

But the property tax has another quality which adds to its toughness. Once the tax has been levied, it remains a lien until paid. Under the first impact of the depression the collections of current taxes declined drastically, but a correspondingly large volume of receivables accumulated on the books. Some of these are wholly uncollectable, chiefly those outstanding on vacant lots for which there is no demand whatsoever either in the present or within a predictable future. The remainder will become cash receipts sooner or later. In one city which was on the verge of financial collapse less than a year ago the combined cash receipts in current and delinquent taxes this year have already reached a sum in excess of the current levy. Conditions in that city are probably not wholly unparalleled elsewhere, as the statistics should prove when they become available. Should cases of this nature be indicative, it is not too much to say that the most urgent need of American local finance in the immediate future is a cessation of attempts to cripple, by hampering limitations, the operations of the only important element in the existing tax system which has been sturdy enough to come back in the face of the depression.

For the more distant future other remedies are indicated. As one looks back over the checkered history of American local finance, three great crises stand out. These came in the periods following 1837, 1873, and 1929. Each had been preceded by almost insane booms in land prices, accompanied by lavish expenditures of public funds on improvements designed to serve the lands lying at the centers of most intense speculation. The last two of these booms, furthermore, were accentuated by the dislocations in the normal economy of the nation by the great wars which immediately preceded them, and by the methods used in financing them. Who shall say that these conjunctions came about by chance —that these wars and land booms were not the primary causes of the subsequent crises in local credit? The greatest obstacles in the way of stable systems of municipal finance would seem to be wars and speculation in land. How the first evil may be minimized will no doubt be adequately treated in an article later in this series. The elimination of the second lies within the scope of local finance itself. An adequate tax on land values will do it. Henry George outlined the method in his analysis of what happened after the collapse of 1873.

[This is the fifth of a series of ten articles on taxation, planned and edited by Professor Paul Studenski. The sixth, on Educational Finance, by Professor John K. Norton of Teachers College, will appear in the issue of December 5.]

Jersey Power Costs Too Much

By McALISTER COLEMAN

IN the hearing-room of the New Jersey Board of Public Utility Commissioners in Newark, where the rates of the Public Service Electric and Gas Company are on trial, a witness bends over a slide-rule. He makes some elaborate calculations, looks anxiously at the young lawyer for the people who is closing in on him, and then begins his answer.

"My weighted indices," says the witness in an impressive manner, "show that the variability of common and skilled labor in construction work in 1913—"

The reporters go out into the hall to smoke. In the rear of the room four or five spectators yawn, read newspapers, whisper hoarse comments.

Frank J. Reardon, appointed to the commission last winter over the heated protests of consumer groups, moves unhappily in his chair. "This is getting long and tedious," he protests. His fellow-commissioners, Thomas Hanson, Newark lawyer and former assemblyman, and Harry Bacharach, Mayor of Atlantic City, look at him with sympathetic amusement. They know. They have been at the grind for more than a year now.

And it has been a long, tedious grind, this hearing on the petition to reduce the electric rates of one of the most powerful utilities in the country. Yet behind the dull talk of weighted indices, kilowatts, rate bases, there is a story of compelling human interest and genuine drama, a story ignored for the most part by the almost incredibly reactionary press of New Jersey. Here, of course, is an underdog fight. Admitted that it is no great news when an underdog bites a utility these days, nevertheless this particular fight has set up repercussions sounding well beyond the confines of the hearing-room at Newark or the legislative chambers at Trenton. Consumer organizations and municipal officials in the East and the whole far-flung utility world have been watching the progress of the struggle with eager interest.

They are interested, in the first place, because the Public Service Electric and Gas Company serves 800,000 consumers in New Jersey's thickly settled sections, is affiliated with Coordinated Transport, which monopolizes a major part of the State's bus business, has as a holding company the Public Service Corporation, and is tied up with the United Gas Improvement of Philadelphia and beyond that with the United Corporation, the Morgan-Bonbright-Drexel utility investment trust; and in the second place because the hard-boiled attitude of Thomas N. McCarter, president of Public Service, in resisting even the most modest demands for regulation and rate reduction has so bucked up the faltering officials of utilities elsewhere that they have acknowledged his militant leadership by electing him president of the Edison Institute. This is the propagandist successor to the National Electric Light Association, conceived as press-poisoner by Samuel Insull, done to death by Senator George W. Norris and the Federal Trade Commission. If "good, old Tom McCarter," with rates 30 per cent higher than those in any other territory comparable to his Jersey domain, can hold the fort against the upsurging consumers, there is hope for the other members of what Amos Pinchot once called the "Kilowatt Klan." Thirdly, the fight of the consumers, with the Utility Users' Protective League in the vanguard, has been carried on with such intelligence and dogged courage as to set a standard for battles of this sort all across the country.

Now they come into the hearing-room, the principals in this struggle. Down one aisle march the officials of Public Service and their mercenaries, looking a lot more worried these crowded days than when this pesky business started. They seem all of them cut from the same gentlemanly pattern—suits of soft materials, pince-nez, alert ruddy faces under iron-gray or glistening white hair. Behind them come their clerks lugging great leather, document-jammed receptacles, briefcases of gigantic dimensions. Behind the clerks march the experts—the vice-president of a high-powered New York engineering firm, the dean of a Midwest university. Finally the lawyers.

Down the other aisle straggle the "self-constituted tribunes of the people," as Mr. McCarter has contemptuously termed them. There is the effervescent, eloquent John A. Matthews, known to the Jersey bar for his skill in handling divorce cases, to Jersey politicians for his unyielding persistence in debate when he was in the legislature, to Jersey consumers for his suavely savage cross-examination of McCarter whenever he has been able to lure that embattled magnate to the witness chair. Then came the Slaff brothers, keen, cynical young lawyers from New York, dangerous in their brilliant cross-examination of utility experts, their devastating analysis of the company's statistical alibis. Last down the aisle limps A. Raymond Travis, Jr., secretary of the Utility Users' League, at his side the bullet-headed, bespectacled, deep-lunged John Bauer of Montclair, expert for the people, bane of all extortionate rate-chargers.

Upon these last two the utility crowd cast glances of ill-concealed venom. They know, for they have taken pains to find out, that no one across the aisle, with the possible exception of Travis, has taken one penny for all the backbreaking work connected with the long presentation of the people's case for rate reductions. As for Travis, his is a ten-hour day, seven-day week, with dollar annual memberships in the league few and far between, a salary long overdue, the usual civic-organization deficit.

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They can understand the lawyers, these utility men. Matthews and the Slaffs have lively private practices. But how do Bauer and Travis do it? There is an enormous amount of statistical work awaiting Bauer when he gets home to Montclair after testifying that Public Service rates could be drastically reduced for the good of the consumer and, in the long run, the good of Public Service itself. He has a long-view engineering plan for power in New Jersey that he has been working over for many months. Travis has his detail work in his Paterson headquarters, his membership drives to supervise, his constant bombardment of the letter columns of the indifferent or actively hostile newspapers.

Considering the activities of these "tribunes," Public Service agents at first concluded that they must be in this thing for some sinister racketeering ends. This idea was soon dropped. Dr. Bauer's reputation as one of the few men in the country with a profound knowledge of rate-making who is invariably lined up with the consumers is too deeply rooted to be shaken by innuendo. Travis, who came into New Jersey at the request of a handful of harassed North Jersey Erie commuters, seemed at first a more likely mark. No one in Jersey knew much about him, save that he was a recent graduate of Syracuse University, that he had thrown up a job with a commercial concern to take on a knotty Westchester rate case, and that he was one of the most persuasive salesmen who ever insinuated himself through a doorway.

North Jersey soon had a chance to judge the mettle of this blue-eyed youngster who painfully drags feet crippled by infantile paralysis into the front of the firing line. In the Erie rate case he had hardly started his spade-work of distributing pamphlets to the commuters when he was hauled off to a Paterson police station by six irate railroad dicks and town constables. As soon as he was released, he went back to his post.

The Erie case got itself snarled up with legalistic procedure before the Interstate Commerce Commission. George Slaff wrote the brief for the consumers in that case and the commission is still pondering it. Travis, looking about for the next salient, came upon the widespread smoldering resentment against the high rates charged by Public Service for both gas and electricity. Everybody, it seemed, was sore. No one was doing anything about it. Travis decided that here was a sizable enough Goliath. He made a sling-shot in the shape of the Utility Users' League and went forth to battle. With the help of other consumer organizations he managed to prod a traditionally inert Public Utility Commission into listening to a plea for rate reductions.

Now Public Service has come to the startling, though belated, conclusion that this young upstart is in earnest, that he really isn't another racketeer out to blackmail a wealthy corporation. This was a most disconcerting discovery, as is evidenced by recent rather hectic statements of Mr. McCarter. In a pamphlet sent to all his consumers with the "compliments of Thomas N. McCarter," Jerseyites were told how fortunate they are to be able to obtain electricity at a starting rate of nine cents a kilowatt hour. In this document the statement was made that Public Service rates are hardly 1 per cent of the householder's budget. This was a slip, for on the heels of the pamphlet appeared advertisements in all the North Jersey papers pointing out that the average electric bill for domestic consumers was around $2.80 a month, or less than ten cents a day. On McCarter's own estimate, this would give Jerseyites an average income of $280 a month, or $3,360 a year, as Travis took pains to point out in his press releases.

In its publicity, paid for of course by the consumers (which is just as though we were all to rush out and send expensive and insulting comic valentines to ourselves), Public Service mutters darkly about "radicals." Yet Travis and Bauer and the rest have not even mentioned so mildly liberal a step as public ownership. They have made their issue on immediate rate reductions and do not want it confused. In fact, Travis is so far from radical that he shuns the activities of all Jersey left wingers.

Now, thanks to the work of a handful of devoted men and women, literally not more than ten, Jerseyites are beginning to understand what that nine-cent rate of Public Service means in terms of deprivation of cheap and abundant electricity. The Newark hearings, neglected by the press with the honorable exceptions of the Newark *Star-Eagle,* the Camden *Courier,* the Bergen *Evening Record,* and the Ridgewood *News,* have disclosed to the consumers a corporation wallowing in dividends at a time of deepest general economic distress, scaring a subservient legislature to the extent that a few soft-toothed bills for the regulation of the State's utilities were killed in committee last session, spreading its sinister influence to the highest places in the State. Candidates for the Assembly at this last election were questioned by the league as to their attitude on immediate rate reductions. For the first time in the thirty years of Public Service a sizable bloc goes to the next legislature pledged to fight for a slash in Public Service rates. Irrespective of what decision the commission may make in the present rate cases, even the Jersey worm may turn.

In the Driftway

THE other night the Drifter, a guest at dinner, was regaled first with fresh asparagus and finally with fresh raspberries. He is very fond of both, but he confesses to a feeling of guilt when he eats them in November. Not that this sort of thing has not become a commonplace: raspberries at Thanksgiving, strawberries at Christmas, green peas from New Year's to New Year's, and succulent stalks of asparagus while the winter winds are blowing. Lettuce and oranges all year round cause no surprise whatever any more, although when they first appeared well out of season there must have been a raised eyebrow or two. Yet the Drifter would respectfully remind most of his readers that they live in what used to be known as the Temperate Zone, which was formerly given to a period of warm weather called summer, followed by a period about twice as long (or so it seems) called winter, during which the only green plants visible to wind-reddened eyes are related to the pine family and have never been very useful as edibles.

* * * * *

THE Drifter can remember, a long time ago, the excitement generated in young children by the advent of the strawberry season. It began about the last week in May and ended with a great sunset of strawberry shortcake on the Fourth of July. Toward the end of it the peas were ripe—

not to mention the fried chicken—and one could bear to part with them only because there were snap beans at the end of July and of course in August the Queen of the Garden, corn on the cob, to provide ample solace. Well, those days are gone forever. For North Temperate Zoners, only three of the more highly cherished fruits of the earth remain strangers except during those weeks when they ripen naturally in the neighborhood. They are the noble sweet corn, celebrated just above, the watermelon, and the Concord grape. Although he favors them almost above all others, the Drifter would not presume to say their superiority lay entirely in their coyness. But at least he hopes the day will never come when he can buy green corn in January or blue grapes in March. It would be, for him, the final betrayal of harvest time.

* * * * *

THIS eating of fruit out of place and out of season never seems more of a mistake than when an attempt is made to bring tropical fruit to a colder climate. Ripe figs eaten in Capri are a delight. The little green buttons sold on Bleecker Street for ripe figs are nothing more than a joke on the customer. The Drifter essayed a pomegranate the other day. It was a handsome mottled red outside. Inside its reddish seeds were merely numerous. They were not juicy nor had they any taste, yet in their native habitat they deserve all the poetical encomiums that have been bestowed upon them. About a week ago the Drifter sent a pumpkin and a winter squash to a New England friend of his unhappily domiciled in Virginia. The gifts were received with thanks and evidently eaten with relish, but the Drifter knew well enough that he did wrong to send them. In Virginia, if you must eat something orange-colored in November, you should bite into a persimmon. A pumpkin, and even more a yellow winter squash, should be cooked on a snappy, blustery day when the hills are quite clear and blue, except where the oaks color them red, and when the smell of leaves burning fills the air. And in Virginia, or so his New England friends tell him, you never feel or see or smell such things.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Fascism at Columbia

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

As officers of the Graduate Club of Italian Studies, the only student organization seriously engaged in research in the Italian field, and as frequent readers of *The Nation,* may we be permitted to point out several gross errors in the article appearing anonymously in your issue of November 7, entitled Fascism at Columbia University.

The statement to the effect that "professors have the power of withholding higher degrees in their department from students who view contemporary Italy with an open mind" is without foundation. The Special Investigator, if we understand him correctly, wishes to intimate that higher degrees are withheld from candidates because of political beliefs. We have never heard of an instance of such arbitrary discrimination. On the contrary we, recipients of and candidates for higher degrees, have never been questioned as to our political sentiments, nor has Professor Bigongiari, whom your Special Investigator accuses of being a fascist propagandist, ever, to our knowledge, "sought to intrench fascist influences in the conduct of Italian studies."

Is it not preposterous to suppose that we, as American students of Italian culture, should be asked to subscribe to the tenets of a political system not of our own choosing? It so happens, in fact, that the Graduate Club of Italian Studies has among its members persons of various political convictions; and although we have agreed to exclude from our activities as an organization discussions of a political nature, it is nevertheless true that if your Special Investigator had consulted the members of this club personally he would have found militant liberals, anti-fascists, Socialists, new- and old-dealers, and perhaps, for all we know, Communists, D. A. R.'s, and staunch Hitlerites. The Casa Italiana is hardly an adequate arena for jousts between fascists and anti-fascists, any more than the Casa de las Españas is the place for the settlement of the differences between Monarchists, Communists, Separatists, and Republicans, or the Deutsches Haus the battleground for Hitlerites and Jews. If the respective house were to invite "student gatherings for the purpose of discussing aspects of the fascist," Republican, or Hitlerite rule, there would no longer be "a critical attitude of mind" but rather chaos and pandemonium. The purpose of the houses would be defeated and Morningside Heights would be turned into a bloody shambles. The point to remember is that these houses, in order to fulfil their function as cultural centers, must maintain amicable relations with the countries whose culture they are presenting, regardless of the political regime that happens to be in the saddle.

It may be of interest to you to know that the Graduate Club has been preparing for publication a series of papers on the subject of Italian nationalism. No investigator with honest intentions could possibly have remained in ignorance of the fact that the essays on D'Annunzio, Morasso, Corradini, and other nationalistic fanatics of the first quarter of the twentieth century (which, by the way, were prepared in Professor Carlton J. H. Hayes's history seminar) were written with a keen "critical attitude."

Our right to extend invitations to eminent men to speak to us, regardless of their political views, has never been denied. Three years ago we had the pleasure of having Professor Carlton Hayes of the History Department of Columbia open our series on Italian nationalism. This year we invited Professor Arthur Livingston to lead a series of discussions on Pareto. Furthermore, it may be of interest to know that it is part of our program for this year to invite Professor Gaetano Salvemini to speak on some phase of contemporary Italian history (and this not as an afterthought), as well as Professor Irwin Edman, of the Philosophy Department of Columbia, to open a new series of discussions on Italian philosophy with a lecture on Nationalism in Philosophy.

New York, November 3

FRANK A. RUSSO
ANTHONY M. GISOLFI
MARCEL F. GRILLI

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In *The Nation* for November 7, in an article entitled Fascism at Columbia University, there is a reference to Mr. Leonard Covello, who is characterized as "a high-school principal serving as the henchman of the Casa fascist group in the city high-school system."

We, the undersigned chairmen of departments at the Benjamin Franklin High School, of which Mr. Covello is principal, believe this characterization to be a complete distortion of the actual facts in the case. Mr. Covello has never lent himself to political propagandizing at any time or in any place—least of all in the high-school system, where he enjoys a well-merited reputation for his liberal attitude in all matters pertaining to education. Some of the signers of this letter have known Mr. Covello for many years; one of them has been for almost two decades—and still is—his fellow-member in the Teachers' Union, an organization not particularly ardent in its defense of fascism, whether in Italy or at home.

As for Mr. Covello's work outside the school system, the most careful perusal of the list of articles published by the bureau of which he is the director, listed in Bulletin No. 6 of the organization, discloses not one single subject even remotely connected with political propaganda. Typical titles are "The Italian Child in the Children's Court," "The Italian and the Police," and "Health Among the Italians in New York City." In the September, 1934, issue of the *Atlantica*, Mr. Covello declared his belief that one of the major functions of the Educational Bureau is "to study the social life of the Italian and his adjustment to his new environment in the United States." We who know him as an idealist, as a man altogether opposed to dictatorial methods in his relations with his teachers and his pupils, know that he is incapable of spreading propaganda for fascism either within or outside the school system; we know that his work as director of the Educational Bureau of the Casa Italiana has been limited to the tasks indicated by his statement quoted above and by the nature of the bulletins issued by the bureau, among whose consultants are some of the outstanding liberals of the country.

WALTER H. WOLFF BESSIE C. REDMOND
JACOB RUBENSTEIN AUSTIN M. WORKS
HARRY LEVINE HERBERT S. LEHMUTH
ANITA S. GIACOBBE

New York, November 4

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Although I have always responded to your advanced liberality with enthusiasm it was not until the publication of Fascism at Columbia University that I fully realized how splendidly loyal to ideals and righteously truthful you could be. The pet concern of mine that you discussed was the position of Professor Arthur Livingston. It has always seemed an injustice to me that a man of his caliber who is the leading authority on Da Ponte should not have been rewarded with the Da Ponte Professorship. With the Noble prize being awarded to Pirandello, Dr. Livingston again deserves recognition for introducing to us the famous Italian through inimitable translations. His forthcoming work on Pareto is eagerly awaited by his admirers and students. May I take this opportunity to thank you for revealing how this worthy scholar and inspiring teacher has been victimized, depreciated, and unrecognized by the authorities at Columbia.

New York, November 9 FANNY LANDORMY

[The letter printed above from the officers of the Graduate Club of Italian Studies made some astounding assertions. In denying that fascist influences are at work in the Italian Department and the Casa Italiana, it describes the wide variety of students who are members of the club and the wide variety of subjects on which members have written. Since this organization was not mentioned either in the original article in *The Nation* or in subsequent comment, these facts hardly seem relevant. What amazes us is the statement that if free political discussion were permitted in the Casa or in the other departmental houses, "chaos and pandemonium" would reign and "Morningside Heights would be turned into a bloody shambles." Do these students realize the implications of this statement? In the first place, it grants what was originally charged, that such discussion is impossible at the Casa. In the second place, it implies that repression at Columbia is the only alternative to violence. As for the second letter dealing with Mr. Covello, we can say that we have trustworthy support for the assertion that the speakers' division of the educational bureau under his direction has been an instrument of fascist propaganda among the Italian American population of New York. This fact does not necessarily detract from the excellent work in other directions that Mr. Covello's colleagues attribute to him.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Miss Herbst Does Not Object

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Your reviewer of my novel "The Executioner Waits" is welcome to his point of view. I have no intention of quarreling with it, and it must be a consolation to live in a beautiful sensitive little world all one's very own. I don't even object to his attack, although it smells to high heaven of the unfairness and hysteria so characteristic of Hitler and his cohorts.

I do object, for the sake of those readers of *The Nation* who may still believe in its veracity, to deliberate misquotations from my novel. Naturally, your reviewer did not bother to read "Pity Is Not Enough," the first volume of the trilogy of which "The Executioner Waits" is the second. That might spoil his own pet ideas and might give him some clue to the pattern. It is only natural, too, that his sole selections from the text to prove his own predetermined notion of my method are from the characterization of two people who were intended to be the least sympathetic, and who do not even appear on more than five pages in the entire book.

I suggest, however, that you compare the bare bones of his misquotation (I will take only the first example given in his

—HENRY GEORGE—
—PROPHET
Though he wrote his famous essays upon
SOCIAL PROBLEMS
50 years ago, you will find astonishing correspondences and analogies with circumstances today. The *Problems* as he presented them with matchless eloquence and clarity are *still with us;* acute, threatening, unsolved—a challenge and a menace to religion, to democracy and to civilization. Handsome, new edition of this great book now available. Price ONE DOLLAR—Sent postpaid anywhere in the United States.
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review) with the original. His example (tending to show the "lack of emotion, the dead and gestureless living") is this:

> Mrs. Chance kept a sharp eye on her son. . . . Her son was living with a woman. Her skin from neck to feet seemed flooded with red at the idea. . . . The visions that came to her thick and fast tormented her. She took soda for heartburn.

What I wrote was as follows:

> Mrs. Chance kept a sharp eye on her son. Unknown to anyone she had quietly steamed open a letter from Victoria, had read amazing matter. Her son was living with a woman. Her skin from neck to feet seemed flooded with blood at the idea. Some bold person had imposed on her boy, had worked her very way into his life. He was foolish enough to be taken in, had forgotten the good bringing up, had forgotten everything for some woman's arms. The visions that came to her thick and fast tormented her. She took soda for heartburn, sat for hours in the chair by the window gripping the arms, looking out at a blank street. She had fought to keep him from marrying, now he had fallen into something blacker, deeper, more deadly. Sin. Lust. She had sense not to say a word, kept her secret, kissed her boy with a kind of repugnance, and let him go. It was no time to tell his father. Better to wait. But when her boy was gone, and she was alone in the house the maid's day out, she went around gathering up his things, his letters, his notes to her in school, his baby pictures, weeping terrible tears, and tying up bundles with shaking hands, locking the letters finally into a drawer of her desk together with the bottle of old whiskey that she had so often venomously and mysteriously accused Jonathan of having pilfered. When she came to a picture of herself as a young woman, with round sweet face and happy eyes, staring out eagerly at the future, she hid her face in her hands, sat a long time seeing as well as if she faced a mirror the discontent, the lines around her eyes, the proud and bitter mouth. And as if to restore her youth to her, she slipped the picture in with Jonathan's things, among those snapshots up north of the boy in the sand with his fair hair and dark eyes.

If it was your intention to give this review into the hands of someone ignorant of my work and antipathetic to it, you are to be congratulated on your success. You even found someone ignorant of life.

Erwinna, Pa., October 30 JOSEPHINE HERBST

Mr. Frank Enjoys a Satire

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Lionel Abel's satire in your issue of November 7 on a fervid American college freshman reviewing a serious book is so delicious, although perhaps a trifle overdone and unjust to our freshmen, that I am moved publicly to praise it. The piece is called Mr. Frank's Seriousness and pretends to be a "review" of "The Death and Birth of David Markand." The key to the joke, in case any chance dull reader should not have caught on beforehand, is at the end of the piece: ". . . every freshman in philosophy knows the fury to philosophize, and no one knows it better than the freshman."

Your satirist has indeed made a devastating show of where the fury to philosophize and to pontificate may lead the unequipped young man whom our lack of cultural standards permits to appear in print when what he needs—to speak intellectually, of course—is a nurse to change his diapers. I enjoyed this, for instance: "Mr. Frank is neither a Marxist nor a subscriber to the total Mind, to speak philosophically"—and the delightful conclusion therefrom, that "Mr. Frank is nothing," since no philosopher could ever possibly have been, or could ever conceivably be, anything except one or t'other. And this: "Apparently, in the genre of the 'serious,' reality plays a subsidiary role. 'But now the slave need not be other men: need not be ourselves, for other men are ourselves.' These words, coming from John Byrne, a revolutionary Marxist, ring false." What a parody on an ignorant group calling themselves the exclusive Marxists, who, having been taught to reject revealed religion, feel constrained to reject the Golden Rule, and who hence must decree that Byrne, a character in the novel supposedly under review, since he has turned the Golden Rule into modern English, cannot be a Marxist. And these: "Mr. Frank has no technique"; "Technical problems of the novelist's art he has simply ignored"—almost too fierce a caricature of the sort of nonsense which ignorance, encouraged, will utter.

My one criticism is that Mr. Abel's venom against the fatuity of his "freshman reviewer" is too bitter; so as to make me doubt whether Mr. Abel is as detached from the character of his "victim" as a good satirist should always be. But the piece is excellent. It exhibits, in less than two columns, many of the major evils—cocksureness, aesthetic dulness, emotional and intellectual superficiality—which endanger the maturity of young America.

New York, November 1 WALDO FRANK

The Safe Period

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Sanctified Birth Control, by Dorothy Dunbar Bromley, in your September 26 issue was most timely. It gave a clear, concise, and scientific explanation of the difficulties one encounters in trying to determine a safe period for controlling conception.

I wish to add one point to the difficulty of determining the so-called safe period for control of conception. It has been definitely proved by physiologists that the spermatozoa retain their activity in the uterus and Fallopian tubes for some time after copulation. In the human being this activity may continue for from three days to one week, in some of the lower animals for a longer period. In bats copulation takes place in the fall of the year, the uterus retaining the spermatozoa in activity until the following spring, when ovulation takes place. From this one can observe that the calendar for the safe period would have to be changed to allow for the period of activity of the spermatozoa. Assuming that a woman is sterile during the first post-menstrual week, she would have to bear in mind that the implanted spermatozoa during that week may continue to be active through the days of ovulation and cause pregnancy.

Seattle, Wash., October 15 JOSEPH M. LANE, M.D.

Contributors to This Issue

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Labor and Industry

It Looks Like War

By JAMES RORTY

Toledo, November 8

WHEN the President made that speech asking for a six months' truce between capital and labor, I was driving through the coal towns of the Alleghenies. I looked for the truce, but the smoke and soot and the dirty shacks the miners live in got in my eyes. From time to time we picked up hitch-hikers and asked them about it. One of them was headed for New Kensington to join his father who had not been rehired after a strike in a mine near Uniontown. Maybe he would find a truce farther north—unless the blacklist caught up with him. In Aliquippa, where the Steel Corporation has a big plant, I found a kind of truce. The Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers was holding its meetings in Ambridge, across the river, because the Steel Corporation owned Aliquippa—all of it, including the forces of law and order. Aliquippa was peaceful. It was as quiet as the inside of an icebox.

Pittsburgh was peaceful too. Steel production in the Pittsburgh district was down to 17 per cent of capacity when I was there—it had dropped to 8 per cent two weeks before. Yes, things were pretty quiet around Pittsburgh. The hearings of the Steel Labor Board were as orderly as you please. The Duquesne local of the Amalgamated had asked the board to compel the Carnegie Steel Corporation to hold an election to determine whether or not the Amalgamated was to represent the workers for purposes of collective bargaining. Counsel for the corporation said the workers had already held an election and that 87 per cent of them had voted for the company union; hence there was no unrest in Duquesne, and neither the Amalgamated nor the government had any business on the premises.

Steel workers crowded the back part of the courtroom—Slavs, Poles, Italians, Negroes; heavy-set men with thick forearms and bleak, impassive faces. The eloquent counsel for the company union (paid by the company) consulted the records of the company union (furnished by a company-paid stenographer employed to take down every word spoken at their meetings) and proved that the company-union representatives had settled scores of complaints in favor of the men. Therefore there was no unrest among the Duquesne steel workers. I saw some of the steel workers smile wryly at this, but none spoke out of turn.

Later some of them took the stand. They proved that the Amalgamated had signed up a majority of the employees of the Duquesne plant. Objection by counsel for the corporation. Employees as of what date? Were they union members in good standing? It is a nice question. Is a union member who hasn't paid his dues because the company has given him only one, two, or three days of work a week, or who has been fired for union activity—is such a member entitled to participate in an election? What does the law say?

The Steel Corporation lawyers clicked and pounded with the precision of machines. Pale, hawk-like men; men of steel, but not steel workers. Implacable robot functionaries who had never come closer to an open-hearth furnace than the bookkeeping entries, red-ink entries these days, that prove everything is impossible: the plants can't be operated at a profit, they can't be closed without huge losses, wages can't be increased, a genuine union can't be permitted. They said the Duquesne workers were satisfied, that the company union was a thing of beauty, and what if it wasn't?—the government had no jurisdiction on the premises. Legal hocus-pocus. William J. Spang, speaking for the Duquesne local of the Amalgamated, was like a bear caught in a slimed fishnet. He did his best, but his men did better. No unrest? A tall Negro took the stand. Yes, he had seen plenty of unrest in Duquesne. He thumped his chest and his voice boomed:

"I got some of that unrest right here!"

At that the shabby courtroom came alive and the legal make-believe blew away like smoke. Suddenly you saw it as if you were there: the dreary, sodden steel towns; the vast, sprawling weight of collapsed industry choking the valleys of the Monongahela, the Allegheny, the Ohio; the blind, bitter clutch of the steel masters on this clutter of inert machinery; the aimless drift of harassed, half-starved men through the streets; the dogged struggle of the union against a terror that speaks suavely in court but barks out of the muzzles of automatics in the walled towns where steel is made and where, under cover of pious phrases, the Amalgamated is being whittled and starved and blacklisted to death.

Peace. A truce. Pittsburgh is not very smoky these days. From the Gothic tower of the Cathedral of Learning which stands half completed, waiting for the Mellons to okey the chancellor's bright idea, I saw the kingdom of Mellonia spread out below me in bright sunlight. Since the expulsion of Professor Turner, the University of Pittsburgh has been very quiet. Dr. Turner has another job, so I must not say how honest and forthright he was with his students and how greatly they respected him. A truce to all that. Except for the frantic race of automobiles along the boulevards, the whole of Pittsburgh was quiet. From the cathedral tower we could see two great hospitals. One of them was closed. The other was about one-fifth occupied. Yet the district nurses had told me that morbidity is increasing in the slum districts; the surrounding hills are full of coal, but heat and blankets are hard to get. And the Unemployed League had told me how the landlords lock their doors and refuse to accept the dole of one and one-half times the taxes which the relief administration offers in lieu of the rent which the 250,000 unemployed—one-sixth of the population of Allegheny County—can't possibly pay out of their meager "budgetary allowances."

I went to Weirton, West Virginia, shrine of the open-shop patriots, while the government, at Wilmington, was trying to compel Mr. Weir to hold an election of his employees. The big shots were all away, but everything was tranquil. This was seen to by eighteen deputy sheriffs, paid by the company. The local bartender talked out of the side of his mouth. He didn't know where the headquarters of the Amalgamated were; he didn't know anything. The Amalgamated Hall was across the street. I talked to a dozen members of the Weirton local, including the treasurer of New Deal Lodge No. 33. It was meeting night, but the hall was far from crowded. With a company spotter standing outside or parked across the street, the men are likely to walk past the hall rather than into it, even though they hold cards in the union. (The Amalgamated leaders claim to have organized from 80 to 95 per cent of the Weirton steel workers.)

Things being as quiet as they are, however, the company union is safer. The company union celebrated Labor Day by holding a Pageant of All the Nations on Marland Heights, where the company has built a new swimming pool. A young, good-looking Italian member of the Amalgamated thought he'd like to see the fireworks—life is pretty dull in Weirton—and went up the hill. A hard-faced man came out from under a bridge, stared at him, and signaled to another man. A good time was being had by all around the swimming pool, and the fireworks were beginning to go off. But the youth started walking rapidly away from there. A shot rang out, and the youth ran. Shouts, and another shot. As he told the story I could see him running—head back, elbows up, legs pumping—I remembered running like that myself during the war. But this was not war. Things were pretty quiet in Weirton. The mile-long steel plant, caged behind sheet metal, barbed wire, and bullet-scarred concrete, lay stretched out and scarcely breathing, like some mythical prehistoric monster, along the narrow shelf between the steep Allegheny foothills and the Ohio. The monster mustn't die, because then the men who feed it and nurse it would die; true, some of them have died already and more are likely to die this winter. The Hancock County relief director said that relief was insufficient—he was constantly asking for more. Starvation—under its official euphemisms, malnutrition and the various ills induced by cold and hunger—is likely to be a grim fact this winter in this country of coal, milk, and other surpluses.

I passed through Wheeling, West Virginia, where the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce presented me with a convention package—Cascarets, Danderine, Bayer's Aspirin, compliments of Sterling Products, Inc. The patent-medicine business is doing very well, thank you, although coal production in the Wheeling district was down to 20 per cent of normal. Thence we drove to Columbus, the capital of Ohio. You've heard about the Ohio Plan for reemploying its million extra-economic workers—nearly one-sixth of the population. It can't win—is not supposed to win. In the words of its director, Boyd Fisher, one of the founders of the American Management Association, Ohio Production Units, Inc., "will hold its relief workers in outstretched palms, waiting for any employer to take them away who is able to do so." Meanwhile they are expected to exist as economic pariahs, insulated by a *cordon sanitaire* from the surrounding profit economy. They can consume what they produce, but not sell it in the open market. In effect they sell it to the government, which in turn pays them their "budgetary allowance" in the form of wages. If this is not "forced labor," as the Ohio Unemployed League contends, it is something very much like it. It, too, is a truce of a sort—a temporary and highly unstable evasion of the basic economic and social dilemma.

In the middle of the fertile corn lands of northwestern Ohio there is a shrine dedicated to no heathenish, half-mythical Goddess of Fertility but to the memory of Warren Gamaliel Harding. It is small, consisting merely of some immensely heavy marble columns within which a weeping willow grows out of a bed of myrtle. It cost a million dollars to build and a substantial part of this sum was collected, in pennies, from American school children. Scores of devout American men, women, and children visit this shrine every day. Persons who underestimate the inertias of the American social situation should also visit this shrine and feel the immense, tranquil conviction that roots these noble columns in the sod of the Ohio prairie.

From Marion we drove to McGuffey, shipping center of the onion growers of Hardin County. I am told that the McGuffey who drained this 17,000-acre tract of black alluvial muck land went broke and that the Scioto Land Company now owns a large share of it. Other big growers are the New York Coal Company and J. B. Stanbaugh and Sons. These with a few others make up the National Onion Growers' Association, which controls the storage and most of the shipping from this district. Mr. Stanbaugh is on the county relief commission; families get relief to supplement the ten-cent-an-hour wage they earn working in his onion fields.

Hardin County is indeed a record-breaking county. It boasts the lowest agricultural wage in the country, the highest death rate from tuberculosis in the State, very high infant mortality, and equally notable records with respect to typhoid, diphtheria, malaria, and dysentery. In the interest of the truce between capital and labor one should not stress the connection between these records and the wages paid the imported Kentucky and Tennessee mountaineers who plant, weed, and harvest the onions. Or the affidavit by a widow to the effect that she and her two boys aged eleven and twelve raised 1,600 bushels of onions and got just $10 for their share—things like that should be suppressed, as well as statements by the onion workers that the women and children have been obliged to crawl on their hands and knees weeding onions, ten hours, four and a half miles, a day; that the gang bosses have been known to stamp on the children's hands to hurry them along.

Indeed, we found things pretty quiet in McGuffey, although about half the strikers were still out, having rejected the proposed settlement of fifteen cents an hour. I talked to Okey O'Dell, the strike leader who was out on bail waiting trial for daring to resist and defy his kidnappers. (The leaders of the mob who kidnapped him were never indicted.) He is a quiet, gentle Southerner, a bit huskier and more energetic than the average. He lives alone in his shack now, having sent his wife and two children back to Kentucky to prevent their being kidnapped, as had been threatened. The shack is better than most. Out on the marshes whole families were crowded into single rooms; and after the evictions they slept and cooked in the roadside ditches. Did not the growers own all the land?

Onions are cheap in McGuffey, although forty miles away in Toledo they sell for seven cents a pound. The share-croppers get around a cent a pound for their share,

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which they are obliged to sell to the Onion Growers' Association. In the store at McGuffey a share-cropper tried to sell us onions. They were sound white onions, he said, though not large because of the drought. We said we were not onion buyers, not in the market, and a strange thing happened. He cried. He sobbed. Yes, he was a little drunk. He had started getting drunk three weeks before when his two young children had both died of typhoid. There were half a dozen people in the store when he said this and they nodded confirmingly. If he had been very drunk it wouldn't have been so bad. But he was half sober. And he kept crying louder and louder, like an animal. He was still crying when we left the store.

In Kenton, the county seat, the relief director explained that they had been obliged to cut relief in the onion district from $2.50 to $2 a week for a family of three. There wasn't enough to go around. If he could get more from the State, he, Allan Ochs—whom the strikers charge with flagrant discrimination in the giving of relief—would be only too glad to spend it. Maybe there would be a tuberculosis sanitarium in Hardin County, built with PWA money. Maybe the government would start subsistence homesteads in the muck lands. Meanwhile, I asked, why didn't the county health officer condemn those shallow wells? Why didn't he burn those germ-infested shacks and insist that decent shelter be provided for the onion workers? But no, that would have been to break the truce. That would have been war, war against the feudal lords of McGuffey, who have built fine solid homes for themselves and their foremen, who have drilled deep wells to supply their drinking water, who can look out of their windows and see lines of men, women, and children crawling on hands and knees up and down the mile-long onion rows. It is a picturesque sight—almost medieval, and right in the heart of America. See America first.

In Toledo the windows of the Auto-Lite plant have been mended and business is going on as usual, including the business of Ramsey, Bossler and Company, the business agents of the A. F. of L. union, although recently the progressives captured control of the executive committee. The police of Toledo are getting paid regularly now and perhaps next time they'll attack the strikers, which they did not do in the last strike. I interviewed Edward Lamb, the liberal attorney for the Auto-Lite workers, and he described grimly a recent attempt to frame him. It appears, incidentally, that back of the scenes, and quite apart from the labor struggle, the automotive manufacturers go right on cheating each other and their stockholders with termite-like assiduity—there is no truce in business.

On the unemployed front I witnessed only two minor engagements. Three hundred members of the Single Men's Protective Union, led by Sam Pollock of the Ohio Unemployed League, marched into the office of the relief administration demanding rent and food relief instead of the care provided in the Toledo shelter, known among the unemployed as "Farewell House." The next day I attended a demonstration of the Wood County Unemployed League. Comparing the quality of the two groups I began to understand something of the problem of the unemployed organizers. The flop-house contingent—the transients—are almost impossible to organize. They have dropped too low in the human scale, have become docile and spiritless. Ultimately they present no threat, no problem to government except that of disposing of the wreckage of what were once good workingmen. But Wood County, which is half agricultural and half industrial—you can smell Heinz catchup from one end of the county to the other—has a fighting unemployed organization. They still have some physical and moral stamina; they can resist relief cuts, and it is important that they do so, for if they don't they will have less energy to fight with next time. But even if they succeed merely in preserving the status quo they are really beaten, for the cumulative effect of trying to live on the meager relief allowance—around $20 a month for an average family in Ohio—is bound to be disintegrating.

This is what the truce means in the relations between workers and employers, between government and its organized relief clients. It doesn't look like a truce to me. It looks like war—a quiet, slow, terrible war of attrition.

[This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Rorty, who is making an extended trip through the United States. His vivid reports will appear at monthly intervals.]

Labor Notes

Collective Bargaining Defined

COLLECTIVE bargaining is more than a procedure by which the employer receives the representatives of his workers, listens to their demands, and then decides for himself which of these demands, if any, he cares to grant. Collective bargaining, if carried on in good faith by both sides, eventuates in a bilateral contract. "It contemplates that the demands of the employees, or modifications of such demands, if acceptable to the employer, be embodied in an agreement, and that such an agreement bind both parties for a certain period of time." So ruled the National Labor Relations Board a few weeks ago in the precedent-making National Aniline and Chemical decision. In the Atlanta Hosiery Mills case the board reaffirmed this doctrine when it held that compliance by the employer with the wage and hour provisions of a code did not exempt him from the force of the collective-bargaining requirements. He must be willing to negotiate with the trade union which is representative of his workers and be ready to conclude a written and binding agreement. "The very purpose of Section 7-a," the board observed, "[was to put employees] on a par with their employers in bargaining as to terms and conditions of work more favorable than the minimum requirements of the codes." However, suppose both parties to collective bargaining manifest a will to agree, but fail to meet on specific terms. Must the content of the collective agreement go to arbitration, or do the workers retain intact the right to strike? It is unlikely that the board will seek to read compulsory arbitration into Section 7-a. But we must not forget that the Railway Labor Act, which expressly speaks of the duty to "make and maintain" collective agreements, provides for limited arbitration.

Craft Unions and the N.L.R.B.

IN two recent cases the National Labor Relations Board has handed down decisions which might be taken to indicate a bias against craft unionism and a leaning toward industrial unionism. One case raised the question of whether or not sepa-

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rate seniority ratings should be maintained for trolley and bus-service employees in the hire of the same transportation enterprise. The board ruled against separate ratings. It found that the bus drivers would not suffer from discrimination by being included in the same system of ratings as the motormen. In reaching this result, however, the board gave conclusive weight to the special circumstances of the case: the past history of collective contracts between the union and the employer; the gradual decline in the importance of the trolley service and the parallel rise of the bus service; and the fact that workers could shift easily from one occupation to the other. The second case raised the question of whether or not a small group of welders, employed by a shipbuilding plant, was entitled to recognition as a collective-bargaining unit independent of the already functioning Marine Workers' Metal Trades Council (A. F. of L.). Rejecting the welders' claims, the board pointed out that "other larger bargaining agencies exist," and that "the interests of all the workers at the plant are so closely intertwined that to permit welders to bargain separately might affect adversely the larger number of workers and crafts." The board was careful, however, to stress the special circumstances of the case, the fact, above all, that never before in the history of the industry had welders been organized as an autonomous bargaining group. We shall have to have decisions based on general principles rather than on specific conditioning factors before we can say that the board is an exponent of industrial unionism.

Subsidies and Settlements

WHEN some forty steamship lines engaged in the Atlantic and Gulf traffic agreed to recognize the International Seamen's Union, the proposed strike, which would have involved 40,000 maritime workers, was called off. The ship lines extended recognition in the most practical, concrete form. Their representatives, sitting in conference with union officers, are now seeking to negotiate collective agreements bearing on wages, hours, and the ship-crew recruiting system. There is reason to suppose that Mr. Garrison, who mediated the dispute, brought external pressure to bear upon the employers. Anxious above all else not to endanger the flow of mail subsidies, the employers reluctantly abandoned the fine old "master and servant" tradition of the sea. In short, the settlement was a first-rate demonstration of *Realpolitik*. Was it not, however, much too realistic from one important point of view? The settlement took it for granted that the I. S. U.—an A. F. of L. affiliate—was the true and unique representative of the workers, and the left-wing Marine Workers' Industrial Union was left out in the cold—a move which it sought to counter, unsuccessfully, by calling a walkout. One can readily understand why the shipowners would much rather deal with an A. F. of L. than with a left-wing union. One can also readily understand why the Labor Board should refrain from forcing an issue that might have spoiled a settlement leading to recognition of an outside union. But the board, to be consistent, should have allowed the marine workers themselves to decide by which of the two labor organizations they desired to be represented. The situation called for an election quite as forcefully as does any ordinary trade-versus-company-union controversy.

Next Week in *The Nation*
Upton Sinclair
will discuss the implications of his defeat and his plans for the future.

Books, Drama, Films

Epiphenomenalism and Economics

Condorcet and the Rise of Liberalism in France. By J. Salwyn Schapiro. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

THE nominal subject of Professor Schapiro's interesting study is quite frankly no more than a handy peg. Condorcet was a figure of only secondary importance, but for that very reason conveniently typical and more suitable than greater men as material for an analysis intended to exhibit the anatomy of social thought in the Age of Enlightenment. There is very little about him as an individual, and the main purposes of the book are two: to present in systematic form the leading ideas of eighteenth-century liberalism; and to interpret them in terms of an economic determinism. Roughly speaking, the book covers the same ground as Professor Becker's brilliant "Heavenly City of the Eighteenth Century Philosophers," but the point of view is different. Professor Becker writes from the standpoint of a thoroughgoing intellectual skepticism; Professor Schapiro, apparently, from that of one convinced that the most important key to the meaning of human thought is the theory that it represents a rationalization of economic interests.

Liberalism arose in a decaying feudal order here brilliantly sketched. It accompanied the rise to power of a middle class, and both its a priori principles and its logical deductions were such as to favor this rise. Thus, for example, anti-clericalism owed its existence to the fact that the church was aristocratic and feudal. Belief in free speech meant, first, that intellectual laissez faire is a kind of analogue of economic laissez faire, and, second, that since the emergent class was not in authority it could get its say only by insisting that everybody should be allowed to have one.

Neither in the case of Condorcet nor in that of Rousseau, Voltaire, and the other greater men who come into the discussion does Professor Schapiro state to what extent he believes their individual opinions to have been consciously or unconsciously merely a device for promoting the material interests of the class with which they had identified themselves; whether or not, for example, Voltaire despised superstition merely because it tended to interfere with the manufacturer's opportunity to enrich himself, and whether or not he would have been a persecutor of opinion if he had happened to have authority on his side. Nevertheless, the implication seems to be that what might be called the liberal temper as distinguished from the liberal creed of any particular moment is not in itself either a reality or a force. May one not, however, be permitted to wonder whether or not this is obviously true? Certainly it is possible to make out a case by completely reversing the order of the logic. Voltaire was, let us say, a man to whose temperament dogmatism, arbitrary authority, and the arrogance of power were repulsive. For that reason he naturally sympathized with those who were the victims of these things, and through the aid given by him and his like, these persons won a victory. Perhaps the decay of the old economic order was a necessary condition of the particular victory won, but to say that is not to say either that it would have been so won without Voltaire and the rest or that the liberal temper was not a real force.

Economic materialism considered as a kind of monism raises much the same problem in connection with the nature and function of mind as is raised by the materialism of physiologists. Carried to their logical conclusions, both result in what Huxley called "epiphenomenalism"—in the theory, that is to say, that consciousness, instead of actually performing a functional role in human life, is merely a surface effect generated by processes which are chemical in the one case and economic in the other, and remains in either without any power itself to influence events. Something of the sort is plainly implicit in the psychology adopted by Marx, which, I believe, contents itself with the assumption that consciousness merely "reflects" external conditions, and undoubtedly the theory has a seductive air of simplicity naturally agreeable to those anxious to explain the world in terms which leave no doubt, no mystery, and no uncertainty.

The fact remains, nevertheless, that in the Western world few if any reputable physiologists today actually defend a thoroughgoing epiphenomenalism. They have discovered that if one is to fit observed phenomena to this apparently simple theory one becomes involved in complications much more easily disposed of by postulating an otherwise annoying dualism which assumes that mind and body are not in a simple relationship where either one absolutely determines the other, but that they are somehow correlated in such a way that either may affect the other. Nor does it seem unlikely that economic determinism may yet be forced to an admission like that which the physiologists quite unwillingly found themselves compelled to make. Man does not live in a realm of pure ideas. What he thinks and feels is often influenced by, let us say, the amount of his blood sugar, as well as by his economic interests. But ideas—even tastes—are capable of some life of their own and capable also of exerting a real influence upon human behavior.

In his last chapter Professor Schapiro undertakes an evaluation of Condorcet and liberalism. He points out truly enough that liberalism is not synonymous with economic laissez faire, and that the task of today is "to preserve its precious heritage, civil rights and responsible government." I assume that he is himself a liberal and he does not say that this is the only task of liberalism, just as he does not anywhere say in so many words that he accepts economic determinism in all its rigor. Indeed, I assume that he does not. Nevertheless, it is too bad that he did not add to the task of liberalism the task of preserving what he once referred to as its "climate of opinion." It is this climate they generated, rather than their specific ideas, which makes the eighteenth-century philosophers interesting today. It is also one of the most precious parts of their heritage.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Ghost in the Builder's Closet

Rameses to Rockefeller: The Story of Architecture. By Charles Harris Whitaker. Random House. $3.50.

THIS is scarcely a layman's "story" of architecture. In the guise of the story it is the revelation, to the layman, of the ghost in the architect's and builder's closet. Whether the monument arose at Karnak, Athens, or Amiens, the ghost was always there.

In the college texts and the amiable architectural histories the ghost cannot be prevented from peeping through; but the horror is promptly exorcised and rather adds to the enjoyment. In the manner of a deacon before his Thanksgiving dinner it is admitted that fine buildings have hitherto always arisen on the back of misery. It is rare that precisely this obnoxious intrusion should, in a book on architecture, be taken seriously.

This author never gets over it. "Ever since the days of Khufru," he asserts in one of his many formulations of the problem, "it is plain that, by one method or another, all builders have been used for ends that were in themselves destroyers of the societies that employed them." Except for brief periods, generally alluded to long after as "dark" ages because their record, probably a happy one, is so unpretentious, ephemeral, and now unclear, those buildings that count as "architecture" have been tools of the powerful in the process of overawing and then subjugating others. Even in Greece, "the requirement, no matter how it was refined and beautified and made noble in proportion and radiant with sculpture, was a building that would advertise ideas and lead to such submissions as would minimize the discontent of slaves, lead free citizens to pay taxes cheerfully, and, with conscious pride and glory, go forth obediently to war." It is not in the high periods that one looks for the kind of building Mr. Whitaker enjoys, that promises peace and security for all and the charm "found, for many a lover [of architecture] not in costly monuments but in minor simplicities, where purpose is combined with grace and form, and where one is asked to believe in nothing but a clean and quiet lodging for the night, some pleasant talk over food and drink, and some happy memories to carry away."

To question the cruelty of architecture is so corrosive that one seldom sees it done by any except iconoclasts, who would be incapable anyway of feeling the power in architectural forms. Or, again, the question gets raised by those people who affect, despite all the complexities and accidents of human life, to be able, facing a monument, to deduct from its visible form the whole moral strength or weakness of the builder. For this Mr. Whitaker is too honest; and he is therefore subjected to a greater strain. That the silver with which the workmen on the Parthenon were paid was mined at Laurion "under conditions so revolting and inhuman that one shudders at thought of them" does not invalidate the proportions of the Doric order as there erected. The fact of the inhumanity need not enter there. It comes more directly and honestly into the architectural record. It need not show up in the temple taken by itself—though a trace can hardly escape—but it will show up, infallibly, if the man has eyes to see not only the temple but the surrounding hovels. And if the association between palace and temple on the one side and hovel on the other is often enough repeated, then both become parts of each other and the event embracing both is one. It is then that emotions become mixed.

From this standpoint, then, the story of "architecture" is the story of repeated subversion of the craftsman's skill and joy to purposes of advertising, mystifying, and empire-building. The reader could have wished for more skill in the teller. He is didactic, repetitious, diffuse, often sentimental. Yet, having something burdensome to say, he finally cuts his way through, and the courageous attitude toward what he loves permits flashes of wit, sudden revealing conjunctions, and fresh news.

It is when he approaches his own country and time that the author gathers all his strength, to throw it into the penultimate chapters. These describe, ***sub specie aeternitatis,*** the American building game. Nothing essential is added to what has already appeared in the literature of the architectural profession, notably the writings of Frederick L. Ackerman, but the exposition is any amount clearer and more useful to the layman. As a past editor of the *Journal* of the American Institute, Mr. Whitaker knows what he is talking about. This American empire he describes is founded squarely on landlordism and debt; it has been so founded since Jamestown and Plymouth; and from landlordism and debt the handling of the land and of all that is built on it, whether skyscrapers or reformist "housing," gets its character. Consider, for example, today:

> . . . The process by which food is to be put in hungry mouths and clothing on naked backs does not begin by putting food in hungry mouths and clothing on naked backs but by a series of pecuniary operations (all of which increase the debt burden), the effect of which it is hoped will eventually get the food to the hungry mouths and the clothing on the unclad backs as an incident in the pecuniary operations. . . . The same series of pecuniary entanglements stands between a majority of the population of the United States and a decent house to live in.

For the sake of insights like these one can overlook obvious faults that belong no more to the book than to the generation of the author. The present is adept at hiding the carrier of the ball, and so Mr. Whitaker and his associates have missed the real successor of their idolized craftsman, partly because aversion to the Renaissance has caused complete neglect of its non-dilettante contribution. That contribution, plain as a barn door, is the technique of scientific experiment; and when Michelangelo clumsily held together the dome of St. Peter's with a chain, he was anticipating synthetic materials and skills of a sort beyond those of his own age. The craftsman's successor is in the laboratory; but the perversion of *his* contribution is less noticed than perversion of craftsmanship, because, unlike the other, it has never been permitted to come to flower. Most especially never in building.

Yet despite this flaw Mr. Whitaker's book, for the sake of its last chapters, is worth having for any man to whom buildings and architecture have an organic meaning. It will sharpen his eyesight and his wits. He will understand the morning paper when it relates that in the town of Glen Cove, Long Island, where the millionaires have placed vast specimens of country-house architecture, a third of the families are on relief, yet the Morgans, Harknesses, and Loews have had their tax assessments reduced, leaving the bag in the hands of the small suckers who *owe* their own homes. DOUGLAS HASKELL

Law and Society

Law and Order in Polynesia. By H. Ian Hogbin. With an Introduction by Bronislaw Malinowski. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

LAW, the means that any society uses to enforce its will upon its individual members, often has little in common with the administrative and judicial forms with which we are familiar in our own civilization. Comparative studies are badly needed, for there is complete diversity in different communities with respect both to the bodies in which authority is vested and to the occasions which call for its exercise. The present volume describes the social bonds and the exercise of authority principally in the coral atoll of Ontong Java, northeast of Ysabel in the Solomon Islands, of which the author has first-hand knowledge. This account is supplemented by notes on other Polynesian island groups summarized from monographs of other investigators.

Dr. Hogbin is dissatisfied with the catchwords that have too often been invoked in discussions of law in other societies, and sets forth his material to show that the forces which operate to insure conformity to existing institutions arise out of those institutions themselves and not out of a mystical collective consciousness. He shows that the scope of law in the societies he discusses is far larger than punitive enforcements, and that by being limited to the latter, many discussions have been rendered fruitless.

As is well known, authority is well organized in Polynesia, and the occasions upon which it is exercised are traditional. In Ontong Java an individual who shirks or who defies his community may be formally ostracized and have no recourse but to make his peace or beg his livelihood. Some generations before the first contact with Europeans a native chief commanded enough support to set himself up as super-chief—or, as Dr.

Hogbin translates, king—put down blood feuds, and assumed jurisdiction in many circumstances formerly settled by private vengeance. The legal forms, as usually in primitive societies, are extensions of family or kinship forms, and show clearly how easily authority may be vested here in familial or there in political groups.

It is hard to judge, since Dr. Hogbin's complete monograph on Ontong Java has not yet appeared, why he selects the traditional ceremony on the death of the chief for extended discussion. It is of course true that tribal ceremonies intensify community life and insure solidarity. But that hardly seems to necessitate the inclusion of the chants and dances of the ceremonies, which seem somewhat desultory, while many topics having to do with economic arrangements and family obligations are barely touched upon.

Dr. Hogbin has no difficulty, from his Polynesian material, in showing that these primitive societies have well-ordered legal institutions. He does not extend his discussion to maintain that legal institutions are characteristic of all human societies, but Professor Malinowski in his long introduction takes this further step and maintains that "law is one of the essential prerequisites of all cultural processes." He organizes his discussion in opposition to Professor Radcliffe-Brown's position that "some primitive societies have no law." The discussion is largely verbal, and clear statement of the matter seems to be impossible so long as everyone operates with a different definition of law. Since, however, with all students the subject under discussion is that of the sources and occasions of social authority, it is not necessary to stumble over the offending word "law." When detailed statements of social codes are available—statements of what they are able to enforce and of the inducements they offer, together with the breaches of custom recognized by the community and the action that is traditionally taken—there need be no confusion, and we shall eventually arrive at a comparative study of different social institutions and the methods by which they secure conformity in the community.

Ruth Benedict

Paul "Up to Date"

Beyond Damascus. By F. A. Spencer. Harper and Brothers. $3.

THE reign of Paul is ended and that of Jesus has begun, so we were informed by Renan many years ago. The reign of Paul is beginning again, judging by the flood of books recently published and promised on the life and mind of the Apostle to the Gentiles. There is plenty of reason for a revival of interest other and more than theological in the ideas of the man who, in the strictest sense, was the founder of Christianity. For it was, of course, Paul not Jesus who made Christ the central object of the worship of the early Christians. The transformation of the local Jewish sect led by the Nazarene into a universal religion of salvation through faith in Christ resurrected was in large measure the intellectual as well as the missionary work of Paul. The metamorphosis is peculiarly instructive now when other and secular religions, such as communism and fascism, are beginning to absorb the Western imagination. Recent scholarly inquiry into the circumstances of religious and social life in the first century make a reconsideration of Paul necessary as well as possible.

Just what contribution Mr. Spencer's "Beyond Damascus" makes or is supposed to make it is difficult to say. There is very little more to be known about the life of Paul than the small brochure that might be made out of part of the Book of Acts and scattered references in the Epistles. Yet it is to the life of Paul that Mr. Spencer, a professor of classics, devotes his book of more than four hundred pages. There is internal evidence that Mr. Spencer knows a great deal about the first century, especially about the details of Greek and Roman life in the period. There is, indeed, rather a parade of obscure classical knowledge, not a little of it irrelevant and some of it, in a florid way, entertaining. The book is in essence a historical costume novel of the first century with Paul as its hero. But it is the historical costuming that seems to absorb Mr. Spencer. There are whole chapters and "interchapters" about scabrous or picturesque aspects of the life of the period. "Interchapter" is, by the way, a convenient term in apology for the introduction of the unnecessary or the irrelevant. *Cf.* the interchapter on the amusements of Nero.

Not that there is too little about Paul. On the contrary there is too much. There is a circumstantial account a page and a half long of the scene at the birth of Paul. There are references to the "hotels" at which Paul stopped, the "dormitories" at which he slept, the "greasy grinds" he might have known at the University of Tarsus. The book, to make Paul living, is filled with modern argot—"bogus trade unions, gangsters, speakeasies." The picture of the first century is enlivened with references to Tammany, Kiwanis, Rotarians, picnics, Billy Sunday, and Aimee Semple Macpherson. Paul is "like a graduate student who sits through many a seminar with his tongue in his cheek"—this by way of describing his studies at the feet of Gamaliel, from which studies he is said to have emerged "an outwardly zealous but secretly discontented alumnus." These epithets are not quoted in petulance. They seem to this reviewer to reveal the temper and the shortcomings of the volume. Mr. Spencer apparently believes he can make Paul immortal by making him sound up to date.

One wonders for just whom this book is intended. It is filled with too much learning, though of a ragbag sort, to be interesting to those who might a year or two ago have read Bruce Barton's success story of Paul. Those who are interested in the background of the period, religious and social, can find the whole milieu treated with more urbanity and authority and precision—and, oddly enough, more vividly—in Loisy, Cumont, or Reizenstein. Foakes Jackson in his "Life of St. Paul" would give a reader an account of what is really to be known about the life of Paul, and the quiet scholarly pages of his book would be found far more moving than the high-pressure narrative under review.

As far as interpretation goes, there is almost none to speak of here, and what there is, is not very helpful: "The cosmic sweep of Paul's teaching is enormous." Except for a few vivid pictures, fairly fancy pictures, such as that of a mystery initiation, there is so far as this reader can judge very little to help anybody to understand or imaginatively to realize Paul. The book fails to be either philosophy or poetry or, for that matter, history. But there are some amusing details about the vices of the Roman emperors.

Irwin Edman

Education of Ezra Pound

Eleven New Cantos: XXXI to XLI. By Ezra Pound. Farrar and Rinehart. $1.50.

ABOUT the time the first thirty Cantos were published, Mr. Pound was reported to have declared that he was giving up poetry for political economy. It is gratifying to find that this report was slightly exaggerated. Even if the term is used with the utmost latitude, only a small portion of the new Cantos can be called poetry, but one is thankful for such small favors as are forthcoming.

Of the eleven new sections of Mr. Pound's amazing scrapbook, seven almost in entirety and two more in large part consist of snippings he has made in pursuance of his present interests. At first reading, it might appear that he has been taking correspondence courses in such subjects as the History of the United States Treasury from the Revolution to the Civil War (from the Original Documents), Banking and Public Finance in Fifteenth-Century Italy, Psychopathology of the Crowned Heads during the Napoleonic Era, and Sales Methods in the Munitions Industry; that he has come across a number of sometimes very dull and sometimes very interesting facts, which he has not yet digested; that he has made notes diligently on small pieces of paper; and finally that, an Apennine gust having scattered these papers over the hills about Rapallo, Mr. Pound has picked them up and sent them to the printer as he found them. On maturer consideration, traces of connection between the fragments can be discovered here and there, along with an illuminating comment, but in general the significance does not emerge. Major Douglas of Social Credit, Mr. Pound's present mentor, is sensed dimly in the background, although he is cited by name only once. Even a good thumping apotheosis would be a relief. But one awaits in vain an apocalyptic vision of the transfigured major waving his national-dividend slips, attended by Mr. Munson and Mr. Orage *en séraphin,* with Mr. Pound himself, perhaps, leering from a corner of the picture in the guise of a gargoyle.

Of the remaining Cantos, XXXVI appears to be a translation of a medieval treatise on love in the neo-Platonic manner, XXXIX is another variation on the Circe passages of the Odyssey, about half of XXXV consists of gossip overheard in Central Europe, and part of XL is a reworking of an ancient account of the founding of Phoenician colonies, the point of which seems to be a comparison of ancient and modern imperialism. Mr. Pound's personal contributions here are greater, and they prove that he can write in his old manner when he wishes.

For the sake of these passages, at least, those who found in the previous Cantos one of the richest poetic stores of our time will want the present volume too. As to the rest, it is always wise to listen when Mr. Pound, in his role of "instigator," tries to call something to our attention. It remains a matter for regret, however, that he seems to have been stumped by the problem of combining poetry and economics, when younger poets, most of them his own disciples, are already proving themselves equal to the task. Is the reason this, that it takes a great philosophy to produce a great vision, and Mr. Pound's social tenets do not go deeply enough into the needs of our time to supply adequate stimulus to the imagination?

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

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Shorter Notices

Travels of a Chinese Poet. Tu Fu, Guest of Rivers and Lakes. Volume II: A.D. 759-770. By Florence Ayscough. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

Mrs. Ayscough completes in this volume her biography of Tu Fu, or rather her autobiography, since what she does is to translate his poems in settings—chronological, topographical, and literary—which her own prose provides. The result, in the present volume as well as in its predecessor, is a mine of information and allusion bearing upon one of the great poets of the world, his life and works. Yet it is like most mines, difficult of entrance and, after the first thrill of being there, unpleasant to explore. Mrs. Ayscough is so good a scholar and so respectful of the Chinese way in everything that she has come as near as may be to producing a Chinese book which itself stands in need of translation. Her versions of the poems, while vastly preferable to those in Victorian rhyme which we had to begin with, give the uncomfortable impression that Tu Fu is struggling against insuperable odds to write them in English. Mr. Waley's way is still the best, whether or not he reproduces the veritable Tu Fu. In Mr. Waley at least the poetry is veritable, and no translator will ever succeed who does not recognize the necessity that this should be so.

Benjamin Rush, Physician and Citizen, 1746-1813. By Nathan G. Goodman. University of Pennsylvania Press. $4.

Rush is remembered chiefly as the most prominent American physician of his day, and Dr. Goodman writes with professional competence of his theories, advanced for the time though now largely antiquated, concerning the nature and proper treatment of disease, his skill and fame as a practitioner, his strenuous labors during the yellow-fever epidemic in Philadelphia in 1793, and his efforts to improve medical education and hospital administration. As a contribution to the history of medicine in America the book has special value. Rush's other activities were many. He was a member of the Continental Congress, inspired the writing of Thomas Paine's "Common Sense" and suggested the title, signed the Declaration of Independence, served as physician and surgeon-general of the Middle Department, and worked for the ratification of the Constitution by Pennsylvania. Unfortunately he was irascible and contentious, and his famous quarrel with Dr. William Shippen, medical director-general, over the deplorable conditions in the army hospitals and the supply service was colored by bitter personal feeling. He quarreled also with Washington, although friendly relations were later resumed, and his name was linked with the Conway Cabal, but Dr. Goodman thinks it doubtful if he was "definitely connected with any concerted effort" to remove Washington as commander-in-chief. He helped to organize the College of Physicians and Surgeons, was the principal promoter of the establishment of Dickinson College, and was for ten years president of the Pennsylvania Antislavery Society. Dr. Goodman's research has been thorough, and his book fills with much skill a gap in American biography.

Drama

Healthy Hawks and Sickly Eagles

NEITHER Sinclair Lewis nor Lloyd Lewis may know very much about the mechanics of dramatic construction. Before "Jayhawker" has got very far on its way at the Cort Theater it is, indeed, evident that they do not. Fortunately, however, their play about the seamy side of the Civil War remains an interesting and gusty affair with a flavor of its own. I assume that the second-named of the collaborators furnished the history, but the author of "Babbitt" certainly provided the language and established the tone. Despite the obvious tendency of the play to run down hill Sinclair Lewis gets himself over in dialogue, and his characteristic virtues shine through.

"Jayhawker" Burdette—politician, orator, opportunely repentant sinner, and general scalawag—is a bigger man than the George F. Babbitts and Elmer Gantrys of this later day. His skullduggery, indeed, is almost epic. Nevertheless, he is their common ancestor functioning in a more spacious age, and like them he is the victim of his own muddle-headedness, of his own inability to distinguish very clearly between the sincerity to which he occasionally aspires and the rotund clichés which go down so much better with constituents or companions. Ostensibly "Jayhawker" is a satire on militant idealism, an episode in a debunker's history of the Civil War. But like Mr. Lewis's novels it is interesting and entertaining less because of its purpose than because the author succeeds (as Mr. Mencken does) in communicating something of the delight he takes in contemplating the grotesque aspects of human life. Senator Burdette is a rascal and a hypocrite. In his clearer moments he knows it himself, and there is even a time when he realizes with real distress that it is because of men like himself that simpler, sincerer young fellows are slaughtering one another by thousands. But he lies like an artist and he is scoundrelly without malice. The lust for life and the joy of combat are strong within him. His skill in demagoguery is a talent which, as Milton says, it were death to hide. Somebody is going to mislead the people. High-sounding nonsense is what they insist upon having. And no one can make nonsense more high sounding or misleadership more exciting than he can. He gives the public what it wants and he enjoys doing it. Of what other stuff are leaders made?

Fred Stone, veteran of many a musical comedy, plays the role with both fire and judgment. He gives to the character the likableness it must have, and it is difficult to think of anyone else who could have done so well. Walter Kelly, who came from vaudeville a few years ago to contribute so much to "Both Your Houses," is almost equally good in the smaller part of the Jayhawker's Southern counterpart, and Carol Stone, youngest of Fred Stone's daughters, is an agreeable presence. Of course it is still a pity that the structure of the play is such that the interest is not cumulative. By far the best scene is the first, in which Burdette usurps the pulpit at a Kansas camp-meeting, and while confessing his sins, turns the services into a political meeting. If the drama were played backward like "Merrily We Roll Along" it would work up to a smashing climax instead of petering out as it undoubtedly does. But though the defect may sound fatal it really is not. "Jayhawker" remains very distinctly a play to see. Its lesson, I think, gets across rather better than most dramatic lessons do; I am certain that it is a vast deal more flavorsome and alive than they usually are.

A few years ago Eva LeGallienne showed what she could do with a great play, when she gave a really memorable performance as Juliet. In "L'Aiglon" (Broadhurst Theater) she returns to a task which, for some odd reason, she seems usually to prefer—that of making a second-rate drama seem better than it is. Clemence Dane has skilfully adapted Rostand's old play in a version which mingles prose and verse. Richard Addingsell, remembered for the scores he wrote for "Alice in Wonderland" and "Come of Age," has composed an agreeable musical accompaniment. But their frank recognition of the fact that "L'Aiglon" has to be taken as a work in that transition stage where one is not sure whether it should be put in a museum or left in the attic does not tend to make it seem particularly substantial. As for Miss LeGallienne, she does everything that could be done. She has obviously thrown herself into the task with great enthusiasm. She plays with resource and restraint. She also directs so well that Ethel Barrymore seems often to forget that she is Ethel Barrymore and to remember that she is supposed to be the Hapsburg mother of the pining eaglet. For all these reasons the performance has interesting things to offer both the star's followers and students of the theater. But none are enough to make one forget that the play is a creaky affair constructed out of labored dramatic ironies, flavored with vaguely romantic patriotic sentiments, and working up to conclusion in one of the most operatic deathbed scenes ever written to be spoken rather than sung.

There is a good classic reason why "L'Aiglon" could not possibly be a great play and that is that its hero is admittedly a very weak man to whom, because of his weakness, nothing really tragic could ever happen. To me, moreover, it has also

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☐ JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says ☐

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ready entertainment with more laughs of the sort which originate below the neck than very many comedies can boast.

THE FARMER TAKES A WIFE. Forty-Sixth St. Theater. Marc Connelly helps make a delightful play about life on the old Erie Canal. It's colorful, picturesque and amusing.

WITHIN THE GATES. National Theater. Sean O'Casey's modern miracle play with Lillian Gish. Received with rapturous applause to which mine was not added.

seemed that in this particular case even the lesser effect of pathos was not very successfully achieved because I could never feel too sorry for a man whose chief complaint against fate was simply that it did not give him Europe to play with. Like a spoiled child he is perpetually whining to mamma or grandpapa, "I want France," and I could never think it too great a pity that they did not give it to him. As the story was unfolded again before my unsympathetic eyes, I found myself thinking of an item recently published in the newspapers about the reigning beauty in a Bulgarian village who committed suicide when an inhabitant returned from Zagreb to report that he had seen prettier girls there. She left a note which said, "I no longer care to live in a world where there are girls prettier than me." L'Aiglon pined away in consumption because his relatives said "No, no," when he wanted to conquer the world. What about the rest of us who are not even village beauties?

Joseph Wood Krutch

Films

"Three Songs About Lenin"

NOT two weeks have passed since this column ventured the prophecy that a recent picture was likely to be the most interesting to be seen in New York this season. It is not to detract in the least from Mr. Flaherty's admirable film about the Aran Islands to say that the prophecy made about it has already proved false and that it has been surpassed even in those qualities of photographic imagery and design for which it was most notable. "Three Songs About Lenin," which has just had its world première at the Cameo, would be remarkable if it possessed only those qualities—in the "pure" or absolute sense in which Mr. Flaherty's picture and certain other pictures have possessed them. As an illustration of a new kind of composition for the screen—as different from the old as a novel by James or Proust from a simple chronological record of events—it offers also the peculiar excitement which always attends an innovation in any field of art. But we can hardly have any illusions at this late date as to the relative interest and value of a work of art which depends *only* on its beauty of form or technique. "Pure cinema" is subject to the same objections that may be raised against "pure poetry" or that other even greater bugbear of the aesthetic theorist, "pure fiction." And the real excellence of the Soviet film at the Cameo will be found to consist in the perfect synthesis of its novel structural design with a truly great and heroic modern theme.

The film may be most simply described as a symphonic legend about the greatest of modern saints. To follow D. H. Lawrence's characterization of Lenin as a saint is perhaps the best way of indicating the solemnity and devotion with which his legend is communicated to us in this picture. What Vertov is directly concerned with presenting is not so much the biographical facts about Lenin as the emotional meaning of his personality and career for a whole race of people in our time. He is engaged at once in recording and in perpetuating the Lenin legend. The nearest equivalent in the European past for such an effort would be some narrative or pictorial rendition of the life of Christ during the first great blossoming of the Middle Ages. The dogma has at last been absorbed into the experience of a race and a time, and the symbols alone are sufficient to stir up emotions of faith and devotion. Because it deals with symbols existing for the emotions rather than with ideas or concepts existing for the mind "Three Songs About Lenin" falls quite distinctly within the realm of art. It is not too much to say that such a treatment of Lenin's life as it offers would have been impossible in Soviet Russia ten or even five years ago. The process by which the spokesman of a new dogma was transformed into a legend would not have been completed.

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Most attempts to draw parallels between musical forms and other unrelated forms of art are superficial and without point; but here the correspondence with the symphonic form is so intentionally worked out that it is impossible to ignore it. In the first place, the ordering of the material is musical rather than narrative; a conscious juxtaposition of themes and motifs rather than a causal progression of events in time. Vertov, who is one of the best-known newsreel camera men in Russia, has "composed" his work out of the few actual newsreels taken of Lenin during his lifetime and out of other actual newsreels made in Russia since the revolution. In the second place, there is the division of the structure into three movements or three of the many anonymous songs about Lenin which have sprung up throughout the Soviet Union since his death. The first song, "Under a Black Veil My Face," celebrates the emancipation of the women of Daghestan from the restraints of Oriental custom and tradition as this was made possible by the Lenin revolution. The second song, "We Loved Him," begins with an *andante* movement but rises toward the end to a note of exalted religious affirmation reminiscent of the hymns to Adonis in Alexandrian Greece or the hosannahs of the Easter service in the Christian church. The third song, "In the Great City of Stone," is an accelerated résumé of all the social and industrial accomplishments of the Soviet Union since 1923. None of the material in this part—the shots of Magnitogorsk, of the great dam at Dnieperstroy, of the massed athletic and military formations in the Red Square—is unfamiliar to anyone who has followed the recent Russian newsreel. But what matters in this first successful effort to use the symphonic form on the screen is not the novelty of the separate pictorial images but the intensity of their fusion in a single unified thematic composition. As André Malraux remarks on the program, "The art of Vertov consists in the ability to express the highest possible intensity through the simplest possible means."

It is hard to determine exactly what motive lies behind such an enterprise as "The First World War," currently showing at the Rialto. As an album of newsreel shots, beginning with Bismarck making a speech in 1895 and ending with a couple of enemy soldiers exchanging hats after the Armistice, it undoubtedly makes an appeal to our sense of the pathos of time. Here those personages and events of the last thirty years which have become a part of the fabric of our memory are rearranged for us in an orderly pattern of time and with that vividness which a re-creation in space always makes possible. But the result is not to give to them any meaning acceptable either to our intelligence or to our feelings. As far as our feelings are concerned, this panorama of the last thirty years can only fill us with an immense sense of futility and despair. And of meaning in any abstract sense it is as innocent as any product of Hollywood now showing on Broadway. Nor is it possible to say that it presents the facts about modern warfare with such objectivity that their meaning is self-evident. How little true that would be may be judged from the fact that nowhere are we shown close-ups of the wounded, the dying, and the dead. These would have been quite horrible, to be sure, but without the horror what is the effect of such a picture as this? The effect, as might be expected, is that the eagles and trumpets do actually drown out every other note. One was treated at the Rialto to the spectacle of an audience which hissed viciously when the portrait of Lenin was flashed on the screen and applauded loudly when the American doughboys left for France. The effect, in a word, is just the opposite from what such a prosperous exponent of peace as Mr. Stallings, who edited the production, could have intended: it is to help prepare the American public for the Second World War.

William Troy

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WITH THE PASSAGE, in eighty-four hours and twenty-one minutes, of forty-four bills in the Louisiana Legislature—or less than two hours per bill—Senator Huey Long has made himself dictator of his State. He controls every State board of any importance, a State civil service commission, and a State bar association which will pass on the fitness of lawyers to practice; and his debt-moratorium law ties up the banks and other financial institutions so effectively that their control, too, is substantially in the Senator's hands. Having captured his State, Mr. Long now comes out into the open and announces himself a candidate for the Presidency in 1936, on an anti-New Deal program supported by "plain, honest, thinking men." Since he persists in making himself a clown at every opportunity, it is easy to think of the Senator from Louisiana as simply a joke, albeit a singularly bad one. But his qualities as a demagogue, his windy oratory, his energy, and his steam-roller tactics make him a threat as well, not to "thinking" men, in spite of his predictions, but to the mob for whom demagoguery, when it promises them a heaven on earth, carries a note of conviction. Unfortunately, all the simple-minded illiterates in the country do not live in Louisiana. And plenty of them in other States might be induced to listen to the Long promises of a model government for the plain people. It is doubtful if even the unconquerable Huey regards his chances in 1936 as very high; it is the duty—and cannot fail to be also the pleasure—of thinking men to see that they are no higher at any later date.

THOUGH FRANCIS B. BIDDLE, the new chairman of the National Labor Relations Board, is a corporation lawyer among whose clients one can find many anti-union big-business enterprises, he has an encouraging record of liberalism and has specifically pledged himself to hew to the line laid down by Mr. Garrison, his predecessor. There is no reason to fear that the board will retreat from its established principles— majority rule, recognition of freely chosen representative labor organizations, exertion of every reasonable effort to make and maintain collective agreements. However, it no longer seems to matter much what particular individuals are chosen to constitute the board, or what particular doctrines it announces. For it has long since bogged down in the same morass in which the Wagner board sank from sight—its inability to enforce the obligations of the statute. Within the past week, to illustrate, the B. M. T. has defied the board's authority, Mr. Hearst has denied its jurisdiction, and the Ely and Walker Drygoods Company has gone into the federal courts to enjoin the NRA from removing its Blue Eagle on the board's recommendation. Far more important than the board's immediate future as an instrument of moral suasion is the question of bringing Congress to enact new legislation covering labor relations. Such legislation should clarify the purposes of Section 7-a beyond any possibilities of further legal quibbling, and should bring into being genuine and effective enforcement machinery. This will be the test of how far, if at all, the Administration has swung away from the NRA's original vision of collective bargaining.

THE APPOINTMENT of Josephine Roche as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of public health cannot be too highly commended. The most enlightened employer in the State of Colorado, Miss Roche has shown throughout her management of the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company a sense of social justice and of responsibility to her workers which have made her beloved by all the company's employees, and a force to be reckoned with in all labor problems in the State of Colorado. The Associated Press sees in Miss Roche's appointment a confirmation of that policy which would retain in the Children's Bureau its maternal and infant-health activities, which have been so bitterly opposed by many physicians as leading toward state medicine and perhaps as foreshadowing the retirement of Surgeon-General Hugh S. Cummings of the Public Health Service. We hope that this interpretation of Miss Roche's appointment is correct. But whether it is or not, the President could hardly have chosen anyone better fitted for the position by a life of devoted service to the social welfare.

WE HEARTILY WELCOME the two proposals which have been made recently for the regulation and control of the munitions industry. President Roosevelt's plan for an international agreement, drawn up by the Disarmament Conference, whereby each country pledges itself to license the manufacture, export, and import of arms and to give full publicity to all arms transactions would undoubtedly eliminate many of the evils revealed at the Washington investigation. Even more helpful would be Lammot du Pont's scheme for limiting all business profits in time of war. But it is obvious that even these remedies are inadequate. Mussolini, for example, has ground for fearing that the licensing plan will lead to an expansion of the armament industry in countries not now manufacturing munitions. Moreover, the mere limitation of profits is not likely to discourage new industries from arising, possibly with the same ownership, to share in the gigantic opportunities presented by war sales. We know of no cure of the armament evil short of the absolute abolition of the industry. But if that be regarded as too utopian, we believe that the complete confiscation of war-time profits, irrespective of the location of the war, might be helpful. It is high time that trafficking in death should cease to be a remunerative occupation.

PARAGUAY'S SWEEPING VICTORY at Fort Ballivian appears to spell premature doom to the League of Nations' latest effort to end the Chaco conflict. The proposals of the League committee are distinguishable from previous plans chiefly by increased cumbersomeness. Upon their acceptance by both parties a new commission of six is to be established to supervise arrangements for the truce. Each of the belligerents is then expected to fall back fifty kilometers, leaving a neutral zone which is to be policed by troops from neighboring states. Within a month after the cessation of hostilities peace negotiations are to be opened at Buenos Aires, attended by neutral countries as well as by the belligerents themselves. Elaborate provisions are made for further arbitration by the League or the World Court in case direct negotiations fail. Unfortunately, however, the flaws in the plan appear irremediable. Both Paraguay and Bolivia have indicated their opposition to another truce unless they can be assured of a permanent settlement favorable to their interests. Moreover, it is unlikely that any neutral can be found willing to police the disputed territory. So the war will continue to drag on with neither country in a position to score a complete triumph, and the League will have failed once more because of its unwillingness to enforce the articles of the Covenant.

THAT THE RESPONSIBLE LEADERSHIP of the country recognizes the need for international cooperation was indicated at the recent hearings conducted by the Commission of Inquiry on National Policy in International Economic Relations, headed by President Hutchins of the University of Chicago. Meeting in several cities in different parts of the country, the commission heard business men, economists, and spokesmen for agriculture and labor, and found an overwhelming majority convinced that the key to prosperity lay in the expansion of foreign trade. The majority also favored restoring the gold standard and canceling the war debts. Sentiment in favor of a high tariff was found to be considerably weakened, although it was strong enough to constitute a serious obstacle to carrying out the program suggested. While at first sight these observations seem encouraging, it is not clear what kind of internationalism the committee actually favors. Is it the imperialistic program of the Republican Party from McKinley to Hoover or the traditional low-tariff policy advocated by Secretary Hull? Or should we look forward to a planned international economy of the type recently suggested by Under Secretary Tugwell at Rome? We trust that the full report of the commission, to be published November 26, will throw further light on these vital questions.

TWENTY-ONE STUDENTS have been expelled from the College of the City of New York and sixteen others severely disciplined as a result of a long series of student protests against the official reception extended to a group of Italian fascist students several weeks ago. The protests have since developed into a campaign to oust President Robinson. From the beginning President Robinson has fostered the impression that the Italian visitors were not official representatives of Mussolini's fascist state and that therefore the protest was unjustified. On this point we quote excerpts from articles appearing in *La Stampa* of Turin on the day the students returned to Italy. The first is a part of "the salute of the GUF [Fascist University Groups]."

> Hail, returned comrades of the glorious American tour! We were all with you spiritually, and like you we felt the anxiety of the battles awaiting you, wherein you had to show all your valor, and like you we profoundly felt all the importance of your tour, which was a stupendous and universal affirmation of Italianity. . . .
>
> Today we salute in you the dear comrades in study and in faith who by the Duce's will have marked a brilliant new stage in the triumphal march of fascism over the world!

The second describes the students' reception by the Duce:

> At twelve o'clock the Duce appeared in the reception hall, where, in triple file, were lined up the students. They greeted His [sic] appearance with a tremendous "To us!" in which vibrated the youths' consciousness of having fulfilled their honorable mission of representing fascist Italy on the other side of the Atlantic.

Dean Morton Gottschall of City College, who made a report to the faculty on the affair, recommended clemency as the best way of avoiding future difficulties, pointing out that the students had been honest, courageous, and sincere in their dealings with him. The dean's recommendation was ignored; as we write, a general student strike is announced. Meanwhile the "comrades of the glorious American tour" may congratulate themselves on advancing by one college president "the triumphal march of fascism over the world."

WHEN *The Nation's* first article appeared charging the existence of fascist control in the Italian Department and the Casa Italiana at Columbia University, the issue was taken up by various student groups, particularly the Columbia *Spectator* and the Social Problems Club, and a serious effort was made to induce President Butler to discover the facts and act upon them. So far Dr. Butler has declined either to see student delegations or to institute an investigation on his own account. The simple truth is, of course, that fascist control in the Italian Department cannot successfully be denied. It is there for all to see. To extirpate it without also rooting out the fascists who are responsible would, we admit, be difficult. It might also be necessary to abandon the Casa itself with its fascist furnishings and support. Such an act, though doubtless painful to the university authorities, would hurt Columbia far less than the continued fascization of even one important department. We hope the Columbia students will not allow themselves to be defeated by the strategy of silence adopted by the authorities. In a letter published in *The Nation* last week, the officers of the Graduate Club of Italian Studies stated that they planned to invite Professor Gaetano Salvemini to speak this year "on some phase of contemporary Italian history." Has this invitation been issued? *The Nation,* in justice to the Graduate Club, would be glad to announce its dispatch at the earliest possible moment.

AFTER SEVENTEEN YEARS in prison Tom Mooney at last faces the possibility that his case will be reviewed by the United States Supreme Court. The court has directed the warden of San Quentin Penitentiary to show cause, within a forty-day period from November 12, why Mooney's lawyers should not be permitted to file a petition for a writ of habeas corpus. If the petition is argued, the court will be presented with evidence of the perjured testimony on which Mooney was convicted, and according to John F. Finerty, counsel for Mooney along with Frank P. Walsh and others, there is every reason to believe that the final result will be "vindication of Tom Mooney and his release from life imprisonment on a deliberately framed conviction." If this happens it will mean that the courts have at last taken cognizance of what everyone who was familiar with the case has long known—that Mooney was convicted on evidence so flimsy that even the trial court of California, freshly presented with it under a new indictment last May, was forced to direct a verdict of acquittal. The unaccountable technicalities of the law have never seemed more devious and unjust than in the Mooney case. Belated justice will aid in restoring to the layman his confidence in the courts.

WHEN NEWSPAPERS and chambers of commerce announce that "business" feels this way or that about the New Deal, one visualizes a highly organized class interest expressing itself with solemn unanimity. It is easy to forget in the heat of generalization that "business" is only confusedly a class and only partially organized. It is primarily several million American citizens who include New Dealers and Old Dealers, Republicans, Democrats, and even Socialists. Behind the dignified resolutions of the American Bankers' Association are individual bankers who look upon the Administration with undiminished repugnance and fear; one such—William Lloyd Garrison, Jr.—wrote his opinion of the New Deal in *The Nation* two weeks ago. Behind the jolly, get-together spirit lately invoked by the United States Chamber of Commerce are attitudes ranging all the way from silent hostility to the whole-hearted approval voiced on another page this week by Milo Perkins, a manufacturer in the Southwest. In this series, What Business Men Think, is exhibited this diversity of opinion existing among men whose fundamental economic interests would appear to be similar. It is this division, of course, that enables Mr. Roosevelt to shift his policy and swing through a surprisingly wide arc to left and to right without seriously endangering his middle-class following.

WHILE THE RECENT ELECTION gave no indication of a pronounced growth in militant radicalism in this country, delayed returns show substantial gains for the Communists and Socialists which were largely ignored by the press. Several of the newspapers gave in great detail the vote for ex-Mayor Hylan of New York, who received about 10,000 votes as candidate for Governor, and reported the numbers polled by the Law Preservation Party, but neglected to mention that the vote of the Communist Party had gained approximately 70 per cent since 1932. Israel Amter, Communist candidate for Governor, received more than 41,000 votes in New York City alone, and the remainder of the State ticket polled from 43,000 to 45,000, as compared with a party vote in the city of approximately 25,000 in the last Presidential election. Substantial gains were also scored by the Socialists, although returns have been almost universally delayed. Norman Thomas, the Socialist Party candidate for Senator, received 130,000 votes in New York City, an increase of 20,000 over 1932, while other Socialist candidates obtained from 79,000 to 106,000. Elsewhere the returns are extremely scattered. In addition to their decisive victory in Bridgeport, Connecticut, the Socialists polled 50,000 votes in Milwaukee, and a record 85,000 for their senatorial candidate in California. In Ohio the Communists obtained more than 12,000 votes, a gain of 70 per cent since the last election. In Taylor Springs, Illinois, a workers' ticket supported by both Communists and Socialists was elected by a two-to-one majority. While the combined vote of the minor parties is insignificant compared with the millions received by the New Deal, its growth is another indication of prevailing discontent which may one day force a new alignment in the American political scene.

EVEN IN THE PROCESS of picking up the pieces after a disastrous defeat the Bourbons of the Grand Old Party learn nothing. Borah's talk about reform, Vandenberg's shy suggestion of a coalition government, may be dismissed as political persiflage, not truly representative of Republican thought. More significant in the immediate post-election period was the meeting of the Pennsylvania Council of Republican Women, and the attitude of the delegates. First appeared Governor Gifford Pinchot, who had opposed the victorious Democratic candidates. His dictum was, "The Republican Party must go progressive or go bust." His response was a chorus of boos and hisses, and one woman was heard to exclaim, "Rats! We ought to walk out on him." Pinchot assailed the Republican Old Guard and declared that its lack of any national leadership or program greatly aided the New Deal victory. But his audience refused to listen and he retired amid actual disorder. The same evening appeared David Aiken Reed, high priest of the Old Guard, by common consent, despite his ignominious defeat. His first words were, in effect, that the Old Guard might die but would never surrender. This sally was greeted by tumultuous applause. He urged as the solution for Republican ills that the "sane" elements in the Democratic Party unite with the always sane Republicans to fight "the lack of common sense prevalent in Washington." This proposal produced an even greater ovation. If Pennsylvania is any criterion, the Old Guard will continue blithely on its way, wondering why it is the only "sane" thing left on God's green earth. An elephant, it seems, never remembers.

Jobs, Relief, Insurance

WASHINGTON is living through a new fever of optimism, reminiscent of the high-spirited days when the New Deal was born. This time, instead of the NRA promising to end all ills, there is in preparation a new drive to end unemployment. After the reconciliation between the President and the bankers, business for its part will try once more what it attempted so often during the Hoover regime, to levitate itself by sheer mental power. The Administration is to be more materially minded, and the spending school has an array of plans, each vaster than the other, garnished with statistics of the numbers who will be put to work. It is only coincidence that these plans are in the offing at the very moment when social insurance appears on the scene, but it is unfortunate. For in many minds the determination to create jobs is an alternative to social insurance. Secretary Ickes, formulating one problem under the heading "Jobs Versus Dole," does not intend to weaken the case for social insurance. He means to say "Jobs Versus Relief." Here, of course, he is pushing an open door. Nobody likes an eternal system of relief, and it is elementary common sense to use government resources to make jobs, if only it can be done, rather than barely to save the unemployed from starving. But this has nothing whatever to do with the advisability of social insurance and the urgency of introducing it now.

For our part we believe in spending; we regret that the spending for big and useful schemes so far has been over-cautious and not in the volume to produce lasting results. We shall heartily support any spending plan which promises to combine public service with the reabsorption of the unemployed. All we ask is that the debt incurred shall be amortized out of socially conceived taxation. The discouraging reality is that the spending under discussion will not put enough people to work next year, though it does promise results by 1936. Ickes the Careful, after breaking the hearts of serious believers in intelligent spending, now talks brightly of speedy schemes, citing rural electrification, flood control, the elimiation of grade crossings, and further road building. Rural electrification cannot be done quickly in most districts without costituting a free gift to the private utilities, which would be a strange counterpart to the TVA. Leaving this aside, it cannot employ large numbers. Of grade-crossing work there is plenty, and it can use a considerable volume of labor. But it cannot possibly be undertaken in a few weeks, nor is it likely to stimulate much employment in other industries.

Well, say the enthusiasts, there is housing. The country is being hypnotized into believing that house building on a nation-wide scale can bring recovery in a hurry. But the schemes under consideration cannot bring it next year, which is the immediate point. To get vast housing schemes going costs first of all almost infinite patience. It would be a miracle if half a million men could be employed by next spring through any of the plans now proposed. Salvation by public works means giving employment to millions on roads, to hundreds of thousands in parks and forests. Saving America by making it a nation of road builders is a curious conception in itself, something to be grim about, not jubilant. But to pretend that this salvation, if supplemented by housing schemes, will solve the issue of jobs versus dole is humbug. Some people realize this and are urging the reconsideration of the Rand scheme for subsidizing industry to resume production at the 1929 level, the surplus to be kept off the market and industry to make no profit in the operation. Thus agriculture under the AAA is "saved" by destroying a surplus and industry is to be saved by creating one! Harry Hopkins with an eye on budget balancers is threatening to let the unemployed produce for one another on a continental scale. It can be done; a secondary economic system can be set up to rescue the unemployed from utter annihilation if relief dries up. But business will prefer relief and a budget deficit to this object lesson in barter economics.

The meetings last week of the National Conference on Economic Security were needlessly eclipsed by the impending schemes for creating employment. Then confusion was introduced by the President's own language, which appeared to limit the program for the present to unemployment insurance and to leave old-age pensions and health insurance to the dim and distant future. The reactionary press at once hailed this as new proof of the President's surrender to business. His statement is now interpreted as having meant that unemployment insurance had better be rushed through Congress by itself. It alone can be framed now in a way to unite most of its advocates. More discussion is needed to frame health isurance and old-age pension plans. The State legislatures must have the federal bill early in the year if they are to draft unemployment-insurance legislation in 1935, and so make it possible for benefits to begin by 1936 or 1937. Admittedly it would be a mistake to lose one scheme which can be got under way by linking it with immature plans for the other two. But the President has not definitely postponed old-age pensions and health insurance to a later Congress, and there is reason to hope that these measures can be passed in this one before it adjourns. They cannot, however, be supplemented by State legislation in most cases until 1937, or begin operation before the following year. We urge all who believe in this legislation to press for it now.

It is unfortunate there is not time for an intensive study of unemployment insurance. It is unfortunate, too, that its advocates feel a pistol at their heads to accept the Wagner-Lewis solution. A national scheme would be worth all the extra effort it cost. The hobgoblin of constitutionality need frighten nobody. Mayor LaGuardia is right—a conference of States can be summoned to change the Constitution. The financial reserves of the system should be national in order to strengthen sectional weaknesses in times of stress. The tax on pay rolls as the means of deriving revenue is unfortunate. A national scheme financed by a tax on profits and a graduated income tax would be sounder. Workers should make no contributions; as members of the public they will bear their full share of the cost. But they will need much more power than they now have if they are to resist wage reductions to meet the levy on pay rolls. Thus the fight for genuine collective bargaining becomes still more crucial.

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The Scottsboro Case

THE date of execution for Clarence Norris and Haywood Patterson, convicted of rape in the long famous Scottsboro case, was set for December 7. We have just learned that a stay of execution, on application of Osmund Fraenkel and Walter Pollak, has been granted to February 8, 1935. As time moves inexorably toward that fatal day, only one thing, in the clouds that surround the action, remains clear: although the innocence of the defendants is overwhelmingly indicated, they have never had a fair trial. Convicted solely on the testimony of an irresponsible woman of low character, they have spent more than three dreary years in jail while their case was in litigation, and now that the day of doom is imminent, they can witness, if they are able fully to comprehend it, the unseemly spectacle of a bitter fight between opposing counsel over who shall argue the last appeal before the Supreme Court of the United States.

The Supreme Court is expected momentarily to act on the writ of certiorari requested by Mr. Pollak and Mr. Fraenkel in the case of Clarence Norris. If the appeal is argued, the main question at issue will be whether or not Negroes were on the jury panel from which the Scottsboro jury was drawn. In the second trial of Norris and Patterson before Judge James E. Horton, in March, 1933, Samuel S. Leibowitz, defense counsel, asked to be permitted to see the jury rolls to establish the fact, which he had more indirectly established in court by the testimony of numerous witnesses, both black and white, that no Negro names were contained therein. Judge Horton refused to produce the rolls. But when the next trial took place before Judge William W. Callahan in December, 1933, the rolls were produced almost before they were demanded, and Mr. Leibowitz, on examining them, offered conclusive evidence that names of Negroes had been written in after the panel was closed. It is this point which will be presented to the Supreme Court. If counsel for the Scottsboro defendants can convince the court that the rolls were tampered with, and that in fact no Negro names were included except by fraud, the case will have to be tried once more in the Alabama district court.

The case of Clarence Norris then will come before the Supreme Court if the writ is granted. The case of Haywood Patterson is in considerable doubt. Patterson was convicted for the third time on December 1, 1933. Sentence was pronounced on December 6. Motion for a new trial was filed by counsel on December 29, within the thirty days which, counsel believed, had been granted by Judge Callahan. On February 24 the court, in denying the motion, declared that the papers were too late, since they should have been filed during the December term of court which ended on December 23. In addition to action on the motion for a new trial, however, counsel was required to prepare a bill of exceptions for appeal to the Supreme Court of Alabama. Osmund K. Fraenkel, engaged by the International Labor Defense as appeal counsel toward the end of December, in answering charges made by the Amsterdam *News* of negligence in handling the bill of exceptions, explains that when the motion for a new trial was thrown out on February 24, he was obliged to prepare the bill of exceptions, which meant putting through the press 3,500 pages of testimony, in time for presentation to the court at the close of a ninety-day period, or, as he had determined it, by March 6. This was calculated from the close of the trial, not from action on the motion which was declared invalid by the judge, and there was some question whether it began December 1 or December 6. By herculean efforts the papers were actually ready on February 28, and attempt was made to get them down by the earlier date, March 1. The airplane in which they were sent to Birmingham failed to get there. They reached the court on March 5, and in May the Supreme Court of Alabama refused to consider them because of lateness. The United States Supreme Court is not permitted to hear cases unless they have come up from a local court of last resort. Hence, unless the Supreme Court overrules the Alabama court on the admissibility of the bill of exceptions, Patterson has probably no further recourse unless the Governor of Alabama will consent to a pardon or a commutation of sentence.

We have gone into this matter at some length in order to explain what must seem a hopeless confusion to persons not acquainted with the facts. Mr. Fraenkel has a long record of admirable and disinterested service in radical and liberal causes. For this reason *The Nation* would like him further to clarify the situation by answering certain questions. Why was it necessary to wait until February 24 to begin the preparation of papers that would obviously take several days, with all possible effort and industry, to prepare? Would it not have been advisable to begin the preparation of the appeal papers in plenty of time for any possible emergency in a court that had not exhibited much partiality to the defense? Why was an attempt made to get the papers down on March 1, if according to the best judgment of counsel the date had no real significance? A life was at stake. No precautions were too great or too trifling in order to protect it at every possible point.

We have indicated above that, in the shadow of the electric chair, the quarrel between opposing counsel is still going on, and is likely to be resolved only before the Supreme Court bench. The International Labor Defense took over the fortunes of the Scottsboro boys at the close of the first trial, in 1931. In January, 1933, they engaged Samuel S. Leibowitz, of New York City, as trial lawyer, and Mr. Leibowitz did in fact defend the boys during the March, 1933, trial in which Judge Horton so courageously reversed the verdict of guilty, and during the trial before Judge Callahan last December out of which the present appeal has grown. In the years during which the case has been pending, the I. L. D. has conducted, concurrently with the legal progress of the case, the mass protest which it believes should accompany such litigation. Here we have a case of alleged rape by Negroes on a white woman in the South, and the defendants are alive after three and a half years of litigation and have received the protection which due process of law could offer them. There is small question that only the widespread publicity which the mass-pressure movement gave to the case could have produced this result. There can be no doubt, however, to anyone willing to look at the matter dispassionately, that mass protest does, at a certain point, stiffen the resistance of the organized forces—in this case the courts of Alabama—against which it is directed. *The Nation* considers that the present tactics of the I. L. D., which include a barrage of postcards to the United States Supreme Court "demanding" that the boys be freed, although they may serve further to publicize the action, are nevertheless highly prejudicial to the defense.

In the conduct of the litigation itself it cannot be denied that the I. L. D. from the beginning has engaged capable and even eminent counsel. Mr. Leibowitz was well known as a criminal lawyer with an astonishing record of acquittals. The I. L. D. did not insist that he be bound by any conditions or any social point of view in the conduct of the trials, and Mr. Leibowitz flatly refused to be so bound. When it came time to argue an appeal before the highest court in the country, the I. L. D. engaged well-known constitutional lawyers, Mr. Fraenkel and Walter H. Pollak. Mr. Leibowitz, on the other hand, although he had no experience and almost no acquaintance with the world of liberal and radical protest, has served on the case from the beginning without compensation—although several hundred thousand dollars have been raised for propaganda—and has declared that he is prepared to carry the case through to the end, which he firmly believes will be the acquittal of the defendants. The trials, despite tactics which included considerable flattery of the court and an expressed belief in the evenhandedness of Southern justice to the Negro, were by all accounts brilliantly conducted, and he firmly established the ground for appeal.

We come finally to the dog fight which is still going on between defense counsel. On October 1 two I. L. D. attorneys were put in jail in Alabama—in direct violation of a writ of habeas corpus issued in Tennessee—charged with an attempt to bribe the only remaining witness in the case, the notorious Victoria Price. Subornation of perjury is not a pretty offense, and it is evident that this charge, if it can be proved, will be highly damaging not only to the Scottsboro defense—if and when it appears again in the Alabama courts—but to the defense of all subsequent Negro cases in the South. Mr. Leibowitz declares that it was the arrest of the two attorneys which finally convinced him that he could no longer continue his association with the I. L. D.—long since, evidently, a source of the greatest private irritation to him. On October 4, however, Mr. Leibowitz was notified that he was not expected to argue the appeal before the Supreme Court. In other words, at almost the same moment, Mr. Leibowitz and the I. L. D. tried to take farewell of each other, each one with the defendants safely tucked under his arm. The subsequent story has been one of affidavit following affidavit, in which Norris and Patterson, not knowing what it was all about anyway but desiring all the legal protection they could get, have first declared their undying allegiance to the I. L. D. and next to Mr. Leibowitz. Both sides at the moment claim the latest affidavit. It would be folly to say which was right. Mr. Leibowitz has declared that he will either argue the case himself or associate with any reputable counsel who will consent to serve, including Walter Pollak, but who will represent the defendants and not the I. L. D. The latter, on the other hand, firmly insists that Mr. Pollak and Mr. Fraenkel will argue the appeal under its auspices.

Probably never before in the history of the Supreme Court bench has a case come up with counsel fighting for the right to defend it. And it would be a dramatic spectacle if, on the day of hearing, it was necessary to produce Clarence Norris in court to make perfectly clear to Mr. Justice Hughes just whom he had chosen as his counsel. Whether or not it would aid Clarence Norris in avoiding the electric chair is another question. In an issue as contentious as this one has become, it is difficult to take sides. *The Nation* can merely say that Norris has the right, as an American citizen, to be defended by counsel whose first allegiance is to him, whose efforts in this particular appeal are solely directed to the constitutional issues involved. If Mr. Leibowitz can best qualify, more power to him. If Mr. Pollak and Mr. Fraenkel can do it better, they should be given a free hand without benefit of propaganda; if some other lawyer who has not yet entered the case would be best of all, he should be found. The question at issue is not the class struggle but rescue of the defendants from the electric chair. To this end *The Nation* proposes that a committee of well-known lawyers, of the caliber of Charles C. Burlingham, or Arthur Garfield Hays, or Morris L. Ernst, should go to Kilby Prison and take a final and impartial deposition from Norris and Patterson designating their counsel. And that all other counsel should agree in advance to withdraw from the case once this deposition is properly secured. Nothing could be more fair to all sides; and it is hard to see how anyone with the interests of the Scottsboro boys at heart can very well refuse.

Dark Days for the Utilities

As the result of a series of victories for public ownership at the recent elections, the position of the electric light and power industry, in the inimitable words of the New York *Times,* "is now regarded by some executives as having reached the darkest period of the depression." The most crushing defeat suffered by the utilities was that in Memphis, Tennessee, described elsewhere in this issue. Here the utility interests were embarrassed to discover, after all the votes had been counted, that the total number cast in favor of private ownership only slightly outnumbered the utility workers in the city and was little more than half the number of owners of the power company's preferred stock.

An even clearer indication that the public is at last awakening from its lethargy was furnished in the State of Washington, where the voters approved by a majority of two to one the Bone power bill, which will permit municipalities to operate utility properties outside their own corporate limits. As a consequence of this action, the city of Seattle is now free to proceed with its plans for acquiring the Puget Sound Power and Light Company at a cost of nearly $1,000,000, one of the most ambitious schemes yet projected by any American city. At Sacramento, California, the voters reversed their decision of previous years and indorsed by the necessary two-thirds majority the expenditure of up to $12,000,000 for the establishment of a municipal power system. Wapakoneta, Ohio, which already possesses a distribution system, approved the erection of a publicly owned generating plant. In St. Paul, Minnesota, the electorate rejected a proposal which would have given private interests a twenty-year strangle-hold on the local utilities.

Victories were not, however, by any means universal. In several localities the utility interests were too firmly intrenched to be dislodged even by a tidal wave of protest against the old order. The most serious setback occurred in Oregon, where the Grange power bill, which would have permitted the establishment of a State-owned power system, was defeated by a narrow margin. Muskogee, Oklahoma, voted three to one against establishing a municipal plant. A similar reverse was suffered in Mount Olive, New Jersey, where public ownership was overwhelmingly rejected.

Apart from the TVA the greatest single blow ever struck at the utilities in this country, however, has been the publication of the New York Power Authority's report to President Roosevelt. This report of the first careful field investigation into the actual cost of producing and distributing electric energy on the basis of existing equipment shows an overcharge far greater than the most extreme advocate of public ownership had ever claimed. The Authority estimated, on the basis of actual costs, including a 6 per cent return to capital, that the average charge for delivering electricity to homes and farms in New York State should not be in excess of 3½ cents a kilowatt hour for the use of 50 kilowatts instead of the average of 6 cents which the customers are now paying. In many cities of New York families are now paying enough for 50 kilowatt hours to buy 200 if the rates were assessed on a reasonable basis. For larger users of electricity the excess charge is proportionately greater. Variations in the cost of distributing electricity, as distinct from variations in the rates charged, were found to be insignificant—amounting to not more than four-tenths of a cent per kilowatt hour.

The total overcharge in Northeastern States affected by this survey—New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New England—is estimated to be approximately $194,000,000 annually out of a bill of $681,000,000 now paid the utility interests. This represents a toll of approximately $28 per family for the 7,000,000 consumers living in this area.

Completion of the St. Lawrence waterway would bring a further material reduction in the cost of producing electrical energy. If a State-wide system were established utilizing the bulk of the power developed, it is estimated that electricity could be generated and transmitted as far as Utica, a distance of 135 miles, for as little as 2¼ mills a kilowatt hour. At New York City—approximately 300 miles from the source—the cost would be less than 3¼ mills. Add 2½ cents for the cost of distribution, and New York consumers would still be able to purchase electricity at less than 3 cents per kilowatt hour as compared with an average of 6.6 cents at the present time. The savings to the consumer from the St. Lawrence waterway, however, would be negligible if the private companies continued to distribute electricity on the present basis. Under such circumstances the State would be assuming the risk and investing the bulk of the capital, and yet would be receiving only about one-twentieth of the consumers' expenditures for electric energy. If there is any clear lesson to be drawn from the report, it is the fact, long suspected but never previously proved, that utility charges bear very little relation to costs. It has been a case of charging all that the traffic would bear. And as long as the consumer did not complain, there was little that the government or any outside agency could do. The New York Power Authority has done its duty in bringing the facts into the open. It is up to the consumers to organize and to make the next move.

Wit Is a Weapon

LIKE many passionate idealists, the poet Shelley was not conspicuous for his humor. This does not mean merely that he did not tell jokes; it means also that he simply did not understand what the comic spirit was about. When he said of some new acquaintances, "I believe they are little better than Christians," he had no intention of being funny, and when he wrote satires, they were not intended to make anybody laugh. He could move back and forth between ecstasy and indignation, but he was not capable of much in between. Indeed, the whole realm of comedy was so far outside his ken that once when he was urged to attend a performance of "The School for Scandal" he replied that he had read enough of it to know what it was about. It was intended to argue, he said, that people who read books are not to be trusted and that real virtue is to be found only in drunken gamblers.

Shelley was a kind of angel, but he was not the sort imagined by the frivolous Frenchman who thought that angelic hosts must find men amusing. His mentality was more like that of John Bright, who is said to have reported Artemus Ward's London lecture on the Mormons thus: "Mr. Ward had very little information and what he had was presented in a rambling manner." He was also a good deal like a writer in a recent issue of the *New Masses* who began his review of a book of pictures by Soglow as follows:

> Whether it is humor or not, and consequently whether it is artistic work or not, depends entirely on the class point of view. There is no such thing as humor in general; humor is for one class or another. The question is whether this book is satire for the working class or superficial cartoons to amuse the well-to-do.

This profound truth makes it, of course, perfectly clear why Harpo Marx was equally popular in New York and Moscow; also why—as it is reported at least—Comrade Litvinov shook a shower of spoons out of his sleeve when he came back stage to greet the capitalist clown.

John Bright was a useful citizen and Shelley was a great man. That proves that a taste for humor is not absolutely necessary to anyone and ought to be enough to absolve us from the charge of insulting a contemporary in the comparison we have just been making. But it also gives us an opportunity to remark in all mildness that wit, like other forms of art, is not always or necessarily a weapon. One of its most amiable forms consists in something quite different, namely, a sudden and frank recognition of the gap between theory and practice; of a fact or a condition not quite accounted for by our hypotheses or our principles. That is what is implied in the famous phrase which defines it as "the kiss given to common sense behind the back of religion"; and religion means there any dogma which involves a simplification of fact. Wit of that sort is either not a weapon at all or a weapon used against ourselves, and the delight which springs from it has its source in the sense of freedom which it gives—in the sense of being liberated for an instant from that strait-jacket of conceptions, beliefs, and hypotheses within which the mental limbs cannot be too continuously confined without suffering a cramp. Even a contributor to the *New Masses* needs a stretch now and then.

Issues and Men

An Error That Cost a War

THE death of Field Marshal Alexander von Kluck, commander of the First German Field Army in September, 1914, has recalled the most extraordinary and fateful happening in the entire World War—the wrecking of the whole German plan for the sweep through France by the mistake in judgment of a single officer who was not a field marshal, nor a general, nor a chief of staff, nor even a corp or division commander, but just a plain lieutenant colonel of the General Staff. This is the story. Von Kluck commanded the extreme right wing, which moved with unprecedented rapidity. His advance points actually came within view of the city of Paris. But his troops proceeded with such speed that the Second Army could not keep up with him, which left a gap in the German front, thus giving an opportunity to the French to drive a wedge in between the First and Second armies. News of this situation reached the German General Headquarters well in the rear, and the Chief of Staff, General von Moltke, sent an assistant, Lieutenant Colonel Hentsch, to survey the situation and if necessary to order a retreat. Under the peculiar organization of the German army this was a regulation practice; a subordinate officer of the General Staff, given a power of authority by that Staff, could give orders to men vastly his superiors in rank. What is even more remarkable, in this case Hentsch arrived at the front without a written order or any evidence of any kind to prove that he had authority to order the fatal step which smashed the German hopes of sweeping on into Paris.

When Hentsch came upon the scene, he was stampeded by the gap between the two armies and ordered the retreat despite the protestations of Von Kluck and his staff. It is said that some of Von Kluck's officers asked his permission to lock up Hentsch and even to shoot him. But the discipline of the German army prevailed, the protests of the commanding officer were overruled, the First Army recrossed the Marne at even greater speed than when it had advanced over the river, and this despite the fact, according to German military critics, that Von Kluck had actually defeated that gallant army of General Gallieni's which rushed up from Paris in taxicabs to become the wedge between the First and Second German armies. Von Kluck retreated forty-five miles before halting and establishing lines, some of which were held almost to the end of the war. It has been pointed out that the Germans could have won the war if Hentsch had only permitted them to dig in where they were before the retreat, but at that time the idea of holding a line with an enemy wedge driven into it was unheard of. Subsequently such so-called salients disturbed neither side.

In America we, of course, heard the Allied version of the story, that Gallieni had won a victory, and not until after the war was it known that the German military experts insisted that Von Kluck had defeated Gallieni and that the retirement was due to Hentsch's misreading of the situation. That Von Kluck's army was in excellent condition and by no means stampeded or demoralized appears from Marshal Foch's tribute to him, which reads thus: "Masterly tactics in the retreat from the Marne, while they did not stem the tide of defeat, saved the German right wing from complete disaster. The enemy was able to retreat with only small losses, and it was Von Kluck who prevented an overwhelming catastrophe." As for Hentsch, he wrote a defense of himself, but some years after the war he committed suicide, whether because of the terrible responsibility for the loss of the Battle of the Marne and thereby of the war, or for some other reason. It is a fact that if Von Kluck had been able to dig in where he was and settle down behind trenches, as he did after his retreat, Paris would have had to yield because it would have been under the guns of Von Kluck's army—even without the long-range weapons subsequently brought out—and it was generally admitted that the French would not have stood for the destruction of Paris by a bombardment.

I have often dwelt upon this extraordinary incident as illustrating the folly of the belief that one can insure victory by arming a nation. From the end of the Franco-Prussian War in 1871 until 1914 the German army and nation left no stone unturned to prepare for the next war whenever it might come. But despite all their efforts, their marvelous military machine was wrecked and they were robbed of a victory which they had plainly earned—speaking merely from the military point of view. What instance in history could more clearly illustrate the truth of Calvin Coolidge's statement to the American Legion at Omaha on October 6, 1925: "In spite of all the arguments in favor of great military forces, no nation ever had an army large enough to guarantee it against attack in time of peace, or to insure its victory in time of war"? Similarly, the English fleet was unable to defeat the Germans at the Battle of Jutland chiefly because of visibility conditions which prevented the English from utilizing to the full their superior forces. Every time I hear people advocating preparedness for the United States I think how utterly foolish it is. The American Legion has just voted for an increased army and they have fixed the figures we need at exactly 509,000. Even if it could be mathematically worked out just what number of men might do the trick, what assurance would there be that the battle would not be lost by the error of a Hentsch or, if you please, by the errors of commanding generals such as the Army of the Potomac had for the larger part of the war?

Is it not also true that the larger and more efficient the army, the greater the temptation to statesmen to take chances in bluffing their way through dangerous diplomatic relations? It gives them the feeling that they have got an army that will see them through if they blunder into war—and then along comes some Lieutenant Colonel Hentsch or some incompetent general to bring their country down to ruin.

Oswald Garrison Villard

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Insull on Trial

By MITCHELL DAWSON

Chicago, November 13

"I'D do it again, sir! I'm a believer in that method of accounting." Thus Samuel Insull on cross-examination, the same Samuel Insull as always: wily, arrogant, domineering, despotic; older but far from feeble; explaining matters confidentially to the jury; fencing with the prosecutor, now excessively polite, now indignant or scornful; getting "very earnest," as he calls it, when his veracity is doubted; turning to the judge in protest against "double-barreled questions"; withal enjoying his role, as hero or villain, in this the last act of his personal drama.

The courtroom is packed. Judge James H. Wilkerson in his new black robe presides. He is the judge whose nomination to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals was blocked by Donald R. Richberg less than two years ago on the charge that he had exceeded his powers in granting injunctions against labor unions back in the days of Attorney-General Daugherty. His reputation among lawyers generally is excellent. In this trial certainly he has been eminently fair. The jury have been listening to the evidence since October 3. Seven of them are salesmen, former salesmen, or small merchants; one is a farmer, one a garage man, one a bookbinder, and two are unemployed.

Across the room from the jury, along the wall, shutting off several windows, is a bookcase filled with the records of "Corp," the pet name adopted at this trial for the Corporation Securities Company, which according to the government was never very corporeal. In front of the judge sit the defendants, seventeen of them, and their seven lawyers. Samuel Insull, of course, is the central figure. His son is with him. The other defendants are of lesser importance except Harold L. Stuart, president of Halsey, Stuart and Company and coadjutor of Samuel Insull in most of his deals. The government case is directed by United States District Attorney Dwight H. Green, who sent Al Capone and other notorious hoodlums to jail for income-tax violations. But the examination of witnesses is handled mostly by Leslie E. Salter, special assistant to the Attorney-General, a well-poised young man from Oklahoma.

The defendants were indicted for using the United States mails "in a gigantic scheme whereby thousands of people were induced to invest millions of dollars" in the common stock of the Corporation Securities Company by means of false and fraudulent representations.

Early in 1929 the defendants decided to reorganize Middle West Utilities, a holding company. Their plans necessitated advancing the market price of the company's stock. Therefore the Insulls and Halsey, Stuart and Company spent some $13,000,000 in buying Middle West stock. They also organized a syndicate which acquired still more shares of Middle West. As a result the market price of Middle West common stock was pushed up from $160 a share in June, 1929, to $500 a share in September of the same year. But the defendants had no intention of keeping the Middle West stock they had thus acquired. They created the Corporation Securities Company, the government contends, as a convenient dumping ground for it. The new company was formed on October 5, 1929. Halsey, Stuart and Company turned over to it some 152,000 shares of Insull Utility Investments, Incorporated, referred to at the trial as IUI, and received 1,000,000 shares of "Corp" common stock and $3,500,000 in cash, which was raised by Corp through a bank loan. The Insull family turned over to Corp a batch of IUI stock and received in return 1,045,000 shares of Corp common stock and 45,000 shares of its preferred. Thus when Corp began business it had only a few dollars in cash, the common stock of IUI turned in to it by the Insulls and Halsey, Stuart and Company, and more than $3,500,000 in liabilities.

One of the defendants, Charles B. Stuart, had some qualms about the venture. He wrote from New York to Frank K. Schrader, another defendant, in Chicago, with reference to the proposed new company: "I do not know how Goldman Sachs and the rest of them get by the Blue Sky laws, but certainly there must be some answer to it. . . . In my opinion, the minute we disclose the assets of the company it will in a great measure defeat the purpose of the whole thing." A copy of this letter went to H. L. Stuart. But the Blue Sky laws apparently gave the defendants little concern, for a few weeks later the stock of Corporation Securities Company was offered for sale by means of allotment certificates representing one share of common stock and one share of preferred, to be subscribed for at $75 a unit.

The government charges that the market on these shares was rigged through a simulated demand for them created by purchases by the defendants on the market at $78 to $100 a unit at the very time when the defendants were offering them to subscribers at $75. The allotments sold like hot cakes. From October 19 to November 4, 1929, Corp took in $49,000,000 from the public. Part of this was used to pay the $3,500,000 bank loan and part to pay for the Middle West stock which some of the defendants unloaded on Corp per schedule. Now rigging the market is a common practice. In one form or another it is practically essential to floating large issues of securities. The defendants may even introduce evidence to show that the government itself rigs the market in connection with its bond issues. But market rigging is only one of the many deceptions which the government charges the defendants used in distributing Corp stock. During the first three months of the company's life the securities in its portfolio depreciated more than $24,000,000 on the market, and that amount was charged off on its books against capital surplus. The company also incurred an operating loss of $600,000. There was nothing criminal in this. But, according to the government, *these losses were not disclosed in Corp's annual report,* which was drafted and redrafted eight times, the first version showing a loss of $174,000 and the final one a gain of $630,000.

With such a showing the defendants were ready to inaugurate a nation-wide sales campaign. The distribution of Corp stock was taken over by the Utility Securities Company, the organization formed to dispose of stock for Insull companies, with instructions to go out after small investors, stenographers, clerks, elevator men, conductors, janitors. The public was offered these "jewels of the Insull empire" with the assurance that "the company is putting investments into bedrock American securities, particularly the electric-power industry. . . . They have seasoned investment value . . . have been of outstanding stamina during the depression . . . opportunities like these today occur only a few times in a generation." "Get their savings!" was the slogan. One of the defendants advised his West Coast stock salesmen: "In a city like San Francisco there must be someone who could save $5 or $10 a month—sufficient to buy one share of stock."

While this peddling, petty in detail but cumulatively tremendous, was going on, the Insull crowd kept up a fictitious price for Corp stock by rigging the market through wash sales. In January and February of 1931 more than half of all Corp stock sales were wash sales, and after July, 1931, 75 per cent were of that type. The defendants continued to push the sale of Corp stock, the government says, although they knew it was worthless. They advertised a net income for Corp in 1930 of $8,000,000, while they had an actual net loss of $1,500,000; although Corp was insolvent by more than $6,000,000 on September 15, 1931, it declared a cash dividend of half a million; during the life of Corp more than $4,000,000 was paid out in cash dividends on preferred stock, out of which Samuel Insull himself received one-quarter million, yet at no time in its career had Corp earned a single dollar honestly available for dividends. These allegations, of course, are based on the government's interpretation of the records, which the defendants say is not in accord with the school of accounting they were brought up in.

The defendants are also charged with "writing up" the value of securities acquired by Corp to the extent of $31,000,000 above the actual cost. Samuel Insull on cross-examination admitted that IUI stock bought from Halsey, Stuart and Company at $3,500,000 was written up to $15,000,000. "I probably was wrong to the extent of about ten millions." Another type of deception, the government claims, lay in the crediting by Corp of stock dividends received from other companies as income. The defendants caused Middle West and IUI to pay stock dividends to Corp which were charged against their own earnings at book value, but Corp put them on its books as earnings at their current market prices. They should not have been classified as earnings at all, said Prosecutor Salter. On cross-examination Samuel Insull maintained stoutly that the Corp method of crediting stock dividends was perfectly proper. Corp's accountants had at first thought otherwise, but they changed their minds after Mr. Insull had talked to them. "It wasn't any trouble convincing them they were wrong," said Mr. Insull without the shadow of a smile.

And he didn't smile either over the famous Eaton deal of 1930, the burden of which was saddled on the stockholders of Corp, according to the government. Cyrus Eaton had acquired control of 160,000 shares of stock in the three most important Insull operating companies. He invited Samuel Insull to join him in pooling their interests in a new holding company. But Insull didn't want to share his empire with anyone. His alternative was to buy Eaton out. Otherwise Eaton could break the market for Insull stocks by dumping his holdings, which would be disastrous. Insull was therefore forced to take over Eaton's holdings at an average price of $350 per share, which was $40 above the market. A high-class poker game, of course, and no one would have cared except that the job of saving the situation was assigned to poor old Corp. Corp was already in a desperate condition. Nevertheless, its directors decided that it should come to the rescue by purchasing the Eaton offerings at the price of $56,000,000, $48,000,000 to be paid in cash and $8,000,000 in stock of Corp and IUI. To raise sufficient cash Corp issued $40,000,000 of serial gold notes in September, 1930, and pledged its assets to secure them.

It took the government two hours to outline its story to the jury and four weeks to present the evidence. To an observer without pretensions as an expert in high finance the government's main contention—that the promoters of Corp were selling the public shares in an enormous dead horse—seems to have been proved. How far the individual defendants were involved and just how "criminal" their intentions were is another matter. The defense seems to rest principally on protestations of good faith: the defendants are honorable men who worked their way up to positions of power and wealth by diligence and merit; they devotedly served the public in developing great utility enterprises which created jobs for thousands of employees, wealth for hundreds of thousands of investors, and electricity for millions of consumers; the alleged rigging of the market was nothing more than fulfilling their duty to support the market and to provide an orderly means of liquidation for investors; their stock-floating and accounting methods were in accord with current practices. After all, the defendants maintain, no one could foresee the deluge; and didn't the defendants themselves go down with the ship?

According to Floyd E. Thompson, attorney for Samuel Insull, and former justice of the Illinois Supreme Court, his client had less than $4,000 when he departed for Europe on account of his health in 1932. But in 1929, 1930, and 1931 Samuel Insull collected close to half a million dollars annually in salaries from thirteen different companies and $470,999 in dividends from Corp and IUI alone, which sum does not include any other market profit or dividends. "I have always believed," says he, "that the laborer is worthy of his hire."

What, then, will be the outcome? The person is rash who ventures to predict the verdict. It will depend upon the background, temperament, and personal reactions of the jury. Some of the defendants will no doubt be acquitted. None of them expect to go to jail—least of all Samuel Insull. He was asked if he would attend the opening night of the Chicago Civic Opera in the opera house which he built. "It would not be good psychology," he said. "I may go later."

The atmosphere of the trial at the time this is written is more favorable to the defendants. The tragic stories told by a score of victims of the Corp ballyhoo have receded into the background. The defendants in turn have been telling the jury the stories of their lives and producing an imposing parade of character witnesses. General Charles G. Dawes, Colonel Frank Knox, publisher of the Chicago *Daily News,* Sewell Avery, president of the United States Gypsum Company and Montgomery, Ward and Company, and Cardinal Mundelein were among them. One cannot help wishing that the government could and would call in rebuttal one character witness of prominence—a single banker perhaps of the many who disliked the principal defendant for his overriding ways.

In most respects the defendants were playing the game as it was generally played in the utility business. They rigged the market; but so did other large-scale operators. The difference was one of technique. The defendants broke the rules of the stock exchanges. These rules were established by the security business for its own protection and not for the protection of the public. Insull and his associates were just a little bolder in their manipulative devices than the rules allowed and they took more chances. Their accounting practices and financial operations did not differ basically from the methods employed by big business for decades. It was their personal tragedy to have come at the end of an era and to have lacked the banking resources to avert the final disaster.

That the practices revealed in this trial were general does not help the hundreds of thousands of people who were literally ruined by the flotation of Corp and other Insull enterprises. This is the type of wrong that the Federal Securities Act was designed to end and has ended—for the time being. The difficulty is that the Securities Act amounts to an attempt to freeze the existing economic structure. It rests on the assumption that we no longer need to accumulate enormous sums of capital for the expansion of American industry on the old laissez faire basis. Capitalism, however, cannot stand still and survive. Without a free security market it will decay. And a free security market is one in which the Insulls thrive. If the Securities Act is modified, as it is likely to be, we shall see a revival of the practices condemned by the government at this trial. "Securities are printed to sell." Whatever else may be said, the Insulls are consistently true to their own methods and to themselves.

"I'd do it again, sir!"

A Yardstick for the New Deal

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

Washington, November 19

POLITICS normally is preoccupied only with the conflict for political power in a stable economic regime. But today the public feels that the fight for political power has a more fundamental purpose. It believes the New Deal will effect a shift of economic power from the control of the few to the many. The rearguard action of the Republican Party in the last election was carried on in the full understanding of this issue, and was a desperate attempt to maintain the economic status quo.

No more interesting question can be asked, then, than how much the New Deal actually has shifted economic power in its relatively short lifetime. Here is a yardstick with which to judge the Roosevelt Administration, now and in the future. But the question is not simple to answer. Any close observer, one might imagine, could take out a pencil, put the gains for democracy in economic power in one column, the losses—if any—in another, and in a few minutes make out a balance sheet of the New Deal. It might be assumed that one man's statement must look like another man's, that is, that an objective analysis of the shift of economic power under the New Deal is impellingly obvious. But if anyone will take out his pencil and start marshaling his items he will find that the actual shifts so far are more potential than actual, and he will have to draw up his balance sheet largely on the basis of what he believes is still to happen.

If the government already had taken from private finance its domination over economic life, that would be the greatest shift in economic power through political action in the history of the nation. The "wise man" may say that he would rather write the ballads of a country than its laws. But the man wise in economics knows that to control credit in the modern state is to dominate that state.

Under the New Deal the government has made a sensational beginning in this direction. It has seized the gold of the private banking system. This is vast potential power. It is as though the old system of credit had lost ownership of its heart. The new possessor has not transferred the heart to another body, and the old body continues to function. But the owner of the heart is owner of the system. Any day a new system, a socially owned system, could be established founded on the government's gold.

Similarly, the government dominates the Federal Reserve System, once the independent brain of the privately controlled credit system. This is no institutional change effected by specific legislation, but for the present it is real. And in the rhythm of these changes come all the direct extensions of credit by government agencies. Much of the financing of agriculture is now in the hands of the government. The RFC can make direct loans to industry. This same agency, too, has bought preferred stock in many banks, and can increase its direct supervision of policy in individual banks.

Of lesser importance, but in the same field, the government has whittled down the power of financial interests. In restricting the freedom of issuing houses in offering new securities, it has taken to itself power from Wall Street. On many fronts the government is competing with banking, at the same time that it salvages banking. But the salvaged vessels may have to sail hereafter an inland governmental sea, and not the wide ocean of unrestricted finance capitalism.

This, at least, is the implication of the New Deal. The logical step for the government, after what has happened so far, is to set up a central bank and make the social control of credit factual. But this is not to be done in the immediate future. The reason may be in the personal disposition of the President not to make progress by frontal attack. His favorite strategy appears to be to create first of all an era of doubt. When he finally announces his banking policy, it may be much less than has come to be feared, and so be accepted without a struggle. But it may be much more than he could have won easily by announcing it at the outset. Or it may be to take the easy way of doing nothing at all and let credit control slip back to the private financiers. If recovery is to come first, with reform as an afterthought, this is the probable course. Already the intimation is that two great credit agencies are coming to the close of their work. The HOLC and the RFC may not ask the new Congress for more funds.

The full extent of the shift of power through the state control of credit cannot be gauged. A few months ago it looked as if a state bank of some kind would emerge from the next session of Congress. Then the President scotched this immediate hope in his terms of reconciliation with the bankers. But his terms were conditional: the banks must lend, there must be a business revival. If not, the President has free hands again. So for the time being the New Deal has possession of the keys of the power house, but it still leaves the old crew in charge.

But credit is only one chapter of the New Deal. There are the NRA, and the AAA, and not the least important, the TVA. To the extent that these have instigated changes which are a shift in economic power they must be entered on the balance sheet.

The TVA is a specific rather than a general change in economic control, but it is a vital one, and for one district it promises to take the control of electricity from private monopoly and transfer it to the public. Here is the simplest kind of shift in economic power. Here, too, is at least one exception to the President's distaste for frontal attack. The TVA is only local, but tied in with it are other schemes, equally direct, which if carried through would represent a considerable shift of economic control throughout the nation.

Transportation is another specific field in which control has been extended. Control already existed through the Interstate Commerce Commission, but now through the financing of the railroads by government loans the independence of the railroads is still further reduced. The tide is toward further control; it might go to the length of nationalization. Here, as in the use of its credit power, the government has an implicit domination which it is not enforcing.

The AAA is not so easy to describe in terms of the yardstick of changed economic power. On the whole it has left the economic control where it was. There is a temporary shift in income through the processing tax, from the consumer to the primary producer. But this is not a permanent shift in the economic control of agricultural production. The primary producer in America is still under the domination of the processor and distributor, who dictate to him what he shall receive for his production and who are left pretty much alone in determining what their share shall be. In fact, the depression has seen a strengthening of processors and distributors, who now take 61½ cents of every dollar spent on food, as against 52½ cents in 1929. The primary producer now receives 38½ cents, as against 47½ cents. The AAA, through some of its agencies, notably through the influence of Dr. Frederic Howe and Jerome Frank, resisted the codification of the food industries last year, in the days when these interests were descending on Washington intent on getting legal sanction for combination and for their existing trade practices. Slight gains in favor of the producer and the consumer are to be mentioned in one or two branches, such as milk and grain. But the New Deal has not tackled the real problem of economic power in this whole field.

In the NRA we come to the first debit item in the balance sheet. The codes have increased the power of industry. In a sense, the NRA has not so much added new domains of strength as it has organized and solidified the strength industry already had. The tendency to foster combination, to control prices, to adopt practices penalizing the consumer was confirmed in the grand rush in which the New Deal undertook to codify everybody in a few weeks. The organization of industry was definitely broadened, and the social control which theoretically was to operate through the Consumers' Council and collective bargaining has not been broadened to anything like the same extent. The role of the consumer has been negligible. The battle over collective bargaining has found the New Deal in its most tantalizing mood to compromise.

It ought to be fairly simple in entering the NRA on the balance sheet to calculate what gains have been made by labor to offset the gains ceded to industry. But it is not a simple item. Certainly gains have been made. The revival of the labor-union movement is one. The increase in union membership and the growth of unions in industries which had succeeded in keeping them out, such as automobiles, steel, and textiles, are to be noted. But the real gain should be measurable by the increase in the number of workers under actual wage contracts which has been effected by collective bargaining under the NRA. This is a figure that it is impossible to learn. I asked the NRA for it and was referred to the American Federation of Labor, which disclaimed having it. The statistical department of the Department of Labor does not know it.

The increase in the economic power of labor under the NRA is considerable in the needle trades, where unionism already was strong, and where specific clear-cut conditions were accepted by the fringe of open-shop employers under the code. The United Mine Workers of America have obtained contracts in the Appalachian area, which had kept them out. The mine workers now have organized the entire coal industry excepting parts of Kentucky, Alabama and Tennessee, and some of the "captive" mines controlled by other industries. Under the construction code many regional agreements have been made which give the benefit of uniform conditions to a considerable number of workers. In the legitimate theater labor can claim an extension of power in that it now can protect classes of employees not formerly included. In other industries power remains about as it was. To the gains for labor must be added the minimum wage and the abolition of child labor. These, however, are not actual shifts of economic power to labor itself, though they represent the social use of power by the government.

Whether these gains for labor outbalance the gains of industry under the codes—probably they do not—is not, however, the only question. Until the right of collective bargaining is recognized and workers can make wage contracts with their employers under the protection of law, the New Deal will not have destroyed the unlimited authority of management in most industries. It was pledged to do this in the act creating the NRA. And the pledge has not been fulfilled.

It is too early to say what federal relief represents in terms of a shift in economic power. So far the money for relief is being borrowed, and nobody knows who will repay it. If it is repaid by inflation, it will be paid by the most disastrous form of capital levy, certainly a shift in power. If it is repaid by taxation as at present levied, it will represent no change. If it is repaid by increasing the taxes of the wealthy, it will be a change from the practice of levying the cost of government disproportionately on those with medium or small incomes. There is no knowledge of the ultimate tax policy of the Administration. The President is believed to favor no departure from the present system until the national income is restored to normal volume. Then he might introduce the tax concepts of the social state.

To sum up, we must come back to credit and the increased ability of the government to dominate it to find the chief gain of the New Deal in its real function of shifting economic power from the few to the many. On the balance sheet this must stand as an item that already means something but might mean almost infinitely more.

We are on the way to the social ownership of electric power and probably of transportation, first steps toward a social state. These are items of importance, but here again the shift is potential rather than immediate. It is difficult to make an entry for agriculture, as the primary producer, while his income has been increased, has not been liberated from his virtual peonage to the processor and distributor. The entry for industry is placed on the debit side, for here the New Deal probably has strengthened industry more than it has labor. In totaling the items, we reach a fairly vague answer. An actual shift of economic power has been effected, but it cannot be mathematically stated. In itself it is not yet a great shift. In its implications it is as great as any man's personal expectations from the President.

[*Mr. Swing contributes a regular weekly letter from Washington.*]

Memphis Votes for Cheaper Power

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY

By HUGH RUSSELL FRASER

Memphis, November 15

BY a vote of almost eighteen to one, the city of Memphis, Tennessee, has approved a $9,000,000 bond issue to acquire facilities for the distribution of TVA power; the city has the option either to buy the existing plant or to build one of its own.

The victory stamps with success the Authority's effort to get a "major yardstick" in the valley area. A year ago Birmingham turned down a similar proposal after a bitter fight against utility propaganda, in Atlanta the TVA advocates were outmaneuvered from the start, and in Knoxville, where the proposal passed, the campaign was clouded in the closing weeks by a fake civic organization financed by the utility interests. Despite the fact that the city was the headquarters of the TVA, the vote was light and the margin of victory narrow. Now the project is held up in the courts, and the city is going ahead with plans to build its own plant.

But in Memphis the victory was 32,735 to 1,868. Had a $2 poll-tax law not been in effect, the measure would have passed by 50,000 votes. And a strange victory it was! Veteran battlers against the power trust were treated to the amazing and interesting spectacle of (1) a city boss cracking the whip, and ward heelers rushing to line up the vote against the Fat Cats; (2) a power company refusing to put up a fight, knowing that the man it had licked twenty years ago was now at the head of a powerful city machine, the like of which the South has never seen.

The man is Edward H. Crump, Congressman and head of the Shelby County Democratic organization, and the power firm is the Memphis Power and Light Company, subsidiary of the National Power and Light, which is in turn controlled by Electric Bond and Share. To the two holding companies the Memphis unit has paid more than $9,000,000 in dividends since 1923.

Nearing sixty-four now, tall, white-haired, shaggy-browed, Edward Crump is the most admired and most hated man in Tennessee. Since 1928 his machine has been impregnable, piling up votes in State, national, and city elections of four or five to one. On the TVA question for Memphis, Crump had kept silent for some months. His decision was awaited with the keenest interest, for it was well known that the machine could carry the issue to either victory or defeat by a decisive margin. Those who expected Crump to line up with the power trust pointed to the fact that several of those high in the organization, including the Mayor, were or had been associated with utility law firms.

Yet this expectation took no account of an incident that happened twenty years ago. Then Crump was Mayor. He had been elected on a municipal-ownership platform. He had even put his program through the Legislature. Then the power trust made a counter-attack. Having failed at the polls, it went into the courts with the charge that the laws against liquor and gambling were not being enforced, and by an ouster suit directed at the Mayor removed him from office. That proved to be little more than a gesture. Soon Crump returned to power with dummy mayors. His influence was felt at Nashville, where Frank Rice, his chief lieutenant, sat in the gallery of the Legislature and directed the Memphis delegation on the floor of the Assembly by the pounding of his gold-headed cane. The pounding of that cane was the voice of Ed Crump.

Today Crump, by alliances with the Nashville and Chattanooga machines, dominates the State and controls the Governor. And it was to the Governor, Hill McAlister, that Crump sent his famous telegram: "Let's have the TVA wire in every city, town, and farmhouse in the State." The utility and holding-company boys knew then it was all over. But to make assurance doubly sure, Crump determined that this time there should be no pretext to oust the city administration. He passed along the word that hereafter the police commissioner "would be police commissioner," and that no interference would go. The hint was enough. At once the police cracked down on bootleggers and gamblers who had been permitted to thrive for years, liquor jumped in price, motion-picture palaces which had been defying a State Sunday-closing law were haled before a new grand jury and told to behave or go out of business. They behaved.

Then the machine swung into action. Banners, bands, mass-meetings, ward meetings, telephone calls, house-to-house canvassing, radio broadcasts, even fake fights in the streets to attract crowds for TVA speakers were a daily occurrence. Nothing but continuous newspaper advertising was overlooked, and that was not needed. The Scripps-Howard *Press-Scimitar*, largest evening paper in the South, had been hammering away for the TVA for a solid year. The editor, Edward J. Meeman, who had come to Memphis from Evansville by way of the editorship of the Knoxville *News-Sentinel* had almost a daily editorial on the need of cheap power. To the constant hammering of this vigorous editorial campaign was added brilliant reporting by Null Adams of the *Press-Scimitar* staff. Day after day the paper challenged the citizens to end power-trust exploitation and take advantage of the President's TVA "yardstick." Exhibit No. 1 was a front-page photostatic reproduction of power and light bills in Tupelo, Mississippi, before and after the coming of Muscle Shoals power.

Memphis now awaits only the completion of the Norris Dam, which is expected to be finished in a year and a half. Meanwhile the city has time to build its own plant should the private monopoly make a fight in the courts as it did in Knoxville.

"When the wires come into Memphis loaded with TVA electricity," said Crump in his only pre-election newspaper advertisement, "there should be an all-day celebration and rejoicing, a thrill I have been waiting for." There will be such a celebration, and it will be a tribute to that phenomenon in American politics—a machine boss whom the power trust could neither buy nor intimidate.

The Future of EPIC

By UPTON SINCLAIR

Pasadena, November 15

WHEN I write for *The Nation* I feel that I am speaking to friends all over the country. I will tell you what has happened out here in California, and what is coming next. First, a personal word: I am not the least bit discouraged. Away back in my days as a struggling writer I made a rule that whenever I sent a manuscript to an editor or a publisher, I counted it rejected. Nearly always I was right, and I was saved much disappointment. I learned in the course of the campaign that being Governor would be a killing job for a person of my temperament. I was willing to be a sacrifice, but when I am told that I don't have to be I am not obliged to worry.

What beat us was money, then more money, and still more money. All the banks, the public utilities, the big corporations contributed, and many forced their employees to contribute. I do not know how much they raised altogether, but Albert Parker, member of a big law firm in Los Angeles, wrote to a friend in New York telling how he had raised more than a million dollars for one organization, and had sent out six and a half million pamphlets and put up two thousand billboards. Mr. Parker went on to tell how he had taken to our district attorney a proposition to have the grand jury bring secret indictments against our voters and thus terrify them so that they would not come to the polls. The authenticity of this letter has not been denied. The district attorney has since been indicted, but not for this offense. Mr. Parker has not been indicted.

The amount of lying and dishonesty in this campaign exceeds belief. In the course of a month or two I shall send you a book entitled "I, Candidate for Governor: And How I Got Licked." The documents will be in it, and you may see what money can do in America and what it is prepared to do when its power is threatened.

My most vulnerable point in the campaign was "The Profits of Religion." This book was written seventeen years ago, during the World War. It is described as "An Essay in Economic Interpretation . . . A Study of Supernaturalism as a Source of Income and a Shield to Privilege." It is an extremely bitter book, the bitterness being directed against those who have abused religion by turning a great proletarian martyr into a stained-glass-window deity and a sanction for capitalism and war. But by taking passages out of their context or leaving out words or stopping a sentence in the middle, it was possible to make it appear that I was attacking all religion and ridiculing all practitioners of religion. When you have twenty or thirty such garbled extracts made into a pamphlet, the result is rather terrifying. I would patiently point out the misquotations and explain my real meaning, but it did very little good, because you cannot follow up six and a half million pamphlets—one for every man, woman, and child in the State of California.

I had supposed that everybody knew I was a Socialist, not a Communist; but the ruling classes of California would have it Communist. They got their "evidence" from a book called "The Red Network," which was published just before the campaign started. The book listed among the "reds" of America Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt and Mrs. Louis D. Brandeis. I supposed that would be sufficient to make it ridiculous, but it appears that a large percentage of our voters are ready to believe that both of these ladies are agents of Moscow, just like Upton Sinclair.

This book lists me as a member of a number of red organizations of which I never heard. For example, I am said to be secretary of the "Revolutionary Writers' Federation." It was futile for me to state that I have never been the secretary of any writers' federation in my life. I have been a federation all by myself, and have needed several secretaries. But there was no way to get that to the readers of six and a half million pamphlets.

The enemy went even farther than that—they faked Communist leaflets in my support. On the Sunday before the primary there appeared in front of hundreds of churches all over California boys with armloads of leaflets having my photograph alongside the red flag, and containing an appeal to the voters for me in the name of the Young People's Communist League—a non-existent organization. We ascertained who had prepared these leaflets and exposed the fraud many times, but it went on appearing all over the State, and at the climax of the campaign the supposed-to-be-respectable New York *Times* published a dispatch from Los Angeles solemnly listing this fraudulent circular among the evidences of Communist support of Upton Sinclair's candidacy! And this while the real Communist organ, the *Western Worker,* was describing the EPIC Plan as "one more addled egg from the blue buzzard's nest."

I could tell many stories such as that. I could tell how up in San Francisco the supposed-to-be-respectable *Chronicle* published a forged photograph of myself. The point was that I was supposed to have moved out of a very elegant home into a humble cottage in order to pose as a Democrat during the campaign. They came to my real home and took a photograph of me sitting on my front porch one Sunday morning. They then cut out this picture of myself and my rocking chair and superimposed it upon a photograph of a little cottage which at one time had been occupied by my secretary, and of which I had used the front room as an office, paying part of the rent. To make matters look worse, they had set out an ash can on the sidewalk, turned over on its side.

Money was free in California during the last two months of the campaign. Every SERA worker could come into Merriam headquarters and get three or four dollars per day campaigning; while every SERA worker who campaigned for the wrong candidate lost his job. Over the radio the hired orators shouted all day and most of the night. An ex-pugilist turned preacher—his name was Thomas and our people called him "Shouting Thomas"—read affidavits to the effect that I had trampled upon the American flag at San Pedro, that I had cursed the flag and the Constitution, and that when forty-eight sailors were killed in an explosion on the battleship Mississippi I had expressed the wish that it had been forty-eight hundred.

On the Sunday before Election Day every Negro preacher in Los Angeles received fifty dollars to preach a sermon against me, and Aimee Semple McPherson, who is supposed to belong to the white race, was hired to put on a pageant representing the dark and sinister Communists tearing down the flag and undermining the pillars of the Constitution. I am told that at this same performance in the Shrine Auditorium one preacher read a long series of passages from "The Profits of Religion," not knowing that they were the words of Christ Jesus rewritten in modern terms.

This venality went all the way to the top. A Democrat who publishes a weekly paper asked for an interview with me, offered his support, and tactfully informed me that he would like to be State engineer and also chairman of the Democratic Party of California. I told him that we were not selling the State of California to anybody; and so after a few weeks he came out for Merriam and published an incredible mass of lies about me, also a pamphlet novel telling of the horrors I would perpetrate, with a hairy monster supposed to be a Bolshevik on the cover. Colonel William Neblett, law partner of Senator McAdoo, came out valiantly in my support immediately after the primary. He then served a demand to become State chairman, and when he was informed that our campaign committee had chosen Culbert Olson, candidate for State Senator, Colonel Neblett issued a manifesto stating that I was preparing to turn California over to communism, and therefore he had become a raging opponent.

The *Literary Digest* came out with a poll showing that I would get only 25 per cent of the vote. This of course shifted the betting odds and did us a great amount of harm. As a matter of fact, I got about 38 per cent, and Merriam, to whom the *Digest* gave 62 per cent, drew less than 50 per cent. I will leave it to the *Digest* to explain how this happened, and will merely report what our workers told us, namely: (1) that some of the Merriam headquarters were paying twenty-five cents a piece for *Digest* ballots; (2) that a certain postmaster made note of all the names to whom *Digest* ballots were addressed in his town and gave that list to our workers, who checked up and found that 75 per cent were registered Republicans; (3) that the superintendent of a certain large industry in Los Angeles had two hundred *Digest* ballots to distribute among his people.

The great commercial newspapers of California are now proclaiming me a "poor sport" and a "bad loser" because I failed to congratulate Merriam on his victory and said that within six months we would recall him. My answer is that this is not a game I am playing, and there is no sport about it. It is a matter of life and death to a million and a quarter human beings who are living on public charity in California. I tried to help these people out of hell, and I am not exchanging greetings with any of the men who showed themselves liars and scoundrels in this campaign.

Our EPIC movement is going on. The election was just a skirmish and we have enlisted for the war. In the four days which have elapsed since the election we have held the most enthusiastic meetings yet, and if a single person plans to quit I have not heard of him. We more than doubled our vote in the primaries and think that is a great victory. We are the Democratic Party of California and we are going to stay that.

We have elected two State Senators and more than a score of Assemblymen definitely pledged to EPIC. The next session of the Legislature will begin in January and it will be worth watching. We have Governor Merriam in a tight place, for in the last terrified moments of the Republican State Convention, realizing that they had to dress the old gentleman up as a progressive, they put into their platform a demand for the thirty-hour week. Now we shall bring that proposal before the Legislature and start a recall proceeding against every Republican who repudiates the platform pledge. That will include Merriam and it will be fun to watch him squirm.

Up and down the State I told the people that our plan of production for use was bound to come, regardless of who won the election. Imagine my amusement when two days after the election Merriam came out with an interview saying that while he did not believe in barter as a permanent system, it might be that it was the only way to make the unemployed self-supporting at present, and that personally he would favor it. If you are interested, you may look in Professor Moley's magazine, *Today,* and find me making that same statement on October 27.

I called at Governor Merriam's office six months ago and offered him the EPIC Plan and urged him to put it into effect. He smiled politely and declined. But now apparently our 875,000 votes have set him thinking. If he will put our plan into effect, it is all right with me. Thirty years ago I wrote that "the business of people with ideas is to have them stolen."

Anyhow it is going to be put into effect, because we have the initiative in California, and our lawyers' committee is now drafting the measure, and our people are aching for a chance to go out and get signatures. We are going on with our paper—the presses are running as I write, and committees are coming in from all over the State clamoring that we must make it a daily. The people of California are awake as they have not been in my time.

What Business Men Think

III. Grab the Torch, Men of Means, Grab the Torch!

By MILO PERKINS

Houston, Texas, November 10

MY partner and I own our own business. As a member of our national code committee I have had a chance to see more of the New Deal than would otherwise have been the case, and like most business men I have thought more about our national problems this past year than in all the previous years of my life combined. Not only did the depression threaten our own company, but in March, 1933, I wondered if the whole capitalist system had not permanently fallen of its own weight. Of course there has been a marked recovery, but to be honest about it, the leadership has come from the federal government and not from either industrialists or financiers. Capitalism has been helped by stronger hands than its own, but its place in the civilization of tomorrow is by no means assured.

It faces two dangers between now and early January when the new Congress convenes. One is political and has to do with office seekers who are presuming to speak to the country in its name. The other is more serious and has to do with the lack of progressive leadership within our own ranks. After all, as a class, we business men are offering no program of action to the American people which would make tomorrow seem more attractive than today. We who have done such an amazing job of selling the public everything from soap to radios are failing miserably in selling ourselves. Small wonder people sometimes turn in strange directions for their inspiration.

At the moment we are suffering a dangerous loss of prestige at the hands of politicians who would regain their lost offices by speaking to the American people in the name of "sound business." Most of their appeals are so infantile and emotional that they are an outright insult to the intelligent voter. This talk about a Communist brain trust trying to undermine American institutions comes from political nursemaids who are trying to frighten us American children with stories about a new many-headed bogy man. Every big corporation has its engineering department and its research men, and every general manager throws away more of their suggestions than he uses. But he puts out good hard cash for those he keeps, because it pays. The public has sense enough to know that President Roosevelt is doing the same thing, and they expect the policy to pay dividends to the people. It is equally silly to tell the average voter that the New Deal has deprived him of his constitutional rights. He knows Congress has not tampered with his religious freedom, or permitted the quartering of soldiers in his home. He can still buy the Milwaukee *Leader* and the *Wall Street Journal* from the same newsstand anywhere in the country.

So much for the average voter. The citizen who is a little better grounded in American history knows perfectly well how flexible a document the Constitution really is. He knows that it was born of compromise, two rival State plans having been thrown aside for the compromise draft of a third State. (Probably it was not very different from the way in which most of our codes were drawn.) The Tories of those early days were sure the Constitution wouldn't work. They were sure no President once in power as commander-in-chief of the army would ever step down for a popularly elected successor! But the American people have amended the Constitution whenever the majority wanted to, and although the Supreme Court is intrusted with its interpretation, the voters have twice passed amendments as a result of dissatisfaction with the court's decisions. Really all that has happened in the last year and a half is this: a strongly individualistic President has made strong recommendations to Congress, as he is instructed to do in the Constitution, and our duly elected representatives have passed most of the measures recommended. All of them are subject to interpretation by the Supreme Court, and if that body should kill the entire New Deal we could again, as we have twice in the past, amend the Constitution to permit the reinstatement of the program if the bulk of our people desired it.

Nor is the average voter likely to worry over the fact that a twenty-dollar gold note is no longer good for twenty dollars in gold. He had a hard enough time getting and keeping paper dollars back in the days when he could have demanded gold. He knows that the chief advantage of having bullion instead of currency lies in the power it gives a man to leave the country unhurt if a crash comes. The ordinary citizen has neither the resources to make that temptation real nor the inclination to return to some country which his forefathers left to come here. And he rightly mistrusts the anxiety in his behalf on the part of politicians he has never seen.

Of course we capitalists don't indorse such nonsense as a group. A few diehards resent the minimum-wage provisions of the NRA and feel that their "rights as employers" have been denied them, but the vast majority gladly relinquished the "privilege" of having to pay less than a decent wage to avoid bankruptcy. Those who did not must be drunk with arrogance to imagine that the people they would oppress can be persuaded to perpetuate their tyranny. If the capitalists of the country don't wake up and use some of the brains which have been used to amass millions to work out the human problems which confront their fellow-Americans, then Mr. Roosevelt's opposition will come from the extreme left which wants to abolish the whole system, anyway. Possibly that is just what private ownership has coming to it, but I hope not; I'm prejudiced.

The day is gone, however, when those of us who have can turn our backs on those who have not. This twentieth century has no charm that I know of which guarantees any

Burlingame, Cal.

permanent connection between our heads and the bodies that have grown accustomed to supporting them. Because the markets are up from the levels of March, 1933, we capitalists are not awake, as a class, to the crisis which faces us. Men and women have a right to jobs that are interesting and homes that are fit for their children. The whole private ownership of production is failing as a system to provide those fundamental things for our people. Revolution has been averted by government help for the unemployed, but if capitalism is unable effectively to work out a program which will solve these problems, our people will demand their solution from other sources. Every child knows that we have the resources and the machinery to raise our standard of living enormously if things were properly managed.

We capitalists are squarely faced with this question: Are we competent to do the managing? Let us look at ourselves, before it is too late. As a class we own the means of production. We acquired this machinery over a period of about seventy-five years. During that time the population was growing, the frontier was moving west, and the demand for railroads, homes, and new factory equipment kept the wheels turning at a good profit. We put most of that profit back into more factories to make more things for more people, and stimulated their wants through advertising. It is we who have spent billions building up this hunger for a higher standard of living. It is we who got away from the pay-as-you-go basis and invented instalment credits to keep our own plants running. The common people had nothing to do with it. We promoted a finer standard of living than civilization had ever seen, not because we were altruistic, but because we wanted to keep the plants we owned at work. The relatively abundant distribution of both luxuries and necessities up to 1929 was incidental to our ambition. This is not an appeal to altruism; it is an appeal to pocket-books. Machinery is valuable if you can turn the wheels at a profit—otherwise it is a junk pile.

There's a bit of irony in one of our difficulties. We have made the success stories of our leaders so alluring that each year produces its crop of rugged young industrialists who start small plants, economically operated, and pour more goods into markets already glutted with surpluses. The fact that such concerns can often undersell their unwieldy competitors is only the immediate difficulty. The real one is that more wheels have been permanently added to the national productive machine, which is already suffering from fifth-wheel paralysis.

There is beginning to arise a new and more serious threat to the means of production which we as a group have controlled. It is part of the government program to make the unemployed self-supporting. Machines are being installed to supply needs, not to produce for profit. Economy is a good argument for such projects since they will be much less of a drain on the public treasury than the PWA or a dole. Legally, men and women out of work are surely within their constitutional rights if they form groups and supply each other with food, clothing, and what-not on a sort of barter and work-for-use basis. The movement is embryonic, but it may spread like prairie fire. Only a vigorous offensive can turn the tide—not an offensive against such tendencies, but the driving forward of a constructive plan which will dissipate them because it will absorb them. We capitalists need to learn what the pioneer industrialists knew, what every West Point cadet has hammered into him, namely, that "the offensive always wins." The capitalist system can be destroyed more effectively by having men of means defend it than by importing a million reds from Moscow to attack it. Unless we work out a program so simple that children can grasp it and then carry the fight for its adoption to the front-line trenches, we'll be museum pieces in fifty years.

The majority of our customers have always been found in the group working for us. On the whole they have spent their earnings of one week before the next Saturday night rolled around. The so-called white-collar class has made much the same contribution on a monthly basis. During our national childhood the rapidly growing population moving west into new country did whatever else was necessary to make the ownership of factories profitable. But America is growing up, and therefore growth in numbers is slowing down. The continent has been colonized. We have learned how to harvest our wheat with fewer hired hands than we needed twenty years ago. We have perfected amazing clerical machines such as those I saw in the Westinghouse plant last month. The photo-electric cell is more efficient than dozens of office employees. Our newest factories boast a plan of production through electric controls which comes pretty close to dispensing with human labor altogether. Not much need for company unions or any other kind in such plants. Open-shop fanatics may gloat over the achievements of their brain trust, but only the stupid can feel secure. We capitalists, aided by science, have reduced the number of men to whom we need to pay salaries or wages. They are off our individual pay rolls, but they are also lost customers for capitalism as a system. We have deprived them of income in a civilization where money is needed to buy what one wants. It can't go on. Plants cannot be run without customers, and customers cannot buy without money from capitalists trying to turn their wheels at a profit.

That logic is beyond challenge when capitalists and their wage-earning customers are viewed as two national groups. As individuals we are as helpless as the workingman was before the days of the union. Each of us is tethered to the post of his own business, and no one man's rope is long enough to give free range over the entire country. Only the rope of capitalism as an institution is long enough to do that. Therefore we capitalists must unite on a program which we can present to the nation. But if we do organize such a project, let us not fall into the fundamental error of organized labor. They fought us, their wage-paying employers, instead of fighting for an improved social order. Let us not fight them, our wage-earning customers, but let us fight for a program which will enrich the whole country. We who have fought our way to the top of this commercial civilization are supposed to be more intelligent than those who work for us. It's time to prove it. Our resourcefulness is being put to the last test. Either we must develop the ingenuity to finance those who want to work for us so that they can buy from us, or we shall live to see them employed in such a fashion that they can get what they want for their work from other sources.

Capitalism should *fight* for a thirty-hour week and a flat 25 per cent increase in all salaries and all wages. That is the only way it can finance the working public so that they can buy the products it has machines to make. Any lesser plan, such as a 10 per cent decrease in hours and a 10 per cent pay increase will be a self-defeating compromise. It is destined to fail because it doesn't go far enough. The United States Chamber of Commerce should get behind this program. Capable speakers should present it everywhere to men's clubs and trade associations. Our only problem is to sell the plan to ourselves with the same aggressiveness which has put over the sales campaigns for our merchandise. We need not look for opposition outside our own group. Our workers will be enthusiastic; the public will once again respect our leadership; and Washington, from the President down, is likely to be responsive.

If we put such a proposition up to Congress, to be tried for two years as an emergency experiment, that body would surely grant us the emergency concessions necessary to protect us, such as the licensing of new industries in fields where overproduction could be proved. In return for that we should agree either to restrict profits or to pay liberal wage dividends. I know that is not the way we've been taught to think, but there is no use for unwieldy surpluses when there are no further large fields for expansion. Otherwise the same old cycle that ended in the depression will repeat itself. Higher wages made necessary by a rising cost of living, which must again be raised to meet the increased costs which include them, are not prosperity. We should take violent steps to avoid that process in our own self-interest. There is only one way to prevent it, and that is to see that the extra money paid out to more people is ***kept moving,*** and not permitted to pile up in the hands of the few who can find no profitable field in which to invest it. That is the price which capitalism must pay to perpetuate itself. Personally I think it's cheap; I know it's preferable to fascism or communism.

This plan will be opposed by diehards who will insist they can't afford to pay higher wages. The job of progressive capitalists is to move forward over such tories just as our forefathers moved ahead over their kind in the adventurous days of the Revolution. I know, too, that there will be opposition from the internationalists. They will charge that the program is nationalistic, which it is, and they will fight the necessary tariff changes which such a plan involves. I am in sympathy with this type of opposition; but I think it's just about a century too soon to stress it. We have fought tories and impractical idealists before. As we move forward to acept the challenge of our era, history will repeat itself. The opposition of the stand-pat conservatives will be a springboard from which we leap to a job which they cannot understand. Our railroads and our oil industry were launched in such a fashion by the rugged individualists of another day. They too took the jump with the warnings of conservatives and idealists ringing in their ears. But they had the common sense to let their sons work out those problems after the projects were started. We shall be worthy heirs of those pioneers if we follow our vision of adventure today with equal courage. It is our job to go forward to the building of a more democratic and therefore a more splendid America. That work can be done with such vigor as to give back to rugged individualism its place in the sun. But it must be undertaken by men who are conquerors to the core, by men of power who love to fight on the offensive—and win. Grab the torch, men of means, grab the torch!

[*This is the third of a series of four articles by business men, discussing various aspects of the New Deal. The fourth, by Edward A. Filene, will appear in an early issue.*]

In the Driftway

LAST week the Drifter pointed out what seemed to him the immorality of foods out of season. He remarked on the fresh asparagus and raspberries he had eaten in November and rejoiced that sweet corn had not yet appeared in New York markets except when neighboring gardens permitted. Now he has learned about Frozen Foods, and he is ready to throw up his hands. Although it is a fact too sad to contemplate, it seems that even the cherished yellow corn can be treated to some mysterious Arctic process almost in the row, and can thereupon be shipped for months afterward to hungry diners any number of miles away. The Drifter has not tasted it nor will he. But plenty of other persons, with less violent prejudices, have done so and pronounced it indistinguishable from the more seasonable product. Nor is this the worst. The ears are whole, to be sure, but like the frozen beans and blueberries and spinach, they are washed and hulled or sorted or whatever is necessary to make them ready for the pot. The next step, of course, is food pellets. The Drifter has no doubt that such perversions of the art of eating are already being invented, and they will appear, round and ready for swallowing, colored red for strawberries and green for peas to satisfy the vestigial taste of poor city dwellers.

* * * * *

THE Drifter has listened, in the past decade and a half, to the usual number of horrified declamations on the decline of the home in the Soviet Union. But none of the Russian proposals for bringing up children in public nurseries or feeding families at the factories where both father and mother are employed seem to him to threaten the home as seriously as the multifarious devices adopted by American industry to make housekeeping simple. When the bread comes sliced, the spinach washed, the peaches ready to be thawed out and laid on the shortcake (which itself is all mixed in a carton and ready for the oven!), the decline of the household arts and the consequent threat to the home seem all too obvious.

* * * * *

THE Drifter remembers a conversation he had with a young woman some months ago, when an uncontrolled monetary inflation in the United States seemed more imminent than it does today. "Prices are going way up," she told him. "I wish I knew what to do about it. Men can buy enough clothes to last them for years, if they have the money. But it's harder for women. And for children it is quite impossible. Shirts that fit them now will be outgrown in six months, and sizes are so uncertain that it is too much of a gamble to buy larger ones for growing into next year." "You could buy cloth," said the Drifter timidly, "and make shirts as you needed them." The lady gave a pitying smile. "I could if I knew how to make a shirt," she said, "or a pair of knickerbockers. And you wouldn't expect me to buy a hide and cut shoes from it, would you?" The Drifter meekly said of course he wouldn't. But privately he remembered that a pioneer grandmother had done just that, along with spinning and weaving and baking and preserving and making sausage when a pig was butchered and hanging up hams and bacon in the smokehouse to cure. In those days there were no strawberries at Christmas, but the imperishable turnip furnished forth the winter feast and there were barrels of apples in the cellar for the vitamins that had not yet been heard of. Then, too, the family was very close and large, and one hears of rather considerable entertainment around the kitchen hearth in the evening, not unaccompanied by provender in large measure. But that was before the days of progress. Now we command our frozen sustenance by telephone from the corner grocery, and if we manage to stay home from the movies for an evening there is always the radio to take the place of conversation. The Drifter, being a fussy old crochet with an eye on the past, thinks it a pity. But since he is consistently outvoted, he is no doubt in the wrong as usual.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Social Economic Planning

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

May we call the attention of your readers to the forthcoming Regional Conference on Social Economic Planning, under the auspices of the International Industrial Relations Institute, to be held in New York, in the Russell Sage Foundation Building, 130 East Twenty-second Street, from November 23 to 27? The theme of the program is comprehended in one large question: What kind of economic planning can end unemployment, establish security, and raise standards of living in proportion to productive capacity?

The theory and concepts of different types of planning—parliamentarian, corporative or fascist, and Communist—will be presented by Dr. Alfons Goldschmidt, economist, formerly of the University of Leipzig and later of the National University of Mexico. Against this background current European developments will be discussed. The economic program in the United States will be analyzed and evaluated by M. L. Wilson, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, George Soule, and several others. Facts regarding employment and earnings will be presented by Isador Lubin, Commissioner of Labor Statistics; and Maxwell S. Stewart, associate editor of *The Nation,* will discuss world trends in employment and standards of living. The place of the second Five-Year Plan in socialist construction will be reported upon in the session on economic planning in the socialist state. Walter N. Polakov, consulting engineer, will analyze and interpret the unused technical and productive capacity of the United States, and the changes in the national income will be discussed by Simon Kuznets of the National Bureau of Economic Research.

The conference is designed primarily for those engaged in adult education on social-economic issues. Adult education is broadly defined to cover the work of those who teach, lecture, write, and organize activities which are educational in purpose and content. The membership of the conference is limited by the available space in the meeting place, but inquiry (addressed to IRI, Room 600, 130 East Twenty-second Street, New York) is invited from all who are interested. Preference must be given to those who can later use the material of the conference in educational work.

M. L. FLEDDERUS, Director, IRI
MARY VAN KLEECK, Associate Director

New York, November 8

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Labor and Industry

Once Again: Western Unionism

By HERBERT SOLOW

THE man on the Minnesota street or farm regards a Republican as a self-confessed horse thief, and a Democrat as an accessory after the fact. When the Governor—the country's only "third party" State executive—steps on union labor's toes, he feels obliged to apologize. Congressional candidates try to catch votes by attacking scabs in the street. During the drivers' strike in Minneapolis an attempt to organize a vigilante group failed utterly.

In this section there have been in the past many types of radical unionism. The great Western Federation of Miners arose not far away; Mesabi Range in the northern part of the State was the scene of a famous labor struggle; the I. W. W. and, just across the Canadian border, the One Big Union made labor history; the "Seattle plan" for transforming the A. F. of L. into a militant organization won substantial support in Minnesota. Today in this State there are developing simultaneously a current within the A. F. of L. friendly to the ideas of industrial unionism and militant struggle and an interesting phenomenon outside the official trade-union movement. The future of this new native growth, the Independent Union of All Workers—which has points of resemblance with both the I. W. W. and the O. B. U.—will be important for trade unionism throughout the West.

Austin, Minnesota, is a typical Western one-industry town. Of its 14,000 inhabitants, largely Scandinavian and German, 3,200 are employed by the Hormel packing plant. Everyone in town depends directly or indirectly on Hormel, the country's seventh largest packing system.

When the depression came, the workers bore the brunt. The constant presence of hundreds of unemployed in the town, as well as of a vast contiguous rural labor reservoir, encouraged abuse. The speed-up was introduced. Weekly pay checks of $5 became common. The hourly rate for common labor (60 per cent of the Hormel force) fell to 32½ cents for men and to 20 cents for women. The most highly skilled were "lucky" to get 55 cents hourly, or an average annual wage of $800.

In Austin the railroad men alone had a union. The A. F. of L. packers' local never revived after its collapse in 1921. The A. F. of L. in general was regarded by Austin workers as worthless—a bureaucratic machine for collecting high dues. A small local group led by O. J. Fosso, a college graduate working for Hormel as a student of processing and marketing, and Frank Ellis, an ex-wobbly and packinghouse hand, launched a new union. A week after it came into the open it had 2,500 members. Today every Hormel worker, and almost every other worker in Austin, belongs to the Independent Union of All Workers.

The principles of the I. U. A. W. are the following:

1. *Mixed Unionism.* A. F. of L. craft theory is consciously rejected. The basic unit in the organization consists of all the workers in one plant, such as Hormel's (industrial unionism), or of all in one craft in the case of barbers or carpenters. As in the O. B. U., all units in one city constitute a local, the only local in the city. The central union unites all locals.

2. *Rank and File Control.* "Any member or members contemplating any action of any kind whatever," state the by-laws, ". . . shall first present their case to the rank and file of the unit." Again: "No officer . . . can accept or sign a contract for the union until it is first submitted to the rank and file for their approval."

3. *Home Rule.* Each unit has full authority to deal with its special problems; on general problems all act jointly. Decisions are made by the lowest units and passed upward. Executive action may be taken at the top only on the basis of such decisions. Sixty per cent of all income remains in the treasuries of the locals.

4. *Union Democracy.* The I. U. A. W. is a purely economic organization. All workers may join regardless of race, color, creed, nationality, political belief, or political affiliation. One might here mention the fact that dues are remarkably low (50 cents monthly for men and 25 cents for women), and that no officer may receive a salary higher than the wage of the best-paid union member. The unemployed, who are in separate units, pay no dues.

5. *Militancy.* Although not officially committed to any general social theory, the I. U. A. W. is a militant union. The fact that it played the leading role in launching a newspaper to compete with the bosses' press indicates something of its fighting nature. A more graphic illustration was the three-day Hormel strike a year ago. Convinced that they could get nothing by further negotiation, the union struck for recognition, seniority rights, and a raise in wages. A picket line, commanded by a former army captain now a union member, surrounded the plant. A picked squad of forty men entered, shut off the refrigeration, and evicted all officials. The police dared not interfere; the sheriff called for volunteer deputies but got none. This being Hormel's only plant, the company's delivery contracts were jeopardized and suddenly it surrendered. The union and seniority rights were recognized, and after hearings before the State Industrial Commission the workers got a 10 per cent raise.

6. *Non-Politicalism.* Like the class struggle, non-politicalism is an unwritten principle of the I. U. A. W.; the union leaders, like those of the I. W. W. before them, are "indifferent" to politics. The result is that the rank and file are largely under Farmer-Labor domination. This did not prevent but confused their intervention when Olson's National Guard attacked the Minneapolis drivers' strike. There are indications, however, that this outmoded non-political attitude may yet be abandoned.

The I. U. A. W. sends out organizers only on request but it has already grown considerably. The Albert Lea local has won a strike against the gas company, and a 23 per cent raise for foundry workers after an eight-hour walkout. The Faribault local has struck the Wilson packing plant, and has held out for almost two months against a company which, unlike Hormel, can shift business to plants elsewhere. Locals have been organized in Wisconsin, Iowa, and South Dakota. All told, the union has some 8,000 members. In such towns as Austin it is likely to be the chief labor movement for some time. The A. F. of L. will not send organizers to set up craft locals of half a dozen members, and the energy and reputation of the new industrial unionists is leaving the federation behind in large plants, such as Hormel's and Wilson's. In the largest cities, where the craft locals are deeply rooted, its prospects are meager, but its period of rapid growth is still far from having ended. The I. U. A. W. looks forward to uniting all independent unions in the country under its banner. It has no use for the A. F. of L. as such, but it is willing to cooperate with any labor organization really working for the rank and file. It has friendly relations with all A. F. of L. left wingers; it has as yet no contact with other independent unions.

This current, which has welled up irresistibly out of the Northwest's industrial soil as similar currents have done before, may yet find its way into the main stream of the American trade-union movement, without losing its radicalism. The I. U. A. W. is above all an expression of the deep-seated urge of American workers to organize and fight against their unprecedented misery, of the widespread feeling that trust is to be placed neither in God nor the government nor Bill Green. Along with such organizations as the Mechanics' Educational Society of Detroit, it may yet play an important role in reorienting the American trade-union movement toward a policy of genuine struggle.

Steel Town

By HAROLD J. RUTTENBERG

Pittsburgh, November 16

STEEL workers active in the outside union have been arrested, evicted, beaten, and railroaded in Aliquippa, Beaver County, Pennsylvania, by Jones and Laughlin company police, who are also borough police, ever since organizers dared to become active in the summer of 1933. The story of George Issoski, who was railroaded to the State Hospital for the Insane at Torrance as a result of his union activities, received wide publicity because of the intervention of Governor Pinchot in having him released. But it is only one of the more sensational incidents in a long record of intimidation. At this writing several other commitments to the insane asylum from Beaver County are being investigated.

The efforts of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers to organize Aliquippa were futile until 1933. Two organizers were sent in by the union in July of that year. After five days both quit. They were unable to rent headquarters, were forced to live in Ambridge across the river, and were constantly watched by stool pigeons. Then Frank Dobbins, crack United Mine Workers organizer, with John Mayer, also of the U. M. W., tried to organize Aliquippa. Mayer held a small meeting of steel workers in a private house one evening in September, 1933. On the street later that evening two men stopped him and asked for a match. One of them knocked him to the ground, and the two then gave him a terrible beating and threw him into jail. He paid a fine, and with Dobbins gave up.

In March, 1934, the Amalgamated sent John Tefelski as an organizer to Ambridge. He made several contacts in Aliquippa and gradually got enough men together to form a lodge. In September a charter was issued to Beaver Valley Lodge No. 200. Soon it grew to two hundred members. The terrorism of Jones and Laughlin became more vicious, and the union asked for a hearing before the National Steel Labor Relations Board for October 4, charging intimidation and coercion, and asked for an election among the mill employees. On the date set Earl Reed, attorney for Jones and Laughlin, was busy in Wilmington for the Weirton Steel Company. His law partner, Roy Bostwick, appeared before the board and asked for a postponement, which was granted. But the men from Aliquippa who had come to testify told the board they were afraid to go home—afraid they would be beaten up. The board asked Bostwick if protection could not be given to these men. Bostwick replied it was a reasonable request. Then realizing that he had admitted there was need for protection, he asked leave to call his partner's client, Jones and Laughlin. After the call he announced that there was no need for protection, that the men's demand was a bit of stage play to prejudice the board against his partner's client. Nevertheless, eight State police were sent to Aliquippa that night for the protection of witnesses and all others asking for it. Moreover, they came from the Butler station, because Captain Jacob Mauk, of the Greensburg State Police station, is the brother of Harry Mauk, head of Jones and Laughlin's police and espionage system. The fact that State police had come to Aliquippa without advance notice to the company served to intimidate the company police, and no incidents occurred during their stay.

A little later, on October 14, Cornelia Bryce Pinchot, the Governor's wife, addressed the first labor meeting ever held in Aliquippa. Four thousand persons were present and the borough-company police directed the traffic. There has been an open meeting every Sunday night since, at which the audience has never been smaller than 3,000. The union membership has increased from 200 on October 4 to 3,800 at this writing; this number does not include unemployed, who are carried on a separate list. At the peak of production in June 8,000 men were employed, but the September pay roll showed 5,000. Aliquippa is now organized. The State police did the trick. Before October 4, wherever union men went in the attempt to rent headquarters, several company stool pigeons took up their stand outside and followed them from building to building. Real-estate owners were afraid to rent space to the union, and the union men moved only in a body. Harry V. Phillips, president of the union local, has sworn to an affidavit stating that two plain-clothes men whom he identified as company men attacked him on the edge of town close to the mill on the night of August 31, 1934, when he was on his way to work. They wrestled with him, but he managed to break away. His bruises were dressed at the mill dressing station. Martin Gerstner, financial secretary of the local union, was ordered out of his house in September, and was forced to move to Ambridge three miles from Aliquippa. Pete Chopika, employee of a soda-water company, swore in an affidavit that his boss fired him because he passed out union cards for the Amalgamated. The affidavit reads: "My employer who owns the company said he was sorry he had to fire me but Mr. Mauk [Jones and Laughlin police head] and the burgess of Aliquippa told him I was helping the union and that he had to protect his property or Jones and Laughlin would put him out of business." Joe Latone, Jones and Laughlin employee since 1906, told me he was dismissed on August 28. He said: "For only just one reason I was fired. I went to hear Mrs. Pinchot in Ambridge the day before. My boss he like me, I know it, but he had orders from the office to fire me." Jones and Laughlin started a company union in July, 1933. The bosses are promoting it with speeches in the mill now that the company's strong-arm tactics have been frustrated. "For seventy-five years," their argument runs, "your welfare has been in the hands of Jones and Laughlin. Don't put it in the hands of strangers."

Aliquippa is Europe recreated. I talked to many of the steel workers. Each one, when asked, will tell the story of a Negro who was killed by a Jones and Laughlin policeman about a year and a half ago for breaking into a house in the "white plan," the section where only bosses and officials live and where by an unwritten law no Negro, Italian, or Slovene is allowed. Many doubt whether the Negro was really breaking into a house, but the incident served to intimidate the workers. The entire town is divided into plans, or sections, according to nationality. The Italians live in plan twelve, the Negroes in plan eleven, the Welsh in still another. This development, in part, is traceable to the mill itself, where, for example, the tin department is worked almost exclusively by Welshmen, the first tin workers having emigrated from Wales to this country.

Today Aliquippa is an "open town" after many years of complete suppression in the interests of the company—for a long period voting places were supplied with Republican ballots only. Formerly one was likely to be kicked out of town by a cop for asking questions on the street about unions. The other day I felt comfortably secure talking to the steel workers themselves. The steel and coal operators in western Pennsylvania are losing their age-old grip on the company towns. Their control over the coal camps and steel towns became all the more concentrated in the early years of the depression because the company officials distributed private relief, Red Cross flour, and State and federal relief. The operators of course have dominated the State relief administration. In Bobtown, Greene County, a 400-family coal camp of the Shannopin Coal Company, subsidiary of the Jones and Laughlin Steel Company, the mine closed down without advance notice on August 29. Relief was delayed for two weeks. I visited the camp on September 9 and found general undernourishment and several cases of acute starvation. The miners charged that the coal company was using the relief administration to starve out their 100 per cent union. The Pennsylvania Security League managed to obtain an investigation of relief in the entire county, where until recently the relief administrator was a former coal operator. With the coming of the NRA, unions grew up overnight in coal and steel towns which had only known the open shop. In July, 1933, Nemacolin, Pennsylvania, a vicious company town of a Youngstown Sheet and Tube subsidiary, was opened up by the United Mine Workers. During the 1933 coal strike miners in many camps temporarily took over the administration of State relief through their own committees. Power began to change hands somewhat. Last fall in Duquesne, Pennsylvania, Cornelia Bryce Pinchot addressed the first labor meeting ever held there. It is a United States Steel town. She did the same in Vandergrift, another United States Steel town. Gradually the unions grew; this summer one could walk through most of the steel towns with some assurance of returning home safely. Now Aliquippa, one of the last strongholds of reaction, has fallen.

Walk-Up

By M. M.

THE swankiest office on the highest floor of the tallest New York City skyscraper is just a 102d-story walk-up when the elevator man goes on strike. And the real-estate owners of Manhattan are determined to prevent such an indignity at any cost—except the cost involved in recognizing a union and giving the elevator man and his fellow building-service employees a decent wage. According to one estimate, building owners are spending $20,000 a day in preparation for a threatened strike—the second within a month. Some 10,000 guards and strike-breakers recruited by such famous "detective" agencies as Bergoff, Bennett, and O'Toole are being retained at a dollar a day for themselves and another dollar for the agencies. If the strike is called, the lucky 10,000 will get from $6 to $8.50 a day for running the danger involved in taking another man's job. Meanwhile the city itself is contributing the services of an unknown number of policemen; they are posted in building lobbies to "protect" employees from those big bad wolves known as labor organizers, who are out to increase wages and shorten hours whether the employees like it or not. At present elevator men in apartment houses and hotels work from eleven to thirteen hours a day, six or six and one-half days out of every week, for which they receive from $60 to $75 a month. In the bigger office buildings they are somewhat better off, receiving sometimes as much as $25 a week with a nine-hour day.

Some 250,000 people in New York City are employed in servicing buildings. The Building Service Employees International Union, Local 32B, has enrolled about 40,000 of these workers. Early in November it conducted a successful strike in the garment district, where it had the strong backing of the thousands of organized garment workers, who would rather walk up than patronize a scab elevator. The new strike will be city-wide. As we write, the landlords have belatedly proposed a scale of minimum wages and maximum hours, but remain adamant against the closed shop.

Meanwhile the strike-breaking agencies are having a little labor trouble of their own. A near riot took place on November 5 when some 500 guards were not paid off according to schedule for their services in the first strike which had just ended. More recently 300 strike-breakers at another agency, becoming impatient because the second strike—and their $8.50 a day—had not materialized, tried to collect strike wages in advance. Guards who took part in the O'Toole revolt said that they had been recruited from out of town for strike duty. They also charged that during the melee they were handled roughly by other strong-arm men also employed by the agency. It is time the strike-breakers demanded from their employers assurances of protection from scab strike-breakers who go so far as to beat up non-union men. We suggest a company brotherhood with lollipops shaped like brass knuckles.

Beard Turns Nationalist

The Open Door at Home. By Charles A. Beard. The Macmillan Company. $3.

IN many respects Professor Beard's latest volume is more ambitious than any of his previous works. Casting aside the role of historian and political scientist, he emerges into the maelstrom of contemporary thought seeking a solution for the economic and intellectual crisis which has thus far baffled modern statesmen and scholars. An outgrowth and an interpretation of his previous work, "The Idea of National Interest," the present book is unquestionably the most challenging and possibly the most significant analysis of the crisis yet written on this side of the Atlantic. Its importance, however, lies not so much in its inherent merit as in the fact that we have for the first time a mature, intelligible, and detailed statement of the "new nationalism," which heretofore has been a mode of action unsupported by scholarly theory.

At the outset Dr. Beard examines in detail several conceptions of national policy which have been advanced as solutions of our difficulties, and finds each of them fundamentally unsound. First he takes up the industrialist thesis: that American prosperity is dependent on obtaining ever-expanding markets abroad for the surplus goods and capital which are an inevitable by-product of the American economic mechanism, and that anything which contributes to the expansion of these markets is in the national interest. This he disposes of in a convincing if rather labored manner. He points out that it is based on the wholly unwarranted assumption that domestic demand is irrevocably fixed by the prevailing system of distributing wealth, and that this system is incapable of change. Moreover, he insists that any attempt on the part of the United States to expand its colonial possessions in order to provide an outlet for surpluses would bring us into open conflict with other imperialist Powers. And even if the policy could be pursued to a successful conclusion, he declares that it would merely lead to a growth in the urban proletariat and an increasing accumulation of wealth in the hands of the property-owning class.

In opposition to the industrialist program, represented in the field of practical politics by the Republican Party, is the so-called agrarian thesis, which has traditionally become associated with the Democratic Party. According to this conception, American surplus production can best be disposed of through a general reduction in the tariff and pursuit of a policy of international cooperation. This also assumes that existing surpluses cannot be disposed of by altering the distribution of wealth within the United States, and—all claims to the contrary notwithstanding—makes no contribution to the fundamental problem of eliminating these surpluses. While the doctrine of free trade may have been valid under the conditions prevailing in the early half of the nineteenth century, Dr. Beard holds that it is wholly unsuited to present conditions.

The fallacy underlying both of these conceptions, Dr. Beard maintains, is the belief in the existence of some kind of world system or world economy which must be reestablished before recovery can be attained. At one time, he concedes, the basis for such an economy did in fact exist. All peoples of the world were at the stage of a "vegetable civilization," as contrasted with a mineral or industrial era. The various nations could trade with one another on a substantially identical footing with respect to comparative costs and mutuality of benefits. But this situation has been completely altered, Dr. Beard insists, by science and recent technical developments. With their control over heavy industries and huge capital accumulations, the so-called advanced countries have come to "dominate the vegetable economies of the world and hold them at their mercy under a regime of free and equal commerce." To make the situation more serious, the industrial countries, in the process of their attack on the weaker and less organized vegetable economies, have brought severe pressure on their own agriculture and thereby created "an impasse in their own development."

It is impossible within the confines of a brief review to do more than suggest the weaknesses in Dr. Beard's thesis. When he attacks the anachronistic views of a passing generation, he is extremely convincing, but when he attempts to suggest a solution he becomes hopelessly entangled in the contradictions of our prevailing economic order. In denying the reality of an interdependent world economic structure, which is the central theme of the book, he is not only defying the opinion of practically all reputable economists, but he is flying in the face of facts so obvious that the average layman recognizes their validity. Nor does he present any evidence to support his contention. He simply shows that the self-adjusting mechanism of international laissez faire has broken down within recent years, and that it would be futile to try to restore it according to pre-war specifications. The cause of this breakdown, he points out accurately enough, lies in the maldistribution of income which is inherent in the capitalist system. But instead of abolishing that system entirely, he would tear apart the delicate organism of world economy in order that each of its component cells might be subjected to controlled laboratory experimentation. In practice, of course, such a step would greatly intensify existing economic maladjustments, with disastrous results to millions of individuals.

If Dr. Beard were only vague and confused, the "Open Door at Home" would not be such a dangerous book. But in coming out unreservedly for a nationalist solution to American economic problems he is playing directly into the hands of an incipient fascist movement in this country, which is certain to use, for campaign purposes at least, exactly the same arguments that he has developed. Moreover, it is evident that the United States, as a creditor country possessing a large share of the world's natural resources, cannot pursue a policy of economic nationalism without greatly accentuating the prevailing animosity and friction among nations. If the world is faced by the prospect of a continued diminution in foreign trade, the struggle for the control of basic raw materials is bound to be intensified, while competition for the dwindling markets will be doubly acute. The history of the past five years is ample confirmation of this fact. Even Dr. Beard appears to be subconsciously aware of this danger, for he gives an entire chapter to a consideration of national defense. While he apparently believes that an abandonment of our foreign investments—if it could be achieved—would reduce the danger of friction, he speaks of the necessity of "military defense against predatory nations" as a supreme and controlling consideration in national interest, and declares that it would be easy to defend the Republic "against any foes which such a policy [economic nationalism] might raise up against it."

Many readers will doubtless be at a loss to explain this sudden adoption of jingoistic phrases on the part of a man who has been as incisive and realistic as Dr. Beard in his analysis of American historical development. Possibly the reason is that suggested by the author himself in one of the early chapters of the book, where he points out rather cogently that history can be of little value as a guide to the formulation of policy, present or future, because historical developments contain the germs of their own decay. This point would seem to be amply confirmed by the conclusions arrived at in this volume.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

As Honest as Possible

Autobiography. By John Cowper Powys. Simon and Schuster. $3.50.

THIS is not one of those autobiographies whose honesty can be tested by turning to other records. There are no other records. Mr. Powys has lived in a world of his own making, and it is that world, so fantastic and so artificially heightened, which he is interested in describing; though at the same time he is interested, naturally enough, in its Creator. What then of his claim that he has written an "honest" autobiography—as "honest," he insists, as Rousseau's? Obviously the test must be made internally. Does the book have completeness and consistency, does it *sound* honest? Does the author *seem* to be telling all he knows or thinks about himself?

My impression is that the book is almost as honest as it is possible for a book about oneself to be. Mr. Powys may have fooled me, but I venture to doubt it. And this is not for the simple reason that he has chosen to confess himself both ludicrous and evil. That is an old tradition in autobiography, and as everyone knows it is a form of boasting. Mr. Powys confesses his abnormalities in a unique way and for a unique reason —in order, to make a long story short, that we may understand the full extent to which he is a pretender, and then and only then that he may assure us of his satisfaction with the role. I say "pretender." His own word is "charlatan"—or rather, it is the word of those unfriendly persons whom he so frequently and frankly quotes. His brother Llewelyn's phrase for him, he says, is "spiritual insincerity"; his friend Louis Wilkinson's is "perverse and sickly falsity." Now Mr. Powys, of course, could recite such charges with the air of one who knows better and wants us to think differently. But he does nothing of the sort. He recites them, as he recites the whole painful and rather preposterous story of his life in England and America, in order first to make us aware how well he understands the appearance he makes before the world and then to admit that this appearance is something like the reality. It is not quite the reality, for this is no humble book, and Mr. Powys would not have lived otherwise for all the world. But it is the clew to his essential nature, which is that of an actor. Mountebank, impostor, and charlatan are simply synonyms for actor.

To sum up a book of 600 pages, Mr. Powys has *acted* as if the world were a more interesting place than it is and as if he were a more interesting man than he is. This explains, perhaps, why he is a poor poet and something less than a first-rate novelist, but it also explains why this "Autobiography" is so good. For just as the reader has begun to complain that everything here is overdescribed and overemphasized, and indeed to feel very certain that Mr. Powys is blowing up each incident or picture far beyond its natural size, Mr. Powys insinuates his awareness of all this and prepares to accompany the reader henceforth as a spectator of himself. The secret was buried, as a matter of fact, on the fifteenth page, where Mr. Powys says of his now famous father: "Never have I known a man with a more childlike sense of the incredible romance of his own existence upon earth. . . . He had only to link up any human being, any place, with the experience of his own life, and that person and that place assumed a curious fairy-like quality, *beyond normal reality.*" Well, that is Mr. Powys to a T, the only difference being that the son has existed more self-consciously than the father ever did, and hence that his life, while alternating between grosser extremes of ugliness and beauty, was in the end more capable of becoming known to us. That it is now made known in its own lineaments I have no reasonable doubt; or that it is of a deep, rich, enduring, and grotesque interest in itself. MARK VAN DOREN

Anthology of Style

Modern Prose Style. By Bonamy Dobrée. Oxford University Press. $2.75.

UNDER a title that is misleadingly scholastic Bonamy Dobrée has written, in "Modern Prose Style," an immensely entertaining, a very instructive, and, I believe also, an important book. I say this somewhat unwillingly. Try as I may, I cannot think of "style" in itself as anything more at best than an incidental instrumental thing, and studies of "style" seem more or less fatuous when "style" is taken as an end in itself, as something above what is expressed and independent of it. The literary mind is not to me the most interesting of minds. Its predilection for the over-refined subtleties of feeling, its devotion to trivial and subjective niceties of form, its inability ever to express itself clearly in the domain of thought, are to me personally repugnant. A piece of writing is a historical fact. What is the fact? That, to me, is the premise and the problem of criticism. Whether a person enjoys the fact and why he enjoys it are to me relatively unimportant questions, because, whether one likes it or not, the fact is there, and the liking of it is again a fact, which had better, as a matter of method, be considered independently of the other fact.

And yet here comes Mr. Dobrée and almost persuades me to be a Christian. Not, as usual, that I care at all for his thought. I could cover a page, to my own satisfaction, with his contradictions formal or substantial, his tautological reasonings, his theoretical errors. Does he ever pass a judgment that is not replete with indefinable words, smudges of sentiment, "literary patter"? But there he is, dangling before one's eyes a challenging selection of what he calls "prose," and one knows in advance that it is going to be "good" prose culled by a tireless reader of unfailing discernment from a book in itself important. And as one matches one's analyses against Mr. Dobrée's, one finds the latter's mind gradually imposing itself upon one in the shape of that baffling thing called "authority," whose lead one trustfully accepts in these adventures among the mysteries of literary effects. That is always the revenge of the synthetic mind, with its vision, upon the analytical mind with its clarity.

Mr. Dobrée is writing of "prose" as form, as technique; and apart from some forgivable lapses he performs the highly acrobatic feat of sticking to his subject in the face of the lure of content. The test here would be the passage that is intrinsically vacuous but all the same "well-written"—I am thinking of G. E. Moore's disquisition on metaphysics, or the paragraphs in which Irving Babbitt with scowling resolve demands the right to go to Sunday school with Plato under his arm (that is the nearest to Babbitt's head that Plato ever got). There are many examples in Mr. Dobrée's book of what one might call a "pure" aesthetic. I note the fact and, as I say, very cordially admire.

This to me was the entertaining aspect of "Modern Prose Style." Instructive, instead, is the truly comprehensive view that Mr. Dobrée gives, as he sets out to give, of the use that is being made of English today in the law courts, in the stock exchanges, in scientific writing, among the artists. Mr. Dobrée gives us canapés of everything from Eddington to Joyce and Gertrude Stein. But what I find important is the parity with English stylists new and old that Mr. Dobrée convincingly and dispassionately accords to many of our Americans. Here are powerful paragraphs from Krutch, Mark Van Doren, Mencken, Sherwood Anderson, Lippmann, Dos Passos, Edmund Wilson, Willa Cather, and others still. It is a patriotic satisfaction to know, on Mr. Dobrée's authority, that our generation in America has such a generous share of immortals and that the American branch of English has gained full citizenship at last in the tradition of model English prose. If the publishers have printed this book with an eye on the schools, they have found a spirited textbook indeed. If it is aimed at the literary public, one may promise to anyone who reads it an evening of exciting intellectual enjoyments and no regrets. ARTHUR LIVINGSTON

The Last of the Liberals

C. P. Scott of the Manchester Guardian. By J. L. Hammond. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

WHEN the World War crashed into peaceful Europe liberalism died. Even in England, where men rushed to the colors inflamed by the loftiest of ideals, the present government is guilty of an Incitement-to-Disaffection bill designed to prevent the spread of seditious literature among the armed forces. H. G. Wells, of "The War to End War" fame —how he must kick himself for coining that fatuous slogan!— has been so moved by this latest attack upon freedom that he has warned the government it is approaching that "complete suffocation" of intellectual freedom now being witnessed in Russia.

C. P. Scott of the *Manchester Guardian* was a great editor, a great man, far greater than most of his contemporaries. By comparison with the war-mad public, he shone with superhuman sanity. But even the sane, statesman-like, lovable man who emerges from Mr. Hammond's absorbing biography was not as great as his creed. He could not hold up liberalism in the hellish atmosphere of a World War. Invited to speak at a meeting of protest after the declaration of war, he declined. "I am strongly of opinion that the war ought not to have taken place and that we ought not to have become parties to it," he wrote, "but once in it the whole future of our nation is at stake and we have no choice but do the utmost we can to secure success."

In other words, he put his liberalism into cold storage for the duration of the war. True, Scott kept his head; the *Manchester Guardian* never became hysterical. It fought off conscription to the last ditch. It defended conscientious objectors against the jingoes. But liberalism sought the catacombs, emerging only in pamphlets, news sheets, and leaflets published by such organizations as the Fellowship of Reconciliation and the No Conscription Fellowship. Men like Bertrand Russell helped to keep liberalism alive until the government temporarily silenced them in jail.

Everyone has heard of Scott, the man who made a provincial English newspaper an international force, more powerful than some of the big London newspapers. Everyone knows that he never curried public favor. His liberalism—and the liberalism of his friend Lloyd George—was big enough for the Boer War. He denounced it even to the point of depreciated profits. Police had to protect his home and his office. He never lacked courage. He supported the World War because he had convinced himself that England was right. He suspended his liberalism as the churches suspended their Christianity. Liberalism and Christianity were too big for a world at war.

Scott's relationship to Asquith and Lloyd George, his attempts to bring these two men together when clash of temperament and viewpoint had driven them apart, make extremely interesting reading. He could never lose his faith entirely in Lloyd George, despite the fact that George often strained his loyalty to the breaking-point. On November 30, 1918, Scott wrote of him, "He has done more than any other man in public life to win the war," but two years later he was comparing George's treatment of Ireland to the German treatment of Belgium. When the Coalition government ended, Scott tried to pick up the pieces of the Liberal Party. He was not superman enough for that! On November 21, 1922, in reply to one of his letters, Lady Oxford wrote:

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> The good temper and wisdom of your letter has touched me. I feel very bitter about Ll.G.; this is the kind of character I mind most, because I feel his charm and recognize his genius; but he is . . . full of emotion without heart, brilliant without intellect, and a gambler without foresight. He has reduced our prestige and stirred up resentment by his folly—in India, Egypt, Ireland, Poland, Russia, America, and France—and has a genius for open questions.

Scott became editor of the *Manchester Guardian* in January, 1872, when he was only twenty-five; he retired in July, 1929. During those fifty-seven years he poured into his work as editor the moral fervor that would have gone into the Unitarian ministry had he decided that was the career for him. When he died, the whole of Manchester turned out to witness the funeral of this great citizen of Manchester and of the world. W. P. Crozier, who was appointed by Scott to the *Manchester Guardian* in 1903, contributes a fascinating chapter on "C. P. S." in the office, from the time he arrived, hatless, on his bicycle until the time he left for home. The bang of the door announced his presence to the staff. "A few moments later, having unpacked and handed over to a messenger two eggs, salt wrapped up in a screw of paper, milk, and, sometimes, an apple, all of which he had brought from home, he spread out the evening papers on his desk and was ready for all comers." The chapter tells those things one wants to know about the editor at work on his editorials, his relations to the staff, his strict views about the function of editor. "Thinking as he did of his function and that of his paper, he spared others as little as he spared himself. An autocrat, he would have said that it was 'the good of the paper,' not he, that made supreme demands." He won and held men's loyalty because he himself was so utterly loyal to the work he loved.

HAROLD BUTCHER

The Treasures of the Vernacular

A Dictionary of American Slang. By Maurice H. Weseen. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $2.50.

MR. WESEEN'S diligence is certainly praiseworthy, for he has got no less than 15,000 words and phrases into this collection, but it cannot be said that his critical faculties are shining. The term *slang,* as he uses it, seems to have an extraordinarily fluent meaning. At one time it apparently indicates the congeries of current (and usually transient) metaphors that commonly goes under the name among philologians, but at other times he extends it to embrace trade and class argots, the technical vocabularies of various arts and mysteries, common mispronunciations, and the general body of neologisms. On what theory does he hold that *A No. 1, boss,* and *close call* are slang? Or *chaw, snoot,* and *coupla*? Or *cold snap, eternal triangle,* and *dead as a doornail*? Or *moron, journalese,* and *Hoosier*? Or such painful artificialities as *Emersonthusiast, mound mainstay* ("the chief pitcher for a baseball team"), and *powerphobe* ("a person who fears the political power of public companies")?

But perhaps the title of Mr. Weseen's book is badly chosen, and he is really trying to present a glossary of contemporary American. If so, he has left out a great many very interesting words (for example, *ofay, realtor, motorcade,* and *beautician*), and included a great many more that are no more American than *cat* and *dog* are American. Indeed, he shows a painful unfamiliarity with even the most elementary literature of the subject. If he had given some hard study to the files of *Dialect Notes* and *American Speech,* to the recent supplement to the Oxford Dictionary, or even to Howard N. Rose's thesaurus for pulp-fictioneers, which I was reviewing in this place on September 19, he might have improved his collection enormously. As it stands, it must be used with caution, for though there is some valuable material in it, that material is very badly presented, and with it comes a lot of rubbish. Some of the definitions are almost howlers, as for example, "an uncouth person" for *leatherneck* (Tell it to the Marines!) and "the home of a newly married couple"—just that, and nothing more—for *love-nest.* There is no dating of the terms listed, and in consequence the innocent reader will never learn that *liberty cabbage* came in in 1917 and went out in 1918, that *to spruce up* was used by Sir George Etherege in 1676, and that *kid* for child goes back to Shakespeare's time.

The rather frequent appearance of such amateurish texts serves to call attention to the grave need for the Historical Dictionary of American English, under way at the University of Chicago since 1925, with Sir William Craigie, one of the editors of the Oxford Dictionary, in charge. Sir William has assembled a competent headquarters staff, and the General Education Board seems to be supplying a sufficiency of money, but there is apparently no rush of volunteers to do the heavy work of reading. When the Oxford Dictionary got under sail in 1859 a great many came forward, including not a few Americans, and with their aid the editors were able to amass a really gigantic body of materials, and to make the dictionary an almost perfect record of the language. But the Dictionary of American English is getting less support. One reason therefor, I suppose, is that most American philologues continue to regard the study of the national language as somehow *infra dig.* Their trade journals are filled with abysmal discourses on the grammar of Old French and the typographical errors on the Assyrian monuments, but it is seldom that one encounters an informed and useful discussion of the speech that all of us use every day. Such defective researches as that of Mr. Weseen only show how much remains to be done.

H. L. MENCKEN

Personalities of the Ballet

Balletomania. By Arnold Haskell. Simon and Schuster. $3.75.

THIS is the book of an enthusiast who has so personalized his enthusiasm that where it is not charming, as it frequently is, it is exasperating. A lot of information about personalities in the contemporary dancing world is imparted with all the ardor of a press agent for the particulars of the Monte Carlo Company. From a cursory reading one would gather that the troupe encompassed as many major artists as the original Diaghilev company of 1909. Such is not the case. Even more passionate apologists than Mr. Haskell, and such would be hard to find, cannot controvert the fact that the Monte Carlo Company is an echo of a great period, that its future, unless some unforeseen chance arises, is centrifugal, that its direction is unimaginative and sterile. Mr. Haskell pays no attention to the schools of Soviet Russia. He has four short pieces on the choreographers Nijinsky, Fokine, Massine, and Balanchine, which is an excellent idea by way of informing people how dances are designed; but in his effort to popularize the form of ballet he is superficial and particularly unjust to Nijinsky, calling him a great dancer but a bad choreographer. Nijinsky, nevertheless, more than Fokine, has been, whether we admit it or not, the greatest single influence on contemporary dancing, incomparably its greatest spirit and the real initiator of new forms. It was he who felt movement need have no pretext other than its own form to clear away ages of traditional encumbrance. It was he who at least indicated a direction toward spectacle with enormous social implications. He felt

divertissement was too little for this great art to exhaust itself on. Mr. Haskell's book is entertaining and sincere and will interest many people.
L. K.

Drama

Innocence and Ardor

LAST year when I was reviewing a play about the Brontë sisters I seized the occasion to make some general remarks about the literary man as hero. Writing, I said, was the most undramatic of occupations and the attempt to make a "curtain" out of the receipt of a clipping from the *Quarterly Review* doomed to certain failure. These generalizations still hold, I think, but "Brittle Heaven" (Vanderbilt Theater) is a nice little play about Emily Dickenson nevertheless. For this there are several reasons, among the most important of which are (a) the fact that it is primarily about Emily as a person rather than about Emily as a writer, (b) the fact that the story is largely invented, and (c) the presence of Miss Dorothy Gish in the leading role.

The authors, Vincent York and Frederick J. Pohl, have adopted the theory that Emily's secret lover was the soldier husband of a childhood friend and that he was killed in the war. There is, I believe, another to the effect that this not impossible he was a clergyman; but one theory is about as good as another, and that here adopted shapes naturally into the dramatic form. The important thing is to exhibit the character of the spinster poet and the adjustment which her ardent temper made to its prim environment. This the authors of the present play succeed in doing to no small extent, and their treatment is always intelligent as well as in excellent taste. Probably the best scenes are those in which one is made to realize the contrast between Emily's native wisdom and the limitations of her experience; her air of being a terrifyingly old child whose intelligence goes straight to the heart of a situation the incidents of which are uncomprehended. As for Miss Gish, she is an inspired choice for the role. She has the fragile beauty, the quiet strength, the gentle inflexibility which are its first requirements. She has also the power to suggest that sly mischievousness and that irrepressible humor which in Emily were almost as important as her genius was in differentiating her from the type of the mere village poetess.

At the Golden Theater the Abbey Theater Players are paying one of their frequent but welcome visits to New York. Their repertory includes plays by Synge, O'Casey, Lennox Robinson, and others, but the performance I happened to see was that of "The New Gossoon," a simple comedy of flapperism and flaming youth as they manifest themselves on an Irish farm. The author, George Shiels, is no Synge, but it is perhaps in plays of this kind that one best realizes the effectiveness of the Abbey Players' tradition. They have achieved the "folk quality" more successfully than any other group I have ever seen. The result is a richness and a warmth which make almost anything they undertake the occasion of a genuine experience for the spectator. Incidentally there is a simple program note which stands as the only monument to an important victory won by artists in a state which would probably be completely "totalitarian" by now if its inhabitants were not noted for a tendency to disagree even about the things they agree on. The note reads: "The Abbey Theater receives an annual subsidy from the government of the Irish Free State; the government does not interfere with, nor is it responsible for, the theater's repertory of plays."

"Dark Victory" (Plymouth Theater) is a romantic tragedy

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L'AIGLON. Broadhurst Theater. Eva LeGallienne and Ethel Barrymore in an excellent production of Rostand's museum piece.

LIFE BEGINS AT 8:40. Winter Garden. A lively, talented, amusing show with several sketches above the average. The best of them is "Chin Up," which makes an English gentleman out of Bert Lahr. M.M.

MERRILY WE ROLL ALONG. Music Box. Ingenious, smooth, witty but rather mechanical drama about the youth of various successful men who meant when they were young to do really important things. Reveals the authors, Moss Hart and George Kaufman, in a mood rather more serious than usual.

THE FARMER TAKES A WIFE. Forty-Sixth St. Theater. Marc Connelly helps make a delightful play about life on the old Erie Canal. It's colorful, picturesque and amusing.

TOBACCO ROAD. Forrest Theater. Sub-human but fascinating behavior of the Georgia crackers.

WITHIN THE GATES. National Theater. Sean O'Casey's modern miracle play with Lillian Gish. Received with rapturous applause to which mine was not added.

about a Long Island beauty who found true love after she had learned that a brain tumor gave her only six months to live. Tallulah Bankhead is good as the heroine but the play depends far too much upon the mere sensationalism of the situation to count for very much. Such stories may furnish the occasion for interesting explorations of emotion, but they seem rather empty when they do not get much farther than the presentation of the situation itself.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

Fascism and the Screen

FASCISM, we are told, does not intrust the national culture to the clumsy and indelicate hands of the workers but to the more expert care of an intellectual elite—the writers, the artists, the technicians, the engineers. Certainly in those countries which have already embraced fascism there is some justification for this claim. In Nazi Germany, once such rank amateurs as Einstein, Thomas Mann, Toller, and Pabst were removed from the scene, culture was turned over to such distinguished ex-playwrights as Joseph Goebbels and Hanns Heinz Ewers, to such eminent philosophers as Alfred Rosenberg, and to Herr Hitler himself. Italy has been for several years under the dictatorship of a man who is not only a self-made novelist but also an archaeologist who can make archaeology interesting to the masses. There must also be in Italy here and there a few poets and professors who escaped that dictator's potion of castor oil, although their names do not readily come to mind. Beyond a doubt, fascism has established an alliance with culture in every country in which it has appeared. The only question is how fertile this alliance has been for culture, a question which can best be answered by an examination of the quality of its fruits. "By their fruits—"

One of these fruits is on exhibit this week on Broadway—an over-ripe offering entitled "Man of Courage," which is a dubbed version of an Italian propagandist film produced several years ago for the purpose of allowing Signor Mussolini to congratulate himself on the draining of the Pontine marshes. The subject, it will immediately be perceived, is similar to the favorite subject of the Soviet studios a few years back—the completion of a great industrial or agricultural enterprise. It is not, however, treated with the same concentration that marked the Soviet films about Magnitogorsk and the Dnieperstroy dam. Even the form of this production is affected by its spirit of heroic expansiveness. In the first part we are shown the situation in Italy during and immediately after the war. This is summarily indicated by a few scenes showing Communists halting railroad trains and passing out bribes to the misguided Italian electorate. Then, to an ear-splitting sound accompaniment, come the Black Shirts and their march on Rome. Several old newsreels serve to recall the entente between Mussolini and the Vatican. Everything seems as perfect as might be desired until, quite suddenly, we are plunged into the depression. For this, it becomes apparent, the French are principally responsible—the French who discriminate against Italian immigrant workers in Tunis. The closing scenes are a blast of noise and eloquence: modern skyscrapers spring up overnight on the ancient Pontine marshes, the army of eight-year-olds passes in review, and the voice of Mussolini drowns out the loudest drums and trumpets. Scattered at various points throughout is something vaguely suggestive of a plot—the story of an Italian soldier who recovers from amnesia in a German hospital only to walk straight into communism at home. But so seriously has the same sort of amnesia attacked the scenarists of this picture that its plot need hardly be mentioned. No more than limitation of subject does integration of story with theme seem to be a characteristic of the fascist cinema. The photography is technically on about a 1920 level, and the acting, including that of Il Duce himself, is grotesquely bad. If this is the best that the mother of the arts can send us in the way of a specimen of her culture, one must place one's hopes for culture elsewhere than in an alliance with fascism. The lowly field of the cinema at least has done much better by itself through another sort of alliance. And after such a windy flight as "Man of Courage" one turns to such examples of working-class "crudity" as the films of Eisenstein, Pudovkin, Ekk, and Vertov with a new appreciation.

WILLIAM TROY

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THE MARCH ON WASHINGTON will probably not be led by Smedley Butler or by any of the gentlemen publicly mentioned in connection with the fascist plot which flared and died in last week's news. But General Butler's assertion that he has had forty-two offers to head a fascist coup is not as funny as it sounds. Nor is it accidental that the air is filled with rumors of such coups. The basic maladjustments from which fascism arises are growing sharper as the months go by. "Business sentiment" is reported to be optimistic. But unemployment is not decreasing and real wages are falling. In 104 industries employing nearly two-thirds of all industrial workers, the average weekly income in September, 1934—$19.05—adjusted for changes in the cost of living was lower than in March, 1933. The disastrous effect on the general wage scale of Harry Hopkins's order wiping out even the miserable minimum of thirty cents an hour for relief work can be realized only when it is borne in mind that in large sections of industry the minimum has tended to become the maximum wage. And the suggestion of Secretary Ickes about lower wages in the construction field is likely to endure much longer than the vast housing program of which it was a part. Meanwhile the Administration's schemes for large spending continue to run into the stone walls of an economic system which operates on the rigid principle that money should not be spent when times are bad. Mr. Butler's specter of a fascist dictatorship set up to protect a few Wall Street millionaires from inflation is the fantastic reflection of a genuine danger which is rising steadily above the horizon. In Washington there is a growing pressure to subordinate everything, including the rights of labor, to a desperate drive for recovery at any cost. At the same time the Administration, through Section 7-a, has encouraged a counter-pressure which it will find difficult to restrain at will. In that unsensational conflict lie the elements and the dangers of fascism.

AFTER TWO HOURS of deliberation, the Insull jury returned a verdict of not guilty to Mr. Insull and his sixteen co-defendants on charges of using the mails to defraud. The old adage that time is the best witness for the defense held good here as in other cases. Mr. Insull had money enough to keep himself out of court for two years, while the persons who had suffered at his hands had time to forget the sharpness of their losses. Likewise, in a trial that went on for eight weeks, the witnesses who in the beginning brought tears to the eyes of the jury by telling how they had put their life savings in stock that turned out to be worthless could be replaced by a succession of eminent persons, including a bishop, an archbishop, and a cardinal of the Catholic church, who came on the witness stand and told what high-principled and well-intentioned men Mr. Insull and his associates were. Add to this the task of evaluating two tons of evidence and the problem of explaining to a jury the complicated methods of accounting that were involved, and the difficulty of obtaining a conviction becomes all too clear. Other charges of embezzlement and fraud now face the Insulls, and their trials are scheduled to begin shortly. Meanwhile they are being showered with telegrams of congratulation on their acquittal. All of which not only suggests that the public positively enjoys being mulcted but illustrates once more the difficulty of sending a rich man to jail, no matter how flagrant his crime.

AMBASSADOR SAITO'S announcement that Japan will denounce the Washington Naval Treaty comes as a surprise to no one. Even before the recent conversations were started in London, it was generally recognized that the positions of Japan and the United States were irreconcilable. Since then the Japanese have made it abundantly clear that they will be satisfied with nothing short of supremacy in the Pacific, a demand that the United States quite properly has been unwilling to grant in principle or in fact. And as if to prevent the Japanese position from being misconstrued, the Diet approved on November 23 a record appropriation for the army and navy of over a billion yen, or 46 per cent of the annual budget. Under the circumstances we may expect increased activity on the part of Bethlehem Steel and the shipping lobby to induce the United States to rush its naval program in order to maintain our supremacy over Japan. Fortunately, however, there is an alternative which is more consistent with the Administration's general program. In view of Japan's lack of essential raw materials, it might be desirable for the United States to join with the other naval Powers in enforcing a strict embargo on scrap iron and other products which might be used for military purposes, destined for Japan or any other nation refusing to adopt the restrictions imposed by international action. Such a provision might well be incorporated in the draft treaty for armament control which the United States recently submitted to the Disarmament Conference.

THE ILL-TIMED REMARKS of M. Archimbaud regarding Soviet military aid to France in the event of war may go down as one of the classic *faux pas* of all history. His statement fell as a bombshell at the very moment when the French government was engaged in the delicate task of wooing Poland to an acceptance of an Eastern Locarno. The fact that no military alliance actually exists between France and the Soviet Union will not completely allay the suspicion and animosity which have already been aroused. Should this feeling prevent the completion of the prospective non-aggression pact, it is likely that we shall indeed witness the sort of Franco-Russian relationship envisioned by M. Archimbaud. This will not take the form of a military alliance of the pre-war type but will be developed within the framework of the post-war peace machinery. It is probable, for example, that the Soviet Union will adhere to the original Locarno agreement, guaranteeing the status quo in the West, in exchange for a promise on the part of France to aid in the preservation of peace in Eastern Europe. Such an agreement would differ fundamentally from the old-fashioned military alliance in that action would be dependent on the naming of the aggressor by the neutral members of the League Council. Even this arrangement unquestionably has its dangers, but if the Eastern Locarno fails it may be the one hope of averting a conflict which would engulf the whole of Europe.

ALL HOPE that an equitable solution of the Indian problem might be reached by the present Parliament has been shattered by the publication of the report of the parliamentary joint committee which has been studying the question for the past year. The report is even more reactionary than the notorious White Paper issued a year ago at the conclusion of the round-table conferences. It retains or strengthens all the important "safeguards," and goes beyond the White Paper in substituting indirect election for the central legislature by the provincial legislatures for direct election by the voters. The provincial legislatures will be chosen directly, but the right of suffrage is limited by property qualifications to 14 per cent of the adult population, and representation is heavily weighted in favor of the British and non-Hindus. The report might be described as an attempt to strengthen British control in India through minor concessions to the Indian bourgeoisie rather than a step toward actual self-government. The British have not yielded on a single point which might be expected to endanger even remotely their rule in India. Control of the army and police remains in the hands of the British, though they will be paid for by the Indians. The conduct of foreign affairs, carrying with it responsibility for making war, is likewise retained by the Crown officials, as is control over currency and finance. In addition, the Governor-General has wide discretionary powers which would make him a virtual dictator in time of crisis. The program is a far cry from the dominion status discussed at the first and second round-table conferences, and is bitterly resented by all shades of Indian opinion with the exception of the princes and some of the more conservative Moslem leaders. Its only merit is that even the mild concessions which it offers are vigorously opposed by the diehard Tories led by Winston Churchill. If this faction can delay acceptance of the plan until Labor returns to power, it will have rendered India a real service.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has again declared himself unequivocally in favor of ratification of the child-labor amendment to the Constitution. In a letter made public by the National Child Labor Committee on November 19, he declared: "It is my desire that the advances attained through the NRA be made permanent. In the child-labor field the obvious method of maintaining the present gains is through ratification of the child-labor amendment. I hope this may be achieved." This is admirably frank and clear, and backed by Mr. Roosevelt's enormous prestige it should do much to press the amendment through the necessary sixteen of twenty-four State legislatures which are to consider it this winter. Several of these have already refused to ratify the amendment, but with the Democratic Party and its leader so triumphantly in the ascendant, it is altogether likely that favorable action will now be taken. It has often been charged that whereas expressions of opinion in opposition to passage of the amendment were featured in the daily press, favorable comments were buried. In this connection it is interesting to note that although the news release of November 19 included a positive statement by Mr. Roosevelt which might ordinarily have been expected to appear on page 1, the New York *Herald Tribune* carried the story on page 7, while the New York *Times* published it on page 26 alongside its announcement of "Business Records" and "Arrival of Buyers." Even the most popular President since George Washington cannot make the child-labor amendment news—when he is for it.

SECRETARY ICKES'S HOUSING PROGRAM and its reception offer almost a classic demonstration of the dilemma faced by the Administration in its attempt to bring back prosperity by priming private industry through huge public expenditures. Mr. Ickes proposed to release $2,000,000,000 of government money at the low rate of 3 per cent to build houses to rent at $5 per room. Since industrial workers on the average receive a weekly income of little more than $20 a week, the need for decent apartments and houses at $5 a room is indisputable. It is hardly less indisputable that the only great need in housing is for cheap housing. Now enters the real-estate industry—which is one of the industries the Administration wants to save—in the person of Joseph P. Day of New York City, one of the most important real-estate men in the country. In the first place, says Mr. Day, "there is nothing in the Constitution authorizing federal interest in the housing question." In the second place, Mr. Ickes's proposal would stop recovery in the private-building field and even depress it farther because no private builder can build a house to rent at $5 a room (he is speaking of New York City), and if the government does it, people will get the outrageous idea that it is possible. Mr. Day's third point was that $5 rooms could not pay even 3 per cent interest, let alone amortize the debt, and that the government had no right to take money from the public and "lock it up" in this way. Finally he characterized the whole thing as a grim joke. It will be an even grimmer joke if the dog in the housing manger succeeds in stopping the government's program. The joke in that case will be on the poor devil making $20 a week who presumes to think that he and his family can expect to live in anything better than a cold-water tenement.

THE COMMITTEE ON ECONOMICS of the Canadian Medical Association has recommended a plan which borders closely upon socialized medicine but which has every chance of being approved and inaugurated. Aside from the merit of its social implications it provides striking contrast to the do-nothing, back-biting, reactionary policies of the American Medical Association. The Canadian plan is simplicity itself. It is to be administered by the provincial department of health from a fund to be contributed to by the insured, their employers, and the state. All persons with dependents and with an income of less than $2,500, and all without dependents and earning less than $1,000, will be assessed a small sum weekly. In return they and their dependents alike will receive all necessary medical treatment free. The state will pay the assessments for the indigent, while people in the higher income brackets are to be insured on a voluntary basis. The physicians will be paid either a fixed salary, an agreed scale of fees per case, or a sum based on the number of insured persons in their districts. Mr. Roosevelt might do well to look over the details of this plan when he is drafting his own legislative program.

AS WE WRITE, William H. O'Donnell, whose duty as a New Jersey state trooper once was to help break strikes, and whose labor leadership in the Seabrook Farms strike landed him in jail, has ended his thirteenth day of a hunger strike in protest against his imprisonment. His action is more than a gesture. O'Donnell was given a six months' jail term for alleged disorderly conduct and "uttering loud and offensive language" in the organization of the Seabrook strike last spring, when hired gunmen precipitated bloody riots. His own explanation is that he was framed, mainly because he called Prosecutor Thomas Tuso a "rat." He is not a Communist, as other strike leaders were; on the contrary, he served eleven years in the United States army and has also been a Canal Zone policeman and a New Jersey trooper. His imprisonment and hunger strike have united labor and radical forces in South Jersey as never before. The Socialist Party and the International Labor Defense, aided by many unions, are circulating united-front petitions for his release. The Governor has now ordered the forced feeding of the prisoner, a procedure which the warden of the jail, on advice of the county physician, has ruled out as "difficult and dangerous." Meanwhile O'Donnell, whose heart would not be equal to any prolonged fast, grows weaker. In the circumstances the least Governor Moore can do is to order an immediate investigation of the vicious set-up in Cumberland County, where law enforcement has been turned over to a landowner-farmer clique which has stopped at nothing in its fight against unionism.

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Emptier than Space

LAST winter Sir James Jeans delivered the annual Royal Institution Lectures, which are intended, in part at least, for children. His discourses have just been published by Macmillan under the title "Through Space and Time," and they will be reviewed in our book department by a distinguished astronomer. Meanwhile, however, we cannot help wondering what his juvenile audience thought when it heard him declare:

> We now think that space is curved, and round, and finite in amount—rather like the surface of a balloon. Space is not to be compared to the air inside the balloon, but to the rubber which forms its surface. Thus we can travel on and on in space, just as a fly could walk on forever round the surface of this balloon. . . . Not only is space almost inconceivably large, but it is continually becoming larger. It doubles its linear dimensions every 1,300 million years or so, so that there is already eight times as much space as when the earliest radio-active rocks solidified, and perhaps more than a hundred times as much as when the earth was torn out of the sun.

Why some pestiferous child did not ask what the space-balloon was surrounded by or what the body of the ideological fly crawling upon its surface projected into, we shall never know. We do know, however, that when adults ask similar questions they are generally told either that the questions are meaningless or, more honestly perhaps, that the scientist does not know any better than does the questioner; that these analogies are as incomprehensibly paradoxical to the specialist as they are to the layman. Your mathematician understands his formulas and why the only interpretation of observed phenomena which seems compatible with them implies a finite instead of an infinite space. But he is very nearly helpless when it comes to translating his conclusions into a picture, and perhaps it would be just as well if he gave up the attempt to do so. The space beyond space, or, if you prefer, the emptiness which is so empty that there is not even any space in it, is something about which only those whose mathematics have forced them to it need think. Nor does it help much to whisper—as has been done—that there may be many finite spaces completely discontinuous with one another—even, perhaps, an infinite number of them.

The Greeks were satisfied with the idea that the world was supported upon the shoulders of Atlas. Subtler Orientals also placed it upon the back of a giant, but explained that he stood on a tiger, which stood on a turtle. Presumably the questioner was supposed to get tired of the game by this time and never bother to ask what the turtle stood on. We have grown more persistent, but we do not seem to be getting much closer to an ultimate answer. And to any astronomers who are pestered with too many questions about the space which holds space we suggest the technique employed by the father in a sketch by Ring Lardner which describes the troubles of a gentleman who has unwisely offered to help his son with arithmetic. The questions soon carry him out of his depth, and when the final poser is put, Mr. Lardner records the response of the father in a really deathless phrase:

"'Shut up,' he explained."

Labor Is Asked to Surrender

WE are able to give our readers details of the terms offered to the American Federation of Labor by Myron C. Taylor, Chairman of the Board of the United States Steel Corporation, on behalf of the entire steel industry. The company was prepared to agree:

> To recognize representatives of any organization of employees as such, irrespective of numbers, and to negotiate with them on wages, discharges, and other matters.
>
> To appear before the Steel Board and furnish the fullest evidence, but not to waive its "rights" in any way.

In return the company asked a general truce for the duration of the National Industrial Recovery Act. This was the third offer made by the steel trust to labor, and like its predecessors it was rejected. But it was considered generous enough for the President, Miss Perkins, and the Steel Board to urge its acceptance on the A. F. of L. William F. Green, who conducted the negotiations, in rejecting the offer put forward a counter-proposal. This simply required of the steel trust the acceptance of the present legal status of collective bargaining—namely, the right of elections, majority rule, and wage agreements. It insisted on the company accepting the rulings of the Steel Board, and it declined to enter into a truce which would suspend the right to strike.

These negotiations go to the root of the complex problems which the New Deal is supposed to solve, indeed of the effort to create some balance of power between concentrated wealth and the common man in American life. It must be borne in mind that the right of collective bargaining is one of the foundations of the New Deal. It was made law in Section 7-a of the Recovery Act. The right to elections became law in Joint Resolution No. 44. The right to strike has long been recognized in American law. The principle of majority rule was clearly defined in the Houde case; the company defied the ruling, and now is being prosecuted for violating the law.

The law, then, is clear. Yet the steel trust offers an agreement in which it undertakes to abide by only part of it—and a small part at that—and asks labor in return to renounce its claim to the rest of it for an indeterminate period. This offer is not surprising; what is perplexing is that it should so appeal to the President, Miss Perkins, and the Steel Board that they should press organized labor to accept it. The explanation can only be that the Administration believes more can be gained by compromising with the powerful steel trust than by openly taking issue with it. Such thinking may not be without persuasive reason to a man of the President's temperament. He is determined to bring about recovery. He sees before him the ultimate choice between winning the cooperation of big business and the uncharted experiment of putting the unemployed to work through government initiative. It must be that for the moment the shadow of this choice has fallen on the otherwise clear principles already laid down defining the rights of labor.

The steel plan introduces no balance of power in the steel industry. The company merely makes a genuflexion to existing law, and asks organized labor to validate its insincerity by becoming partner in the ceremony. If the truce were to endure only to the middle of June, when the act expires, it would be something less of an affront. But even this is not clear. Parts of the act may be prolonged indefinitely; the truce might become indeterminate. But even for the briefer period there is no basis in the plan for a truce. A real truce would be one based on collective bargaining in its fullest legal sense, in other words, an agreement establishing hours, wages, and freedom from discrimination in hiring and firing for a specified period during which labor would agree in the interests of recovery to make no new demands. This is the counter-proposal we should like the American Federation of Labor to have made or still to make.

We should be inclined to censure the Administration even more severely for approving the steel offer but for one saving consideration. This centers around the National Labor Relations Board, and the suddenly awakened liveliness in the Department of Justice in pressing the Houde case. The Labor Board under Lloyd Garrison rang out as a clear bell over the din and confusion of the labor policy of the Administration in the winter and spring. Under Mr. Garrison's successor, Francis Biddle, the same incisive, straightforward policy is being pursued. The board owes some of its prestige to its members, particularly its two chairmen. But much derives from the fact that it is independent not only in its judgments but in its status. It stands outside the departments, whose breath of life is negotiation and the necessary practice of give and take. It maintains the voice of law, and the very spirit that law cannot be the subject matter for compromise. Its efforts have been nullified both by the inevitable refusal of anti-union employers to accept its rulings without a court test and by the shocking procrastination of the Department of Justice in instituting actions. This situation appears to have changed even in the few days since Mr. Biddle's appointment. The speed with which the Department of Justice is now moving in the Houde case reveals that the Administration is pressing for a prompt clarification of the issue of constitutionality, and that, despite its approval of the steel offer, it is apparently ready to insist upon the enforcement of genuine collective bargaining.

But before the courts can rule on constitutionality, and before the machinery of enforcement can be automatic, many months must pass, perhaps a year. In this interim the labor unions must be encouraged not to yield an inch of the legal ground which has been won. They have Section 7-a, they have Joint Resolution No. 44, they have the right to strike, they have the Houde decision. They will be well advised to concentrate their forces and their efforts on resisting any pressure to whittle away their legal rights for any period whatever. The Administration can be excused, perhaps, for being preoccupied with the urgency of recovery. But it cannot be commended for buying its chances of recovery at such a price. And if it is necessary to find a political reason against its course, we point out that the Democratic Party carried Pennsylvania not only because of the President's personal popularity, but because of the concerted action of the workers in throwing out the local authorities who had thwarted them in their efforts to organize.

Revolution on the March

WITH the capture of Juichin, capital of the central Soviet areas in Kiangsi province, which has been held by the Communists since 1928, Chiang Kai-shek's sixth annual campaign for the extermination of the "Communist bandits" has apparently ended in complete triumph. Although reports from the battle-front have been contradictory and lacking in detail, there appears to be little doubt that Nanking's claims are substantially correct—so far as they go. The "go-slow" tactics which General von Seeckt, noted German military leader and adviser to Chiang, imported from Africa, involving the gradual consolidation of recaptured territory by road building and by the construction of blockhouses at strategic points, appear to have been an important factor in the victory. The blockade which had been organized against the Soviet territories also undoubtedly had its effect. But the decisive factor, according to neutral observers, was the efficient use of several hundred airplane bombers, purchased chiefly from the United States and operated, in some instances at least, by American fliers. Although the Red army succeeded in capturing a number of these planes, it was prevented by lack of gasoline from operating them as defense against Nanking's aerial attack.

While it is unlikely that the victorious troops will be able to reimpose the old system of landlord-usurer exploitation in its entirety in Kiangsi, they will undoubtedly restore the land to the former landlords and set up a virtual military dictatorship. Whether they will succeed in holding in check the millions of peasants who have become imbued with Soviet ideas is, in the light of past experience, extremely doubtful. The crucial question, however, is whether Chiang has been able to surround and destroy the Soviet armies, as asserted in the American press, or whether the principal Communist leaders—Chu Teh and Mao Tse-tung—have escaped with their troops virtually intact and are now pushing westward to join the Red armies operating in Szechuan. (See map on page 638.) All of the evidence points clearly in the direction of the latter probability. It is significant, for example, that none of the Kiangsi engagements were severe enough to warrant the belief that the main body of the Red army was involved. On the other hand, numerous clashes have recently been reported in Hunan, Kwangsi, and Kweichow provinces, which are directly along the line of march between Kiangsi and Szechuan. The westward march of the Communists is confirmed, moreover, by the fact that all American missionaries have been ordered out of these areas, and it is reported that they will soon be withdrawn from Szechuan as well. The Canton government is seeking a $10,000,000 loan from British and American oil companies for the purpose of resisting the entry of the Reds into Kwangsi.

It is of more than passing significance that Chiang Kai-shek has not been on hand to direct his victorious troops in Kiangsi in person. Instead, he has spent the last few weeks on a tour of the northwestern provinces, where the authority of Nanking has always been extremely tenuous, with a view to obtaining the aid of the local militarists in a joint attack on the growing Communist "menace" in Szechuan.

A brief résumé of the growth of the Soviet districts in Szechuan during the past two years is given on another page of this issue. Judging by all reports, the governor of the province is barely holding his own against the present Communist force, and if the main body of the Red army succeeds in breaking through to join these troops, the whole province —one of the richest and most isolated in China—may fall into Soviet hands. Should the Communists be successful in establishing themselves in this province, it would be difficult to dislodge them even with bombing planes. Chiang's best hope would appear to lie in an attempt to crush the Soviet armies before they reach their destination. But this will be extremely difficult. The Reds possess a large and well-disciplined force which is more than a match for any of the troops now in their path. Chiang's airplanes will be useless away from their bases, and Japanese, British, and American gunboats will be greatly handicapped if they seek to aid Nanking here as they did in 1930 at Changsha.

It is no exaggeration to say that the march of the Chinese Red army, hundreds of thousands strong, through many hundreds of miles of hostile territory, dependent solely on the good-will of the peasants, is one of the most remarkable feats of modern military history. As far as the press is concerned, this dramatic event will in all probability remain unsung. But thousands of Americans will follow their struggle against overwhelming odds with keen sympathy and interest, and with confidence that the reactionary regime of Chiang Kai-shek will ultimately be overthrown.

The Scottsboro Defense

THE NATION has no wish unnecessarily to prolong discussion of the Scottsboro case, and it feels that the only governing factor in settling the dispute between opposing counsel as to who should argue the appeal before the United States Supreme Court should be the wishes of the defendants. To the end that these wishes be impartially determined we proposed last week that a committee of well-known lawyers be selected to take depositions from Norris and Patterson designating their counsel, and that such depositions be regarded as final by the two groups which are at present claiming to represent the defense. We are authorized to quote Samuel S. Leibowitz as being willing to agree to these conditions. As we go to press we are told that a reply from the International Labor Defense is being sent, which "in principle" accepts our proposal.

That the question of defense counsel has not been cleared up, despite assertions from the International Labor Defense that it, and it alone, is handling the appeal, is evident from affidavits and letters in the possession of Mr. Leibowitz which directly contradict corresponding affidavits in the possession of the I. L. D. It is evident that Norris and Patterson are being approached by both sides and that they are frightened enough alternately to accept either under whatever pressure is brought to bear upon them. As evidence of this we need merely quote two telegrams sent to Mr. Leibowitz on November 21, one signed Haywood Patterson and reading as follows: "Mr. Leibowitz sir I would like to see you. I am in a bad shape. Looking for you at your earliest convenience I have some very urgent matters to see you about";

and one signed Clarence Norris, even more specific and damaging in its assertions: "Mr. Leibowitz I was informed by Attorney Mr. Powell from Birmingham if you representing me the I. L. D. would withdraw the stay of execution. I have signed with you and intend to stick. Let me know by return wire what will be done. Answer by Western Union." These wires have already been automatically described in the *Daily Worker* as forgeries, but they are as credible on their face as the telegrams from the mothers of several of the boys which reaffirm loyalty to the I. L. D.

It is fair to say, while the question of representation remains unsettled, that Mr. Fraenkel has proceeded steadily with the legal work of the case. The stay of execution was obtained on his and Mr. Pollak's request. On November 17 the petition and brief in the Norris case were filed by them in the United States Supreme Court. On November 28 a similar brief will be filed in the Patterson case. Elsewhere in this issue we publish Mr. Fraenkel's answer to our questions of last week with respect to the motions for appeal which were thrown out by the Alabama Supreme Court. The answer indicates no lack of good faith on Mr. Fraenkel's part and a seemingly incontrovertible attempt on the part of the court to block the defense at every possible point. The fact remains that the defense, after due deliberation, determined the final day to file the papers to be five days after the day determined by the court, although there was evidently some question about it even then—and as a result the papers were disallowed and Patterson may be out of court altogether and at the mercy of executive clemency.

This, however, may be considered a legal point which will have to be adjudicated at the proper time. To effect a settlement of the more immediate question of the just determination of counsel, *The Nation* once more repeats its offer to appoint an impartial and qualified committee and engages to find whatever funds are necessary to this end. The alternative will be to have the matter finally determined by the Supreme Court itself, an undignified and unnecessary proceeding which cannot fail in the meantime to work more hardship on defendants already scared out of their wits by the intricacies of court procedure, the disagreements of those who are supposed to be protecting them, and the awful shadow of the electric chair.

The Control of Arms

THROUGH Hugh R. Wilson, our Minister to Switzerland, President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull have presented to the steering committee of the Disarmament Conference a complete draft of a treaty for international armament control. It is the first offer of a draft treaty relating to disarmament or a cognate subject which the government has ever submitted to the conference, and as such it is of great significance. So is the complete change of position of Sir John Simon in the matter of instituting a munitions inquiry in Great Britain with precisely the same power of summoning witnesses and going to the bottom of things as that possessed by Senator Nye's committee in Washington. At first Sir John Simon said that the government would under no circumstances countenance such an inquiry. For this blunder he made a complete apology to the House of Commons, which is in itself proof that there was brought to bear upon him severe pressure not only from the public but from his fellow-members in the Cabinet, and the inquiry is now agreed to. Similarly, the presentation of the American draft treaty through Mr. Wilson is clearest proof that our government is well aware of the aroused public opinion in this country, of which we could give many specific proofs. Senator Nye himself has stated that in his judgment no such Senate inquiry has ever received more evidences of public approval. Weeks ago he had received no less than 13,000 letters, telegrams, and postcards of approval, and only three protests to the effect that he was disturbing business by his probe.

The latest dispatches from Geneva report that our draft treaty is receiving far more favorable consideration than had been thought possible. It was taken for granted that it would not have the discourteous and scornful reception given to the best proposal for disarmament ever made at Geneva, that brought forward by Litvinov on behalf of the Soviet Union, but it was thought that it would probably be allowed to die quietly in some pigeonhole. The proposed treaty covers all arms from hand grenades to naval ships. Five-year renewable licenses would be issued under it to private manufacturers, and governments would be required to inform Geneva of all licenses issued and of all arms items in the export and import trade. Details concerning warships would have to be supplied to a permanent commission composed of one representative of each signatory Power, which would have authority to make a special investigation in any country charged with a violation of the treaty, in addition to its regular inspections. There is nothing new or radical in this proposal that there should be regular inspections of a country's armaments, so far as the United States is concerned. President Roosevelt himself suggested it in his speech to the Woodrow Wilson Memorial Foundation on December 28, 1933. He was plainly not of the opinion that such an outside inspection would be a derogation or evidence of suspicion or distrust. Right in line with this is Article II of the proposed treaty, which reads: "The manufacture and trade in arms and implements of war being matters of interest to the public and international order, the high contracting parties assume entire responsibility for control of these matters on territories under their respective jurisdictions." Indeed, in June, 1934, the United States proposed national licensing as part of a general disarmament convention.

Obviously this principle implies that the United States is willing now to accept some active responsibility for international order, and that it feels that neutrality is not enough. We have gone from proposing a minor chapter in an international treaty to the major action of submitting a complete treaty for dealing with this momentous question. We are under no illusions as to the difficulties confronting the treaty. But France should welcome it because of its present fear of Germany, which has just led the Chamber of Deputies to vote 800,000,000 additional francs for the protection of its eastern boundaries, and the military authorities to apply for another great increase in the budget allowance for aircraft in order to bring the French air fleet up to the level of the new German one. Russia should certainly be eager for the treaty's adoption, and British support seems assured. Italy alone is holding out, but there is hope that the pressure of world opinion will force even Mussolini to heed the writing on the wall.

Issues and Men

The Sorry Plight of the Republicans

IT is not often that politics affords as hearty a laugh as we have had out of the exchange of opinions between Senator Vandenberg of Michigan, the sole receiver (without bond) of the Republican Party, and Joe Robinson of Arkansas, Democratic leader of the Senate. Senator Vandenberg had relieved himself of some of those delightful platitudes we so often get from a whipped politician. Said he: "In this critical situation there ought to be a virtual coalition government. Any proposition that the President might submit on recovery should be accepted on its face by both parties as necessary legislation and not as a partisan matter." He even declared that the next Congress will confront "issues of such permanent and vital concern to the whole American people that it is not a good thing to talk about politics at all. We have had our political day." If that isn't hauling down the flag of opposition just when everybody who is left in the opposition ought to be as vigilant as possible, and determined to scrutinize every bit of legislation laid before the Congress by the Executive, what could be? But he got kicked for his pains, and in the most humiliating way, by Joe Robinson, who replied that evidently Vandenberg agreed to the principle, "If you can't lick 'em, jine 'em." He added that he had been told Vandenberg was likely to be the Republican candidate for the Presidency, and he suggested the following slogan, "Vacuity, Vacillation, and Vandenberg." Justice compels me to add Vandenberg's stipulation that there should be some reciprocity of course—if the Republicans under his leadership buried the hatchet the "plan ought to work both ways," and it could not work both ways as long as Postmaster Farley was the sole dispenser of patronage.

This awful revelation of the Vandenberg mind almost makes me agree with my friends the editors of *The Nation*, who have pronounced the Republican Party dead. I am a little leary of that because I have listened to so many Republican funeral sermons over the corpse of the Democratic Party. But I do admit that I have never seen the Democratic Party fall quite so low as the Republican has fallen now—that party of which Elihu Root once had the arrogance to say, "We alone are fit to rule." Nobody would venture to say anything like that now. The confusion of the Republican mind is shown by the proposals that the party be liberalized. Senator Vandenberg, for example, refers to the liberal Republican platform in Michigan, and declares it his ideal program for the country—a platform "that stands for social responsibility in government without socialism." But, bless Mr. Vandenberg's innocent heart, that is precisely the language in which Mr. Roosevelt would describe his policies. And how are you going to turn the Democratic rascals out if all you have got to offer the populace is an academic debate on just what degree of social responsibility without socialism the country should have? If the vote at the last election means anything, it is that the voters are just now ready for a very large degree of social responsibility.

There are other plaintive wails that the Republican Party must be liberalized. How ridiculous! The Republican Party waxed big and corrupt because it "fried the fat" out of the protected manufacturers, the holders of other special privileges, the captains of industry, and the richest men and women in America. These people who filled the coffers of the Republicans and enabled them to buy one election after another don't want any liberal Republican Party. They were completely satisfied with what they had. All they want is a revival of Coolidgism and Hooverism. Just now they are in such a state of panic that some of them are crowding to the Roosevelt band-wagon. That is another cause of laughter—but also of pity. In September the Chamber of Commerce of the United States most arrogantly and insolently submitted a detailed questionnaire to the President intended to put him on the spot, a questionnaire framed just as if its proponents were vice-regents of God Almighty. Ten days after the election the Chamber of Commerce, headed by the ineffable Silas H. Strawn of Chicago, fell down on its knees and licked the blacking off Franklin Roosevelt's shoes. Strawn was at least frank enough to admit that the complete change of attitude of the members was due to their recognition of the "realities of the political situation." Having been thoroughly licked they now virtuously announce that they are going to stand by the President, that business is going "to take the lead in insuring recovery." What kind of patriots have they been since March 4, 1933, anyhow? Were they up to this time only sufficiently interested in the recovery of this country and the rescue of millions from starvation to have it come on their own terms, in accordance with their own desires and ulterior aims? It is hard to make any other deduction from their self-abasement.

One thing is plain. The defend-our-liberties howls of the Republican Party and the American Liberty League are at an end. The latter never was anything but hypocrisy, coming from those men who set it up—men in and out of the press who up to now have never had one moment in which to voice protests against the innumerable infractions of personal liberty, of the right of free speech, free assembly, and free press, that have been going on in this country since the war. They seized upon this stick with which to beat the Democratic donkey because it was the only one their dull eyes happened to espy. Which reminds me that the American Civil Liberties Union is calling a very important conference in Washington to meet on December 8 and 9 to discuss the question of liberty under the New Deal. The conference is properly entitled an answer to President Roosevelt's question: "Has any American's liberty been endangered under the New Deal?" If he listens to some of the speeches that will be made at this conference he will learn things that will shock him.

Oswald Garrison Villard

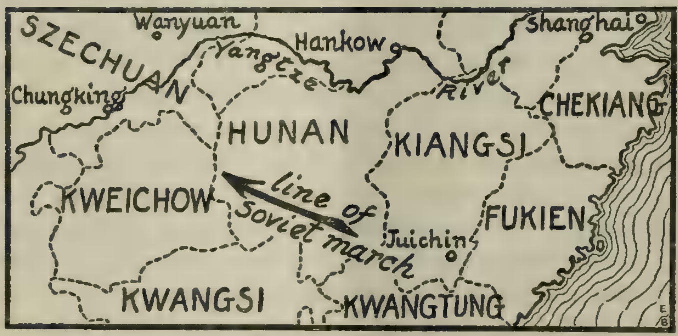
The Red Army Triumphs in Szechuan

By CRISPIAN CORCORAN

Peiping, October 30

TODAY the chief theme of discussion in China, overshadowing even the perennial question of Sino-Japanese relations, is the series of victories won by the Red armies in the provinces of Szechuan and Kweichow. Again, in their favorite manner, just when the official press was joyfully heralding the "annihilation of the Communist bandits in three months" the Chinese Soviets have been triumphant.

Szechuan, the largest and richest province of China proper, lies in West Central China and is watered by the upper Yangtze and its tributaries. It has a population of 60,000,000, an area equal to that of France and Germany combined, and a wealth of untapped natural resources. From time immemorial it has enjoyed the distinction of being politically the key province of China. Although usually in the background it has witnessed the beginning of many of the great historical movements. This was so at the time of the Han dynasty some two thousand years ago and was still true in 1911, when the uprising in Szechuan assured the final downfall of the Manchus, and in 1916, when Yuan Shih-k'ai, serenely preparing to assume the imperial dignity, was suddenly swept away like chaff by the revolt of Tsai Ao, having its root in the southwestern part of this province.



Courtesy of the Foreign Policy Association

The Reds first established themselves in northern Szechuan after a heroic march through the mountains of South Shensi at the end of 1932. Capturing the important cities of Nankiang, Tungkiang, Pachow (Pachung), and Suiting, they have held them, except for a few short interludes, until the present. There is a Soviet military administration, and banknotes issued by it circulate freely outside Soviet territory, being more willingly accepted than depreciated provincial paper. After a period of stabilization, the Red army, which has grown in this region from a few men to at least sixty thousand, resumed the advance at the end of August, 1934. Within a fortnight the provincial armies were absolutely paralyzed, Liu Hsiang, the governor of the province, had taken flight (to return later), and the press was full of rumors of the fall of Chengtu, the provincial capital. Missionaries, merchants, and landowners began going down the river in hundreds to Hankow, and millions of dollars were evacuated from the province, the transfer rate from Chunking to Hankow rising to the unheard-of sum of $70 to $80 per $1,000. The result was a sharp depreciation in the already unstable Szechuan banknote and the reduction of the province to a state of economic chaos. Delegations of the rich began arriving daily in Nanking, importunately insisting on the immediate dispatch of a government expedition headed by Chiang Kai-shek himself to prevent the "bolshevization" of the province. Meanwhile, out of this welter of confusion came another clear item of news. The Reds had fought a major encounter with the provincial troops, which had resulted in a loss to the enemy of 70,000 casualties, dead and wounded. Thirty thousand rifles had been captured.

The Reds invaded Szechuan from two directions, from their base in the north and from the southern provinces of Kweichow and Hunan. In the north they were commanded by Hsu Hsiang-chien, a renowned strategist, in the south by the famous Ho Lung and Hsiao Ke. Their plan seems to be a concerted advance toward Wanhsien on the Yangtze, the capture of which would cut Szechuan off from the lower Yangtze valley. If the Yangtze is reached, says a Reuter correspondent, "Chengtu will fall without fighting."

At the moment there appears to be nothing to stop Szechuan from falling completely into the hands of the Communists. Liu Hsiang, the governor of the province, has been unable to obtain the cooperation of ambitious regional militarists, nominally subject to him, who would be only too glad to see him smashed. The provincial troops have not been paid for months and mass desertions are not infrequent. Discontent is widespread among the population as a whole. Land and other taxes have been collected, according to reports received this summer, until 1980. To finance his anti-Red campaign Liu Hsiang has sent out collectors to obtain them for four years more, until 1984. A missionary recently arrived from Szechuan states that the peasants have organized a defense league and employ a peculiar form of protest strike against this new levy. When the collector comes around, the peasant leaves his land and retreats to the hills, presumably to join roving guerrilla bands. Of late the peasant movement has established connections with the Reds. The extent and gravity of this disaffection may be seen by the fact that the missionary referred to assures us that within the region covered by his station, embracing but a small part of the province, he believes that at least 10,000 peasants deserted their farms and destroyed their crops at the approach of the tax gatherer.

At one time there was a saying that everything that grows in the rest of China grows in Szechuan, with a few peculiar products thrown in. In natural wealth the province is unexcelled. Besides almost every variety of mineral, the province produces medicinal herbs such as *ma huang* (the essential of ephedrine) and ginseng, widely used in Chinese and Western medicine. Until a few years ago it produced enough rice to satisfy its own needs and provide large surpluses for export. Today Szechuan imports a great part of its rice, and its staple crop is opium, which the peasant is forced to plant because of the peculiar tax policy of the provincial government, under which no cheaper crop can possibly assure the farmer a livelihood. The amount of money

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that has gone down the river for rice during recent years has impoverished the province. Thus the only province in China never bothered by famine, drought, or flood is today the worst governed and financially the poorest. The Reds, according to the Reverend Howard Smith, who was held captive by them early this year, have abolished opium cultivation, and under their regime the farmers are returning to their land.

Under the circumstances it is safe to predict the imminent success of the Communists in Szechuan, which will place them in an extremely favorable position. In Kiangsi, though strong from a military standpoint, they were vulnerable to economic blockade. In Szechuan they are strategically and economically invulnerable, and have a stable base for expansion south, east, and northward. It is probable that they will take the last-named route through the sparsely populated and opium-ridden Northwest to effect a juncture with Turkestan and Soviet Outer Mongolia.

Kweichow, south of Szechuan, is also falling into Red hands. General Wang Chia-lieh, the ruling satrap, has been left in the lurch by his colleagues, and troops from French-dominated Yunnan are preparing to cross the border, ostensibly to help him out but actually to assume control of the province. The French cannot afford to have Red influence spread to Yunnan.

Chiang has no funds to send an expeditionary force to Szechuan. If money is forthcoming from foreign countries, as it has been for the campaign in Kiangsi, it will come from Britain. The British are interested in Szechuan for both strategic and economic reasons. Strategically, the province is important as a connecting link between British-dominated Tibet and the British sphere of influence on the lower Yangtze. Its economic possibilities have just begun to be exploited. Before assuming the post of High Commissioner of Egypt, Sir Miles Lampson, former British Minister to China, made the arduous journey to Szechuan and stayed for some time at Chunking. Not long afterward it became known that Liu Hsiang had negotiated a loan in London of £20,000,000 to be used chiefly for financing an anti-Red campaign. In June, 1934, a member of the Szechuan banking firm of Young Brothers journeyed to England and negotiated an agreement with the Edward Bunting Corporation of London, which, besides providing for the creation of the British-controlled Lien Yi Finance Corporation to handle investments of British capital and investigate industrial and other possibilities of Szechuan, contained this significant item:

> Any individual or group in Szechuan able to raise 20 per cent of the capital needed for a projected industrial enterprise in Szechuan will receive financial aid from the Edward Bunting Corporation, to be made through the Lien Yi Finance Corporation under organization.

This statement is taken not from a "bolshevik" source but from H. G. W. Woodhead's diehard monthly, *Oriental Affairs,* in which a Chinese writer goes on to say that "this agreement will entitle the British finance body to 80 per cent of the total value of industries in the province." The existence of this financial agreement was not known here until the receipt of agitated messages from Chinese students in London who charged that Szechuan's resources were being surrendered to British imperialism. The Nanking government glossed over the telegram, made the gesture of appointing an investigating committee, but to date has not investigated anything.

Thus the Reds threaten not only Great Britain's strategic plans but also a newly discovered field of investment for British capital. It is probable that Britain will tempt Chiang Kai-shek to throw his forces against the Szechuan Reds with promises of support and threats of dire consequences if he fails to make the attack. If Szechuan goes, Yunnan follows, and this brings the French into the picture. Nanking is in a hole and Canton is shrewd enough to use a threatened alliance with the Soviets as a bargaining point, while the Soviets will probably play a political game of their own, utilizing the many differences among their Chinese and foreign enemies to consolidate their position, which, despite the loss of Kiangsi, appears stronger than ever.

The Radicals Are Tired

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

Washington, November 26

IT is my impression that the radicals in Washington are in the dumps. I do not know enough of them to be entitled to generalize. But I believe that many have reached the end of a cycle and are at what brokers call "a new low." Last year they swarmed to the capital to behold a burst of light, for the first time in decades, in which it appeared possible to achieve something substantial for social government. They took literally the New Deal, the language of the President and the spirit of reform, and they worked day and night for quick and genuine results. Then came the head-on collision with realities. Obstructions proved to be difficult to surmount. The opposition was able to use the tedious machinery of government with invisible skill. After more than a year's ceaseless fighting, beset by recurring defeats, they are weary and disheartened. In each case they might have won their fights, as they conceived them, if the President had backed them up. Many of them now speak of him with unrestrained skepticism. Hence, the conviction that he has "swung to the right" is stronger among radicals than among conservatives. There still are radicals who keep their trust in his innate liberalism, and reassure themselves by explaining that his technique of indirection is bound to make him appear more conservative than he really is. But the new atmosphere of friendliness with business is one of gloom for the crusading spirit.

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THE first press conference of Francis Biddle, successor of Lloyd Garrison as chairman of the Labor Relations Board, was in refreshing contrast to the flagging enthusiasm in many other government offices. Mr. Biddle has a heart and it is not broken. He has courage and forthrightness. When asked if he accepted the principle of majority rule, he did not shy away. He accepts it; he is convinced that the principle soon will be tested in the courts. He is confident of cooperation from the Department of Justice in getting enforcement of the decisions of the board. A few hours after the conference he was in consultation with that department, and the Houde case was at last scheduled for early trial.

"Why are you so sure of prompt labor enforcement after sixteen months in which only one labor case is in the courts?" asked a skeptical questioner.

"I have pretty good backing to feel more than a mere hope in this matter," was his reply.

No one could doubt that Mr. Biddle believes in Section 7-a, and that he has been given assurance that it will not remain a dead letter. The procedure should be to end the doubts of the constitutionality of the act and the interpretation of it by the Labor Relations Board, and to put teeth into the enforcement by new legislation.

Industry sees the coming of collective bargaining and majority rule. Already it is shifting its position. It is on the way to "recognize" outside unions. It will "negotiate" with them. To the uninitiated this will look like handsome, generous surrender. The crux of collective bargaining, however, is a wage contract. This is vigorously set forth in the Houde decision. Collective bargaining will be genuine when industry agrees to elections, majority rule, and negotiation with representatives of the majority, leading finally to a wage contract. The offer of collective bargaining made by General Motors promised everything but the wage contract. None of the industries where new unions are being organized, as far as can be learned, have intimated that they are ready for wage contracts, negotiated by an elected majority, where the right to strike is unimpaired. But the shift in the position of the industries is significant. Seen in conjunction with the confidence of Mr. Biddle, it suggests that the President is known to be moving toward enforcement of 7-a.

Negotiations between the United States Steel Corporation and the A. F. of L. on terms for a truce have reached an impasse. The steel offer was for recognition of the union, but the employers would not recognize the majority principle nor permit elections. Their move was designed to save the company unions, while seeming to go along with the President on the issue of collective bargaining. The issue of proportional representation is bound to play a big part in all discussions in industries where company unions have been strong. "P. R.," as it is familiarly called in Europe, once had many devoted followers there, because it appeared the last word in fair play. But since the collapse of German democracy and the growing unworkability of the French party system the advocates of P. R. are on the run. In Europe the motto "Divide and rule" has been rewritten: "Divide and fail to rule."

* * * * *

SENATOR BORAH came to Washington soon after the election, called his own press conferences, and took his accustomed place on the front page. He has done it before without demonstrating anything more than that a gifted and honest man can by himself be a force in government. This time he comes with a new potential identity. He may become the leader of the opposition. I say "may," because it isn't up to him. It is up to the rank and file of the party, who have to choose between him, or someone like him, and the Old Guard proprietors of the party machine. Senator Borah will lead at least his own opposition to the President and the New Deal, believing with deepest conviction that the country has been done almost irreparable injury by the weakening of the safeguards against monopoly in business. If the Republican Party can accept this doctrine, Borah obviously will be the leader of the opposition in Congress. The Senator is in excellent health after his operation of last year, but he is not young enough to head a Mosaic expedition out of the wilderness, since the wanderings are to take some years. But he is young enough to formulate the conception of a new party. Moreover, he is going into the opposition. No life-saving schemes like Senator Vandenberg's proposed coalition for him. He will not oppose everything, but believing the President has gone to the right, where he thinks he always belonged, he also believes the Republican Party can only be reborn as a liberal party. There are two main schools of thought about the future of the Republican Party. One holds that it will come back as a conservative reaction against radical tinkering by the Democrats. The other holds that the Democrats now will turn "safe and sane" and that the future of the Republican Party is to fulfil in reality the broken promise of the New Deal. If the conservative school has its way, Senator Borah will not be leader of the opposition. Nobody will, for some time to come.

The Senator opened his campaign by attacking the relief administration. This might become more sensational if Harry Hopkins were not an administrator of first-rate ability with a personal character beyond reproach. (Imagine the difference if the President had made Mr. Farley head of the FERA!) Senator Borah has been careful not to appear to be impeaching Mr. Hopkins. He is not gunning for the FERA. His chief objective is to make the FERA responsible, as it is not definitely enough responsible, for expenditures by State authorities. The use of relief funds for political influence, which has been widespread, has not been managed through Mr. Hopkins but through State officials, who have been accessible to the Farleyites. Mr. Hopkins, correctly but perhaps narrowly, has not assumed control over the State dispensers of federal money. Senator Borah will move to have the gap between State and federal relief eradicated either by new legislation or by reinterpretation of the present statute. There is some scandal in the distribution of relief, but it is not in the biggest sense a national scandal, and the existence of Harry Hopkins probably will prevent the Borah onslaught from causing a political earthquake. If the campaign ends in federal supervision of State relief expenditures, and in more relief reaching the individuals in need of it, the Senator will have added signally to his achievement in public service.

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THE State Department's plan for licensing the arms trade is another step toward bringing the United States across the threshold of the League of Nations. The steps are worth recapitulation. Joining the disarmament conference was the first one of any significance, though we had already cooperated in all the minor League activities. Then came our virtual membership for the moment of the Far East crisis. This was followed by our joining the International Labor Office. A licensing system for the arms trade was proposed at the disarmament conference, and would be effected by treaty. But the American plan contemplates a permanent disarmament commission, which obviously would be a League commission.

If Japan should denounce the Washington treaty, what more logical and effective step could be taken by the United States than to join the League? The question is being asked in Washington. As Russia joined the League to limit the possibility of German aggression, we might join it as a partial counterbalance to Japanese expansion in Asia. The League has changed since the early days when America decided against membership. In its present stage it cannot be considered merely the enforcing arm of the Treaty of Versailles. Its failure to halt the advance of Japan in Manchuria proved that it was not any more an organization to make war on an aggressor. It is even a dubious instrument of economic and financial sanctions. The superstate idea has vanished. Everyone has come to recognize that the sovereign states in the League are bound only by their sovereign decisions. A government is committed only to back up its own vote. Despite these almost humiliating deflations of the original concept, the League remains a center of cooperation, based on certain doctrines of recognized conduct by states.

Had Russia been a member of the League during the Manchurian crisis, the probability is that international cooperation might have restrained Japan. With Britain, Russia, and the United States in the League the opposition against Japanese expansion would at least be stronger than it is. That is why joining the League is advanced as the most useful answer to the expected denunciation of the Washington treaty. As a matter of practical politics, the President would not be expected to propose it before the next election. He could, however, speak of it during the campaign so that his victory in 1936 could be interpreted as a mandate. In the meantime America will adhere to the World Court, another step toward the League. The Senators committed against adherence have shrunk to a handful.

American membership in the Labor Office will have two consequences which have not been underscored. The American representation at the annual meeting will consist of two groups, one of employers, one of labor. The labor group will be chosen from the American Federation of Labor. It will speak for the vast body of American labor, organized or otherwise. This will increase the prestige of the A. F. of L. among unorganized workers. The other result will be the education of American employers by contact with their European colleagues. They will discover that in many respects they are well behind the times in their outlook on labor and social questions. European employers, on the whole, have long since accepted most of the principles which are still choking American industrialists, and have passed on to new problems.

[*Mr. Swing contributes a regular weekly letter from Washington.*]

Revolt Against Complacency

By HAROLD J. LASKI

London, November 4

LAST March, for the first time in its history, the Labor Party won control over the London County Council. Now it has followed up that sufficiently remarkable success with overwhelming gains in the municipal elections. In London it has won power in fifteen out of twenty-eight boroughs. In some of them the victory is so complete that not a single Conservative has been returned. In others, Fulham for example, where Labor had no previous representation on the council, it has won twenty-seven out of forty seats. It has captured the government of places like Hull, Oldham, and Stoke. Altogether, in some 3,000 contests it has made over 700 net gains. Not in many years has there been so striking a change in the disposition of municipal power.

These results must be read in the context of the recent by-elections. At Swindon, in a straight fight, the Labor candidate, Dr. Addison (an ex-cabinet minister), was successful by nearly 3,000. In Lambeth not only did the Labor candidate get a majority over all his opponents combined, but the government candidate, a representative of the little Labor group which tries to keep up the fiction that the Prime Minister is still a Socialist, was a very poor third on the poll and was fortunate in saving the deposit which, since 1918, all candidates forfeit who do not poll one-eighth of the votes cast.

These results mean first and foremost, I think, that the magic of the National Government has gone. It has become a polite fiction which deceives nobody except Mr. MacDonald. The electors want a progressive policy; and they see that there is no chance of such a policy while the present ministers are in office. Public opinion is resentful over the lack of any determined housing policy. It dislikes profoundly the means test. It sees no reason for the niggardly reaction which still pervades the government's attitude toward education. It is profoundly suspicious of the Incitement to Disaffection bill, which so flagrantly attacks historic liberties that bishops like the Bishop of Birmingham, learned Conservative lawyers like Sir William Holdsworth, eminent novelists like E. M. Forster and H. G. Wells have fought stoutly against its passage. Even more, public opinion is deeply alarmed about the international situation. The suspended animation into which the Disarmament Conference has fallen, the obvious breakdown of the naval conversations with Japan, the gravity of the situation in the Saar, the American revelations of the habits of British armament firms—all these have thrown a clear light on the lack of any coherent will to progressive leadership in the government. Having got the protective tariff for which they longed, the Tories have now lapsed into that somnolent opposition to all serious change which is their real desire. Between the mind of the government and the mind of the people there is today in Great Britain a wider gulf than at any other period I can remember. I do not think it is an exaggeration to say that if there were a general election today Labor would win something like 200 seats. Outside the little Lloyd George group in Wales, I do not think a single Liberal would be returned; and it is clear to everyone that the Prime Minister's own supporters would be swept out of existence.

But I do not think—short of a crisis over the coming India bill—that we shall have a general election until the summer of 1936. Governments with a fortuitous majority do not consult the country when they know that masses of their supporters will never see the benches of the House of Commons again; and Mr. MacDonald, whose own future is one of the few definitely predictable things in our politics, will not leave Downing Street until he is driven out. The government, moreover, needs something like eighteen months to prepare for the election campaign it clearly has in view. A recent speech of Mr. Runciman's is a good index of the attitude it proposes to take. It will try to reproduce the panic conditions of 1931. It will tell the electors that a Labor victory means bankruptcy and ruin. It will predict a run on the banks—Mr. Runciman said he would draw out every penny he had and advise his friends to do the same—and a flight of capital abroad. It will urge the electorate to realize that a government defeat throws the constitutional system into the melting-pot.

What effect these tactics will have eighteen months from now it is still too early to predict. Nothing, of course, is more nonsensical than the idea of the Labor Party as a revolutionary party. Its mind is overwhelmingly bent on social reform, and the temper of any government it made under normal conditions would certainly involve no break with the historic traditions of our politics. What one is increasingly tempted to doubt is whether it will be given those normal conditions. There, I think, it is pretty clear that the left wing of Labor is correct, and the people of Mr. Morrison's opportunist school wholly wrong. The evidence accumulates that the movement of Tory opinion is definitely to reaction. On India, housing, armaments, Japan, its pressure on the government does not enable what there is of progressivism in the Tory ranks to make any impact on the government. The Tory machine has even refused to cooperate with Lord Cecil in his effort to get an expression of the people's view of peace by means of a national referendum. Ministers have so often told the country that they have saved it that they now begin to believe it themselves. During the recent municipal elections one distinguished academic figure told me that though he was not a Socialist he proposed to vote Labor for the first time because he could not stand the "insufferable complacency" of the government. I think that is a widespread feeling among thinking people.

But I think the sense also grows that the abyss between parties is becoming dangerously wide. It cannot be too often said that the strength of parliamentary government depends upon the major political parties agreeing in their outlook on fundamental questions. That agreement is disappearing. The forces behind the Tory Party are beginning to doubt whether they can afford a Labor victory eighteen months from now. They are not overtly fascist. But there is creeping into their outlook a temper which could easily accommodate itself to fascism. They are beginning to doubt whether we ought to return to what even Mr. Baldwin has called "the dog fight" of party politics. There is a growing tendency, very marked in all the municipal elections, for all parties to combine against Labor. People like Lord Eustace Percy are wondering whether a nation cannot devote too much of its time to politics. There is a significant willingness, among the comfortable classes, to say openly that the National Government is the British alternative to fascism.

The treatment of Sir Oswald Mosley and his henchmen by the courts is significant. Either they are not convicted at all or they are let off with insignificant sentences for offenses which, if committed by a Communist, would quite unquestionably entail imprisonment without the option of a fine. Sir Oswald has clearly large funds at his disposal; and it is notable that no part of his case is more popular with his audiences than his attacks on the Jews. I do not regard Sir Oswald as a dangerous person. He is neither sincere enough nor selfless enough to be a significant leader himself. But I do believe that the attitude of mind he represents is more widespread than is usually recognized, and that it would easily accommodate itself to a quasi-fascist interpretation of the constitution if (a) there were a big Labor victory, and if (b) this victory were accompanied by the kind of financial crisis to which men of the Runciman type look forward as the best means of beating Labor. Even so usually reasonable a man as Mr. Baldwin makes speeches nowadays in which he warns the electorate that a Labor victory means dictatorship. He, at least, has insight enough to know that the men who now dominate the Labor Party are at least as moderate as those in the 1929 government, and that drastic measures would never emanate from them except in the stress of emergency. But even Mr. Baldwin is prepared to use the argument of dictatorship as a weapon to victory; and I know many people whose confidence in his sense of fair play is such as to persuade them, without further analysis, to believe him.

What is endangering our politics is not the program of the Labor Party, which—heaven knows—is mild enough, but the unwillingness of the government to embark on those large schemes of social reform which are urgent necessities. The people of this country would welcome any progressive administration; if they cannot get that administration from the right, then they will get it from the left. If the Tories went in for a great housing scheme, if they raised the school-leaving age, if they showed generosity to the unemployed, if they really exerted themselves at Geneva in the realm of disarmament, then I do not think they could fail to win the next general election. But they support a government which will do none of these things. They try to maintain their show of faith in a Prime Minister who is the laughing-stock of the House of Commons and hardly dares to address a meeting in his own constituency. They get infinitely more excited about a bill to regulate the law of betting than they do over Japan's policy in the Far East—for which many of them have a sneaking admiration. They are much more tender to the interests of the owners of slum property than they are to those of that slum dweller about whose tragic fate they moan in public. They can vote twenty millions for the air force without a pang, but when it comes to educational advance, they acquiesce cheerfully in the view that the nation cannot afford it.

If the recovery of trade were profound, all this would be less important than it is in the present juncture of affairs. But the recovery is partial and sporadic. The pall of fear has not been lifted from Europe. There is still no confidence in stability. The drift to Labor is the outcome of the common man's sense that the complacency of the National Government is wholly out of place in so critical an epoch as ours. He will not endure that complacency much longer. When he finally revolts against it, there will be immense changes in the British scene.

Taxation in the New Social State
VI. Educational Finance

By JOHN K. NORTON

EACH year of the depression has brought public education closer to the brink of disaster. One-fourth of the cities of the United States have closed their night schools and part-time classes for adults and youths. Estimates of the number of youths who have taken to the road indicate hundreds of thousands. Special provisions for physically and mentally handicapped children have been drastically reduced or entirely eliminated by many communities. Badly needed school buildings, 80 per cent completed, have stood for months deteriorating in the open weather for lack of funds to complete them. Expenditures for school buildings this year promise to be less than 30 per cent of the amount spent in 1930.

A quarter of a million teachers, to whom is intrusted the education of 7,000,000 children, are scheduled this year to receive wages below the minimum fixed for unskilled factory workers by the blanket code of the NRA. Even these meager salaries in many cases will not be paid in full. Tens of thousands of rural school districts have been forced either to close their schools or to cut their terms to three, four, or five months. Institutions of higher education have also suffered severely. They have reported for 1933-34 total receipts that are 30 per cent lower than in 1930 and total expenditures that are 10 per cent lower.

The trouble in which the schools find themselves is due to a variety of complex causes. Many of these are the direct result of the depression. But the difficulties of education cannot be wholly accounted for on this score. One reason that the schools have broken down or come perilously close to disaster in so many communities is found in the obsolete methods which we use to finance education. These methods were established early in the nineteenth century. They developed in the decades following the Jacksonian revolution. In this period the battle was won to make the schools free and to support them through taxation. The local community—the town, the township, or the specially created school district—became the responsible governmental unit. The property tax, locally levied and collected, became the source of practically all school revenue. Today, a century later, essentially the same methods are used in raising school funds. Eighty per cent of school revenue now comes from local sources, practically all of it from a tax on property. During this century, however, conditions have arisen which make this method of financing schools as obsolete as the ox cart.

In the first place, tax-paying ability now exists in a variety of forms. A century ago land made up most of our wealth, and land ownership was a fair measure of ability to pay taxes. It is not so in 1934. A man may enjoy a large income but own no property. He therefore does not pay a local property tax for schools. He may own a house and lot or a farm, but have little ability to pay for schools. He may lose his job, but this does not lower his school tax. If he is a farmer, his sales of produce may approach zero. He still receives a tax bill for the support of education. The local school district, limited to the use of a property tax, finds it impossible to take account of these new conditions. As a result the schools of many communities are poorly supported even in prosperous times. In depression periods tax delinquency forces hundreds of local school districts into insolvency.

Secondly, wealth is no longer distributed with the evenness characteristic of a century ago. Circumstances now frequently concentrate large manufacturing plants, docks, and other income-producing enterprises in one community. These concerns market their products throughout the State, the nation, or even the world. But the property which results from this far-flung economic activity is taxed solely by the community, so far as schools are concerned. A neighboring school district, although rich in children, may be comparatively poor in taxable property. Its schools languish even in normal times and close their doors in periods of economic depression.

A third factor which operates with disastrous effect on the schools grows out of increasing economic specialization, which has produced many one-industry towns. So long as this industry does well, workers and owners find it possible to pay their taxes. A sudden drop in business resulting from a depression, a change in styles, an invention, or any other unforeseen event may put this industry on its back, financially speaking. The whole community soon finds itself in a similar position. Thus the hazards of economic life deny children their educational birthright.

Such are the factors which have made the local school districts of the United States increasingly impotent in their efforts to support schools. The situation calls for a radical reconstruction of American educational finance in a number of directions.

First, we should abolish most of the existing local school districts. Modern methods of transportation and communication have removed the only excuse they ever had for existence. In addition to being obsolete from a fiscal point of view, they are educationally inefficient and financially wasteful. They should be replaced by a much smaller number of local districts, adequate in size both as to territory and population. These reorganized units of school administration should be expected to raise a minor rather than a major fraction of school revenue. A few States have substantially accomplished this reform. Maryland is one example.

Secondly, the various State governments should assume responsibility for raising most of the revenue for school support. This money should be raised largely through income, inheritance, business, and other taxes, levied according to the principle of ability to pay. It should be distributed to the reorganized local districts so as to provide a satisfactory minimum of financial support for the education of each child, without requiring any district to levy more than a nominal local tax on real estate. The methods whereby this may be done are already known. The procedure reduced to its elements is as follows:

1. The State decides that it is necessary for every locality to have at least a minimum amount of financial support per pupil in attendance in order to finance an acceptable public-school program.

2. The State calculates the sum required in each school district to finance this minimum or foundation school program.

3. The State determines the amount of money which each school district can raise by a nominal and uniform local tax on real estate, and requires that this tax shall be levied.

4. The State appropriates for the support of schools in each locality sufficient money, along with that raised by the local tax, to finance the foundation program of education which it wants to make possible in every community.

5. The local district is left in control of its schools both financially and educationally. If it wishes to levy a higher local tax than the nominal one upon which State aid is contingent, it may do so. It is not limited in the expenditure of either the local or the State school money except by general laws of the usual type affecting education. A few States have already taken this step toward the reconstruction of educational finance. New York is an example.

A third reform is required if American educational finance is to be brought up to date. The federal government must recognize that it has an interest in the maintenance of a defensible level of educational support in every State. It must meet the financial obligation which this interest involves. The same factors which make it impossible for the locality to bear more than a minor fraction of the cost of school support are also operating to diminish the ability of the State governments to finance an adequate educational program. Wealth tends to concentrate in certain States, even though it may result from economic activities of the most far-flung type. Taxable income dodges between States with increasing agility. Even more important, the federal government is increasingly claiming for its own use most of the modern types of taxes from which State revenue must also be derived. These factors combine to make it financially impracticable for a growing number of States, even though they fully accomplish such fundamental reforms as those already cited, to provide a reasonable level of educational support. These considerations increasingly urge that the federal government assist the States in financing an adequate foundation program of education for all the children in the country.

The federal government has already been forced to take account of the current crisis in educational finance. During 1933-34 it appropriated approximately $150,000,000 to bolster up the sagging educational programs of a number of States, and to finance certain new projects such as programs of adult education. Emergency aid in some form has been extended to all levels of education from the nursery school through the university. This assistance in certain sections has played an important role in preventing the collapse of certain phases of educational work and in providing relief for unemployed teachers.

The tragedy of this development is that the financial aid provided the schools has been distributed as a phase of the federal relief program. A series of evils has been the result. Off-hand administrative decisions have been the basis for determining the allotment of federal funds to each State. Relief officials unacquainted with educational conditions have prescribed procedures inconsistent with desirable school practice. As a consequence, the money expended has not accomplished maximum results and the effective administration of the schools has been interfered with.

The conditions which have recently forced the federal government to come to the aid of the schools are not peculiar to the depression. Their evil effects have merely been amplified by the economic crisis. The National Survey of School Finance conducted by the United States Office of Education revealed that throughout the prosperous decade of the twenties there were thousands of districts with substandard schools of a most inadequate type. The facts indicate that the localities and States involved will be unable to provide adequate funds for their schools even though they make the maximum financial effort which it is practical and reasonable to expect.

Now is the logical time for the federal government to begin the development of a comprehensive and permanent program for the support of public education. The aim should be the establishment of a national minimum of financial support for the education of every child irrespective of his residence. This minimum should be financed jointly by the nation and the States, under arrangements which require all States to contribute according to their tax-paying ability. Dangerous political and cultural consequences are bound to result from a situation in which there exist the most extreme differences in the level of educational opportunity offered children in different States. National financial interest in education need not and should not involve the weakening of the principle that education is a matter for State control and local management. In fact, the time has come when it is clear that State control and local management can be effective only if the national government comes into the situation and uses its superior tax-raising ability to guarantee educational opportunity for all children.

Any program for the financing of education should consider the needs of higher education as well as those of the elementary and secondary schools. Federal funds for the partial support of higher education, like those for the lower schools, should be transmitted through the States. The allocation of funds to each State should be based upon some definite measure of its educational needs at all levels from elementary school to college.

Viewed in its larger aspects, the reconstruction of American educational finance is merely a phase of the problem of reforming all governmental organization and taxation procedure. It involves a reorganization and simplification of local governmental units. It requires the assumption by the State government of certain responsibilities which the localities were competent to perform under a less complex and interdependent economic order. It involves recognition of the fact that under conditions existing in the twentieth century the superior tax-raising power of the federal government must be employed if certain social needs of utmost importance to the common welfare are to be satisfied.

[*This is the sixth of a series of ten articles on taxation planned and edited by Professor Paul Studenski. The seventh, on the coordination of local, State, and federal finance, by Professor Clarence Heer of the University of North Carolina, will be published in the issue of December 19.*]

In the Driftway

EVERY so often an editor writes what he thinks of as an innocent little article which he puts in his paper in the absence of some more weighty discussion of an Important Subject, and to his amazement his readers rise in a body, award him the literary prize of the year, threaten him with a libel suit, shoot him, or otherwise bestow on him attentions which more considered pieces seem never to command. This is one of the recognized hazards of the editorial profession, and unless the shooting is too persistent, it is regarded as more pleasurable than painful. The Drifter recalls that some years ago a few remarks on the consumption of lettuce in the United States were thrown out in an absent-minded moment by one of his colleagues, and that for months afterward *The Nation's* clipping service was deluged with reprints taken not only from almost every newspaper and periodical in this country but from those of such distant and unrelated parts of the globe as Australia, South Africa, and Siam. A more unscrupulous journal might have devoted itself to a discussion of lettuce eating thereafter, but *The Nation* is of course above such devices.

* * * * *

IN the issue of June 20, 1895, a *Nation* editor gave forth some animadversions on the horse versus the dog and the bicycle. The general conclusions of the article were that the bicycle was a more efficient and useful means of locomotion and the dog a more intelligent and agreeable animal about the home. The horse was disposed of in a final although friendly manner, and a nice little epitaph for him was quoted in lines to the Duke of Wellington's mount at Waterloo. When he finished the piece, the editor must have tossed it over to the composing room with hardly a second thought and must have at once turned to less trivial affairs. But the correspondence from irate readers that followed in subsequent issues surely gives but a fraction of the tempest that he aroused. The following week appeared a fiery communication from a gentleman named Arnold, entitled The Dirty Dog. This referred to "the filthy and disgusting habits of the dog" and his "outrages against common decency," described him as one who would "howl at night and rend the sky with discordant yelps and cries," and pointed out that of 174 times in which Shakespeare mentioned the dog in each case he used some contumelious epithet. Even the Bible was cited: "Give not that which is holy unto dogs"; and Mr. Arnold added this emphatic peroration:

> Nature has made the dog a dirty animal in all his habits and sympathies. A pig is a sybarite in comparison. No ages of artificial and unnatural association will ever make him other than what he is, more greedy, more annoying, and more repulsive than in that wild state into which he so easily relapses, and that without the least reluctance.

* * * * *

AS might have been expected, on the following week readers sprang to the defense of the horse and included the bicycle in their general condemnation. One correspondent, in pointing out the aesthetic superiority of the horseman over the cyclist, declared that "the figures which writhe around our streets can no more acquire nor comprehend the art [of horsemanship] than a lackey can a concerto." But the prize-winning diatribe answered Mr. Arnold more directly—by transferring his epithets directed at the dog with considerable cogency right into the heart of the home. "Now that the dog and the horse have been touched up in the columns of your veracious journal," he wrote, "it seems no more than fair to animadvert on another pest to human kind . . . I refer to the young child." He "serves no useful purpose; his manners in the natural state are execrable, and he is not even a safe ornament." ". . . to listen to a young child sucking in his soup, slobbering over a bone, or champing at his bread, gurgling wind, and audibly grunting—that is enough to drive one to strong drink." *The Nation,* perhaps wisely, closed the correspondence at this point. The cries of outraged mothers must have rung long in its ears nevertheless. And for a long time to come the editors must have felt it wise to stick to the protective tariff, the income tax, or bimetallism—subjects about which there might indeed be a difference of opinion but comparatively little threat to life and limb.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

From the Daring Young Man—

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Louis Kronenberger took two socks at me (*Times Book Review* and *The Nation*), but I think I'll only need one, and a small and polite one at that, humbly and gratefully.

First: If I am an exhibitionist, a verbalist, a poseur, a nose-thumber, a prima donna (wow), and a victim of genius mania, as Kronenberger says (and I don't say I am not), then every conscious and living man in this country is each of these things, including (begging his pardon) Kronenberger. Unless of course he is advancing the theory that he is unalive, which would be dreadful. Careful study of reviews discloses that I am being objected to on the grounds that I am too much alive, talk about myself too much, and don't write well enough.

Reply and explanation, disciplined and humble: Too many contemporary literary techniques and styles are swiftly seeking to change man to a machine in the hope of making valid many null theories regarding the relationship between life (man) and civilization (the state), and my idea has been to upset this idiotic apple-cart as swiftly as might be, because I honestly believe if it is not upset, American writing is going to find itself in a lovely vacuum in no time at all.

Man is full of contradictions, and I would like to know on what grounds a man becomes a poseur or a prima donna because he is variously serious, clever, humble, proud, mean, generous, evil, and good. And for the scientific information of Kronenberger I would like to inform him that the ego and the universe are one and inseparable.

Privately it is immaterial to me what anybody thinks of my writing, but less privately, speaking on behalf of the coming generation of writers, many of whom are in correspondence with me, and all of whom are very sick of the old cut-and-dried rules and forms and limitations, I must humbly ask wise critics to hold their horses a year or two and give the boys a break. Literature is important only as it enriches life, and when literature hampers the free growth of the human spirit, no matter how perfect it may be technically, it is lousy, that's all.

San Francisco, November 7 WILLIAM SAROYAN

The American Circle: A New Instrument of Public Opinion

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Your readers may be interested in the American Circle, a new instrument for revealing and giving expression to the thought of private citizens of this country. This organization, if it can be called such, is purely informal, with no constitution, officers, dues, or obligations. It has grown from the letters of an unknown citizen to his friends into a national "committee of correspondence" on the state of the nation. It enables private citizens all over this country to take counsel together, come nearer to the truth about public questions, arrive at a practical consensus of opinion on fundamental things, and make their opinions known and their influence felt in public affairs.

I have lived for considerable periods of my life in New York and New England, on the Pacific Coast, in the Middle West, and in the South. Among the country-wide acquaintance thus formed, a number of people somehow acquired the habit of writing me about economic and political matters. My informal replies had at least the merit of sincerity and apparently some other qualities that appealed to my friends, and to their friends, for my circle of correspondents widened as time went on.

Lately their growing concern about affairs in this country brought about such an increase in this correspondence that I hit upon the expedient of writing the same letter to the whole circle. With this reply of mine I would inclose copies of their letters to me, or extracts from them. Thus everybody was placed in possession of the thought of the whole circle. These composite letters have been more interesting and stimulating documents than any of us could have produced single-handed.

Today the American Circle consists of people from every State, from thousands of city, suburban, and rural districts, from practically every occupation and all conditions and stations in life. Their letters constitute a representative cross-section of the thought of the American private citizen as distinguished from the office seeker or the office holder, the partisan and the special pleader.

My part in all this is something like that of the moderator of a New England town meeting. I preside over this meeting of minds—these composite letters—state the case as fairly as I can, maybe offer a few opinions of my own just to start the ball rolling, and then the real business of the meeting, and the fun, begins—when the members of the American Circle have their say.

Perhaps the readers of *The Nation* would like to see how this idea of the American Circle works out in practice. During the recent political campaign, and since, I received an astonishing number of questions and expressions of interest with respect to the possible formation of a new political party. I am attaching my letter to the American Circle on that subject. I should be particularly interested in the opinions of the readers of *The Nation,* as well as in the ideas of members of the American Circle. A complete, separately printed, composite letter on this subject will be mailed to any reader who cares to write me for it in care of *The Nation.*

New York, November 24 MARK GRANITE

[*The Editors of* The Nation *would also be interested in knowing the opinions of* Nation *readers on the formation of a new political party. They print below Mr. Granite's letter to the American Circle, and such responses to it as seem of sufficient interest will appear in an early issue.*]

Coming: The United Liberal Party

(A LETTER TO THE AMERICAN CIRCLE)

Just as I sit down to construct a new party and present it for the consideration of the American Circle, I find that Mark Sullivan has beaten me to it and, in three sentences, has not merely taken all the Republicans and most of the Democrats for his new and hypothetical Conservative Party but has gone farther! He has already held an election and has soundly beaten the new liberal party I was about to propose, by an overwhelming majority. Listen to this:

"The Republicans," says Mr. Sullivan in the New York *Herald Tribune* of November 22, "got roughly 13,000,000 votes, the Democrats roughly 17,000,000. It is surely fair to estimate that the entire Republican 13,000,000 were conservative. And can it be doubted that a large part of the Democrats' 17,000,000 was conservative? . . . The combined vote [of a new conservative party] would outnumber the votes for a non-conservative party perhaps two to one." And then he goes on, plaintively, to say, "Only a leader is needed!" It occurs to me that a man who can produce 20,000,000 conservatives out of thin air ought to be able to scare up just one more, out of the same illimitable element, to lead them.

The letters of thousands of liberal Republicans are eloquent and convincing evidence that Mr. Sullivan's claim of an all-conservative Republican Party is fantastic and absurd. There are, as a matter of fact, millions of liberals in both political parties, and I am inclined to believe that they constitute an actual majority not merely in the Democratic but also in the Republican Party. If that is true, why is there any reason or necessity, it may properly be asked, for the creation of a new liberal party? Why is it not possible and logical for the liberals in at least one of these old political organizations to dominate it, and make it over into a truly progressive and wholly liberal party? There are, it seems to me, valid and compelling reasons why this is difficult if not impossible, and in any event inexpedient.

In the case of the Republican Party, the reactionary Old Guard elements are firmly intrenched in the control of the national and most of the State organizations. It would take far more time and energy to drive them out of control and out of the party than it would to build a new liberal party. Nearly all of the millions of liberals who still remain with the Republican Party feel that way about it. They remain in the Republican Party simply because they believe in *efficient liberalism,* and they have no confidence in either the efficiency or the liberalism of the Democratic Party. If the opportunity of joining a competent liberal party should be afforded them, these millions of voters would desert the Republican ranks tomorrow.

When we come to a consideration of the possible conversion of the Democratic Party into the real liberal party of the nation, we find there are four serious obstacles. First comes the Solid South, an impenetrable, unchangeable conservative bloc, the elimination of which from the Democratic Party is unthinkable, and along with it a group of Democratic big business men, Democratic bankers, and Democratic capitalists which is every bit as conservative and fully as large and powerful as the analogous group that constitutes the conservative wing of the Republican Party. Second, there is the old populist, inflationist, quack-remedy element which is stronger today in numbers and influence in the Democratic Party than since the days of Bryan. A liberal party that undertakes a more equitable distribution of the wealth and production of the country must have sound and able economic leadership; it cannot allow the

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financial witch doctors and their followers any part in its program. Third, the Democratic Party is rapidly becoming a national Tammany Hall, attacking and breaking down the merit system everywhere, demoralizing the public service, creating a vast bureaucracy for partisan ends. Can a truly liberal party tolerate and make use of such instrumentalities for the achievement of its high purposes? The fourth and greatest obstacle to the complete liberalization of the Democratic Party is Franklin D. Roosevelt. He is well aware that the Democratic Party is normally the minority party, that only by retaining his hold upon both conservatives and liberals can he hope to remain in power. Thus he is found in first one camp and then the other or on the fence between them and, sometimes, with his marvelous mental and political agility, in all three positions at once! As long as he is in control of the Democratic Party it will remain partly conservative and partly liberal, with a little benevolent fascism thrown in—in a word, the Roosevelt Party.

What then remains? I propose the creation of a united liberal party. I am fully aware of the stock arguments against the formation of a new party. I have no illusions as to the difficulties involved. But I believe that there has never before been so appropriate a time, so favorable an opportunity, for the creation of a liberal party. The cause of true liberalism is not adequately served by either of the major parties. Millions of men and women are ready for a new liberal alignment. A great issue is at hand, just as there was at the birth of the Republican Party. The great issue of this day is distribution—a better distribution of freedom, security, equality, and opportunity—a more thoroughgoing distribution, with all that it implies, than either the Republican or the Democratic Party is prepared to advocate or is capable of carrying through.

Now is the time to formulate a new bill of human rights and a simple, practical, liberal program, to organize State by State, using existing national or local liberal groups as a nucleus, and then put up a ticket and win or lose in 1936, but *win* in 1940!

Where do you stand on this question of a united liberal party? MARK GRANITE

A Letter from Mr. Fraenkel

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In your editorial on the Scottsboro case in your issue of November 28 you asked me for an answer to three questions:

1. You ask why it was necessary to wait until February 24 to begin preparation of the bill of exceptions. No work was done in the preparation of the bills of exceptions before that time because it was believed by all persons connected with the case that there was no necessity for so doing. Under the Alabama law the bill of exceptions might be filed ninety days after the denial of a motion for a new trial. That the motion for a new trial might be stricken despite the assurance of the judge that the defense had thirty days in which to file the same. despite the acquiescence of the Attorney General in that suggestion, despite two adjournments granted by the court without protest from the Attorney General, occurred to no one. Of course, the Alabama court in sustaining the action of the judge failed to mention any of the foregoing facts. The time between the receipt of the stenographer's minutes (very late in January) and the date set for the argument of the motion for a new trial was occupied in an analysis of the testimony and preparation of the brief for use on the motion. The same practice had been followed in the spring before Judge Horton.

2. You ask whether it would not have been advisable to begin preparation of these papers in time for any possible emergency and suggest that the court had not exhibited any partiality toward the defense. No one expected the court to do the defense any favors. No one, however, suspected that the court would trick the defense into losing a valuable right and that the Attorney General would be a party to it. The Attorney General had been present in court when the thirty-day time was allowed, and had made no protest. He received copies of the motion papers and retained them, without protest. He made no objection to the two adjournments which were granted. By all the rules of fair practice he should have been precluded from making the motion to strike.

3. You ask why an attempt was made to get the papers down on March 1 if the date had no real significance. Where the denial of the motion for a new trial is not the controlling date the entry of judgment of conviction is such date. In this case the Attorney General had, in writing, at the time he moved to strike out the motion for a new trial, recited that judgment had been entered on December 6. After the motion was stricken I examined the docket entries in the clerk's office in Decatur. I believed from the examination of these docket entries that judgment had been entered on the sixth, as formally stated by the Attorney General himself. I hastened to New York immediately after the conclusion of the argument for a new trial for the purpose of completing the bill of exceptions, and, indeed, started working thereon immediately upon boarding the train.

When I reported to colleagues in New York how we had been tricked by Judge Callahan so far as the motion for a new trial was concerned, and then emphasized the shortness of time left within which to get the bills of exceptions filed, one of them suggested that the Alabama authorities might try to shorten the time within which to file the bills of exceptions, just as they had shortened the time within which the motion for a new trial had to be filed; this remark determined me to try and file the bills of exceptions within ninety days from the dates of the verdicts, because I assumed that they could not pick any earlier date—in the Patterson case the ninety days from verdict expired on March 1, in the Norris case on March 6.

As a result of effort on the part of a large number of persons and three printing plants, the Patterson bill of exceptions was actually put on a plane at the Newark airport on February 28, and would, in the ordinary course of events, have been filed on March 1. To meet the plane I had an attorney stationed at the airport in Birmingham. The plane never reached Birmingham, having crashed on the way. I was not at that time, however, unduly disturbed by this misadventure because I believed then, as I do now, that judgment had been entered on the sixth and that the declaration of the Attorney General to that effect would be considered final in any court of justice.

Here again no objection was made by the Attorney General to the filing of the bill of exceptions, a copy of which was served upon him, or to the setting of the case for argument. For the first time a few minutes before the commencement of the argument in Montgomery the Attorney General served a notice that he was going to strike the bill of exceptions. His claim was then that judgment of conviction had been entered at the time of the rendition of the verdict, on December 1. I argued to the court that it would be unjust and improper to permit him to make that contention when in his written motion he had declared otherwise, that the judgment was entered on December 6. In its opinion the Alabama Supreme Court ruled that the date of verdict did not control, but stated without further discussion that judgment had been entered on December 1 and in no way referred to the Attorney General's recital to the contrary.

I am astonished that you should have passed over these matters without a criticism of the unfair action of the Alabama courts and the Attorney General of that State.

New York, November 23 OSMUND K. FRAENKEL

Taxing New York City

To the Editors of The Nation:

I have just read the article on Local Finance in *The Nation* for November 21, and I desire to bring to your attention our proposed solutions for one of the most hotly debated local taxation problems in recent years—that of raising funds to finance unemployment relief in New York City.

The Citizens' Conference on Unemployment, which is composed of representatives from trade unions, settlement houses, civic and church groups, educators as well as unemployed, met in October and adopted a clear-cut tax program to raise the $50,000,000 to $70,000,000 a year required from New York City. It was our first assumption that this money should be raised from those able to pay, and a general principle was adopted excluding from payment persons with an income of less than $5,000 yearly. The taxing plans offered by the business interests are in sharp contrast—they propose taxes on subway fares, on sales, and on wages, which would draw the money from the lower income groups, even from the unemployed themselves. It was our belief that a representative group such as ours should serve to mobilize public opinion around an equitable tax program that would command the support of the majority of people of the city. We proposed therefore to back the following taxes:

1. In addition to the tax bill signed by Mayor LaGuardia calling for 15 per cent of the amounts paid on the federal income tax, another 15 per cent should be levied on the tax paid by all persons subject to the State income tax, with exemption for incomes of less than $5,000 yearly. This tax plus the bill already signed by the Mayor should yield about $25,000,000 yearly.

2. In addition to the 1 per cent tax on gross receipts of public utilities subject to the jurisdiction of the Public Service Commission (gas, steam, electric light, and telephone companies) a tax of 4½ per cent on gross receipts should be levied. This would provide about $18,000,000 yearly.

3. A tax of 4½ per cent on the net profits of corporations doing business in the city. The State now levies such a tax; the city should require corporations making a return to the State to file a similar return for the city. This tax should yield from $20,000,000 to $25,000,000 yearly.

4. A tax of 4½ per cent on the profits of commercial banks doing business in the city. This tax is made possible if the 4½ per cent tax is levied by the city on corporations. Based on a similar tax levied by the State it should yield $9,000,000 yearly.

Since the confusion on a tax program becomes greater and greater at City Hall, the need for the general public to organize behind a program of its own becomes urgent. All individuals or organizations who can support our program in whole or in principle can secure an indorsement blank by writing for it to the Citizens' Conference on Unemployment, 112 East Nineteenth Street.

New York, November 20 David Lasser, Secretary

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The Road to Relief

To the Editors of The Nation:

I am one among an army of forgotten men who are silently but desperately watching the tide of economic annihilation creeping inexorably toward our last place of refuge. As yet we have too much wealth to be admitted to free relief. We still have a little property, a few dollars in a savings account, visible and concrete fruits of our frugality. At one time, not so long ago, we were told "that frugal living, industry, and thrift were sterling virtues worthy of cultivation." We now discover that the vaunted fruits thereof are obstacles on our path to free relief and a place on society's welfare rolls. We must first exhaust every fund we have laid away to stave off poverty and want, and the various welfare agencies by their very rules and tactics hasten the end.

Consider our case. We are construction men. For years we have been engaged in building churches, schools, hospitals, homes, factories, and the temples of big business. The depression has all but wiped us out; from one of the nation's commanding industries construction has dwindled to a mere dot on the economic chart. Renovizing campaigns, remodeling spurts have been born with great fanfares of ballyhoo to resurrect our industry, but to what avail? Hardly a job, barely a dollar does it bring to a carpenter or a mason except those who are on relief. Patriotic (?) citizens who must have urgent repairs made call the social-welfare agencies and their call for men is soon answered with men taken from the rolls. They are usually underpaid and sometimes only half paid, and if they protest they are told that they "should be grateful that they were taken off relief." Their benefactors are not aware of the fact that these men cannot go back on relief again until these meager wages are gone and another roll of red tape is unwound. That is one reason why a great many persons now receiving aid do not care to accept a short-time job. They know from bitter experience the long road they must travel to get back on relief.

Grand Rapids, Mich., October 2 Roland A. Beens

Harvard and Hanfstängl

To the Editors of The Nation:

The National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners has supplied me with the following information:

> On Thursday, June 22, a peaceful demonstration was held in Harvard Square protesting against the presence of Ernst Hanfstängl at Harvard. During the demonstration, seven young students and workers were arrested and charged with "disturbing the peace" and "speaking

without a permit." Each of the defendants was sentenced to thirty days in the House of Correction on the charge of disturbing the peace, and $5 fine for speaking without a permit, or six months' suspended sentences on both counts.

The cases were appealed. On October 23 a Middlesex Superior Criminal Court jury reaffirmed the lower court's decision, and Judge George James, "as a warning to others of their kind and class," increased sentence to six months in the House of Correction, and $20 fine for all seven defendants.

District Attorney Warren L. Bishop referred to the defendants as "half-baked, would-be patriots . . . more interested in the government of Germany than in that of our own country." He proposed that stiffer sentences be given them "as a warning to others of their kind that this brand of bolshevism will not be tolerated in this country."

The defendants are Timothy Burr, aged twenty-one; Sarah Barr, twenty-six; Joseph Jacobs, twenty-one; Arvid Johnson, twenty-five; John Lamphier, twenty; Irvin Miller, twenty-eight; Joseph Dauber, twenty-five. All of them are already serving their terms.

This case serves as a striking contrast to President Conant's recent refusal to accept Hanfstängel's gift of a fellowship to Harvard, as a gesture to indicate the attitude of Harvard toward the present condition of German universities and the example Germany has set the world. It might be of some service to the future existence of free speech and free assembly in this country if all interested persons, and particularly graduates and undergraduates of Harvard University, were to make their views clear in this case. Letters respectfully calling the attention of President Conant to it might do some good.

New York, November 15 LINCOLN KIRSTEIN,
Harvard 1930

Christmas in Prison

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

At Sing Sing, in San Quentin, in Fulton Tower Prison, on the Georgia chain gangs, and in other penitentiaries and jails throughout the United States hundreds of innocent men are enduring years of heart-breaking confinement for crimes they did not commit. These men are political prisoners. Such fantastic charges as "criminal syndicalism," "sedition," and "inciting to riot" have been used by bitterly prejudiced judges and juries to put them behind bars.

When these men are sent to prison it is not they alone who suffer; their wives and children are left in destitution and want. It is the function of the Prisoners' Relief Fund of the International Labor Defense to send each political prisoner and each family of a prisoner a small monthly allowance. The following quotations from letters we have received indicate the manner in which our efforts are appreciated: "I surely don't want to face starvation like I did last winter, before I heard from you people." . . . "I tried to get help from the government relief, but I did not get anything but hard words. But when I think back over all you have done for us I feel happy as can be." . . . "I was so glad of the three dollars you sent till I had to write you all a few lines to let you know how glad I was." . . . "What a great surprise and yet such a pleasant one was your letter and the five dollars."

The Prisoners' Relief Fund is conducting a Christmas drive for funds for political prisoners and their families. These men have gone to jail because they tried to improve the lot of all of us. Help us help them and their families. Send a contribution to the Prisoners' Relief Fund of the International Labor Defense, 80 East Eleventh Street, New York City.

New York, November 23 ROSE BARON, Secretary

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Labor and Industry

Socialism's New Beginnings

By JOSEPH P. LASH

THE world Socialist movement has been going through the severest crisis in its history. For five years, since the beginning of the depression, it has desperately been trying to conserve the gains won through a half-century of working-class struggle. Despairingly the Labor and Socialist International has watched the daily sapping of the morale of its rank and file. Everywhere it has seen its grand victories—in the field of trade-union and political rights, social services, and decent wages—challenged by a capitalist offensive motivated by a self-interest as urgent as that which animates the workers. In Belgium the Socialist Parti Ouvrier Belge, which had 70 deputies out of 180 in Parliament in 1919, now has 73. In England and France the non-Socialist parties have consolidated into governments of national union. Most tragic of all has been the triumph of fascism, accompanied by universal trade-union retreat, disruption, and demoralization. Today there is emerging in several sections of the Labor and Socialist International a revitalized set of working-class demands in the form of concrete plans for solving the crisis—plans which focus around the socialization of credit and of those basic industries which would give a Socialist government sufficient leverage to introduce a planned economy in the interest of the workers. The Plan du Travail in Belgium, the program of the Socialist League in England, the new program of the Polish Bund, the program of Socialist construction of the Neu Beginnen Socialists in Germany, the Constructive Revolution group in France, all have remarkable similarities and seem to be achieving the unification of the most divergent right and left groups within the various Socialist parties.

ENGLAND

After the débâcle of the English Labor Party in 1931, a group of the most capable intellectuals in the movement, under the leadership of Frank Wise, formed the Socialist League, which aimed by a vigorous program of pamphleteering and discussion to change the orientation of the party. Among the charter pamphleteers of the league were Sir Stafford Cripps, Sir Charles Trevelyan, Harold Laski, G. D. H. Cole, and R. H. Tawney. To belong to the league, one had to be a member of the Labor Party. The Socialist League set out through its pamphlets to remove the convenient ambiguity from the word socialism, which heretofore had promised all things to all men and had committed Labor Ministers and M. P.'s to nothing. The traditional program of the Labor Party contained long sections on its plans for alleviating distress and improving social conditions which were entirely unrelated to other sections dealing with the transfer of economic power. The transfer of power, the Socialist League pointed out, was obviously of first importance. Social reforms would naturally follow socialization of the banks and the key industries. The Socialist League succeeded in establishing in the public consciousness the necessity for priority of legislation essential to socialism.

The question of procedure naturally arose. Let us assume that a Labor majority will be compelled by popular pressure to push legislation for the socialization of the Bank of England and certain basic industries such as mining and transport. Unquestionably the Lords will block such legislation. Will the king then create the Labor peers upon which the passage of the legislation will depend? If the king refuses to do its bidding, the Labor Cabinet can immediately resign and go to the country on the issue, in which event the king might call in a leader of the Conservatives who would set up a government supported by the armed forces, that is, a dictatorship; or the Cabinet can itself continue unconstitutionally in office, disregarding the House of Lords—in other words, set up a dictatorship of its own. The Socialist League at least opened the eyes of the party membership to the alternatives.

The growth of the league in influence and numbers was phenomenal. Its prestige became so great that the most opportunist trade-union leaders considered it politically advantageous to be identified with it. And it was everywhere agreed that the next Labor Prime Minister as well as a good many members of the Cabinet would come from among the league's leaders. One is justified in saying that in the dark days after MacDonald's desertion the Socialist League held the party together, and its ideas almost became those of the majority. Today, on the eve of another general election, with prospects favorable to Labor, the trade-union leaders no longer fear the league. The violent barrage of the Conservative press against the league and its chief spokesman, Cripps, has had its effect. The recent Trades Union Congress repudiated last year's resolution in favor of a general strike in case of war—one of the league's great victories. The Southport Conference of the Labor Party in October produced the same old blanket program.

FRANCE

In France the united-front pact between the Socialists and Communists has converted the workers and peasants into an aggressive fighting force which is giving no rest to the various fascist bands, chiefly concentrated in Paris but now and then venturing into the republican provinces. This united front became possible following certain significant shifts in the Communist attitude, namely: (1) the decision that it was not temporizing with Social Democracy to treat for united action with the recognized leadership of the Socialists; and (2) that it was the job of Communists to defend democracy, yes, bourgeois democracy, which at least allowed the workers to organize and agitate.

Now that the united front has been established, the concern of the young Socialist leaders is for a positive plan, like the Belgian Plan du Travail, with which to go to the electorate. The powerful Constructive Revolution group is publishing a series of studies, analogous to those of the Socialist League, which examine the key positions in the French economy and propose blueprints for taking them over. Will the Communists support a program which involves gradual socialization rather than outright expropriation? The decision of the Communists to support Socialist candidates and even to withdraw in favor of Radical Socialists, indicates that they may. On this issue hinges the permanence of the united front in France. Whether the plan could be put in operation peacefully depends of course on the tactics of the opposition. The French Socialists and Communists are preparing for any eventuality.

GERMANY

The work of the Neu Beginnen in Germany has provoked great interest in Europe. It is almost completely an outgrowth of conditions under Hitler, and therefore would seem to represent a much more realistic response to the needs of the hour than the present policies of the remnants of the old party organizations. Its members are mostly between twenty and thirty years of age, and it follows tactics very different from those of other groups, paying great attention to theoretical position and conspiratorial technique. It is unpretentious in its claims and refuses to make martyrs out of its adherents. It has had less than ten casualties.

Unlike both the Prague Socialists and the Communist Party the Neu Beginnen group of Socialists believes that the fascist regime will be maintained for a long time regardless of what may happen to individuals within the regime. That being so, they are not interested in making great displays of public activity involving needless heroism and sacrifices, such as launching posters and handbills at meetings, shouting revolutionary slogans in the streets, calling on the workers to demonstrate on May Day, and so on. Their three immediate objectives indicate the methodical and thorough way in which they have set about their tremendous job: (1) complete and honest discussions in all sympathetic groups of what has happened in Germany since the advent of fascism with a view to showing that it was not a failure of Marxism that brought Hitler to power but failure of the Communist and Socialist parties, that Marxism still provides the only coherent and realistic method of analyzing what is to be done; (2) the development of a system of spreading inside and outside Germany news of what is going on, in order to break down the isolation created by a censored press and radio; (3) the creation of a disciplined, conspiratorial organization that will be proof against the manifold informers, secret police, S. A.'s, and other fascist groups.

The Neu Beginnen Socialists have initiated a series of discussions around their brochure of the same name. This document has been called the first real contribution to Marxist doctrine since the great polemics of the pre-war era. It has been translated into English and Flemish and is now being done in French by Bracke, the translator of Engels. Its analysis of the causes and tragic consequences of the disunity in the German working class has brought many recruits from the official Communists as well as from the Socialist Workers' Party (S. A. P.) and the Communist Party Opposition (K. P. O.). The program tentatively formulated in the brochure, "Neu Beginnen," looks toward revolutionary seizure of power followed by the installation of a "mixed economy" of socialism and capitalism. It is very significant that this underground group, all of whose members are actually *in* Germany, should arrive independently at the idea of a mixed economy. They declare that it would be the job of a workers' democracy set up by a Socialist Party in Germany to undertake Socialist construction side by side with private capitalist undertakings, "for only in this way can a check be kept on the productivity of state enterprises, and only in this way will the initiative of private entrepreneurs set the pace in insuring economy of labor in state concerns." What is necessary, they insist, and what Social Democracy lacked in Germany, was a real, clear conception of a Socialist system and the path to it.

BELGIUM

It is in Belgium that the new tendency in world social democracy will receive its first test, for the Plan du Travail is the official program of the Belgian Labor Party. Only recently the Belgian Socialists turned down invitations to participate in the government because their would-be collaborators would not accept the Plan as the new government policy. The Parti Ouvrier Belge (P. O. B.) is a strong party commanding 37 per cent of the votes. In every Belgian city and commune its cooperative factories, stores, and cafes are among the largest and most prosperous, its six dailies among the most widely read, its Peoples' Houses the centers of communal life. Its trade unions embrace the whole working-class population. In spite of these facts the P. O. B. since the war has made almost no headway, gaining only 1 per cent of the total vote during that time; but the adoption at its last congress of the Plan du Travail by a vote of 563,451 against 8,500 abstentions has unquestionably revived the morale of the Belgian working class. The party's hope of putting through the essential measures by a parliamentary majority seems too optimistic, and the question arises whether its control of the nationalized credit institutions and monopoly industries will not be subject to the same corruption as our public-service commissions. Moreover, it is disarming the workers not to prepare them for the concerted attack of the Catholic church, the Crown, the press, and the General Staff at the crucial moment. But the Plan has succeeded in again rallying the workers for an aggressive struggle, a task which the Belgian Communist Party with its more revolutionary program was unable to accomplish.

HENRI DE MAN

While most of these plans were developed independently, it is Henri de Man, vice-chairman of the Belgian Socialist Party and author of its Plan du Travail, who by his writings has promoted *planisme* to the level of a significant ideological force within the labor and Socialist movement. Henri de Man is a brilliant, heterodox thinker, as evidenced by the fact that he had the presumption to write a book entitled "Au dela du Marxisme." Until Hitler's advent to power he taught at the University of Frankfort, thereafter returning to Belgium. In Germany he had been tragically impressed with the failure of the Social Democrats to present a program that addressed itself to the causes rather than to the surface consequences of fascism. The German Socialists went into coalitions with the bourgeois parties to defend democracy when democracy was fundamentally imperiled by the economic crisis which the parliamentary groups of the different parties were unable to end. They formed the association of the Reichsbanner to defend the party against the Storm Troops, though this organization was recruited from the vast reservoir of unemployed youth. An attack upon fascism, De Man declared, as a defense against the erosion that

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was taking place in the workers' movements everywhere, had to be a frontal attack upon the central position of capitalism—namely, the credit system and the basic monopoly industries—with a view to installing a planned economy. Such an attack was particularly opportune in a period of capitalist crisis, when capitalism's absurdities and contradictions were most glaringly evident.

On the other hand, it was suicidal for socialism to adhere to the old program of increased wages, social services, and so on. Such a program no longer rallied the working class and was bitterly fought by industry. De Man differentiates between reforms of partition and reforms of structure. The former were the kind successfully fought for during the last half-century of the Socialist movement. They involved a redistribution of the national income which it is futile to demand in a period of decreasing national income such as the present. On the other hand, reforms of structure achieve the same ends by changing the national economy in such a way as again to increase the national income. The contention of De Man and his followers is that a planned economy achieved through the socialization of credit and basic monopoly industry, plus the control the state already has over fiscal and wage policies, exports and imports, will enable the adaptation of production to consumption, the reabsorption of workers, and an increase in the volume of internal business in Belgium by over 50 per cent within three years.

Socialist parties have from their beginning paid lip-service to the notion of complete and blanket socialization. But these parties have never set about to introduce structural changes in capitalism, in other words, to socialize. The Socialist state became, like the City of God, a remote unrealizable idea, while the movement accommodated itself to the exigencies of a capitalist world. The plans again give meaning and vitality to the Socialist section of the program by subordinating everything else to an effort to capture the key positions of modern capitalism, credit and monopoly.

The Mixed Economy

The objectives of the various plans may be stated as follows: (1) immediate transfer to Socialist control of the key positions of capitalist society over a wide enough field to enable Socialist policy to control all major industries and services; (2) the maintenance of capitalist industries under orders dictated by the requirements of a nation-wide Socialist economic plan. Such a scheme envisions the existence side by side of capitalist and Socialist sectors of industry. In the first place, the plans assure the person who combines ownership and use, such as the small farmer, the shopkeeper, and the artisan, of the inviolability of his property. In the second place, the plans do not propose to socialize those manifold industries in which the highest productivity and cheapness is still best assured by the checks and balances inherent in competition. This notion of a mixed economy has been incorporated in all the plans in the hope that it will bring new middle-class allies to the proletariat. The plans, and especially the idea of mixed economy, have already been attacked by the Comintern as Social Democracy's latest fraud upon the workers, designed at this particular time to dam the "great" flow of Socialists to the Comintern. However, it should be pointed out that mixed economy is but an adaptation of Lenin's N. E. P.

Books, Drama, Films

Remembrance of Proust

Remembrance of Things Past. By Marcel Proust. With an Introduction by Joseph Wood Krutch. Random House. Four Volumes. $12.50.

THIS reprint in four durable volumes of the great novel which it took three American publishers ten years to issue in eleven volumes is only the first of many monuments which will be erected to the memory of Marcel Proust. The angel Time with whom Proust wrestled can be counted on, I think, to recognize a worthy foe and to deal handsomely with him. Yet enough years have elapsed since his death, and since the publication in this country of "Swann's Way," to make some sort of perspective possible and to put some meaning into a question which could scarcely have been asked twelve years ago: namely, *how* great is Proust, or if one prefers, *how* long will he last?

Not quite forever, I should say. It suddenly occurs to me, now that the work has receded some years into my own past, that it is indeed past; and I find it strangely possible to imagine a future age when it will have little of the fascination and the reality which it has had for me and which it will continue to have, of course, for a great many readers still to come.

In the long run it may appear to have been unfortunate that Proust was so entirely occupied with Time, since Time in all probability takes a particular pleasure in defeating those writers who give him the Lie Direct, who wrestle with him and for the moment seem to win. Proust already seems to me to have lost something by the match. Time, even while he wrestles, wears a veil, and not a few shreds of that impalpable but obscuring fabric cling here and there to "Remembrance of Things Past." Proust set out, he says, to recover a world which Time had begun to obliterate. But in process of doing so he came to understand his enemy too well—exactly how well Mr. Krutch's compact and beautiful introduction to this edition makes very clear. He advanced so far into Time's territory, and maneuvered there so long, that he came back with patches of mist and mildew on him; he had accommodated himself to clouds. Another masterpiece of our day, Mann's "Magic Mountain," suffers a little from the same malady. Neither Proust nor Mann will seem in another century, I think, to have gained anything by being so subtle concerning the theme of Time. Rather they will seem to have lost, to have been in a measure submerged; and this has not happened, so far as I know, to certain masters of narrative—Homer, Fielding, and Tolstoy—who wrote ever so less subtly and self-consciously, who had no theories about our common enemy, who hardly glanced at him, indeed, as they moved down the main highway of experience, but who were indubitably much greater men.

Proust was a very wonderful man in his way, but he was also very small, and I fear that this will be another count against him. He, like his hero, was preposterously, insufferably, spoiled; and while a thoroughly spoiled person may be wise sometimes almost beyond license, may see a million things which others do not see, he can seldom be credited with that kind of knowledge—not a knowledge of the nerves merely—which in the greatest books seems to carry the whole world on its shoulders. Mr. Krutch is right in saying that Proust gives us *a* world. But Proust does not give us *the* world. It is perhaps significant that Combray, Balbec, and Paris are presented to us through a hero who spends most of his time in bed, with three women—his mother, his grandmother, and Françoise—always there to caress him and indulge him, to kiss him goodnight, to draw his curtains in the morning, to roast him a delicious fowl when he is hungry, and to tiptoe out of hearing when he wants to think. Even as the lover of Albertine he keeps to his bed—not theirs but his—and receives her according to whatever mood dominates him by chance. It is undeniably *a* world which we perceive past his pillows; it is a world which he knows and can discuss with marvelous minuteness, and it is one from which we can learn a great deal, for not the least of Proust's glories is that his book abounds with observations that are absolutely true as far as they go. It is obviously, however, not *the* world. To the objection that there is no such place I would simply answer that there is a kind of novelist who makes us think there is. To the objection that no other modern novelist has done this I would make no answer, for it is true; as it is true that Proust is clearly the best of all modern novelists. Why our vision has ceased to be complete—well, that is another question, not to be confused with the question whether completeness is not better than incompleteness.

Even Proust's people are incomplete. They are consistent, they are differentiated from one another with an unexampled delicacy, and they have their fascination. But the illusion is not of bones and blood. They are the most perfectly fashioned dolls in fiction, but they are dolls. I find this true not only of Albertine and Saint-Loup, both of whom, despite the attention lavished upon them, are failures in characterization, but of the famous successes—M. de Charlus, Swann, Odette, the Duchesse de Guermantes, M. de Norpois, the Marquise de Villeparisis, Françoise, and Marcel's grandmother. It is not that these people are thinly characterized; it is that they in themselves are thin—are not quite big enough somehow for one of the most skilful novelists ever born to have been forced to exercise his fine brain and his almost perfect art upon. They are not to be loved or feared; they are merely to be admired as creations—which is not what we say of Odysseus, Squire Western, and Pierre Bezúkhov.

This minority report is probably premature and very likely wrong. But it is all that one devoted reader of Proust, remembering him after several years, could find to say. To that reader "Remembrance of Things Past" appears now, in a word, both wonderful and trivial, both mammoth and minor.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Twilight of the New Deal

America's Hour of Decision. By Glenn Frank. Whittlesey House. $2.50.

New Frontiers. By Henry Wallace. Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.

The New Democracy. By Harold L. Ickes. W. W. Norton and Company. $1.50.

The New Deal in Action. By Schuyler C. Wallace. Harper and Brothers. $2.

Beyond the New Deal. By David Lawrence. Whittlesey House. $2.50.

IT is a fact well known to students of medieval history that the papal pretensions to power and glory reached their climax on the eve of the collapse of the supremacy of the medieval church. Perhaps a simpler illustration of this mental mechanism is that of a boy whistling in the dark to keep up his courage. Similarly, the apostles of the New Deal appear most vocal and confident at the moment in which it is going on the rocks.

It may seem strange to make such a statement as this on the heels of an election which gave Mr. Roosevelt an apparent vote of confidence unprecedented in American history. Unfortunately, however, the splendor of his political triumph is only exceeded by the abysmal failure of his economic program to date. Only a few days before the election John T. Flynn, probably the most competent and unbiased writer on current economic problems in America, exposed with great clarity and convincingness in *Common Sense* the economic bankruptcy of the New Deal, with only inflation standing between it and an ignominious termination.

Glenn Frank, of course, is not a professional New Dealer. Rather he is a professional liberal of the new school, and perhaps the most talented word painter and phrase architect of the whole group. The essence of his book is the familiar liberal theme that the world is in a bad way and that we must reform or face revolution. If liberalism still has any virtues, Mr. Frank's book is probably better calculated to win converts for the cause than any other publication of recent months.

The liberal philosophy, unfortunately, rests upon the assumption that the capitalist leopard will change its spots. For such a hope, however, the evidence becomes daily less voluminous and convincing. This contradiction is extremely apparent in Mr. Frank's book. In one place he points out that private initiative in American business has been so stupid as to make it seem as though it is literally determined to commit suicide. Yet a few pages farther on he expresses himself as believing that under this same private enterprise "the United States has the chance to evolve a sounder relation between politics and economics than either the communism or fascism of the hour can possibly achieve." Just why the devil of private enterprise of pre-1929 vintage can be expected to become the economic savior in 1934 Mr. Frank nowhere takes the trouble to explain.

Specifically, Mr. Frank's remedy is to appeal to the intelligent self-interest of the masters of American finance and industry. If our financial and industrial overlords were capable of intelligent self-interest, any such appeal would be unnecessary. Enlightened selfishness could save American capitalism for a generation. It is the absence of such a quality which has brought us into our present mess. Finance is busily devoted to destroying industry, and industry with equal stupidity is throttling and impoverishing the salaried classes, laborers, and farmers who must buy the product of industry if capitalism is to survive.

Secretary Wallace's book has been described as "the gospel of the New Deal." It is certainly the finest sermon which has emerged from the Roosevelt Administration, not even excepting the best speeches of the President himself. Indeed, it is probably the best piece of liberal idealizing since Woodrow Wilson's "The New Freedom." It is literally an inspired argument for the necessity of the new attitude toward economic problems, and, in particular, a splendid analysis of the depression of American agricultural life under finance capitalism.

Much as one may admire Mr. Wallace's spirit, one can hardly overlook the notorious absurdities which have pervaded the Department of Agriculture under his administration. We have witnessed the restriction of food production at a time when tens of millions of Americans are hungry and when other tens of millions cannot afford a normal diet. In their recent important book on "America's Capacity to Consume," Messrs. Leven, Moulton, and Warburton have pointed out that even in 1929 three-fourths of the non-rural American families did not have enough income "to provide an adequate diet at moderate cost," while nine-tenths of the non-rural population lacked the income to be able to provide themselves with a liberal diet. A man of Mr. Wallace's high-mindedness should have resigned rather than allow his name to be tarnished by association with such a policy as the limitation of the production of foodstuffs, and it is especially to be regretted that he presumes to defend it in his book. His well-known argument for lower tariffs is only an escape mechanism and an evasion. He is sufficiently intelligent and well informed to know that the only real answer to the farm problem is greater industrial employment and higher wages and salaries.

Mr. Wallace's colleague, Secretary Ickes, is somewhat less emotional and "spiritual," but his book provides just as effective an argument for a new dispensation in American economic life. He is excellent in his denunciation of the pirates and bourbons who were responsible for the collapse of 1929 and yet wish to drag us back under the dominion of the same ideas and policies which then wrecked the country. He is rather weaker when he tries to draw a lengthy distinction between "sound individualism" and "rugged individualism." It is high time that the whole conception of economic individualism should be abandoned. Mr. Ickes himself knows that there is no such thing as "good" individualism in this field, any more than there can be a good cancer or good cholera.

He tells us that the whole philosophy of the Roosevelt Administration is based upon "the greatest good for the greatest number." Farther on, he writes:

> In all the planning and coordinating that the government is doing and may do, it should be understood that the interests of no one group are being considered above those of others. Planning will be in behalf of the so-called working classes and of the industrialists, in the interest of the farmers and of the financiers, but for none to the exclusion of the others.

If Mr. Ickes really believes this he should take a vacation and give himself a chance to size up the whole situation. He has intelligence enough to make it probable that he would return with a rather different impression. The fact is that, whatever the intent, the Roosevelt policies have actually favored the "rich and the well-born" as definitely as did those of Mr. Hoover. The difference is that Mr. Roosevelt has been much more clever in the art of political deception. Indeed, he may have been so clever that he has actually deceived himself. The farmers have been thrown a certain trivial sop, which has been more than eaten up by the increase of industrial prices and the decrease in the purchasing power of labor. The rest of the important Administration policies have been a surrender to finance and business all along the line, with the consumer interests, especially, ignored or sacrificed. The most charitable interpretation of Mr. Ickes is that he is an honest man whose proverbial industriousness has led to such an absorption in his job that he has been unable to see the New Deal in its true perspective.

Professor Wallace has written what is easily the best introductory description of the machinery of the New Deal. But if the book is an ideal description of the statics of the New Deal, not so much can be said for it as an analysis of its dynamics. The degree to which it falls down as a description of the New Deal "in action" can be discerned from the following paragraph:

> These, then, were the primary objectives of the National Industrial Recovery Act: the spreading of work among the adult unemployed through the elimination of child labor and a radical reduction of working hours; increasing the purchasing power of the masses through the establishment of minimum wages; the stimulation of labor-union organizations; the abolition of unfair competition among business men; and the introduction of at least a modicum of planning into industry.

A realistic account of the New Deal "in action" would have to point out that the Recovery Act has only very slightly increased employment; that it has secured very little in the way of a sweeping reduction of working hours; that the purchasing power of the masses has actually been lessened through the fact that prices have risen more rapidly than wages; that labor unionism has been reprehensibly betrayed, most notably of all by the "Assistant-President," Mr. Richberg himself; that unfair

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competition among business men has been increased in many ways as the result of the growing dominion of big business and monopoly at the expense of the small business man; and that the whole NRA is a surrender of American business to business control rather than a real establishment of economic planning under government control.

In spite of all this, a fair-minded man is likely to have a warm and genial feeling for Secretaries Wallace and Ickes before he reads very far in David Lawrence's sophisticated apology for the Morgan-Mellon system. The cornerstone of Mr. Lawrence's economic and political philosophy is the primary importance of vested wealth and the absolute security of private property. No type of reform should be permitted which in any way is likely to place these in jeopardy. Heavy and just taxation of great fortunes he brands as "the path of national suicide." There is a long and passionate polemic in behalf of the return to the gold standard, and there is a touching tribute to the sanctity of the Constitution. Mr. Lawrence will sanction some lowering of tariff walls but no flirtation with free trade. He relies for recovery in part upon the prospect of a rapid increase in American population, but he apparently has overlooked the work of the majority of the students of population in the last decade, who have shown that there is every probability that the American population will become stationary within less than fifty years and at a point not notably above our present population.

The New Deal is certainly near the end of its rope, with a possible inflation maneuver as its last resource. But this is something quite different from saying that Mr. Roosevelt has proved, or necessarily will prove, a failure. He may get wise to himself, get better advisers, and give us a "new deck" instead of a New Deal, which, as Henry Pratt Fairchild has pointed out, is the only hope of saving anything like the present American economic and social order—which means the only hope of ultimate success and historical vindication for Mr. Roosevelt. If he ever does take his own words at their face value and resolutely goes in for "the greatest good for the greatest number," his success will be as rapid and striking as has been the débâcle of the New Deal during the last eighteen months. And if he wishes a new Bible, we can think of nothing better to suggest than the above-mentioned work on "America's Capacity to Consume."

Capitalism never can work unless goods can be sold, and goods never can be sold in sufficient quantities unless the mass of Americans have the money to buy them with. This is an elementary truism which any clever teacher could put over in a kindergarten. It is not too much to ask that it should some day permeate our halls of statecraft.

Harry Elmer Barnes

Jews in the U. S. S. R.

Where the Ghetto Ends: Jews in Soviet Russia. By Leon Dennen. Alfred King. $2.50.

LEON DENNEN, born in America, was brought up in Russia. He returned to this country when he was nineteen. Then, almost ten years later (1932-33), he went back to Russia, a new Russia, and traveled through it as a member of the staff of the Moscow *Daily News*. The life and place of the Jews under the Soviets were his primary concern, and the result of his travels is an interesting and very readable book.

He gives an account of his memories of oppression under the Czar and draws a picture, clear and sympathetic, of the regeneration in New Russia as it affects his race. He says that although the Jews as a whole had little to do with creating the revolution, they joined in it whole-heartedly afterward. Under Kerensky's regime Jews were allowed to work in factories and there they were inoculated with Communist ideals; Mr. Dennen traces, through short case histories, the Jews' new consciousness and outlook from then on.

He went to the Crimea, where 29,000 Jews, most of them Ghetto Jews, form a vast collective, living a hard and hardy life on the soil. This, to my mind, is the best part of the book, which is well written throughout. Here are vivid little stories of young and old, who have a healthy, purposeful enthusiasm and whose future, firmly linked with that of the U. S. S. R., appears vastly brighter than that of the Jews in Western Europe, to whom Mr. Dennen devotes his concluding chapters. "The path of the Jews under the Soviet regime," he says, "is straightforward and clear. It is the path of all Soviet citizens. . . . In the Soviet scheme of things the Jew is primarily a worker, farmer, artist, or poet."

There are brief chapters on the new Jewish woman in Russia, on old Jews in the Moscow synagogue, on young Jewish workers in Soviet industries, on the contribution of the Jews to Soviet literature and the theater, and on the future of the Jewish republic within the Soviet system. At the end of the book are thirty-two pages of reproductions of excellent photographs.

One criticism that I have of the book is that there is not enough of it. I have a feeling that it should have been twice as long as it is, and it is somewhat lacking in integration and depth. But it is a very worth-while volume which should be read by Jews and non-Jews alike.

Louis Adamic

Trevelyan's England

Anne of England. By M. R. Hopkinson. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

England Under Queen Anne: The Peace and the Protestant Succession. G. M. Trevelyan. Longmans, Green and Company. $6.50.

EVERY historian has a purpose, and the myth of a "scientific" history means merely that in the pursuit of it he should not falsify facts or misquote documents. Mrs. Hopkinson's purpose is relatively harmless; she wishes merely to prove that Queen Anne was more intelligent and less easily dominated than has usually been supposed. This she fails to accomplish, since she is sufficiently honest to narrate facts which do not corroborate her own rather sentimental comments. She writes very clumsily, but her extensive quotations from contemporary letters and memoirists are often of considerable interest.

Professor Trevelyan is a more formidable person. Inheriting the Whig traditions both of his own family and of the Macaulays, he has set himself to find historical corroboration for the principles of English liberalism. His three-volume history of the reign of Anne, of which "The Peace and the Protestant Succession" is the final instalment, is intended to illustrate the English genius for tolerance and compromise, in contrast—as he explains occasionally—to the fascist tendencies of less gifted races, and to show how that genius earned its appropriate reward in the victory over France. It displays all the industrious research and the charm of style for which he is famous, and will doubtless give to the majority of its readers the impression which its author intended it to convey. It would be tempting merely to dismiss it with the remark that Professor Trevelyan's conception of history is already as anachronistic as that of Bossuet or St. Augustine, but unfortunately the political repercussions of books of this kind cannot be ignored. Its most obvious feature is its extraordinary glorification of the

British army. Having chosen for his subject the most successful of all English wars, and for his hero the most successful of all English generals, Professor Trevelyan devotes no less than two-fifths of the entire work to a detailed narrative of the campaigns, fully illustrated with maps and plans. Certain members of the Trevelyan family have been prominent advocates of pacifism, but Professor Trevelyan, one must assume, approves of war as long as it is sufficiently glorious. As for the causes of all this carnage, one does hear, from time to time, of economic rivalries in America and in the East, but the center of the stage is always occupied by individual generals and statesmen who apparently represent not economic interests but political ideals; one is left with the impression that the main object of British policy was to claim the rewards which Providence had assigned to it and to vindicate eternal justice. The party conflicts which occupied the later years of the reign of Anne are treated in the same spirit. That the Whigs represented the mercantile interest and the Tories that of the landowners—a fact which neither party ever denied or wished to deny—Professor Trevelyan somewhat grudgingly admits; but for the most part the personages upon whom he lavishes his skill for character portrayal appear to be acting in an economic vacuum, peopled only by the myths of abstract political theory and by that guardian genius of the English race which sways all of them, Whig and Tory alike, to prefer the greatness of their country to personal ambition. Marlborough and Godolphin have been in their graves for two hundred years, but as long as labor governments have to be overthrown and colonies defended, the English ruling class, one realizes, will find it helpful to have them resuscitated.

H. B. PARKES

Shorter Notices

Collected Poems. By V. Sackville-West. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

Miss Sackville-West's long poem, The Land, is still her best poem, judging by the evidence of this volume. The shorter pieces in it, new or old, are scarcely better than Georgian trifles, but The Land has at least the advantage of an important and immemorial theme. If Miss Sackville-West has added little to what is already there, the reason may be simply that she is not a first-rate poet. It may also be, however, that she has compromised between Vergil, say, and Robert Frost. She prefixes some lines from the "Georgics" which Dryden has translated thus:

> Nor can I doubt what toil I must bestow,
> To raise my subject from a ground so low;
> And the mean matter, which my theme affords,
> To embellish with magnificence of words.

But that implies the grand style, and she has not adopted it. Neither has she been utterly colloquial and contemporary. The truth probably seemed to her to lie somewhere in between. If so, the poetry did not.

Dimitrov. A Biography. By Stella D. Blagoyeva. International Publishers. $1.25.

Of Gregori Dimitrov, the hero of the Reichstag-fire trial, much has been written. Of Dimitrov the man, of his mental, spiritual, and political development, this book gives us the first detailed and authentic description. For the world at large Dimitrov's existence began in the court at Leipzig. Yet he had been a well-known figure for years past in the revolutionary labor movement, a man whose courage and intelligence had won him respect and influence, especially among the Slavic races, and had made him a member of the executive committee of the Communist International. Unfortunately the author of this biography follows so slavishly the language and ideology of Communist Party literature, is so uncompromisingly the propagandist, that she fails to see behind her conception of Dimitrov as the "embodiment of the finest fighting qualities of those who are fighting for communism" the vibrant personality we learned to know and love from the contemporary reports and recent books on the Reichstag-fire episode. Her Dimitrov is the orthodox party man. The man who yearned over his comrades when they threatened to break beneath the browbeating attacks of the judges and the persecution, who understood them when they were weak and sympathized with them when they were discouraged—that Dimitrov eludes us in this one-sided portrayal. The full stenographic text of Dimitrov's great speech in court is a valuable addition to the volume.

The Art of Becoming a Mother: The Pregnant Woman. By Porter Brown. Eugenics Publishing Company. $2.

The purpose of this small book is a very worthy one—to give the pregnant woman a simple account of the process of child-bearing; the accomplishment is not too successful. The author does a great service in listing the misconceptions and superstitions about pregnancy which trouble even the intelligent mother. The detailed description of diet and medical problems will, however, only confuse the woman who may receive from her own physician instructions which, though similar in principle, may differ in application. The author would have done better to have limited himself entirely to a discussion of general principles which would have enabled the reader to understand the reasons for her physician's advice. The book contains so much of this confusing detail that the pregnant woman already under the care of a physician or clinic will have little use for it; the woman who is not under such care had better hurry and get a doctor.

Drama

The Heart of a Child

FOR two of its three acts "The Children's Hour" (Maxine Elliott Theater) is an unusually well-written play about one of the most vicious and hateful little girls ever known in literature or, I hope, in life. The darling of a doting grandmother, she has a genius far beyond her years for making everyone with whom she comes in contact miserable, and with the disinterested malice of an Iago she cajoles or threatens her way from one despicable triumph to another until she crowns her slighter achievements in the way of making other children wretched by the wreck of four adult lives. What is more, Florence McGee plays the role with such fiendish intensity that the spectator passes rapidly from the state where he is conscious of an overmastering desire personally to administer a beating, to the state where he is firmly convinced that capital punishment for children is an urgent social necessity.

So much for the first two acts, which end on a tense scene where the juvenile villain dramatically extricates herself from cross-questioning in an inquisition which is about to expose her, and once more wins her perverse success. Up to that point the play has not been pleasant but it has been powerful and increasingly gripping. There then follows a third act so strained, so improbable, and so thoroughly boring that the effect is almost completely destroyed, and one is left to wonder that anything so inept was ever allowed to reach production.

The situation is as follows: Mary Tilford, liar, cheat, and tyrant, has progressed in the art of trouble-making to the point where, in feigned innocence and terror, she has suggested a

Lesbian relationship between the two proprietors of her school. All the pupils are withdrawn by horrified parents, and the physician fiance of one of the proprietors undertakes to expose the plotter. He almost succeeds, but the demon, blackmailing a schoolfellow, gets direct though perjured testimony, and ruin falls. Now the whole of the dramatic interest is centered upon the perverse child, and the only real concern of the audience is with her. At this point, however, she completely disappears from the play, and the indescribably tedious last act concerns itself exclusively with the two teachers—one of whom loses her fiance while the other commits suicide. The wonder is, not merely that this last act seems forced, improbable, and monotonous with a deliberate forcing of the cumulative woe, but that the play could have been rehearsed without someone's becoming aware that the third act was simply not the real conclusion of the play as previously developed. The character unceremoniously dropped is incomparably the realest and most vivid person in the play, as well as dramatically the center of the action. Moreover, all the real tension has developed around her, and the solution of the play lies inevitably in her fate. Emotions might have been released in one way if she had finally been defeated; another effect might have been achieved if she had herself been shown in a final vicious triumph. But the actual last act is merely corollary to the main action and leaves the audience cheated as well as bored.

Only one explanation, I think, is possible. The play must have begun as the story of two girls wrongly accused of Lesbian love. In the writing, what was originally intended as merely a device to precipitate the situation developed into the principal action without the author's becoming fully aware of the fact. Hence this author never noticed that the last act was the last act of the play as originally conceived instead of being, as it should have been, the last act of the play as actually written. Something of the sort happens fairly frequently in the theater, and obvious as the result is, neither author nor director seems always to be aware of it. Nor is that the only reason why the defect is worth pointing out. If the public does not respond to "The Children's Hour" it will be accused of an indifference to truth, power, and intelligence. I suspect, however, that a sound last act would have done wonders for the chances of a play which ought to succeed. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

Effigy of a Lady

As an attempt to supply a cinematic equivalent for the marmoreal prose of Gustave Flaubert the version of "Madame Bovary" at the Acme is not a great success. The trouble is not the usual one of a lack of honesty or artistic taste on the part of those responsible for the translation. Jean Renoir, who directed the film, reminds us time and again that he is the son of the great impressionist painter by the fine sense of pictorial design revealed throughout. An indirect shot of Rudolfe dressing before a mirror makes excellent use of the Ver Meer device of perspective within perspective; another shot of Emma and Charles entering their home immediately after their marriage is as austere an evocation of a provincial French street as any canvas by Utrillo or Vlaminck. The one example of symbolism—the bowed head of a drunken Pierrot in the foreground of the last meeting between Emma and Léon—is so perfectly integrated with both the formal and emotional unity of the scene as to be inconspicuous in itself. The nineteenth-century bourgeois décor is right to the last piece of bric-a-brac on the mantel; and the costumes have the air of really belonging

The Rhythm Method of Natural Birth Control

At last! The bars are down! After publishing several hundred books on sexual hygiene, we are now able to issue a volume that goes carefully into the METHODS of birth control. Mark you, this book does not say we ought to have birth control, or that everybody should have access to birth control information—this book TELLS HOW TO PRACTISE BIRTH CONTROL.

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Enclosed please find $1, which is payment in full for a year's subscription to The American Freeman. You are to send me, in plain, sealed envelope, a copy of Joseph McCabe's latest scientific work, "THE RHYTHM METHOD OF NATURAL BIRTH CONTROL." There is to be no charge for this birth control book. (Remit by cash or postal money order. We accept unused U. S. postage stamps of small denominations. Add 10c to personal check for exchange. The book will be shipped CARRIAGE CHARGES PREPAID. Canada and foreign, $2 per year and free copy of this book.)

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Next Week in *The Nation*

H. L. MENCKEN

on

A Year of Repeal

☐ PLAYS ☐ LECTURES ☐

D'OYLY CARTE GILBERT & SULLIVAN OPERAS
FROM SAVOY THEATRE, LONDON
ENGAGEMENT ENDS SAT., DEC. 15—REPERTORY for last 3 WEEKS
Wed. Night and Thurs. (Thanksgiving) Mat. 2:45 and Night—"Trrial by Jury" and "H. M. S. PINAFORE." Fri. and Sat. Nights and Sat. Mat.—"THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD."
WEEK DEC. 3—Mon. and Tues. Nights "PATIENCE." Wed. Mat. and Night and Thurs. and Fri. Nights—"THE MIKADO." Sat. Mat. and Night "Princess Ida." Final Week Dec. 10—Mon. and Tues. Nights—"Cox and Box" and "The Pirates of Penzance." Wed. Mat. and Wed. and Thurs. Nights "Iolanthe." Fri. and Sat. Nights and Sat. Mat. The Gondoliers."
MARTIN BECK THEATRE 45th Street West of 8th Avenue

OPENS MONDAY, EVE., DEC. 10th, at 8:45
THEATRE UNION'S NEW PLAY
SAILORS of CATTARO
A SWEEPING DRAMA OF LIFE IN THE CREW'S QUARTERS OF A BATTLESHIP
CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE, 14th and 6th Ave.
Prices 30c to $1.50; no tax. Matinees Tues. and Sat. 2:45
For information on reduced rates for Benefit Theatre Parties call WAtkins 9-2050.

"Biggest and boldest drama of the year ★ ★ ★ ★."—*News.*
HERMAN SHUMLIN *presents*
The Children's Hour
A Play for Adults by LILLIAN HELLMAN
MAXINE ELLIOTT'S THEATRE WEST 39th STREET
Evenings 8:30—50c to $3. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:40—50c to $2.

SCOTT NEARING
Just returned from Europe
will lecture on
ITALY, GERMANY AND RUSSIA TODAY
Monday, Dec. 3, 8:15 P.M. Admission $1, 50c and 25c
Fifth Avenue Theatre, 28th Street and Broadway
Tickets at the Door or from
ROXANNA WELLS LECTURE BUREAU, 393 Seventh Avenue
Tel. CHickering 4-5344

3 LECTURES BY
GEORGE SOULE
Editor, "The New Republic"; author "The Coming American Revolution," etc.
at the Community Church Center, 550 West 110th St.
Tuesday evenings—8:15 o'clock Adm.: 25c to each lecture
Dec. 4—"The Pattern of Revolution."
Dec. 11—Revolutionary Signs in the U. S."
Dec. 18—"A Forecast of the Outcome."

☐ JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says ☐

BRITTLE HEAVEN. Vanderbilt Theater. Delightful performance by Dorothy Gish as Emily Dickinson.

D'OYLY CARTE OPERA COMPANY. Gilbert and Sullivan Operas. Martin Beck Theater. English company in the best performances of the familiar operas that you are likely ever to see.

L'AIGLON. Broadhurst Theater. Eva LeGallienne and Ethel Barrymore in an excellent production of Rostand's museum piece.

LIFE BEGINS AT 8:40. Winter Garden. A lively, talented, amusing show with several sketches above the average. The best of them is "Chin Up," which makes an English gentleman out of Bert Lahr. M.M.

MERRILY WE ROLL ALONG. Music Box. Ingenious, smooth, witty but rather mechanical drama about the youth of various successful men who meant when they were young to do really important things. Reveals the authors, Moss Hart and George Kaufman, in a mood rather more serious than usual.

THE FARMER TAKES A WIFE. Forty-Sixth St. Theater. Marc Connelly helps make a delightful play about life on the old Erie Canal. It's colorful, picturesque and amusing.

WITHIN THE GATES. National Theater. Sean O'Casey's modern miracle play with Lillian Gish. Received with rapturous applause to which mine was not added.

to the actors who wear them. As for the acting, it is not nearly so painful as the newspaper accounts had led one to believe. Pierre Renoir, in as thankless a role as any actor ever had, does not, it is true, succeed in making Charles Bovary any more interesting or acceptable than he was in the novel. The intrusting of the important role of Homais to that scarred veteran of the boulevards, Max Dearly, was quite definitely a mistake. But Valentine Tessier, it may be said, does correspond remarkably well to the image of Emma that exists in our imagination. Her Emma is, to be sure, a sometimes absurdly theatrical sort of person. But so also was the heroine of Flaubert's novel; and here perhaps we strike the essential difficulty in any effort to put her on the stage or screen. The whole point about Emma Bovary is that she was someone who confused life with the theater, living with acting. To present only the outward movements and actions of her career, therefore, is to give life at second remove—the theater imitating the theater. Her story becomes nothing more than a dramatic platitude about a country wife who has two lovers and comes to a bad end. What was necessary, of course, was that some equivalent be found for the elaborate texture of psychological fact with which Flaubert invested every slightest word and movement of his heroine. The lack of such an equivalent was most noticeable in the celebrated death scene, when the anointing by the priest of her eyes, her lips, her feet—"si rapides autrefois quand elle courait à l'assouvissance de ses désirs, et qui maintenant ne marcheraient plus"—recalls to Emma her whole past life. Such psychological equivalents are hard to achieve on the screen, but they can be achieved, and unless the effort is made, no screen rendition of a great work of fiction can be anything but the most lifeless skeleton of the original.

Although this column is disinclined to encourage the habit of repeating last year's musical comedies on the screen, it must be reported that "The Gay Divorcee" is very much better than most examples of its kind. The synchronization of sound with dance steps has improved to the extent that a first-rate dancing team like Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers is just about as good on the screen as on the stage. It is to this pair rather than to anything else in the production, however, that the crowds pouring into the Music Hall these days are paying their homage; and the musical comedy as a form of screen entertainment remains as flatly unremunerative as ever.

WILLIAM TROY

Contributors to This Issue

CRISPIAN CORCORAN is the pseudonym of an American newspaperman long resident in China.

HAROLD J. LASKI, of the faculty of the University of London, is the author of many authoritative works on political science. "Democracy in Crisis" is his most recent book.

JOHN K. NORTON is professor of educational administration at Teachers' College, Columbia University.

MARK VAN DOREN, well-known as poet and critic, has recently completed a novel, "The Transients," to be published this winter.

HARRY ELMER BARNES, author of numerous books on sociology and history, is on the editorial staff of the Scripps-Howard newspapers.

LOUIS ADAMIC, born in Jugoslavia, has described his own visit to his native land after many years in America in "The Native's Return."

H. B. PARKES, an Englishman living in the United States, is a member of the History Department of New York University.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

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IF MAYOR LAGUARDIA had spent his entire time in office looking for the worst possible tax, he could not have found one worse than the sales tax which he has imposed on the city of New York. Judged from any point of view, the sales tax is indefensible. It is clumsy, costly to administer, bureaucratic, and detrimental to legitimate business. The burden of the levy falls chiefly on those least able to pay it, both because this group constitutes the great bulk of the consumers and because the wealthy spend a comparatively small proportion of their income on consumers' goods. To say, as one alderman is reported to have said, that a part of the tax will be paid by non-residents of New York is to admit that it violates even further the principles of sound taxation. If the money is to be used for the relief of New York residents, there is no reason why the city—the wealthiest in the world—should attempt to shift the burden to outsiders. Of course no tax is popular, but any number have been suggested which would be better than the one imposed. The Citizens' Conference on Unemployment has formulated a program designed to raise from $50,000,000 to $70,000,000 by a levy on high incomes and business profits. While this would be sound, we believe a tax on luxuries to be even more defensible. Figures were forwarded to Mayor LaGuardia, for instance, showing that a very considerable sum could be raised by a graduated impost on all restaurant meals costing more than 50 cents. A tax on rents in excess of $75 a month would also yield a substantial income. Even ex-Mayor O'Brien's much-derided levy on automobiles was far more equitable than that devised by LaGuardia, who only a few months ago was emphatic in his denunciation of attempts to throw the burden of the depression on the poor.

FOR THE THIRD TIME Great Britain and the United States have made strong representations at Tokio against the oil monopoly recently established in Manchuria. From a legal standpoint these protests are undoubtedly in order. The two Anglo-Saxon countries are on strong ground when they reject Japan's pretense that Manchoukuo is an independent country. Nor can there be any doubt that Japan has deliberately violated the "open-door" principle contained in the Nine-Power Treaty. But it is both strange and disheartening that the State Department should not have taken a firm stand on this point until the profits of the Standard Oil Company were endangered. The hopeful aspect of the situation lies in the fact that on this issue as well as on that of naval disarmament the United States and Britain appear to be working more closely together than ever before, a development which Japanese diplomacy has sought above all else to prevent. If this cooperation can be maintained during the difficult year ahead, it is inconceivable that the Japanese will long persist in their present intransigent attitude.

LACKING a more substantial cause for gratification, the press has hailed the 36 per cent increase in the value of American exports for the first ten months of 1934 as indicating a "recovery of our international commerce." An analysis of the trade returns, however, will quickly dispel any such misapprehension. The chief gains have not been made in agricultural products, where our surpluses lie, but in motor cars and manufactured goods, where the advantage obtained by devaluation of the dollar has been most apparent. Even more serious is the fact that imports have shown practically no gain, apart from the rise in prices. Since the United States is a creditor country, the increased export surplus tends to throw our international balance of payments still farther out of adjustment and to intensify pressure on the debtor countries. For the past few months it has been the policy of the Administration to take the balance owed us in the form of gold and silver. But obviously this cannot be long continued without disastrous effect upon the countries depending on these metals as a basis for their currencies. It is a situation which in theory can be corrected by the reciprocal tariff negotiations now under way. Action will have to be prompt and courageous, however, to overcome the damage which has already been done by an ill-conceived monetary policy.

"WE SEE NO NEED for a code which would establish labor standards of fair competition. If such a code is imposed on us, we intend to disregard its provisions." Such in effect was the ultimatum flung at the NRA by spokesmen for the milk-distributing industry. The milk distributors take their stand with the tobacco manufacturers and the public utilities, whose codes, started through the administrative mill many months ago, have long been lost from sight. It is easy to understand why the employers in all three cases should be dead set against the idea of codification. The industries are already monopolies or quasi-monopolies and would gain nothing substantial through the privilege of dictating fair trade practices. Labor provisions—minimum wages, maximum hours, the guaranty on paper of collective bargaining—would be the only significant features of any code that might be forthcoming. Why become subject to labor standards, the employers reason, when the NRA can offer nothing in return? But to understand the motives which control the employers is hardly to excuse the NRA from adhering to the premises of its own logic: that recovery can most effectively be induced by shortening the work week and raising rates of pay per hour, per day, and per week. The President's licensing power lapsed last June after a life, exclusively theoretical, of one year, but Section 7-c of the Recovery Act is still effective. This section authorizes the President to impose codes limited in content to labor provisions in the event that the employers and employees of any industry fail to establish labor standards by mutual agreement. It is not too late even now to apply this provision to the defiant employers in the milk, tobacco, and power trusts.

THE SUCCESS of Soviet agrarian policy is confirmed by the announcement of Premier Molotov, on November 25, that the rationing of bread is to be discontinued on January 1, 1935. Since the initial days of the Five-Year Plan the sale of bread in the state and cooperative stores has been restricted in order to assure an adequate supply for industrial workers at a reasonable price. While the amount available for each individual has been generous according to American standards, the limitation to one to two pounds a day per person has proved extremely irksome to the majority of Russians. Nevertheless, even when the harvest was good, as in 1930 and 1933, the restrictions were maintained because of the necessity of building up reserves of grain and of exporting all available surpluses to pay for imported machinery. Now the emergency is past, according to Premier Molotov, and sufficient grain is on hand to provide for the needs of the Soviet population up to the 1935 harvest. He pointed out that grain deliveries and grain purchased by the state during the past year totaled more than 900,000,000 bushels, as compared with 390,000,000 controlled by the state in 1928 when the bread cards were introduced. Those who would interpret this step as an indication of a "trend toward capitalism" might well ponder Molotov's statement that 92 per cent of this grain came from collective and state farms, whereas 86 per cent had come from individual peasants as late as 1929. Similarly, the number of state and cooperative stores has increased from 123,000 in 1928, providing 22.5 per cent of the entire retail trade, to 283,000 in 1934, which provide for practically the entire retail trade. Despite temporary concessions to private trade—each hailed in the American press as the death knell of communism—it has actually been all but wiped out. If one wished to make invidious comparisons, one might also point out that in the Soviet Union the increased cost of bread is to be offset by a rise in wages—the second within a year.

THE HITLER GOVERNMENT has dismissed Professor Karl Barth from his post in the University of Bonn because he insisted on qualifying the oath of loyalty exacted of all university teachers. Barth, the leader of the neo-orthodox "dialectical" school of theology, has been a thorn in the flesh of the Nazis throughout the controversy between the church and the state. His little pamphlet "Theological Existence Today" was the trumpet call which, more than any other single influence, prompted church leaders to offer resistance to the totalitarian claims of the fascist state. The refusal of Karl Barth to sign the oath of loyalty without qualification, while hundreds of formerly liberal professors presumably offered no resistance to this final effort to "coordinate" them, is all the more striking in view of the age-old tendency of German theology to enjoin obedience to the state as a religious duty. In the entire current controversy the church has never presumed to criticize any of the policies of the Nazi state on moral or religious grounds. It has insisted only that the "brotherhood of blood" of a racial state must not be made authoritative in the religious community and that the state must not presume to regulate the internal affairs of the church. The church of Germany has thus restricted the sacred realm in which it holds itself supreme to the narrowest possible limits. The limits are so narrow, in fact, that the church has probably sunk to a lower level of authority and moral prestige in Germany than in any other nation of the Western world. Yet it would seem that the very minuteness of the spiritual territory which the church staked out for itself prompted it in the hour of crisis to defend its claims with the greater tenacity and courage, putting to shame groups with larger pretensions.

TWO DEVELOPMENTS this past week suggest that the suicidal tendency of the radical movement in this country to divide into minute fragments may have come to an end. The action of the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party in permitting a united front with the Communists in local branches, while timid and evasive of the real issue, is at least an advance on the party's previous attitude. This, together with the party's reaffirmation of the Declaration of Principles, indicates that the Socialist Party may yet free itself of reactionary leadership and play a significant role in American political life. At the same time we find that a fusion has taken place between the American Workers' Party and the Communist League (the Trotzky Opposition) to form a new group known as the Workers' Party of the United States. We hope that these two events will lead to the growth of a united labor movement in this country which will eschew the luxury of factional differences.

AS WE GO TO PRESS, word comes that the American Newspaper Guild has won its first important victory. The National Labor Board has not only taken jurisdiction in the case of Dean S. Jennings, chief rewrite man on Mr. Hearst's San Francisco *Call-Bulletin*, allegedly forced to resign for guild activities; it has ordered his reinstatement within ten days. This case will be discussed further next week. Meanwhile newspaper workers on the picket line in Newark, New Jersey, are getting some valuable experience in the motives, the technique, and the point of view of those who are driven to strike for better conditions. And when the forty-two editorial employees of the *Ledger* get back on the job they will have learned a great deal also about the tactics of employers whose workers have walked out. The strike was called against a publisher, Lucius Russell, who has a flagrant record of arbitrary hiring and firing, particularly since the rise of the guild. He has refused to deal with the guild as an independent organization. Since the strike began, Mr. Russell, like many another employer before him, has charged the guild with making demands it has not advanced; he has made much of protecting his "loyal" workers (they have rapidly diminished since the walkout started); but being a publisher, Mr. Russell's greatest concern has been for his freedom of speech. Despite repeated disavowals he maintains that the guild, through the grievance committee it has proposed, is trying to get editorial control. Needless to say, in his brave fight to maintain the integrity of his editorial policy he has not hesitated to misrepresent the guild and its activities in advertisements "edited" to fit his own point of view. Throughout the strike, the guild, by means of that ingenuity for which newspaper people are famous, has contrived to keep the town strike-conscious and also entertained. When the *Ledger* suspended publication, the unit issued free a lively newssheet of its own bearing the caption, "*Ledger* Fails You—Its Staff Doesn't." It has enlisted the sympathy of many news dealers who have boycotted the *Ledger*—at one point the circulation is said to have dropped from 34,000 to 5,000.

IN the correspondence columns of this issue, *The Nation* prints a communication from the International Labor Defense in answer to its editorial on the Scottsboro case in the issue of November 28. This letter makes several vague but unpleasant insinuations—such as that *The Nation* condones the attempt of the Alabama courts to railroad the Scottsboro defendants to the electric chair; it offers an exposition of Communist theory—which it has every right to do—with which *The Nation* does not agree and for which disagreement it has no apologies to offer; and it charges two errors of fact, one of them serious. (It really does not seem to matter much whether the I. L. D. tried to get rid of Mr. Leibowitz before he tried to get rid of the I. L. D., or vice versa.) The serious error is the sentence in *The Nation's* editorial which declared that "several hundred thousand dollars" had been raised in the Scottsboro defense. *The Nation* depended for this statement on a source which it considered reliable, one which, incidentally, had no direct connection with the case. The I. L. D. makes a contradictory declaration about the funds raised for the defense which appears in its letter referred to above; to last April, according to the letter, total collections amounted to $55,194; to date, the letter sets them "under $75,000." On October 11 the New York *Herald Tribune* on page 20 carried a news story in which "a representative of the I. L. D.," discussing the sums raised for the Scottsboro defendants, said: "The complete defense, including [mass] pressure, has certainly not cost more than $125,000." *The Nation* withdraws its remark that "several hundred thousand dollars" has been raised in the case. It does not know how much has been raised.

TOO LATE for the letter columns, *The Nation* has also received from Charles C. Burlingham a comment on its proposal for an impartial committee. Mr. Burlingham's letter follows:

> In your recent article on the Scottsboro case you suggest that a committee of lawyers should "go to Kilby Prison and take a final and impartial deposition from Norris and Patterson, designating their counsel." This suggestion does not seem to me very practical, especially while an application for certiorari is pending. No argument is permitted on such applications; the court passes on the papers filed, the practice being for each Justice individually to examine the petitions and briefs before the court grants or refuses the writ. The character, ability, and experience of Messrs. Pollak and Fraenkel give assurance that the moving papers are as complete and persuasive as possible.
>
> If Mr. Leibowitz or any other lawyer wishes to intervene, or claims the right to represent the defendants exclusively, he should apply to the Chief Justice, who will probably decide the question himself or refer it to the Clerk, a Master, or some other referee.
>
> It is certainly not to the interest of the defendants that there should be an unseemly contest between committees or lawyers as to who is entitled to represent them.

Mr. Burlingham's suggestion that the solution of the whole matter be left to the Supreme Court we wished to avoid if possible. It would mean, during the intervening months or weeks, while the Chief Justice or his referee was acting, that the defendants would be subjected to the pressure and uncertainty which they have endured so far, resulting in new and conflicting affidavits on an average of about once a week. *The Nation* has never questioned the competence of Mr. Pollak and Mr. Fraenkel to argue the appeal; but the question which lawyer legitimately represents the defendants remains in dispute, and we feel that it should be settled out of court if possible. In spite of Mr. Burlingham's letter, therefore, to which we have given the most respectful consideration, we reiterate our suggestion of a committee to settle the matter once for all, if this can be done. We are willing to consider any suggestions the I. L. D. may make for candidates to this committee; or to refer the discussion to any body which both the I. L. D. and Mr. Leibowitz can agree upon as impartial. *The Nation* takes no sides in this matter except the side of the defendants; it believes them entitled to the unchallenged services of the best possible counsel.

A FEW WEEKS AGO we made some irresponsible remarks about the theory that space is finite rather than infinite in extent. We have always resented the idea of being cabined and confined, and there seemed to us something slightly stuffy about a universe shut up within the bounds of a fourth-dimensional sphere. We have, however, just been reminded by the second and successful attempt to cast the 200-inch mirror for the projected telescope on Mount Palomar in California that space, though perhaps finite, is nevertheless large enough to be well ventilated. The new reflector, twice the diameter of that in the largest existing telescope, is expected to penetrate three times as far and to pick up nebulae 900,000,000 light-years away. Inasmuch as light travels some 500,000,000 miles in an hour, we haven't the space to set this distance down in miles, but it makes the universe at least something more than that nutshell which Hamlet regarded as the equivalent of infinite space.

A Social Plan for the United States

WE greet with enthusiasm the announcement made by Mary van Kleeck at the International Industrial Relations Institute that a group of technicians are already at work on a social-economic plan for raising the standard of living of the American people. The personnel of the new group has not been disclosed, but it is said to include experts from the fields of architecture, engineering, economics, education, and public health. The fact that the group is not working under the auspices of the government or any of the more conservative foundations, while it may be an embarrassment financially, is perhaps the best guaranty of independent and constructive thinking. Unhampered by the necessity of compromising with existing political and economic interests, it will have a free hand in determining the productive possibilities of the American economy and the goals for progressive political action. By focusing attention directly on the problem of improving standards of living, it should prove even more useful than the survey made by the Brookings Institution or that recently conducted by Harold Loeb.

While the I. R. I. group is not committed to any specific economic or political program at present, it begins, rightly we believe, by challenging the prevailing theory that our poverty is the result of abundance. Actually, of course, we are faced by a shortage rather than a surplus. The Department of Agriculture has estimated that if each person in the United States were to have a "liberal" diet, containing all the necessary elements of nutrition, it would be necessary to increase the 1929 production of milk by 53 per cent, of butter by 108 per cent, of leafy green and yellow vegetables by 79 per cent, of citrus fruits by 84 per cent, and of eggs by 43 per cent. Some additional production of lean meat is also indicated, though there could be a substantial decrease in the output of the cheaper starches and fats. To meet the full food requirements of the American people would require approximately 40,000,000 acres more than were utilized in 1933. Curiously enough, while the government itself was putting out the statistics showing this shortage, the Agricultural Adjustment Administration was engaged in a plan for a further reduction in acreage of precisely this amount—40,000,000 acres.

In the other spheres of our national economy the deficit of production is even more appalling. A large but unknown proportion of our houses are unfit for human habitation. This is true not only in the cities but also in mining communities, mill villages, and agricultural regions. To provide adequate housing for all the people of the United States within the next ten years would tax our vaunted productive resources to the limit, if indeed it could be done within that period. A serious shortage exists even in cotton textiles. But the deficiency is most critical, of course, in the development of education, public health, and the arts and sciences. In the face of an increase of 24 per cent in high-school enrolment in the past few years, the number of teachers and school administrators has actually decreased. Thousands of rural schools have been completely closed, and at least 2,000,000 children deprived of the education required by law. The inadequacy of medical care, even in times of prosperity, has become a national scandal. The Committee on the Costs of Medical Care showed that families having an income of less than $3,000 annually were obtaining less than half the medical attention they should receive, while preventive public-health service is almost non-existent. Similarly, the dearth of cultural and recreational opportunities for families of moderate income in this country would seem incredible to the modern Russian, German, or Scandinavian.

How long it would take, even under favorable political conditions, to increase production sufficiently to give the American people a "liberal" standard of living is, of course, difficult to determine. The I. R. I. research group believes that it would require a year to bring farm and industrial production back to the level of 1929. Assuming the plan in actual operation, at least three more years would be needed for exploration and research "to enable the collective group of workers, including scientists and technicians, to begin the period of expansion." The next six years would be devoted to expansion, but no prophecy is made as to how much progress might be expected in this time.

Preliminary indications of what this program would involve are available only with respect to agriculture. It is estimated that a mere beginning in the production of the necessary crops could be made during the one-year emergency period, and that at least three years would be necessary to increase the amount of milk so that it would be sufficient for the needs of a "liberal" diet. In the case of citrus fruits an even longer period might be required. Whether the increase in agricultural production would bring larger returns to the farmer depends of course on the correlation of the agricultural plan with that for increasing the productivity of industry. One of the most immediate needs of the agricultural population, particularly in the South, is adequate housing. Obviously this will require time, but it has been suggested that in the interval fabricated houses might be built on a temporary basis which would at least allow more comfort than is now possible. Even a longer period would probably elapse before educational and cultural needs could be fully met, although the employment of the present supply of idle teachers would go a long way toward remedying the existing deficit.

Lest fancy and enthusiasm take us too far astray, however, it is necessary to realize that more than lack of a plan stands between the United States and the type of society which the planners envision. Planning itself is not a panacea for the difficulties of the modern world. As a technique it possesses great potentialities, but there is no guaranty that it will be utilized for social ends. It may be used either to coordinate the activities of men in their common interest, or to tighten the strangle-hold of unscrupulous interests. In other words, the problem of power must be solved before true social planning can be brought into operation. But meanwhile much profitable exploratory work can be done, and if the planners can show us clearly enough the possibilities which lie before us, the problem of power should be easier of solution.

Security or War in Europe

THE past few weeks have found Pierre Laval taking up Barthou's unfinished program for the encirclement of the Third Reich. As a first step he has sought to persuade Warsaw and Berlin to reconsider their rejection of the proposed Eastern Locarno. In much the same language as that used by his predecessor, the French Foreign Minister has asked Germany, somewhat pointedly, whether it intends "to subscribe to or avoid [its] European duty." This duty, he hastened to add, lies in the preservation of existing frontiers. In his plea for a general non-aggression pact M. Laval has, of course, the full backing of the Soviet Union, which was among the first to suggest agreements of this type. He also has the support of the British government, which, although not directly involved, has instructed its diplomatic representatives to use their influence in favor of the project. Recent revelations of the strength of the German air force have undoubtedly sharpened Britain's interest. Despite the assistance of the other leading Powers, however, the French must look upon this renewed invitation to the Reich more as a means of embarrassing Hitler than as a serious attempt to win his acceptance. The *Führer* is placed in a position where to spurn a pact pledging mutual non-aggression will be construed as evidence of aggressive intent, but approval would involve repudiation of an important part of his avowed program. Under the circumstances the chances are overwhelming that Germany and Poland will both reject the proposal. Poland, while not allied with Germany, obviously neither desires nor dares to court Hitler's displeasure.

In case the Eastern Locarno collapses, M. Laval will have an additional incentive for pushing negotiations with Italy, where once more the outlook appears promising. Agreement is reported to have been reached already on the majority of the issues between the two countries, including Italy's claims in Libya and Tunis and the troublesome question of naval parity. In each case France appears to have given way at least in part to long-standing Italian grievances. Still unsettled, however, is the even more difficult problem of Italy's relationship to Austria. While France would naturally be inclined to support the Italian government in its self-appointed task of preserving Austrian independence, to pledge such backing would alienate the Little Entente, and thereby destroy the very foundations of the French security program. The situation has not been improved by the filing of the Jugoslav protest to the League of Nations charging the connivance of Hungary in the assassination of King Alexander. Immediately upon receiving news of the protest, Premier Gömbös of Hungary left for Austria on a "hunting trip," and it is expected that as a result of his prowess both Austria and Italy will support Hungary when the question comes up for discussion before the League. Until this difficulty is somehow bridged—and no one sees just how this can be done—the Franco-Italian agreement will remain uncompleted.

Meanwhile there is the question of the Saar, with the plebiscite now scarcely a month away. The agreement signed at Rome on December 3 by representatives of Germany and France will undoubtedly do much to relieve existing tension. Arrangements have been made which will enable Germany to pay for the mines without additional strain on its meager gold reserves, and in exchange for this concession the Reich has agreed to respect all rights acquired by the inhabitants of the Saar with respect to social insurance, and to refrain from discrimination on account of race, religion, or political belief. Yet encouraging though this agreement is, it can scarcely be said that all danger of conflict has passed. Certain details regarding the payments remain to be worked out, while other important points have been completely ignored. Although Germany is almost certain to obtain a majority in the Saar as a whole, what will happen in case part of the territory votes to remain under League control? Is it not still possible that France may feel called upon to suggest that the district be divided in order to carry out the "will" of the electorate? That France has not given up hope of influencing the poll was indicated, indeed, by Laval's repetition of the previous announcement that another opportunity will be given the Saar to vote on union with Germany in case it decides to retain League control in the forthcoming plebiscite.

Before this vote is taken, France will doubtless seek to make certain that the encirclement is complete on the East as well as on the West. Germany's refusal to join an Eastern Locarno would make an international understanding the more imperative. Whether this will take the form of a military agreement between France and the Soviet Union, as M. Archimbaud hinted, or merely the development of existing non-aggression pacts is an open question. Some arrangement for Soviet adherence to the original Locarno treaty in exchange for French support of an Eastern non-aggression pact appears most likely. While this step would differ from a pre-war alliance by being incorporated within the framework of the League peace machinery, it savors enough of the old Triple Entente to raise the question whether it would not in fact help to perpetuate the war system. Yet what alternative is there? If the situation is merely allowed to drift, the drift will inevitably be to war. Clearly there is no guaranty that a conflict can be avoided through dependence on international action, but the active cooperation of the two most powerful countries in Europe might at least postpone the débâcle long enough to give the forces of peace another opportunity to find some way of escape from the existing impasse.

Health Insurance

THE President's promise that legislation for compulsory health insurance will be pressed in the new Congress indicates how far and how fast we have traveled. Only two years ago this month the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care completed its now famous report. It was greeted with general public approval and with the unanimous and violent opposition of organized medicine. At the meeting called to make it public, advance proofs of Dr. Morris Fishbein's editorial in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* were distributed to the assembled newspapermen. Dr. Fishbein said that the committee's program would mean "the destruction of private practice," and that it was backed by forces "representing the great foundations, public-health officialdom, social theory—even socialism and communism—inciting to revolution"—surely one of the most surprising united fronts on record! Incredible though it now seems, the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care advocated, not compulsory insurance, but merely voluntary arrangements by groups of patients and doctors to meet the costs of medical and hospital care through small fixed annual payments by all who subscribed instead of in large and unexpected amounts by those who happened to be ill. Thereafter any attempts by the public to budget the cost of sickness were scornfully opposed as "socialized medicine" by this most bourbon of the professions. With the single exception of the Michigan State Medical Society, not one plan has been put forward officially by American physicians to protect the public from the economic hazards of illness—and themselves from the notorious insecurity of their own incomes.

Today Dr. Fishbein and his confreres are sitting on the sidelines watching a procession pass them by which they themselves should have led. They have painfully admitted the possibility that some degree of socialization is inevitable, but its form and manner of introduction are being determined by their old opponents. Two of the leading figures on the staff of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care—Edgar Sydenstricker and I. S. Falk—have been chosen by the President's Committee on Economic Security to prepare the official report on health insurance. When they began work two months ago it seemed likely that this subject would be left out of the Administration's program for social security. Although the President's original speech on security mentioned health insurance, Administration spokesmen had said less and less about it and more and more about unemployment insurance. Last June the American Medical Association passed a resolution declaring that "the immediate cost [of medical service] should be borne by the patient able to pay at the time the service was rendered"—a flat denial of the principle of insurance. Following this, individual members of the profession tried to convince the President and members of the Cabinet committee that the great majority of doctors were opposed to health insurance. The Administration's subsequent hesitation and hedging brought an unusual number of letters to the President and his advisers from influential laymen and a few doctors urging that health insurance be kept in the program. The President's latest statement to his advisory committee made it clear that it is still there, though perhaps not in quite as positive a form as many of us would like.

As a matter of fact, health insurance is the most immediately practicable and financially possible form of economic-security legislation. Sickness, because it is more predictable than unemployment, is more readily insurable. Then, too, health insurance calls for no great outlay of money. It would merely spread the costs of existing medical and hospital facilities thinly and evenly over the bulk of the population instead of placing the burden on the weakened shoulders of those who are ill at a time when they are least able to bear it. The arguments for immediate health-insurance legislation are unanswerable. Sickness comes like a thief in the night to all of us—employed or unemployed—and robs us of our security. That protection against this hazard should have been so long delayed in the United States is a shocking example of our social immaturity.

A Respectable Dramatist

EVERY newspaper reader now knows that Sir Arthur Pinero is dead at the age of seventy-nine, but it is doubtful whether one in twenty-five could have told you two weeks ago that he was still alive. For the twenty years between 1890 and 1910 he was probably the most famous dramatist writing in the English language, and one or two of his plays were treated by anthologists as though they were already classics. Yet except for a Players' Club revival of "Trelawny of the Wells" he has not been played in New York for ten years, and those who write or talk about the history of the modern drama remember him with difficulty. In its obituary notice the London *Times* treated him with the respect due to a literary man who had received a title, but it also damned him in a sentence whose mildness does not conceal its sting: "He possessed a remarkable gift of setting a spark to polite controversy, but when he shocked his countrymen he shocked them within the range of their pleasure."

Sir Arthur was stagestruck from youth, when he deserted his father's profession, the law, to become an actor, and he belonged to that large class of second-rate dramatists who write plays because they want to write plays rather than because there are any particular stories they want to tell or themes they want to develop. Between 1891 and 1912 he was the author of more than thirty-five pieces of various sorts, but he won his greatest fame with dramas like "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," in which the materials of the new "problem play" were watered down until today they could be digested by the most delicate stomach.

All pamphleteering tends of course to go out of fashion pretty rapidly. As that inveterate moralist Bernard Shaw once pointed out, a work of art dealing with morals is bound to age more rapidly than one dealing with the passions which change so much more slowly than moral ideas do. But Pinero chose to build upon sands by comparison with which our conception of morality is a rock. He chose, that is, to make his problems problems in convention instead of in morality. "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," for instance, deals with the female outcast to whose defense there rushes a gallant gentleman determined to reestablish her in respectable society. But Pinero never grasped the fact that such a woman was interesting to the more vigorous writers of his day for one of two reasons: either because they were interested in the psychology of the eternal harlot or because they saw in the social outcast a type of the rebellious modern woman. He, being too conventional to be moral, saw her only as the sentimental prostitute of the "Camille" tradition who desires nothing except respectability and who considers her marriage a failure because the curate refuses to call. Taking such a theme, Shaw or Ibsen would have made the problem center about the question whether or not it was worth while to try for the sake of love, or liberty, or honesty to get along without society's approval. Pinero never considered that problem because he never understood its bearing upon either conduct or art. For him convention was morality. His reward was to be successful while Shaw and Ibsen were still the exclusive possession of a few. His penalty was to be forgotten by a generation which learned from the two stronger men to make a distinction between righteousness and respectability.

Burlingame, Cal.

Issues and Men

Propaganda in the Movies

FROM the librarian of a public library in a sizable New England town comes the following letter:

> Do you know of any way in which an individual can make an effective protest against the military propaganda going on in the movies? I happened to see a film supposed to celebrate Armistice Day. It pictured various prosperous-looking men who were asked if, when we have another war, they would fight again. They were all World War veterans and a husky-looking lot, with the exception of one hospital group, and even there the reply was decidedly "Yes." The only one who declined was a miserable-looking creature who replied, "No, what the hell did I get out of it?" Following this display were pictures taken at West Point, obviously showing the brighter side of military training and accompanied by spirited music that would set one's feet marching. I suppose these films were shown throughout the country, and I wonder if there is any way of combating such suggestions to our growing youth.

I sympathize deeply with the writer. I do not go to the movies very often, but not in a year have I seen a newsreel which did not play up the military or the navy. I have never seen a Hearst movie yet that did not contain deliberate propaganda of this kind. The last time I went we were shown a fleet of submarines maneuvering on the Pacific Coast in preparation for the defense of the country, obviously from the wicked Japanese. I saw the worst piece of propaganda I have ever seen some two weeks ago when the pictures of three recent criminals, or alleged criminals, were shown. It was stated that all three of these men had been in jails or insane asylums, and the voice behind the films enunciated the theory that we were emptying our jails and insane asylums in order that their inmates might continue to commit horrible crimes. There was no explanation as to who stood behind this piece of propaganda. It was not news. It had no scientific background nor did it cite any authorities. It was actually a direct argument that if any man ever got into jail or into an insane asylum, he should never be released. I do not see how anything could have been more misleading or more brutal, or for that matter less practical. For of course, if all offenders were to be kept in jail for life lest they commit another crime, we could not begin to build penitentiaries fast enough, or insane asylums either.

How can we protest against outrages like these and the steady propaganda of the militarists? I do not see how the individual can do anything more than write his protest to the owners of the films and to the newspapers, and arrange mass-meetings to discuss the matter. I am as always opposed to censorship of any kind by any officials. The laws concerning obscenity are quite sufficient to protect us on that side, but when it comes to suppressing propaganda that my correspondent and I do not like, we have no more right to ask it than the militarists have the right to demand that our propaganda for peace shall be barred from the films. It may be replied that the imperialists and militarists and their friends control the movies and the radio, and our crowd do not. I cannot see that that is a convincing argument. It ought to stimulate us to try to get our material into the movies and on the radio. In the latter field particularly we should work to build up a chain which will some day give us liberal stations all over the country comparable to WEVD in this city, with its admirable readiness to serve all liberal, progressive, and humanitarian causes. I do not deny that the mind of the American people may be poisoned by an overwhelming propaganda for militarism, for war, and for all its concomitants before we can effectively counter, just as Hitler poisoned the minds of the German people and generally fooled the bulk of them. But as I have said, that is a risk we have to run, and not only in regard to militarism. We may soon find ourselves facing a tremendous fascist propaganda. There is perhaps a scintilla of truth in General Smedley Butler's charges that people are toying with the idea of starting a fascist movement in the United States. Lawrence Dennis is on the platform all the time urging the fascist cause and perhaps preparing himself to be the Sir Oswald Mosley of the United States.

We can only hope to defeat the fascists by vigilance and a convincing defense of our democratic institutions. If we cannot make that defense we shall pay the price. Similarly, in regard to peace and disarmament, I think that we are making steady progress despite all the discouragements and the activities of the admirals and generals, plus the Hearsts and their ilk. I believe that if you could win the confidence of those people they would admit to you that they are in a blue funk about the progress of the peace movement, and their sole hope is in Franklin Roosevelt's devotion to the fleet. Certainly no propaganda that they can put out can possibly offset the revelations of the Nye committee in regard to the activity of those "merchants of death," the munitions makers. I believe that the country is ready not only for the control of the munitions traffic by a world commission as proposed by our representatives at Geneva, but for some drastic legislation here at home. In this connection how gratifying it is to have Lammot du Pont's letter to Senator Nye! He is ready to have excess war profits eliminated and to do away with the international trade in arms, "if that is a desirable aim" (!). He is even ready for strict governmental control. Well, apparently Davy Crockett's coon is coming down from the tree.

I am afraid I haven't given much consolation or encouragement to my correspondent. We have very few means of making our protest heard in such matters, and those few are pretty generally known. Perhaps we might have a statute compelling those who put over a piece of outright propaganda to state who is behind it, but even there the difficulties of defining propaganda, and of drafting a statute which would not do more harm than good, are very great.

Oswald Garrison Villard

A Year of Legal Liquor

By H. L. MENCKEN

THE extraordinary thing about the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment is how little difference it has made. I know for a fact that the prohibition brethren looked for a gaudy saturnalia of boozing, very useful to their cause, and I suspect that many of the brewers, distillers, and vintners entertained the same beatific vision. But, as everyone knows, there has been nothing of the sort. On the contrary, the country has taken the change quietly, and if its habits have been modified at all it is in the direction of a greater abstemiousness. The cocktail is everywhere under competition from milder apéritifs, and there is so little call for strong beer that most of the brewers are holding their alcohol content at 3.6 per cent.

The demand for each and every variety of alcoholic beverage seems to be less than the supply. The new distilleries that were set up in haste following repeal are finding marketing a difficult problem, and many of them are already operating on part time. The wine dealers, whether they handle California wines or are importers, have larger stocks in hand than they can sell. And the brewers, always the whipping-boys of the booze business, go to bed at night hugging the clammy fact that the per capita consumption of malt liquors is still hardly more than a third of what it was in 1909-13.

It is not difficult to find reasons why the country has thus failed to go on the expected jamboree. One of the most obvious is a kind of reaction from the effects of prohibition itself. That the Eighteenth Amendment was a failure is now admitted by everyone, but let us not forget that in large areas it reduced the supply of strong drink materially, and that in all areas it made getting the stuff somewhat onerous and hazardous, and raised the price. Thus drinking became a pursuit that was at once exciting and expensive, and engaging in it was public notice that the practitioner was both a bold and saucy fellow, and one capable of what Thorstein Veblen used to call conspicuous waste.

If repeal had made drinking cheap and at the same time preserved something of its exhilarating naughtiness, there would have been a great rush of customers, and the melodramatic dreams of the prohibitionists might have come true. And if it had made drinking lawful but kept it very expensive, the same effect might have been produced. But what it actually achieved was a destruction of both motives for excess. At one stroke taking a drink became as banal an act as having one's shoes shined, and simultaneously the price dropped far enough to discourage the ostentatious without going far enough to inflame the thrifty. So the demand quickly settled down to parity with the actual national appetite, which turned out to be very moderate.

How did it become so moderate? Here again, it seems to me, we may seek a cause in the effects of prohibition. The kind of boozing that the Volstead Act fomented was so reckless and so plainly dangerous that it alarmed wets as well as drys, and they emerged from the nightmare in a prudent and even cautious mood. That mood is still upon them. There is a general sense of relief that the provocations of the thirteen dismal years are no more, and along with it goes a general inclination to deal with alcohol warily. Thus the very failure of prohibition helped to achieve one of its objects.

The present taxes on alcoholic beverages were fixed by politicians seeking money to spend, not by statesmen seeking the public welfare, and in more than one way they are arbitrary and absurd. Nevertheless, taking them together, there is a rough approximation to wisdom in them, for they have reduced the cost of drinks without making them too cheap. The chief defect in them is in the Liquor Taxing Act of January 11, 1934, which lays a tax of $5 a barrel on beer. In addition, there are State taxes in most of the States, and brewers and distributors have to pay heavy license fees, and to operate their establishments under rules which greatly augment the expense.

The net result is that the commoner varieties of lager beer, which used to go to the retailer at $7 or $8 a barrel, now cost him $12, and he is quite unable to serve a sizable schooner at a nickel. Inasmuch as millions of the votes against the Eighteenth Amendment were piled up on the promise that the old-time schooner would return, there would seem to be some deceit here, and the lowly have a just grievance against the Brain Trust. The more solvent have a grievance too, for the finer brands of American beer now sell at from $21 to $25 a barrel, and the half-liter mug that used to be 15 cents is now 25 or 30. The imported beers are drunk only by beer fanatics in the higher income-tax brackets, for they lie under a customs duty of $1 a gallon or $31 a barrel, and bring 50 cents a half-liter over the bar.

The American brewers hope to induce Congress to reduce the internal-revenue tax, and it seems probable that they will succeed. In the golden days before the war it was but $1 a barrel, and the national consumption was twenty gallons per capita. It was raised to $1.50 in 1914, to $3 in 1917, and to $6 in 1919. It dropped to $5 last January, but it is still too high to produce the maximum revenue. If it were reduced to $3 the five-cent schooner would come back, the national consumption would be doubled or tripled, and the Treasury would get many millions more from beer than it gets now.

Moreover, this increased consumption would tend to diminish the use of hard liquors. The present supply of the latter comes mainly from lawful distilleries, but there is still some bootlegging, and Joseph H. Choate, Jr., director of the Federal Alcohol Control Administration, has been breaking into the papers of late with plans to put it down. The sensible scheme would seem to be to reduce the tax on whiskey and its congeners to such a point that bootlegging will be made unprofitable, and yet keep it high enough to make hard liquors more expensive than light wines and beer. Whether or not it is possible mathematically to attain both objects remains to be seen.

The present internal-revenue tax on still wines—10 cents a gallon on those showing less than 14 per cent of alcohol by volume, 20 cents on those showing from 14 per cent to 21 per cent, and 40 cents on those above—is certainly not burdensome, but for other reasons the revival of the wine trade has languished. The chief of these reasons is that most of the American growers continue to imitate European wines and brands, instead of developing varieties of their own. Thus American wines strike most persons as bogus, or, at all events, as second-rate, and it will probably be a long while before we reach even the moderate pre-war consumption of 0.6 gallons per capita. As for foreign wines, the duty of $1.25 a gallon and the low purchasing power of the boloney dollar combine to put them out of reach of all save the relatively rich.

The prohibitionists got so dreadful a beating in 1932 that they have not yet recovered from it. Some of them, led by Deets Pickett, chief torpedo of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals, argue sadly that "the drink problem is now a problem in psychology," and that what is needed to solve it is a campaign of education. To this end they begin reassembling the somewhat frayed and dubious statistics that used to be their chief glory, and make efforts to arouse the evangelical churches. But the response seems to be poor, and they are very short of money.

Bishop James Cannon, Jr., takes a somewhat different line. He believes that the Eighteenth Amendment is out of the Constitution to stay, but he plans to tempt Congress with a new amendment giving it "power to enact uniform laws restricting or prohibiting the traffic in alcoholic beverages." This amendment, however, is not likely to make much progress, for its obvious effect would be to throw the liquor question into every Congressional campaign, and so provide life meal-tickets for demagogues on both sides. Whether or not the bishop still has any considerable following among his fellow-Wesleyans I don't know. Some time ago they exiled him to California, the Methodist Devil's Island, and in other ways showed a lamentable falling off of their old confidence in him. But at seventy he is still full of malicious animal magnetism, and it would be a mistake today, as it was in 1919, to underestimate his horse-power.

Most of the other eminent fuglemen of the dry millennium have turned to other branches of moral endeavor—for example, the crusade against lubricious movies, the Boy Scout movement, the New Deal, and the war against war. Others have simply retired to lick their wounds. Colonel Patrick H. Callahan of Louisville, the only Catholic prohibitionist ever exhibited before multitudes, has sought consolation in the Thomistic metaphysic, and almost alone among the apostolate, maintains his serenity. Some time ago he was arguing that prohibition was so nearly dead that in order to revive it some other name for it would have to be invented. But so far he has not suggested one.

The decision of a few States—for example, Kansas, Alabama, and North Carolina—to stay dry has heartened the drys a bit, but also spoiled some of their ammunition. They used to argue that if the Eighteenth Amendment were repealed these enclaves of virtue would be flooded with booze from the wet States. But nothing of the sort has happened. The simple truth is that the wet States are now more sober than they were before 1920, and that most of the really heavy and hoggish boozing is going on in the dry States.

The President vs. the President

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

Washington, December 3

WE are passing through one of our amazing periods of not knowing what is going to be the national policy. It is amazing because Washington is the best-reported capital in the world, and Washington correspondents stand head and shoulders above news gatherers in other countries. It is amazing, not because these correspondents do not find out, but because they cannot. Only one man in Washington could tell them, and he will do so when he is ready.

There is nothing new in this dependence on a single ultimate source of knowledge. It has been the procedure under the New Deal all along. All major decisions are made by the President. He is surrounded by a group of men who develop tentative policies, some tending in one direction, some in another. These are canalized into the White House, and ultimately the President chooses. He may accept one plan or another, or he may combine them. And while he is making up his mind, he will talk to some callers in one vein and to others in another. His callers believe he indicates a state of mind which they can interpret positively. Their interpretations are passed on to others, and get into print. But other callers make different interpretations which likewise get into print. The country is flooded with contradictions.

The news gatherers of Washington tap a wide range of confidential knowledge of what the President and his advisers are saying. Confidences are kept, but the deductions from them get published. Deduction is one of the tools of the journalist. He can read a tendency from the report of a conversation. He can read still more from a final decision on a secondary matter. Much of the time he is trying to answer the question everyone in the country is asking: Which way is the President going? When there is no change in the general direction, reporting here is a simple matter. In no other world capital are key men so accessible; nowhere else do they talk so frankly. The President sets the pace, and his advisers, with only a few exceptions, follow it, though not with his genius. But when a change is going to be made and still is to be clarified—perhaps even in the President's own mind—Washington reporting breaks down, and a whole continent is in doubt. There was such a time when the deflation of the NRA set in, and it lasted until after General Johnson was deposed. The reconciliation between the President and business began a new period of uncertainty. It promises to last at least until the President sends his message to Congress.

First hint of the change in direction by the Administration was the news of the dinners Professor Moley was having with business men in New York. It appeared to be confirmed by the President's treatment of Upton Sinclair during the campaign. The premonition appeared to turn into a fact at the bankers' convention in Washington. The President gave some indication to the bankers which led them to offer their cooperation, and induced the United States Chamber of Commerce to drop its badgering and opposition. The country thereupon was told that the President had "swung to the right." Just what this meant was variously explained. I know of two persons who understood from the President that he would swing back to the left after election. But business men accepted the change on its face value as indicating that the President was giving business a trial period during which he would not create uncertainties which might hamper the restoration of confidence.

But this reading was not clear for long. The "spenders" in the Administration had not been squelched. Secretary Ickes made no secret of his plans to ask vast sums for public works, including housing. The President was committed to end unemployment, and if business did not do it he was known to be ready to assume the task himself. He might even go to Congress in January and ask for authority to spend furiously at his own discretion. If this did not refute the reconciliation with business, it meant that business was on trial, and unless it cooperated, and effectively, the government was ready to take its place.

The Ickes-Moffett controversy brought the underlying contradiction into full daylight. Let no one imagine that Mr. Ickes was going against the President in proposing to build low-cost houses on government loans at 3 per cent. The President knew of the plan and tentatively approved it. Let no one imagine that Mr. Moffett supposed he was forced into public criticism of the plan just to call the President's attention to it. Mr. Moffett knew he was raising the bigger issue of the President versus the President.

No wonder that at this time business men began to ask what was real and what was imaginary in the announced reconciliation. Theodore Wallen in the New York *Herald Tribune* wrote: "The controversy over the Administration's recovery program has swung around to a point where it is up to the President to make the first move in the new 'understanding' he has reached with business and industry." Wallen conceived of the issue as between private and government spending. But it goes deeper. Business wants a moratorium on new-dealing. Thus for business men it was a bull point when the President was made to appear as having dropped old-age pensions from his social-security program for the next Congress. Conservative papers at once pointed to this as a concession to business. The President subsequently made it clear that he still wants this legislation.

For the present the President alone knows fully what the reconciliation with business means in terms of actual policy. Washington can only make conjectures. Some of these, however, are of substantial value. If it is true that the President assured the bankers he would not press now for a central bank, as is widely believed, he offset this by appointing Marriner Eccles governor of the Federal Reserve Board. The appointment caused grumbling, but was accepted with remarkably good grace. If the President has yielded on the central bank, he has conceded the shadow while gaining the reality of full government control of credit. Mr. Eccles is a "spender"; he believes there will be no trouble about raising all the money the government needs. With him at the helm the Federal Reserve Board becomes a government organ, if not institutionally, at least in a practical way. For months the President has aimed at getting a docile Reserve Board. Now he has it. From the standpoint of fundamental direction, the appointment of Mr. Eccles is one of the most significant steps the President has taken. Mr. Eccles is a left-winger in other matters than spending. He is a practical man, but his mind is not riveted down by tradition. He believes in social taxation. He believes in government initiative. He is not afraid to speculate even about the twilight of the profit motive in the modern world.

The rest of the data on which to judge the changes are characteristic of the Roosevelt method. Some items are concessions to business; some are continued new-dealing. Senator Thomas publicly advises his inflationists to "walk easy" for the present, saying there should be a waiting period for the results of "the President's mandate to business to improve conditions." Either Senator Thomas reads the facts by himself or he has been brought to heel. This cheering news for business is followed by authoritative announcement that the Administration will ask no new taxation. Restrictions on foreign-exchange operations are lifted. Donald Richberg makes speeches which send a chill down the spines of union leaders, and might mean that the Administration holds by minority representation in collective bargaining. The steel truce offer is urged on the A. F. of L. by the Administration.

But for each move in one direction there is one of an opposite trend. The Department of Justice comes to life and begins to prosecute the Houde case. Chairman Biddle of the Labor Relations Board begins action all along the line, obviously confident he will get enforcement through the help of the Attorney General. Social security is to be pressed in Congress both through unemployment insurance and old-age pensions; and there may be the beginnings of systematizing relief for dependent children, and even of health insurance. Miss Josephine Roche is named Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. The Ickes housing project is not vetoed. Harry Hopkins reaffirms the President's determination that every man shall be put to work. And the President himself, on the very day Chairman Farley pooh-poohs the possibility of his going to the left, speaks in the Tennessee Valley with the fervor of a crusader against the power interests. He follows this with publication of the Walsh report on the yardstick for power charges, and announces he will ask for ratification of the St. Lawrence treaty.

If this is a score sheet, business has not won the game. The final count nobody can know, for the scoring is not over. The truth is it will not be over as long as the President is in office. He conducts affairs in this way, with a concession to this pressure, a yielding to that, proceeding in a general direction of his own which marks him as a man of the left center. This has been said often but was doubted during the days of the bankers' convention. Now it emerges again as a useful gauge to measure the President himself. But it is not an altogether satisfactory one. In the matter of collective bargaining, for instance, is it "left center" to favor minority representation and the merit clause? Does the President still believe in them? I am told he has changed his mind, but I know that labor leaders are apprehensive. This is one of the chief issues which only time will clear up. Washington is a city of divine uncertainty, one reason perhaps why it is the most absorbing capital in the world.

War Germs in the Danube Basin

III. The Nationality Problem

By OSCAR JASZI

THE dissolution of the Hapsburg monarchy resulted primarily from its inability to solve the nationality problem. Though Austria ultimately rejected the policy of Germanization, the dominance of the German element in the state and in the cultural and economic life of the people was so great that the other nationality groups felt themselves to be second-rank citizens and were increasingly resentful of their subordinate position. This resentment was aggravated in the other half of the Dual Monarchy by the chauvinistic nationalism of Hungary, which tried to assimilate the non-Magyar peoples even though they constituted practically half of the population. When Austrian statesmen endeavored to direct the monarchy toward a new system of federalism, it was the Magyar half of the country which categorically repudiated the proposal.

All the lesser nationality groups resented bitterly the policy of German domination and Magyar forcible assimilation. After the war they were successful in convincing world opinion that their natural rights could be guaranteed only if the new states built on the ruins of the Hapsburg monarchy were created according to the principle of nationality. As a result the new Czecho-Slovak and Polish states were established, and the Rumanians and Jugoslavs obtained almost complete unification. But even if the present official figures are accepted as correct, every observer must recognize that the new states are not composed of one homogeneous nationality but rather of a ruling nationality with many other important national groups. The framers of the peace treaties acknowledged this situation and compelled the new states to sign the so-called "minority treaties," in which they accepted the solemn obligation to safeguard not only human rights, but also certain minimum political rights for the minorities in those countries. Unfortunately the stipulations of the treaties were extremely vague and left open the road to various interpretations. It was generally hoped that these new nations which had suffered for generations under artificial assimilation would introduce a new ideology and practice into the handling of the nationality problem.

Some changes have in fact taken place. Austria has adopted a broad-minded policy toward its Magyar and Jugoslav minorities. President Masaryk has always emphasized the equal rights of all the national groups in Czecho-Slovakia. The National Party of Mr. Maniu offered to allow cultural autonomy to the national minorities in Rumania, and later Octavian Goga, the well-known Rumanian politician and poet, made a liberal compromise with the Hungarian minority. These policies, however, were difficult to carry out. In many regions an impatient nationalism broke out which tried to take revenge against the "former oppressors." Furthermore, the new states felt themselves endangered by irredentist propaganda directed from Budapest; in the first period of the new era there was an exodus of the former Hungarian state and municipal officials which constituted a kind of sabotage against the new governments and aroused much animosity. Finally, the position of the victors was and is far more difficult than that of the Germans and Magyars in the old monarchy, who were mostly confronted with a populace of inferior culture, whereas now in many cases the Germans and Magyars who have become minority groups represent a higher stage of culture than their political rulers. Practices which were bearable to illiterate masses and primitive mountaineers are now felt as degrading by a population which has been for centuries in a position of political and cultural dominance.

For a time it was possible to be reasonably optimistic about the outcome. President Masaryk and his collaborators showed great comprehension in defending the German minority from crude outbursts of popular passion against them. The President founded a Hungarian Academy and laid a wreath on the tomb of the Hungarian poet Madach, the author of the "Tragedy of Man," who is buried in Slovakia. A law defining the linguistic rights of the minorities was put in operation. Care was taken that the minority deputies in parliament and the minority schools should correspond in number to the minority ratio in the population. Also in Rumania and Jugoslavia signs were not lacking to justify the expectation that the spirit of a broadening democracy would eliminate the remnants of the old spirit of nationalism.

Last summer when I visited the succession states after several years of absence, I found a situation which convinced me that the nationality problem is not solved and that the methods now followed are inadequate to bring about peaceful cooperation. Even in Czecho-Slovakia, where general conditions are far better than elsewhere and where the leading statesmen are decidedly hostile to a policy of artificial assimilation, one can observe a growing spirit of nationalism. One hears many complaints. It is charged, for example, that by a method of gerrymandering the unity of certain districts is destroyed in order that the minority nationality may not reach that 20 per cent of the population which, according to the law, is necessary for the enjoyment of certain privileges in public administration; that the number of persons in the minority groups is intentionally diminished in the census returns by the refusal to recognize assimilated Jews as Hungarians or Germans and by their classification as a distinct nationality; that the minority schools are often not adequately equipped or staffed and that in the state schools there is discrimination between the children of the "ruling nation" and those of the minorities.

The Czecho-Slovak leaders deny these charges. They declare that the national minorities are treated according to law and their ratio in the population, and that the cultural situation of the Czechs and the Slovaks was so bad under the old monarchy that the new state had to satisfy their needs first of all. Whatever the real facts in this situation may be, it is surely a vicious circle which only a betterment of economic conditions and a more favorable international atmosphere can rectify.

In Rumania the situation is more alarming. The Magyars complain that the administration and judiciary are carried on exclusively in Rumanian; that the Hungarian language is prohibited both in parliament and in the local assemblies; that some prefects do not allow the use of Hungarian city names in the newspapers; that the brutality of the gendarmerie makes public protests impossible. In the field of education it is charged that there is a growing tendency to weaken the Hungarian denominational schools; that in the so-called Hungarian sections of the Rumanian state schools an odious analysis of family names is carried on which excludes any child who has not a Magyar-sounding name or who is a Jew; that since the graduation examination is exclusively in Rumanian, not infrequently 70 per cent or more of the Hungarian students fail; that there is not a single Hungarian institution of higher learning—in the former famous University of Cluj (Kolozsvár) even Hungarian literature is taught in Rumanian. It is also said that agrarian reform was vitiated by an anti-minority bias; that Hungarian public servants are continually driven out of office on the pretext that they do not know the language of the state (it often happens that an older man must take a language examination six times); that especially in the railway and postal service most of the Hungarian officials and workers were dismissed, in many cases without pension; and that to comply with a recent law even private companies are obliged to employ Rumanians to at least 80 per cent. The list of complaints of the Germans in Rumania is perhaps less emotional but scarcely less extensive.

Leading Rumanians will either deny categorically most of these charges or at least substantially qualify them. They emphasize the immense growth of the Hungarian press in the new era. (There are at the present time 330 Hungarian newspapers in Transylvania, whereas in the Hungarian period there were only 50.) They lay stress on the remarkable rebirth of Hungarian literature in Transylvania, which is proudly recognized by Hungarian literary men. (In the last fifteen years, under Rumanian rule, more Hungarian books were printed than between 1867 and 1918.) They cite the fact that the Hungarian nobility in Transylvania were less severely expropriated than the *bojars* (the Rumanian upper class) in the Regat. They produce statistics showing that the existing Hungarian schools not only correspond to the Hungarian ratio in the population but surpass it. It would be unfair to pronounce a final judgment in this dispute. But even if one dismisses the greater part of the complaints as exaggerated or untrue, there yet remains a residue which fully explains the general despair and indignation.

In Jugoslavia the picture is even darker since public opinion has no outlet whatever under the dictatorship and there is no possibility for complaints which might be followed by remedies. The Hungarian Party and all cultural associations have been dissolved, and the government has designated as the Hungarian leader a young man who has no other qualification than his monocle. This official leader expresses on every occasion the enthusiastic gratitude of the Hungarian minority toward their benefactors, while exaggerated stories of ruling-class brutality circulate among the masses.

To estimate all these controversies justly is very difficult. In Hungary in the old days I was sometimes startled by the conviction of those who administered the system most cruelly that in no country did the minority groups have such a privileged position as in Hungary. They were touched by their own generosity toward the alien nationalities. Moreover, the war psychology which poisons the atmosphere of Central Europe distorts the entire situation. When Professor R. W. Seton-Watson in the last decades of the Hapsburg monarchy described the pathetic situation of the Slovaks, Rumanians, and Jugoslavs, he rendered a great service to those who seek the truth as the necessary preliminary of all serious work for peace. It would be extremely helpful if he would continue his great work and with his careful methods show how much is true and how much untrue in the complaints of the minorities in Rumania and Jugoslavia. He is perhaps the only man whose judgments would be accepted not only by foreign students but also by the Rumanians and Jugoslavs, who regard him almost as one of the founders of their state.

The causes of the tension, which no honest man can deny is increasing, I should describe as follows: (1) Post-war nationalism has become deeper and more extensive. Whereas before the war the nationality struggle was practically confined to the middle classes, it has now become a popular movement. Moreover, the former subject peoples have developed a vast middle class and the peasant masses have become a factor in the new states. The struggle is now not only for influential jobs, as in the past, but even for the position of a railway conductor or a custom guard. ((2) As the situation of the intellectual proletariat has become desperate, nationalist ideology has become increasingly an excellent pretext for excluding the intelligentsia of the minorities from as many jobs as possible. (3) There are thousands of persons, perhaps even a hundred thousand, whose citizenship is not yet determined and who live under the constant fear of expulsion. Applications for passports are severely and often unscrupulously handled. Not only are arrears in the payment of taxes regarded as sufficient cause for refusing a passport, but not infrequently political considerations, the suspicion of "irredentism," make the document unattainable. What this signifies for thousands of persons whose parents, children, or relatives live beyond the frontier a happy Anglo-Saxon will scarcely understand. I know a case where the government refused to give a Hungarian opposition leader a passport for his sick child, who bitterly needed the help of a well-known surgeon in Germany. (4) The ardor of Hungarian revisionism with its vagueness and emotionalism irritates the new states. Practically all or most of the press of Hungary is shut out because it treats the new rulers as intruders or robbers.

When I complained to a sincere leader of Rumanian democracy about the fate of the poor Hungarian railwaymen and postmen who are summarily dismissed on the pretense of their failure in "language examinations," his answer was: "Well, do you think we like such practices? But what is to be done? Every child knows that the present Hungarian government, pretending to desire peaceful revision, is continually preparing for war; the greater part of the Hungarian minority is emotionally under the sway of this propaganda. Are you demanding from us that we should engage spies against ourselves on the most important points of railway, post, and telephone communication, who at the first call would sabotage for the benefit of our enemies?"

The appalling truth is that all these new nations are living in a state of mental and moral mobilization, and the Hungarian minority is more and more regarded as a hostage in this preparatory war.

[*This is the third of a series of articles by Dr. Jaszi on the economic and political problems of the succession states. A fourth will appear in the issue of December 26.*]

Revolt in Canadian Politics

By FRANK H. UNDERHILL

THE Cooperative Commonwealth Federation of Canada was born at a convention held in Calgary in August, 1932, and attended by farmer and labor groups from the four western provinces. J. S. Woodsworth was elected leader of the new movement; a federal set-up was agreed upon which enabled the constituent farmer and labor bodies in each province to retain their local identity and autonomy; and a short statement was drawn up demanding the establishment of a cooperative commonwealth in place of our present competitive capitalism. The movement did not call itself a party, since the constituent bodies were unwilling to merge into a new unitary organization; and it did not call itself socialist, because that name could arouse too easily the anti-red hysteria, which can be worked up as quickly in Canada as in the United States. Hence the clumsy title which was adopted and which has already been shortened by friends and enemies alike into C. C. F.

In the winter of 1932-33 the movement spread into Ontario, where it was joined not merely by the United Farmers of Ontario and by various political labor groups—who had not hitherto managed to cooperate with one another—but also by a considerable middle-class element. In Quebec some of the English-speaking labor groups of the Montreal district also joined. French Canada and the Maritime Provinces have provided hardly any recruits.

In July, 1933, when the first national convention was held at Regina, there was a representative gathering of delegates from all parts of Canada from Montreal west. The Regina convention adopted a complete federal constitution and issued an elaborate 4,000-word manifesto setting forth in detail a socialist program for the reconstruction of our economic institutions. The Regina manifesto stated its aims as follows:

> The C. C. F. is a federation of organizations whose purpose is the establishment in Canada of a cooperative commonwealth in which the principle regulating production, distribution, and exchange will be the supplying of human needs and not the making of profits. We aim to replace the present capitalist system, with its inherent injustice and inhumanity, by a social order from which the domination and exploitation of one class by another will be eliminated, in which economic planning will supersede unregulated private enterprise and competition, and in which genuine democratic self-government based upon economic equality will be possible.

In general, it may be said that the approach to economic and political problems is social-democratic; the C. C. F. has been denounced from the beginning as reformist by the small but vociferous body of Communists in Canada.

In the year between the Regina convention of 1933 and the second annual convention at Winnipeg this last summer there were general elections in three of the nine Canadian provinces—British Columbia, Saskatchewan, and Ontario. These elections furnished the first test of the voting strength of the new movement. In each of the three provinces the Conservative government which had been in power was swept from office by a landslide which brought the Liberals back with an enormous majority. No Conservative members survived in the two western provinces, but the C. C. F. captured only a handful of seats; in Ontario it got only one. The distribution of seats, however, was a grotesque distortion of the actual voting; this now happens regularly in our Canadian elections with the single-member constituency system. The C. C. F. won a third of the votes in British Columbia and a quarter in Saskatchewan. In Ontario internal quarrels just before the election had almost disrupted the new organization and had resulted in the retirement of the United Farmers, so that the C. C. F. ran candidates in only a few of the constituencies. Even so, it showed a voting strength in the main urban centers, and especially in Tory Toronto, which surprised the old parties. It should be added that in Alberta the United Farmers, who are a constituent body in the C. C. F. movement, have controlled the provincial government since the end of the war.

A radical movement in Canada suffers inevitably from certain inherent weaknesses. We have no American Revolution in our past. We have no radical tradition except that of sporadic outbursts of pioneer farmers against the tightening grip of capitalist business upon our economy. The long period of colonial subordination from which we are only just emerging has developed an anemic quality in all our political life; and ever since the "Family Compact" days of the 1830's our governing classes have shown themselves adept in dragging the red herring of British imperial loyalty across the trail whenever their position of control has been challenged. A movement with a program of national reconstruction must struggle against these obstacles. In addition, there is the division of the community into English and French—a division which intensifies all other sectional forces, and by offering magnificent opportunities for playing upon racial and religious passions tends to obscure economic realities.

As a new movement the C. C. F. suffers from chronic poverty, and as yet it has no central office with even the beginnings of a secretariat. The work of keeping the various provincial units in touch with one another is done by the annual conference, to which delegates make their way in spite of the great financial difficulties, and beyond this by the constant activity of the little group of C. C. F. members of parliament at Ottawa, who spend most of their time between parliamentary sessions on speaking tours and organizational work. The movement has to contend with a daily press which is almost unanimously hostile, and it is only slowly building up a weekly press of its own in the various provinces. It cannot become nation-wide in scope until it has made some real impression east of the Ottawa River. In the Maritime Provinces it has appealed so far without much success to a public which is the most hopelessly sectional in outlook in all Canada. In Quebec there have been signs that some at least of the influential members of the Catholic hierarchy would like to place it under a clerical ban.

More serious difficulties in the way of permanent success are the result of the weakness of the farmer and labor movements in Canada. In the three prairie provinces the wheat farmers have built up for themselves a remarkably successful structure of cooperative marketing for both their wheat and other products. Their various pools have survived the worst buffetings of the depression and have retained their hold on their membership. The prairie farmers have shown a capacity for self-help and for genuine cooperation which make both their economic and their political experiments the most significant developments in Canadian democracy in our generation. But in Eastern Canada the farmers have shown no such capacity, and there the C. C. F. is correspondingly weak.

Canadian labor generally trails along behind that of the United States. Trade unionism is even weaker here than south of the border and it is broken up into more factions. For we have not only the A. F. of L. unions, which form the largest group of organized workers, but the All-Canadian Congress of Labor, which consists of independent national unions which think the A. F. of L. connection is injurious, and a third group of the Catholic unions of Quebec. Recently the Workers' Unity League organizers have been making progress; they are the only ones who have shown any militancy or any real drive to unionize the great unorganized masses of workers. As in the United States the A. F. of L. unions hold aloof from politics, and at present seem to be concentrating upon fighting the so-called red menace of the W. U. L. In the East the bulk of the workers are still voting Conservative in the English sections and Liberal in the French sections.

Since the C. C. F. thus lacks in both the agricultural and the industrial field the mass voting strength which the trade unions give to the British Labor Party, it has obviously little immediate chance of supplanting one of the old parties as the second party in the state. Undoubtedly many of its new recruits are very imperfectly instructed in the principles of socialism, and there is a good deal in the strictures of its left-wing critics who denounce it as muddle-headed in ideology. Still, when all its defects have been admitted, it remains the only organization in sight which has a chance of becoming a real mass movement that can appeal to the Canadian people in socialist language which they understand.

That the C. C. F. is making such an appeal much more successfully than the Socialist Party of the United States or any of its rival sects is shown by the tone of the Winnipeg convention of last summer. The American Socialist Party at Detroit concentrated most of its attention on enunciating a radical stand in opposition to war and fascism, to the alarm of many of its right-wing old-timers. The C. C. F. at Winnipeg took a strong stand against allowing Canada to be involved in the next imperialist war, but it clearly wasn't much worried about the menace of fascism. It devoted most of its time to the drafting of a manifesto on immediate policy for the next dominion election. Its leaders had come fresh from various provincial elections and were thinking about the technique of winning seats. They were thinking, that is, in parliamentary terms, because they felt that they could exercise considerable influence upon the next parliament.

As far as the immediate future is concerned, it is clear that the Liberals are going to win a great electoral victory in the next Canadian election. The decisive defeats of the Conservatives in the provinces make it certain that when Mr. Bennett goes to the country his party will be almost annihilated. The failure of his government to deal adequately with the depression and the accumulated resentment of thousands of ordinary citizens against his own personal arrogance and callousness will produce a landslide similar to that which brought the Hoover regime to an end in the United States. Canadians, like Americans, are fond of being on the winning side when they vote, and it is clear that most of them have not yet lost faith in the established economic order. Therefore most of those who want a change from the Bennett regime will vote Liberal rather than C. C. F., and the new movement can expect to have only a comparatively small group in the next House.

The program of the Liberals is as vague and indefinite as was that of Mr. Roosevelt before his election, and it requires a very great optimism to be able to believe that Mr. King will display any of the Roosevelt energy in office. The Liberals, in fact, are gambling on an automatic improvement in economic conditions which will render any definite governmental action unnecessary. Mr. King has talked a great deal about removing the shackles from international trade, but all past experience goes to show that Liberal tariffs, like Conservative tariffs, are made by the interests which benefit from them. Mr. King has denounced Mr. Bennett for setting up an executive dictatorship and has promised to restore parliamentary control over the administration, but this is just a fine nineteenth-century way of enunciating a policy of drift. He has also talked about the need for a partnership in industry of employers, workers, and the government—a subject on which the Liberal Party before it came into office in 1921 had a campaign plank which was conveniently forgotten during the years from 1921 to 1930. That a Liberal government in Canada would even try to control big business is highly doubtful. Apart from Mr. King's cloudy pronouncements on Industry and Humanity, most of the party stalwarts, under the vigorous leadership of the chief Liberal paper, the Winnipeg *Free Press*, are talking about the dangers of bureaucracy and regimentation and the need for individual liberty and private enterprise. Many a Liberal peroration in the coming election will be taken straight out of Mr. Hoover's book.

The Conservative government, having found that its simple recipe of a high tariff did not bring back prosperity, has recently been toying with the idea of codes and the other features of the NRA and the AAA. For the past year the public has been treated to a good deal of talk about Tory democracy and what it might accomplish. But recent events have thrown a vivid light upon the question of what interests really control the Conservative Party.

Last session Mr. H. H. Stevens, the Minister of Trade and Commerce, was instrumental in having a committee of the House of Commons set up to conduct a sensational investigation into the business practices of some of our leading Canadian industries. The revelations about low wages, wide price spreads, and the exploitation of both primary producer and ultimate consumer shocked the country. When the House rose it was agreed that the committee's work was so important that it should be continued after the summer by a Royal Commission, of which Mr. Stevens was to be the head. The Stevens probe had been directed mainly into the affairs of Canada Packers, which with Swift dominate the Canadian meat-packing field, the Imperial Tobacco Company, which has a near-monopoly control of tobacco, and the two great Toronto department stores, the T. Eaton Company and the R. Simpson Company, which have branches or subsidiaries all across Canada. It was expected that the investigation was to go on to deal with the chain stores. But during the summer recess Mr. Stevens issued a pamphlet which dealt in very uncomplimentary terms with some of the highly respectable gentlemen who run these great corporations. Pressure was immediately put upon Mr. Bennett, chiefly by the Simpson Company, to discipline this dangerous minister.

The pressure was effective. Mr. Stevens has resigned both from the Cabinet and from the chairmanship of the Royal Commission. The internal crisis in the Conservative Party caused by these developments forms the current sensation of Canadian politics. Mr. Stevens is apparently going to lead a revolt within the party. He is not a radical in any real sense of the word. What he wants is an honest capitalism in which the small man will have a chance. He was originally induced to start his investigation by representations from retail merchants and from small manufacturers who were suffering from the pressure of the selling or the buying policy of the great department stores. His whole public appeal has been to the little business man who was being squeezed by the big fellow. This kind of appeal was one of the starting-points of fascism in Europe, but it is probably fair to say that neither Mr. Stevens nor any other prominent Canadian politician has read enough about the world in which we live to be aware of the analogy between Canadian and European conditions. In the meantime the quick success of the big-business interests in ousting him from a leading position in his party as soon as he became dangerous to them is eloquent testimony to the strength of monopoly capitalism in Canada. It only needs to be added that Liberal newspapers have been as emphatic as the Conservative ones in condemning Mr. Stevens for his unfair attacks upon these benevolent despots.

Any genuine attempt by the national government to regulate wages, prices, and labor conditions will require an amendment of our federal constitution, under which such powers at present belong to the provinces. Mr. Bennett has been trying to arrange a dominion-provincial conference to discuss this topic. But the provinces are proving very coy, and it is apparently going to be impossible to find a date at which all the prime ministers can meet in Ottawa. Most of the provinces are now under Liberal governments, and with a general election in the offing the temptation to play politics and to raise the good old Liberal cry of provincial rights against the Conservative dominion government is too strong to be resisted. Quebec especially, the chief Liberal stronghold, may be expected to indulge in another well-staged last-ditch struggle for the minority rights of the French Catholics; Quebec politicians have been winning elections on this cry ever since representative government was established.

In these circumstances the function of the C. C. F. is clear. First, it must drive home the fact that the provincial-rights issue is largely camouflage put up by our industrial and financial magnates. None of these worthy gentlemen want a national government with sufficient constitutional power to be able to interfere effectively with their own pursuit of profits. Secondly, the C. C. F. must try to educate the Canadian people in the lessons to be drawn from the failure of the Roosevelt experiment in capitalist planning.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter was recently asking one of his friends why he, the Drifter, had never become a major prophet or, for that matter, a minor one. For more years than he likes to remember he has held forth in this column upon the greatest variety of subjects, and while he has devoted a good deal of time to such things as the degradation of the American Apple Pie and the beauties of Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter as they have come along with pleasant regularity, he has also touched upon Injustice and the like. He has, besides, often felt that a Serious Purpose might be detected behind some of even his apparently frivolous pieces. Yet he looks in vain for recognition. No one engaged in canvassing the Great Minds on this topic or that ever thinks of asking his opinion. He does not even get the questionnaires which schools of education send to everybody else asking them to check the ten best movies on a list of two hundred or to rank Sophocles, Pirandello, Anne Nichols, Shaw, and Owen Davis in the order of their importance. Neither has he once had the pleasure of seeing in the newspapers a headline something like: Drifter Scores Crime. Calls Lawlessness Menace to Nation. Blames Church, State, School, Home, Movies, Jazz, Parents, and Toy Pistols.

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THE Drifter and his friend agreed that the retiring nature of the former was not a sufficient explanation. It is true that he is of a retiring disposition, but that ought to make him the more impressive. Elijah (he believes it was Elijah) lived in a cave, and the Drifter would have no objection to being known as the Hermit of Vesey Street if that would help. But his friend says that it wouldn't and advances a general theory which seems important enough to be worth passing on to those who aspire to a greater influence than the Drifter has ever had. Nobody, says the friend, ever heard of a prophet who was not either a prophet of Utopia or a prophet of doom, and the trouble with this column is that it does not generally see the future as either rosy enough or dark enough. Your prophet, if he is not to remain without honor abroad as well as at home, has got to predict something startling. He must see either the Promised Land or Destruction just around the corner. He can't go about saying, "Hear ye, hear ye! Tomorrow is going to be only fair, in fact just about like today."

* * * * *

THE more he thinks about it, the more the Drifter is convinced that his friend is right. He has always realized that he was only a moderate in opinion, but he is about convinced that he has been too moderate for his own good in expectations too, and he promises to predict either doom or the New Day very soon now—as soon, at least, as he can make up his mind whether he thinks things from now on are going to be a whole lot better or simply terrible. And if he can't make up his mind in a reasonable time he is going to toss a coin. Probably it doesn't hurt a prophet much to be wrong anyway—provided only he can muster up enough good stirring prophecies of one kind or another.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The I. L. D. Retorts

To the Editors of The Nation:

In the November 28 issue of your magazine appears an editorial, purporting to be a review of the Scottsboro case, which contains so many distortions of fact, so many outright untruths, not to speak of the contradictions within the article itself, that we feel compelled to ask you to print a correction of certain statements, and retraction of certain others which by their context become charges against this organization.

Examination of the files of *The Nation* discloses that its editorial policy throughout the case has been to discourage "mass protest." On this basis you supported the efforts of the leaders of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People to take over the case from the International Labor Defense, and the position of Arthur Garfield Hays and Clarence Darrow in their attempts to oust the I. L. D. In the present editorial you say:

> There is small question that only the widespread publicity which the mass-pressure movement gave to the case could have produced this result [that the defendants are still alive after three and a half years]. There can be no doubt, however, that mass protest does, at a certain point, stiffen the resistance of the organized forces—in this case the courts of Alabama—against which it is directed.

You used this argument to attack the present tactics of the I. L. D. based on policies which have not changed since the beginning of the case. Permit us to ask the editors of *The Nation* the following questions: In their opinion, at what point does mass pressure become sufficient to cause *The Nation* to turn from its denunciation to the feeble straddle quoted above? Can the editors of *The Nation* name the precise point at which in their opinon mass pressure ceases to be beneficial to defense, and becomes harmful? What is the value of the opinion of editors capable of these inconsistencies?

You say "the question at issue is not the class struggle but rescue of the defendants from the electric chair." The issue of the oppression of Negroes is obviously an economic question. The charge of "rape" is one of the methods used to keep the Negroes in subjection, the Negro workers separated from the white workers. The master class of the South has doomed the Scottsboro boys to the electric chair in its struggle to maintain its supremacy. The struggle to save them cannot be separated from the class struggle. The class struggle and the rescue of the boys cannot be opposed to each other.

Perhaps one of the most revealing things about the *Nation* editorial is a matter of omission rather than commission. Nowhere in the entire editorial do we find any attack upon the State of Alabama or its courts or officials for their frame-up of the boys, or for their manner of conducting the trials.

You make the statement that "several hundred thousand dollars have been raised for propaganda" in the Scottsboro case. Such a statement can lead to no other conclusion than that the editors of *The Nation* have misstated the facts deliberately. The total amount of money raised in the Scottsboro defense is even now under $75,000. Two appeals to the Supreme Court of Alabama, with three records, numerous motions, and lesser briefs, four habeas corpus proceedings, one complete review by the United States Supreme Court and two now under way, and sums spent for relief to the prisoners and their parents and for "propaganda" amount to several thousand dollars more than has been collected. Without the "propaganda" the Scottsboro boys would not have been alive today, according to your own admission, and without it the huge amounts—between forty and fifty thousand dollars—which have been involved in purely legal expenses could not have been raised. A financial statement up to last spring showing a total of $55,194.32 raised and spent by the I. L. D. on the Scottsboro case was sent at that time to the editors of *The Nation*. When the editors of *The Nation* referred to "several hundred thousand dollars" they consulted no one connected with the I. L. D. nor even the material which had been sent them.

A fact on which *The Nation* was fully informed, or on which information was readily available, which is misstated in the editorial is the date when Mr. Leibowitz was notified that Walter H. Pollak had been retained with Mr. Fraenkel to carry the cases to the United States Supreme Court. That date was October 1, not October 4 as *The Nation* states. The latter was the date on which Mr. Leibowitz announced that he "had full charge of the case." On the previous day he had announced that he had "withdrawn" from it altogether.

The Nation suggests that the charge against the two "I. L. D. attorneys" for "attempted bribery" of Victoria Price may be well founded, and apparently puts credence in Mr. Leibowitz's assertion that their arrest was the cause of his "withdrawal." We understand that at least one editor of *The Nation* had been informed that the testimony at the preliminary hearing —transcript of this testimony was offered to the editor of *The Nation*—upon which they are being held for the grand jury was entirely the perjured testimony of Victoria Price, the very same witness whose lies are the basis of the prosecution against the Scottsboro boys. But this very pertinent fact was not mentioned in the editorial.

It would be interesting to know to whom Mr. Leibowitz "has declared he will . . . associate with any reputable counsel who will consent to serve, including Walter Pollak . . . " Mr. Leibowitz has never made this statement public, and has never made it to anyone representing the I. L. D. This is mentioned simply because of the bearing the answer may have upon the inspiration for the entire editorial in *The Nation*.

Finally let us deal with your "impartial" proposal for an "impartial" committee to go down and ask the Scottsboro boys whom they want to represent them. The proposal itself is one which, coming as it does at the end of a review of the Scottsboro case which is anything but "impartial," we cannot take seriously. This is all the more true because you suggest as "impartial" persons Arthur Garfield Hays and Morris Ernst, both outspoken in their enmity to the I. L. D. If a truly impartial and truly representative group were sincerely to attempt to put an end to the controversy opened by Mr. Leibowitz, we would be willing to cooperate, as we have always been willing to cooperate in any move to strengthen the defense of the Scottsboro boys. Under all circumstances we shall continue, as we have been doing during this controversy, to devote ourselves to the preparation of the best possible legal defense, and the best mass defense that it is possible to organize, in spite of disruptive tactics by the enemies of the Scottsboro boys.

New York, November 27 Anna Damon,
Acting National Secretary,
International Labor Defense

Club-swinging Policemen

To the Editors of The Nation:

Policemen in the larger American cities suffer from an aroused public opinion over their activities in hunger marches, labor disputes, and related "disturbances." There is an ever-widening breach between workers in private industry and policemen, who are public workers. For some unknown reason, industrial workers do not consider policemen, men who are supporting families by taking orders from their superiors, as workers.

The governing factor in the behavior of police officers in labor demonstrations is not a strict and conscientious adherence to their sworn duty, but politics. Los Angeles, supposedly a hotbed of un-American activity, is one of the most conservative large cities in the United States. The influence of the Chamber of Commerce and kindred organizations has been sufficient to keep this an open-shop town. This influence has also been strong enough to keep members of the Los Angeles Police Department at work upholding "true American principles" by fighting hunger marchers, strikers, and so on.

The nineteenth-century plea for "less government in business and more business in government" is taken literally in Los Angeles. When the big moguls of business tell the "boys" in the City Hall that certain labor demonstrations will jeopardize their property, and that these demonstrations are ruining the morale of their employees, the demonstrations are not permitted. After serious labor disturbances, when many people, both reds and policemen, have been taken to the emergency hospital, always there has appeared a copy of a letter, received by the Chief of Police from one or more prominent business or civic leaders, commending the men of the department for their exemplary conduct in handling an alarming situation.

The policeman is not on the labor battle-front because of his ultra-conservatism, because of any anti-labor leanings, or because he believes in the suppression of the rights of the worker in order to facilitate the exploitation of the masses under the present system of private profit. He is there because the man from whom he receives his orders tells him to go or quit.

Los Angeles, November 15 — A POLICEMAN

LIBRARY

You Scratch My Back—

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I am ashamed to say that I "fell for" your postal card addressed to me presumably as a New Jersey user of gas and electric service and wasted 15 cents on the November 21 issue of *The Nation*. I also wasted time reading the article by McAlister Coleman—whoever he may be—entitled Jersey Power Costs Too Much. I find that it is just another muckraking article containing nothing that is constructive or of the slightest value.

It may interest you to know that as a consumer of gas and electricity in New Jersey I find the service very satisfactory and the rates fair. For every 15 cents paid the Public Service Corporation I receive infinitely greater value than is contained in the November 21 issue or, I presume, in other issues of *The Nation*.

New York, November 21 — C. H. B. CHAPIN

[Mr. Chapin fails to remark that he is Secretary of the Empire State Gas and Electric Association.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

A selection of letters commenting upon Mark Granite's proposal for the foundation of a United Liberal Party—published in last week's issue of The Nation*—will appear next week in this section.*

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Three Against the Classics

The Smart Set Anthology. Edited by Burton Rascoe and Groff Conklin. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.50.

THE course that American literature took in the dozen years after 1900 was in part an accident of longevity. Of the established classics it is true that Poe, Thoreau, and Hawthorne had been dead a good while, but the others, though they had done much of their work before the Civil War, had lived on in a public veneration which amounted to a vested interest. Howells, surviving them, was the shadow that they cast, as the American Academy was to be his shadow. Henry James seemed to belong to England. Mark Twain, for all his genius, was obstinately held to be somehow extra-literary because un-Bostonian. Their average age was over sixty. New literature would have to come from new men. There were new men, but two of the first and best of them died young. Stephen Crane, the spearhead of the new literature, was dead in 1900, survived by Richard Harding Davis. Frank Norris, dead two years later, was survived by Jack London. If Crane and Norris had lived, the fate of Theodore Dreiser might have been different. As it was, he was left for a decade, without benefit of contemporaries, to do alone what several were needed for. Blander writers like Booth Tarkington and Winston Churchill wrote suaver books. The fashion ran to romance. The romance of the decade was as uncritical as the realism. James Branch Cabell was neglected for Charles Major and Mary Johnston, and Poictesme for Ruritania and Graustark. Unlike Crane and Norris as Cabell was, he was closer to them than to the orthodox who outlived them. Neither he nor Dreiser had Crane's and Norris's knack at catching the ear of the public. It was the brisker two of the four who died and left the fight to the shyer and slower. The new literature marked time for a decade.

What started it off again was, oddly, the death of Mark Twain. Studied as a whole, as men seldom are while they live, he turned out to have been full of a skeptic naturalism. His example strengthened the position of the new literature, which was skeptical and naturalistic, as the age in general had come, or was coming, to be. The muckrakers had not been busy for nothing. Dreiser after a long silence wrote other novels. Randolph Bourne and Van Wyck Brooks began to expound new doctrines with a precision which was more cogent, if less exciting, than the enthusiasms of Huneker. The New Poetry was born. New publishers were called for: after Huebsch, the earliest of them, Knopf, the Bonis, Liveright, Harcourt, Brace. By 1920 the stage was set for the outburst that followed.

When that time came there were already such critical reviews as the *New Republic* and *The Nation* (after 1918), and the *Seven Arts* had run its course, but the years before 1920 saw only one magazine genuinely hospitable to the new literature. The *Atlantic, Century, Harper's,* and *Scribner's* might almost have been edited by the American Academy. Their chief current topic was the war. The new literature had to make its way with the help of books—and of the *Smart Set,* edited by Willard Huntington Wright and then by George Jean Nathan and H. L. Mencken.

The *Smart Set,* originally an offshoot of *Town Topics,* was to the older magazines about what a circus is to a library. "Its Prime Purpose," Wright announced when he took it over from its earlier popular management, "is to Provide Lively Entertainment for Minds That Are Not Primitive." He and his colleagues and successors had come together, from Los Angeles, New York, Baltimore, with a single-minded liking for vitality, energy, audacity, color, rather than stateliness, correctness, propriety. They did not so much mind what was said in the *Smart Set* as whether it was said strikingly. The editors of the older magazines had thought of themselves as obliged to carry on a tradition and to safeguard their readers from what might harm or trouble them. The new editors, Mencken and Nathan and Wright, accepted and published what they liked themselves, trusting that their readers would like it too. Their readers did. For there is no real conflict between entertainment and excellence. Literature may have either without the other, or both at once. The *Smart Set* looked for both to the best of its ability, but it insisted that if it had to choose it would choose entertainment. Its editors, however, could not be interested in mere trivial entertainment. They had minds. The slightest of the entertaining pieces they published had to have in them, somewhere, the glitter of an idea.

The anthology which has now been made from the files of the magazine is not only a tempting gateway to modern American literature but also an amusing book to read. Even without many contributions which have since taken their place in other books by their writers, and even without anything from the lion voice of Mencken, the anthology is still a kind of subtreasury of the national riches. Here is Some Ladies and Jurgen, from which "Jurgen" grew. Here are a brooding mystery play by Dreiser, an uncollected poem by Elinor Wylie; shrewd novelettes by Thyra Samter Winslow and George Bronson-Howard; stories by Mary Austin, Barry Benefield, Stephen Vincent Benét, Catherine Brody, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Grace Flandrau, Dashiell Hammett, Ben Hecht, Sinclair Lewis, Ludwig Lewisohn, Dorothy Parker, Julia Peterkin, John Reed, Ruth Suckow; articles by Thomas Beer, Joseph Wood Krutch, John Macy, George Jean Nathan, Edgar Saltus, Louis Sherwin, Laurence Stallings, Hendrik van Loon, Willard Huntington Wright; lively skits and graceful lyrics. There are foreign contributions by Andreyev, Joseph Conrad, Dunsany, Oliver Gogarty, Frank Harris, Walter Hasenclever, Aldous Huxley, Joyce, Latzko, D. H. Lawrence, Schnitzler, James Stephens, Wedekind, Yeats. Over half of them are reprinted in this volume for the first time, and most of them deserve it.

Burton Rascoe's robust and controversial introduction takes up in some detail the later differences among the editors. While they were *Smart Set* editors they seem to have worked in a happy agreement. Happy is the term which fits the anthology as it fitted the magazine. It was fun to read because it had been fun to edit. What a whacking of sacred heads! Wright's article on Los Angeles, Beer's on farmers, van Loon's on Cornell point forward to a long series of such abrasives in the *Smart Set*—and in the *American Mercury.* What a novel candor in the stories! Nunnally Johnson's Ashes to Ashes touches what must be the high liquor mark in fiction. The vices, agreeable or disagreeable, appear in the stories as so many dramatic facts, without sermonizing. Illicit behavior of all kinds appears as often in the anthology as in human life at large, not as seldom as in older magazines. It is easy to see why the moralists objected: most of the love in the anthology is on the lawless side, passionate not sentimental. Passionate or professional. The half-world and the underworld are celebrated and emphasized. New York, the easy-going New York, is the scene of far more of the fiction than all the rest of the Americas, North and South, and decidedly more than the whole remaining universe, heaven, hell, time, space, and eternity. The village virtues hardly show themselves. This is not a rustic but an urban, cosmopolitan literature. America was turning to her cities, and Wright and Nathan and Mencken edited the *Smart Set* for a changing nation.

The nation has changed again since then. Some of the *Smart Set's* audacities are now taken for granted. All of its Neronianisms seem as remote as last decade's hats. The *Smart Set* is in a way itself a classic, and already certain later critics war against it, as so much skylarking. Literary history repeats itself. Each generation kills off the classics that can be killed, to make room for new ones. Then comes another generation, to do the same thing. It is a valuable process. The classics that cannot survive ought to die. The *Smart Set* was one of the forces of nature, whistling at its work.

CARL VAN DOREN

Panorama of Recent Writing

The Georgian Scene. By Frank Swinnerton. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.50.

FOR reasons which are various and familiar it is difficult to write a literary history of the recent past. History implies a perspective for which even the surest of tastes is no real substitute, and no living man is wise enough to answer successfully even the preliminary question of whom to put in and whom to leave out. One way of meeting the difficulty is the way adopted by the apologist for a school or a movement who takes it for granted that only the members of his particular clique really count and proceeds upon the assumption that time will justify his neglect of everybody else. Another way is to abandon all attempt to establish a canon or to present a clear outline of development and to rest content with what Mr. Swinnerton calls in his subtitle "A Literary Panorama." One then includes for consideration every writer not obviously subliterary who has achieved a wide reading, and one bases one's judgments frankly upon the preferences of one's taste without pretending that they are the result of either a formal aesthetic or an understanding of an inevitable historic process. The result is likely to be a bit formless, a bit diffuse, and a bit inconclusive, but at least it makes no pretense at being something it cannot possibly be.

Mr. Swinnerton's substantial volume of some five hundred pages contains essays on approximately seventy-five writers who range in time from Henry James to T. S. Eliot and in importance from Shaw and Bennett to Edgar Wallace and Noel Coward. A few of the discussions are quite perfunctory, and the space devoted to each often seems to bear little relation to either the popularity or the significance of the subject, but the best are genuinely illuminating and nearly all both informative and readable. Mr. Swinnerton quite frankly discusses his authors from the point of view of an enthusiastic reader of catholic taste rather than from that of a critic with dogmatic ideas. He walks around each subject, noting significant biographical details and, in a very large number of cases, supplying personal reminiscences. He proposes no standards other than very general ones and he makes no final judgments. But he does achieve a panorama, and few men are better qualified than he to do just that. As the author of many novels—at least one of which loomed pretty large at the time when Bennett was in his heyday—and as a very active publisher's adviser, he may truthfully say of the world he is describing, "All of it I saw and part of it I was."

In so far as "The Georgian Scene" has a theory, it seems to be that a fairly distinct mode of writing emerged about the time that the Henry James method went into bankruptcy, and that it held the field more or less unchallenged until the rise of what Mr. Swinnerton calls the New Academicism of T. S. Eliot and his disciples. Probably the best of all the essays is the first, on James himself, and according to that the central defect of James was his ambition to be, as he himself stated it, "just literary." The tenuousness of his writing was not due simply to his detachment but to the fact that he was not merely detached from but actually ignorant of both the material background and the driving motives of his characters, who were compelled to live in a spiritual as well as a material vacuum. He did not know precisely what forced Roderick Hudson's wayward young woman to marry a man she did not want to marry any more than he knew the precise nature of that humble household article from the manufacture of which the chief personages in "The Ambassadors" derived their income.

> Just what these things [real motives] were, James' speculative intelligence, his endless habit of wondering and supposing, did not tell him. In his early books he tried to invent practicable "somethings" . . . but as time went on James either pooh-poohed the matter altogether, as he managed to do (with the aid of what Maisie could not possibly be expected to know) in "What Maisie Knew," or carried off his own ignorance with a high hand, as in "The Ambassadors."

Wells and Bennett sacrificed much of the artfulness of James for the sake of communicating the concrete things they knew, and it is with the writers of their period that Mr. Swinnerton obviously has the greatest sympathy. They managed to keep a common touch which most of our strictly contemporary writers—especially those most praised by the cliques—have lost, and they reaped the reward of a larger, more substantial influence. Mr. Swinnerton has many kind things to say about the younger men; he does not deny the force of Lawrence or of Joyce, but he quite frankly does not like them very much, and unless I am oversystematizing his opinion it seems to be that they have failed to maintain an equilibrium formerly maintained between the writer's tendency to exploit either his art as such or his gift for self-expression and the duty to report and interpret an actual, familiar world. Neurotic self-absorption gets the best of Lawrence, virtuosity gets the best of Joyce, and pedantry gets the best of Eliot.

Mr. Swinnerton's attitude is not fashionable at the moment and is, of course, arguable. He himself does not insist upon it at any length as deducible from an abstract principle, and it serves chiefly as a method of holding loosely together what is primarily a "panorama." Those who seek in his book a well-knit history will be disappointed, as will also those who want to be told dogmatically what to think, or what limited number of books are "significant" from the point of view of this or that critical school. On the other hand, "The Georgian Scene" is an admirable introduction and guide for anyone who wishes to read comprehensively in the literature of the recent past. It is also good reading for those who are already familiar with the literature but who would like to discuss favorite books with a man who has read widely and enthusiastically.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Anatomy of Fascism

Fascism and Social Revolution. By R. Palme Dutt. International Publishers. $2.25.

A REVIEWER'S conscience troubles me about "Fascism and Social Revolution." I face the dilemma that I ought to persuade the largest possible number of readers to study this book, and at the same time make clear that in many respects it is a very bad book. Both tasks can scarcely be well done; the persuasion or the warning must suffer.

This is the most serious book I have read on fascism. It begins with an analysis of the economic and social conditions of fascism. The central thesis is familiar: Capitalism has reached a point where, as a social system, it can no longer manage the productive forces it has itself created. An unbridgeable contradiction has arisen between the productive forces and the social relations. The contradiction can be resolved only by collectivization. This, however, would involve the overthrow of the bourgeoisie. The bourgeoisie, therefore, to maintain itself in power, is more and more forced to try to strangle the forces of production—hence destruction of goods, shutting down of factories, cessation of international trade ("autarchy"), reversion to earlier methods of manufacture, curtailment of crops, sabotage of inventions, and so on. Nevertheless, in sharp opposition, competitive conditions still force the development of new techniques and the search for new markets. Fascism is the attempted social organization of these dying convulsions of the capitalist order, the attempt to prevent by any means the only actual solution of the contradiction which history offers—the proletarian revolution. This section is not, of course, written on the scale of Corey's "Decline of American Capitalism." But it is clearly presented, and aptly commented on by quotations selected chiefly from capitalist apologists. The wholly negative, perverted, destructive, retrogressive character of fascism emerges decisively. And Dutt again smashes the perennial myth that fascism is peculiar to certain politically "primitive" countries, showing that fascism, since it is the organization of capitalist decay and since capitalism must everywhere decay, is as much to be expected in England and the United States; showing in fact the real alternatives—fascism and barbarism or the socialist revolution, one or the other, there is no middle ground.

Most of the book is given over to an attack on the theory and practice of Social Democracy. This attack, though avoiding the usual mere invective and slander, is the most scathing imaginable. Squarely on the shoulders of Social Democracy Dutt places the responsibility for the victory of fascism. By a theoretic examination and by a résumé of the history of the rise of fascism in Italy, Germany, and Austria, he shows how Social Democracy's reliance on parliamentarism, its policy of class collaboration, its gradualism, above all its compromise with the capitalist state paralyze the revolutionary potentialities of the working class and open the road to fascism.

The flaw corrupting the whole positive aspect of the book might be summed up generally as *political* blindness. It is a blindness self-imposed: Dutt is editor of the *British Labour Monthly* and the leading theorist of the Communist International in the English-speaking world. Acceptance of the line of the Communist International means political blindness. Consider only that in this entire volume not one single word of criticism is directed against either the theory or the tactics of the Communist International. Granted the fullest responsibility of Social Democracy, could any sane man maintain that the great German Communist Party was led without fault straight into utter collapse before the fascist counter-revolution? It is Dutt himself who declares the united front to be the indispensable tactic against fascism. Nevertheless, he has not even a hint of criticism of the Communist International's self-contradictory theory of social-fascism, the directly splitting theory and practice of dual unionism, and the incredible tactic of the united-front-from-below. These were the guiding principles of the Communist International, which made a genuine united front of the German working class against the Nazis impossible, and which allowed the leadership of the working class to remain in the hands of the Social Democrats—that is, if Dutt's own estimate is correct, left the working class to the direction of the very ones who led it to slaughter.

I say the blindness is political—this for the following reason: Socially and economically considered, fascism is of course not a revolution; it is a continuance of the capitalist property system and of the capitalist dictatorship. But *politically* fascism is a qualitatively new form of the dictatorship, and its novelty is shown in precisely the feature that makes fascism a near life-and-death matter for the revolutionary movement: fascism, namely, destroys the autonomous organizations, both economic and political, of the working class. Thus the victory of fascism within any country imposes new and inestimable difficulties on the revolutionary movement in that country. But to admit the political implications would mean a complete reorientation of the line of the Communist International. It would involve the abandonment of exclusive preoccupation with the building of socialism in the Soviet Union, and the concentration of the energies of the national sections on the struggle within their respective countries, on the real fight against fascism which can only be the determined advance to revolution. But this, in turn, would mean the end of Stalinism—of trade deals with capitalist nations, and friendly diplomatic agreements, and non-agression pacts, and dickers with the Council of the League of Nations, and pacifist congresses against war and fascism. And in spite of the sharp reversals that have distinguished his spectacular career, it is too much to hope that Stalin will repudiate Stalinism.

JAMES BURNHAM

Dostoevski Street

Dostoievsky. By Nicholas Berdyaev. Sheed and Ward. $2.
Dostoevsky. By A. Yarmolinsky. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

IN one of the most interesting of recent novels about Soviet Russia, "Out of Chaos" by Ilya Ehrenbourg, the young student Volodia, an heir of Raskolnikow and Ivan Karamazov stranded in the great construction works outside Kuznetsk, wanders into the town to forget his troubles, only to spot the name of his favorite author on one of the lamp posts. The juxtaposition, in his mood of drunken clairvoyance, is almost too perfect: Dostoevski Street, "Giant of Steel."

> He was convinced that only one man told the whole truth about men. It was a truth that was incontestable and lethal. It could not be lived with. It could be held out to the dying, as the Holy Sacrament had once been. But to sit down at a table and have a meal, one must forget it. . . . To build a state, the bare mention of this name must be forbidden.

The logic of this passage is incontrovertible. Dostoevski should be banned from the schools and libraries; his name should be forgotten in the country which he made known to the outside world more than any other writer, for the same reason that Plato banned all poets from his ideal commonwealth. The truth that he offers is demoniac — both in the original and in the later modern sense. And the demoniac kind of truth is a luxury in which a society, especially in the early stages of its development, can little afford to indulge. It does not build power dams, or fertilize wheat fields, or hold off the Japanese. It is truly lethal in a society in which these things become pressing necessities; and for the individual who cannot do without it, like Volodia in the novel, nothing remains but the rope around the neck in a lonely garret.

The truth of Dostoevski to which one refers, of course, is his truth as an artist and not whatever truths of an abstract philosophical order may be found scattered throughout his works. The mystical anarchism with which his later novels terminate is no more likely to affect very many people today than it did in the past, and it does not deserve to be taken too seriously. M. Berdyaev has made this mistake, and the result of his attempt to prove that Dostoevski was a great metaphysician is some of the most unintelligible pages of critical obfuscation that have ever found their way into print. Dostoevski was a dialectic novelist only in the sense that he used various opposing philosophical points of view as a dramatic framework for the projection of a total and intellectually unresolvable intuition of human psychology. By a proper selection one can prove that Dostoevski was anything that one would like him to have been—from an orthodox Christian apologist to a pioneer of Marxist materialism. But this is to resolve fundamental contradictions

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in his thought which he himself never succeeded in resolving. It is not insulting to say that actually Dostoevski was at his worst when he was attempting to be a thinker, that is, a consistent thinker. He was at his best only when he yielded to his demon of inconsistency and presented the living processes of the mind with no other concern than a fidelity to their ultimate and imponderable complexity. This was the truth that his own disordered mind and personality revealed to him, and it is a very difficult truth, as the student Volodia demonstrated, for men or societies to live with. It is altogether useless; it is offensive to reason; and after a half-century of Dostoevski and his descendants in the novel it has become more than a little monotonous. The Soviet government is quite right in setting aside funds for the publication of the first complete edition of Dostoevski's works. But their place on the shelves of the workers' and peasants' libraries should be not alongside but somewhere behind the collected editions of Marx and Lenin. There they may receive for the next few generations that secret and reluctant tribute due the skeleton in the closet.

After the sophistries and rhetoric into which M. Berdyaev's effort has led him, one is grateful that Mr. Yarmolinsky has restrained from developing any particular thesis in regard to Dostoevski. In marked contrast to the "interpretation" offered by the expelled professor of the University of Moscow, Mr. Yarmolinsky's book possesses the qualities of order, lucidity, and self-restraint. Although it does not add appreciably to the new store of evidence about Dostoevski used by a recent English biographer, it better subordinates these materials to their proper place in the whole. It is likely to win for itself the reputation of being altogether the most satisfactory treatment of the subject in the language.

WILLIAM TROY

A Poet's Defense of Nationalism

The Forty Days of Musa Dagh. By Franz Werfel. Translated by Geoffrey Dunlop. The Viking Press. $3.

IN 1915 the Young Turkish nationalists resolved to exterminate the whole Armenian people. The Armenians, like other racial minorities, are intelligent, hard-working, patient, and prosperous, and the Turks, reckoning on the fact that the attention of the world was focused on the battle-fronts of Western Europe, hoped at one stroke to confiscate their homes and farms, take over their shops, and eliminate this people's dangerous commercial genius, with which the Turk is hard put to compete. The order for expulsion was given, but by "expulsion" the Turks meant annihilation. The Armenians were without warning ordered to leave Turkey. They were allowed to take with them only so much of their possessions as they could carry on their backs. They were forced to walk at an inhuman pace, flogged when they fell, shot when they protested. These convoys of thousands of families were deliberate death traps. Several thousand Armenians refused to submit to the cruel decree, intrenched themselves on the mountain of Musa Dagh, fought off several detachments of Turkish troops, and after forty days of desperate defense and incredible privations, were rescued by the French.

Franz Werfel says that in writing the story of these terrible forty days he wanted to "snatch from the Hades of all that was, this incomprehensible destiny of the Armenian nation." The fact that Werfel, himself a Jew, at the very time of the writing of "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh" saw the German terror envelop his race and observed all the brutalities of which an organized, mechanized, mystically justified nationalism is capable, suggests an immediate political purpose behind this epic celebration of the sufferings of a minority race. But let no one imagine that Werfel has written a political allegory or an indictment of the Hitler dictatorship. He has on the contrary striven to strike free of the contemporary world in which class lines are so clearly drawn and to tell a story of racial persecution that invincibly suggests the universal moral enigmas that are constitutive of man's villainy and suffering, a story that cannot be understood in terms of economic struggles, but remains, after the economic issues are defined, an obstinately irrational fact. Hence the emphasis on what is "incomprehensible" in the destiny of the Armenian nation. But in this attempt to tell a fable of purely human valor and hatred while yet rendering an exact historical account of the Armenians' struggle against the Turks, I believe Werfel has failed, and I am glad that he did not succeed. He has failed because the economic and political issues weigh down the impulse to epic poetry and moral prophecy; the most powerful drama is packed into the scenes that develop the economic antagonisms of Armenian and Turk and the concrete practical bases of human villainy. I am glad that Werfel failed, because he pits against the mechanized nationalism of the Turks a mystical nationalism, a call of the blood, an inexplicable union with race and God. Gabriel Bagradian, the Europeanized Armenian, the abstract man, who rejoins his people and finds his salvation in leading the defense at Musa Dagh, becomes symbolic of the mystical nationalism of which Werfel approves. So that the issues of the contemporary world find their way into this "incomprehensible" story of the Armenian nation, and thus found, have a confused, contradictory, and reactionary form. Who will distinguish between mechanically and mystically caused racial sentiment? The difference exists; but since race has become the catchword of fascism, any celebration of race, even though such a distinction is made to justify it, is bound to have a confusing and finally a reactionary effect.

The technique of a dramatic author whose philosophic vision is self-contradictory almost always exhibits a parallel defect. Some Marxists, who have insisted on this, do not perhaps recognize how double-edged a paradox this critical dictum can prove to be. (For what shall we say, when we have rejected his politics, of the absolute insight of Dostoevski?) But in Werfel's case the notion holds. Scenes of brilliant dramatic intuition such as the historic battle of wits between the German missionary Dr. Lepsius, who pleads unsuccessfully for the Armenians, and the Enver Pasha—in which the clash of immeasurable issues is suggested by the untidiness of the Christian and the courtesy of his antagonist—are followed by endlessly detailed bits of melodrama on the level of the daily cinema. "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh" might serve as a perfect bit of evidence for the identity of dramatic and political insight—and should be invaluable to a jury composed of Werfel's Marxist peers. For the contradictions in Werfel's purpose are glaringly paralleled in his craft.

LIONEL ABEL

How News Is Made

Mobilizing for Chaos. The Story of the New Propaganda. By O. W. Riegel. Yale University Press. $2.50.

THE statement that there is dynamite in this book, followed by the imprimatur of the Yale University Press, leads one to expect the sensational substantiated by documented facts, and this is exactly what the director of journalism at Washington and Lee University gives us.

On the principle that the state has the absolute right to supervise the formation of public opinion, all instruments of communication and education have been mobilized "to build a national mass psychology favorable to the interests and ambitions" of an alarmingly large number of countries. Mr. Riegel traces the growth of nationalism, the warping of the national mind, and shows us the triple purpose—extension of national culture, extension of national trade, and war preparation. Then, having exposed the layers of existing conditions and motivations, he comes upon the dynamite of Chapter V, Nationalism and the Corruption of News.

This chapter, the body of the book, should prove sensational to all laymen and exceedingly interesting to journalists. Facts, "the true facts" as many newspapermen have a habit of saying, are the most sensational things in the world when presented for the first time and intelligently related. This function is supposed to belong to the daily newspaper. But the daily newspaper, reserving for itself the right to criticize everyone and anything while upholding the theory that criticism is the greatest safeguard to democracy, almost universally repudiates criticism of itself. The conspiracy of San Francisco editors to smash the general strike, the part the press played in defeating the Tugwell bill and the child-labor amendment, the government order against certain aspirin advertising, hundreds of cases of libel suits, every one of these items critical of the press and intensely interesting to the layman can be found in the house organ of the newspaper owners, the *Editor and Publisher,* but rarely in the news columns of the average daily. Likewise, the dynamite in Chapter V, including documents which question the integrity of the great press bureaus and describe the poisoning of news by dictators, may also be found in the publishers' weekly. Mr. Riegel's contribution to intelligent thinking about nationalism and its perversion by propaganda is largely a criticism of the world's organs of criticism.

> In summary [he says] the world is moving rapidly into an era of universal obstruction of the free flow of information and opinion. In the name of nationalism, the fetish of the decade, freedom of speech and the press has already been denied to approximately nine-tenths of the world population, including the populations of Russia, China, Japan, Germany, Italy, Austria, most colonial possessions, the smaller states of the Balkans, and South America. . . . The League of Nations partakes of the character of a counter-propaganda agency, and its prestige has lately been losing ground.

I wish Mr. Riegel had done two things—first, pointed to the welcoming arms with which many of our newspapers and press bureaus receive pro-fascist and anti-Russian propaganda, and, second, differentiated between reactionary propaganda paid for by the corporations which finance dictators on whose bayonets they hope the collapsing economic system may be upheld, and the radical propaganda which, as propaganda, may be open to the same charge of distorting truth but cannot be accused of exploiting nationalism for purely financial reasons. If the second item is beyond the scope of the book, surely the first is not. Propaganda, says the author, is a menace: it warps the mind; it leads the masses to war. Yet for ten years some 1,300 American editors joyfully paid for the propaganda by which the Associated Press correspondent in Rome created the Mussolini myth, and the New York *Times* is still supplying its readers with Roman apologies, explanations, and boastings more pro-fascist, it has been said, than those of the Duce himself. If General Butler had led a fascist army to Washington it would have been a nice sequel to all the Mussolini ballyhoo which the American press knowingly and intentionally published as true news.

Mr. Riegel concludes tragically that "it is not improbable that the government monopoly on information at home and the strict embargo against matter coming from foreign monopolies on information will produce a new dark age in which . . . the benighted national populations will be the slaves of any propaganda with which their political masters wish to bind them." Conditions which exist almost invariably lead to catastrophe "in the form of war or insurrection." I am glad that Mr. Riegel

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concludes without giving much space to the note of hope which most book reviewers expect, and with no mention of panaceas. His job has been to find and explain the facts about a menacing condition and he has done it interestingly and intelligently.

George Seldes

Patterns of Culture

Patterns of Culture. By Ruth Benedict. Houghton Mifflin and Company. $2.50.

THIS is an important and revealing book; it draws together the scattered threads of esoteric research into a pattern so distinct, so finely conceived that it is relevant to the interests not merely of specialists but of all thinking persons. Anthropology is the youngest of the social sciences; a great part of its subject matter has remained a closed book to inquiring minds from other spheres of discourse. This has been particularly true when the subject was the American Indian; between difficult field monographs speckled with native words and abstruse concepts and the popularized accounts there has been nothing. Dr. Benedict's work is based upon a scholarly knowledge of the sources, combined with first-hand experience of American Indian tribes, but she has taken her material and reworked it, simplified it to the extent that she has related it to a more universal context, the philosophy of history.

Her theme is the nature of human cultures, which are not, she maintains, to be understood either as chance assemblages of social traits or as a series of bizarre but basically monotonous versions of universal themes, such as mating or food-getting. There is, she contends with vividness and vigor and with a wealth of carefully sorted and minutely comprehended illustrative material, something more important to be said about human cultures than this. Each culture is to be understood in the same terms as those in which individual human beings must be understood, as having a personality to which certain goals are significant, certain types of behavior congenial and other types of behavior repellent, a personality which finds its analogues in some human temperaments. It is, indeed, from the potentialities of some particular human temperament that each culture must have received its clues. But whereas a human being, be he ever so gifted or rich in imaginative genius, is limited in his endeavors to a few score years, a culture is "time binding"; the purposes which it makes its own can be perpetuated for thousands of years, embodied in the details of social life, in the treatments of birth and death, in the valuations placed upon ecstasy or sobriety, modesty or self-display. This personality, this definitive tone which individualizes a culture as against neighboring cultures which share its institutions but bend them to a different emphasis, Dr. Benedict calls a "configuration." These configurations are, she maintains, unique and essentially incomparable; the values of each have an internal consistency but cannot be translated easily or significantly from the terms of one system into the terms of another. Each configuration bends to its special emphasis the majority of those born within it, metes out special rewards to those individuals whose native bent is most congruent with the cultural bent, and punishes, disallows, or at least gives no accredited role to those whose temperaments are too antithetical to the dominant cultural motif. From this point of view Dr. Benedict foresees the development of a new psychiatry which will classify aberrant personalities not in terms of lists of symptoms, but in terms of the extent to which innate traits have been too rigidly disallowed by the culture, or slender capacities strained by its too rigorous demands.

This is the framework of her argument. But the body of the book, which will delight alike the social scientist, the student of art, and the sensitive-minded lay reader, is concerned with vivid descriptions of three primitive societies from this special point of view. She discusses the Apollonian culture of the Zuñi Indians, who set a premium on the middle way, and then contrasts with the Apollonian Pueblos two other cultures—that of the exhibitionist, megalomaniac Kwakiutl of Vancouver Island and that of the morose paranoid Dobuans of New Guinea. Each of these cultures is distinct. One could no more be mistaken for another than could the different personalities whose fragile emphases they so elaborately approximate. Having developed the picture of their individuality in such rich detail, Dr. Benedict applies the conclusion to modern life, and in so doing turns the theme of cultural relativity from the counsel of despair which so many philosophers have made of it into a counsel of hope. For upon a recognition of the importance of these varying configurations, of the limitations which they impose and the dignity which they make possible, and upon a recognition that some individuals must always suffer because their temperament is alien to the cultural emphasis, rests a hope for a more sophisticated social attitude. We can never build, says Dr. Benedict, a culture in which every temperament can have full expression, but by recognizing what culture is we can give every individual a new platform from which to plan his own life, and enable society itself perhaps to plan more fully and more richly.

Margaret Mead

A World Under Water

Half Mile Down. By William Beebe. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5.

THE unexplored areas of the earth's crust are shrinking fast. That very narrow layer of air between low tide and timber line, where man can wander at will without any gadgets to help him keep alive, has yielded almost all the facts discernible to the unaided eye. Above and below this region there remain two vast unexplored worlds, the stratosphere and the deep sea. The antithesis between Beebe's descent into the unknown depths and Piccard's ascent into the stratosphere is recognized and frequently referred to in "Half Mile Down."

This book is divided into four main sections—emotional, historical, pragmatic, and technical. Little need be said of the first section. It does full justice to its label, even to the exclusion of coherence. The history of underwater gear makes you realize that this field has been dominated by adventurous and imaginative spirits with little respect for the laws of physics.

Dr. Beebe deals with two ranges of underwater exploration—the shallow coastline, from ten to sixty feet in depth, which can be reached with a helmet, and the great depths, for which the diver needs protection from the pressure. The beauty of shallow reefs, teeming with fish and countless other creatures, leaves him at a loss for similes, and I fear that without the illustrations the reader would get no real image of the scene; but to the difficulty of describing this weird beauty the reviewer can attest. The prophecy that there will be a host of helmet divers and even underwater gardeners in a few years neglects the fact that the change from air to water medium is not as simple as it sounds. Beauty there is, but there is danger with it, not from vicious fishes but from man's inability to accustom himself to the complex of new surroundings. An Eskimo suddenly dropped at Forty-third Street and Broadway would be in a more familiar place than is a man under fifteen feet of water for the first time.

The main theme of the book, of course, is the investigation of the great depths with the bathysphere. The preparations and trial runs are vividly described. Then Dr. Beebe, accompanied by Otis Barton, to whom much of the credit for the planning of the bathysphere must go, is lowered over the side of the boat. You feel yourself pressed against a window two thousand feet down, peering into awesome darkness, as adventure and near-disaster keep a constant flow of adrenalin pouring into your blood stream. It is adventure well told.

On the scientific side Mr. Beebe records well-known animals at depths where the pressure ought to shatter their fragile bodies. Glimpses are caught of strange fishes, carrying their own illumination in this perpetual midnight. From his single bubble he saw a wealth of sea life that past work with dredges and nets had not even suggested. This is a distinct contribution to modern oceanography, and here Dr. Beebe should rest. Unfortunately he has attempted to name new species and genera from his observations through the bathysphere window. These glimpses were short in duration and incomplete on account of poor lighting. To add to these difficulties, there was the psychological strain. His own statement, "For authenticity and accuracy is required undisturbed concentration," should have kept him on his guard.

Dr. Beebe has tried to please two distinct groups of readers, the lay public and the scientists. The weaknesses of his book are due largely to the fundamental incompatibility of their demands.

HUGH H. DARBY

Art and the Life of Action

Art and the Life of Action. By Max Eastman. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

IN a delightful if inadequately illustrated discourse on "The Enjoyment of Poetry" which Max Eastman wrote a score of years ago he made the point that poetry is of no practical value, since the poet's concern is mainly to achieve for himself and to arouse in his audience a fuller realization of the actual or imagined experience presented in his poem. Much more recently Mr. Eastman published a book entitled "The Literary Mind," in which he was at pains to draw distinctions between that type of literature which is scientific and therefore useful, or at least purposive, and that which, belonging to the realm of art, is an attempt to heighten consciousness and therefore to stay action. A few months ago he developed this theme further in a book calling to account those artists who had abandoned or abused their function by donning uniforms and melting down their pens, as it were, to forge swords. The major part of his latest work is devoted to a reexamination of these familiar motifs.

They are not original with Mr. Eastman. Schopenhauer's essays on art, however complicated by philosophical jargon, bear a similar refrain. For the artist, he insists, and for the participant in the artist's accomplishment, "the world as idea alone remains, and the world as will has disappeared." Santayana, although more of a moralist, distinguishes between the practical nature of prose and the useless nature of poetry. Furthermore, he speaks of art as "abstract and inconsequential." "Born of suspended attention," he adds, "it ends in itself." And Herbert Read, distinguishing between character and personality, and reminding us that Keats's state of "negative capability" is proper to a poet if not to a man of action, is of the same mind with these philosophers. One cannot help wondering why Mr. Eastman, who likes to call himself a poet, feels the need of playing variations upon this old theme. It is impossible, as he well knows, to have experience in a moral or a social vacuum. It would have been more to the point had the author helped the artist and his audience to an understanding of how he might share in the life of his times without becoming a man of "character" and bending all his energies to changing the sorry scheme of things American. Mr. Eastman recognizes that the man who

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By HUDSON STRODE
author of "The Story of Bermuda"

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practices art for life's sake is apt to be a revolutionary, but he does not take sufficient account of what this means, for good or ill, to his performance, nor does he give due emphasis to the fact that art, however belatedly and indirectly, can and does influence behavior.

Having a well-furnished mind and a fluent style, he is able to repeat his animadversions against a dogmatic Hegelianism and a blind loyalty to the Communist Fathers without seriously offending the reader. But it is time he was off to pastures new. There is nothing particularly novel or interesting in the papers with which he pads out his long essay to make a full-sized volume. These date anywhere between 1922 and 1933, and vary from book reviews analyzing with cruel skill the work of Hemingway and Floyd Dell to notes from a travel diary. A few, such as the essay on the Higher Criticism of the Marxian Bible, are of current interest; others, such as On Learning Foreign Languages and The Russian Soul and Language, are either trivial or downright silly; but all are written with the charm that lies in an easy, graceful wit. The pity is that a lively intelligence should be wasted on matters of slight import and on a question to which the same intelligence has already applied itself quite thoroughly.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

Ernest Walsh

Poems and Sonnets. By Ernest Walsh. With a Memoir by Ethel Moorhead. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

ERNEST WALSH is worth keeping—but more as representing an interlude in the cultural history of America than in the body of its literature. Some comprehensive anthology of the future may include two or three poems, much as we now include Willis or Chivvers, although for different reasons, as an example of the past but not at all as a contributing part of the present. He is a minor poet in the ill sense of the word; he is master neither of a felicitous superficial form like Dobson nor of a peculiar substance like Beddoes, nor is he an excellent poet of the smaller magnitude like Waller or Gascoigne; he is minor in that he presents an average rendition of a special case—but not a special case of overwhelming interest. Given a sensitive man with Walsh's experience of disease and Walsh's ignorance of the arts of poetry and language, put him in touch with Harriet Monroe (who rightly encouraged him and took his first poems) and then with Ezra Pound (who "showed him how a poem should be constructed"), and this is the sort of verse he is likely to write: technically shoddy, raggedly composed, and tending under any severity of stress to come up under the lee of the conventional emotional formula.

At any rate, that is what you find. Walsh wrote far more to be in the swim of those who express themselves than to follow the difficult vocation of adding to the existing stock of poetry. There seems no other way of explaining the fact that he adopted and watered down the easiest prevailing methods of writing, and the further fact that most of his poems come to a close by a tenuous process of exhaustion. He never learned, in his six or seven years of practice, how to break or carry over a line, or how to spell a rhythm. Most of his sonnets have fourteen lines but otherwise escape the limits of a recognizable form. His one experiment was to take refuge in false and inconsistent old spelling (for example, "Then was ther a fielde ovve flowers . . ."), of which the obvious result was to make his words burr and thicken in the reader's mouth.

In spite of these defects, which remain constant, and in spite, too, of the positive immaturity of his mind, Walsh's poems have an accidental aesthetic interest. There is a freshness of sensual image in the erotic poems and a quivering sincerity in the later domestic poems which, if they do not make the verse excellent, yet make vivid this man's report of his life. And there are two poems addressed to Ezra Pound in homage and admiration which amount, curiously, beyond their intention, to a portrait of their object. Had he lived and learned his trade, even by the wasteful ordeal of blind trial, Walsh might have made a poet; certainly he improved; but he died of a tubercular hemorrhage, aged thirty-one, in 1926, without ever knowing enough to put himself to the test of a good poem.

But there is more than this to remember of Ernest Walsh; he was an intimate and animating part of the literary history of the 1920's. If you look back and read not only the poems here collected but also a copy or two of *This Quarter,* the magazine he edited with Ethel Moorhead, you will see that neither poems nor magazine could have appeared after 1930. The predominant interest of the magazine was the free expression of the individual (as not discriminated from the matter in hand)—an interest which led Walsh, as editor, to place Shakespeare, Dickens, and Robert McAlmon on the same level, and Emanuel Carnevali, by implication, a little higher. What was then called the revolutionary influence of Joyce and Stein, Cummings and Pound, was at the height of confusion—although the apotheosis of the late numbers of *transition* (the Revolution of the Word) was yet to come.

These literary revolutionists persuaded themselves that by a denial of most of the resources of the mind the individual's private experience acquired innate validity and, incidentally, the objective limits of communication were somehow dissolved. Wyndham Lewis, in "Time and Western Man," made an exaggerated but fundamentally unanswerable attack on the whole group, including Walsh, under the general heading of the Revolutionary Simpleton. Now Walsh is dead and those associated with him—like the French Dadaists—have changed, disappeared, or lost their vivid magnitude. Today you have, or have not, a different revolution to confront you, but the deliberate aesthetic insanity of the twenties is, for contrast, all the more worth remembering. The years are few, but the gap is absolute.

R. P. BLACKMUR

The Yellow Man's Burden

Japan in Crisis. By Harry Emerson Wildes. The Macmillan Company. $2.

AN informed and realistic critique of present-day social, economic, and political conditions in Japan is something to be appreciated by those who have searched in vain for an even passably adequate study of this much-discussed but little-known country. The author has evidently lived in Japan many years and read widely in Japanese sources. As a result of his first-hand knowledge he achieves the happy balance of a genuinely critical analysis that safely steers clear both of muckraking and of scaring up a fantastic "yellow peril." In one aspect of Japanese society after another he presents an unsparing exposition of the factors that he observes at work. Factual materials are selected with discriminating insight, and the result is distinctly a "behind-the-scenes" view of Japanese institutions.

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welfare, the educational system, student strife, the preservation of purity and morals, and control of the press. Whatever the specialized interest of the reader may be, he is almost certain to find some reference to it in one chapter or another.

Taken as a whole, the book uncovers a series of grave evils and maladjustments extending into virtually every phase of Japan's corporate life. Convincing evidence is lavishly provided at all points. But Mr. Wildes nowhere presents the unifying thesis that could have tied his facts together into logical relationship. Failing an adequate treatment of causation, his chapters tag along like beads on a string, each more or less a separate entity. The conclusion to be derived from his evidence is unmistakable. Japan's whole social order is being shaken to its foundation by the crisis occurring in its profit-centered economy. From this central source flow the abnormalities which M. Wildes notes on every hand. The economic breakdown lies at the root of the trend toward fascism, the demand for territorial conquests, and the feverish preparations for war. It conditions the anti-foreign reaction, and colors the desperate reshuffling of the nation's oldest myths and philosophic concepts. The rather harmless delusion of being a God-descended people is transformed, under present conditions, into the philosophic undergirding of a drive for imperialistic expansion. Instead of the "white man's burden" Japan takes upon herself the task of instructing the Manchurian Chinese in the virtues of the "kingly way" *(wang tao)*—a political concept derived, ironically enough, from the Confucian philosophy. In all these reactions Japan is merely duplicating processes now occurring in Western societies, similarly confronted by the collapse of an outworn economic system.

Mr. Wildes labels his final chapter War or Revolution. The heading is a logical one, correctly presenting the alternatives before Japan. War, he declares, is virtually inevitable, but "revolution is scarcely yet upon the home horizon, though it cannot be forever absent if existing conditions are permitted to prevail." How to remedy existing conditions? The answer constitutes an extraordinary confession of the author's failure to grasp the essential nature of the issues which his book faithfully records. "Japan needs a rededication to pure patriotism. She requires a reformation in her statecraft."

T. A. BISSON

Shorter Notices

Horizons of Death. By Norman Macleod. Parnassus Press. $1.75.

There is some very nice word painting in this volume, impressions of New Mexico and of certain spots in the Middle West. Mr. Macleod uses the Pueblo and Navajo imagery to express his own reactions to the Southwest, adapting it quite successfully to the emotions of the white man. When he writes of the city and of modern ideas he very often imitates MacLeish, and he is not very successful in his use of another poet's rhythms; he does better when he keeps to his own path. There is a certain liveliness of observation in his less imitative poems, now and then a very good image. In technique he resembles the imagists, but he links his images into a brief story or an equally brief account of a mood. The poet has traveled and has sensed the significance of the scenes he has visited. But on the whole, his poems lack that depth of penetration, that authenticity of phrase and rhythm, which make fine poetry.

Basket for a Fair. By Laura Benét. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $1.75.

Miss Benét is the only American poet whose particular talent is akin to De la Mare's. With the naive vision and humor of a child she combines just enough adult wisdom to make her beautifully turned little poems penetrating and poignant. They are other-worldly poems. Most of them are, like legends (some are legends retold), curiously interpretative of something we have known a long time and half forgotten. There is not in Miss Benét, to be sure, quite the unsatisfied hunger for the world just across the border of reality that characterizes Walter de la Mare. She is more content to live fancifully in *this* world. Her imagery, therefore, is less tenuous, more realistic than his, her music less nostalgic. She is a poet to read in special quiet moods. But she is also capable of inducing in her reader this very mood, this charmed state of mind. In her own field Miss Benét is a true artist. In her subtle use of old legends and her ability to penetrate the purity of childish sensitivity, she is unlike any other American poet. Her poems about animals particularly catch every movement. She has a delightful sense of humor and much tenderness as well.

Swing Your Mountain Gal. Rebecca Cushman. Houghton Mifflin and Company. $2.50.

This book makes a greater contribution to folklore than to poetry. But its rather rough verse is a good medium for the stories Miss Cushman tells and for her character sketches of Southern Highlanders. She lets them tell their own stories in their own language, which she has accurately set down. From these sketches we learn a great deal about the manners of living, the moral codes, the community interests of the North Carolina mountaineers. The book is rich in human feeling and very sincere.

Thirty Pieces. By Sidney Salt. Majorca: Caravel Press. $1.

This poet takes off from the imagist school, but his poems are in effect philosophical concepts resulting from images in motion. His images are never static. His rhythm is firm, but it lies between the conventionally poetic and free verse. Many of the poems have been printed in the *New Review, transition, Pagany.* In each poem it is as if the effect of a moving object were given in rhythm and picture, and as if this, immediately and almost without being actually drawn, were transferred into an idea of the significance of the thing seen, a reflection upon the meaning of the thing felt. Biblical references and implications are very frequent, but they are used rather in relation to the modern feeling of flux and change in all things than in the sense of religious prophecy. The whole has an indefinable, stirring quality. The poet seems to be interpreting those vague fleeting glimpses of meaning to which most of us are susceptible, those evanescent awarenesses which defy words. This is unusual poetry, although its peculiar sensitiveness is not always easily caught by the reader, and the stirrings it would record are not always clearly communicated.

Poems. By Thomas McGreevy. The Viking Press. $1.50.

Thomas McGreevy, Irish Nationalist and Catholic, is an interesting poet. His poetic method is, in general, similar to that employed in much modern poetry—conversational lines and rhythms, the conscious thought and the subconscious feeling placed in juxtaposition. He pictures the decline of a society, the disintegration so typical of the post-war world. But his scene is often Dublin, and he knows that city well as the background of much revolutionary and anti-English feeling. He knows his people, too—their emotional instability and their impulsive violence. As a poet he is technically skilful; he is interesting chiefly because of his analysis of the Irish character.

Leifsaga. By Henry Chapin. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.

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good deal in common with other tales of sea exploration, of men with a passion for discovery whose lives are given to the sea, while their women make the less dramatic sacrifice at home. Originally the sagas were recited orally to an audience familiar with their material. They set forth the bravery and endurance of the heroes who, sailing in ships the size of small fishing schooners, touched America, probably in the vicinity of Cape Cod, long before Columbus. Mr. Chapman's story is less communal in spirit, centering around the life of one hero, Leif Ericson, and Thorgunna, the daughter of a Norse king.

The Works of William Shakespeare. Oxford University Press. $3.

This tall blue volume is not the miracle that one had expected, perhaps wrongly, at the price. The paper is not opaque; the type, while large, is black and crowded; and the heads are mechanical and heavy. Yet it is clearly the best one-volume Shakespeare at the price. The text is A. H. Bullen's, and the order of the plays is roughly that established by Sir Edmund Chambers.

Drama

Empire Builder

A FEW weeks ago "The Farmer Takes a Wife" presented an interesting picture out of the American past. "Gold Eagle Guy" (Morosco Theater) presents another, but the moods of the two plays are far from being the same. Both, to be sure, might be called romantic, because both tend to surround remote events with a certain fabulous atmosphere and to convey the suggestion that these earlier days were spacious in a sense that ours are not. But here the resemblance stops. Mr. Connelly's comedy of the Erie Canal was quaintly and picturesquely charming; Melvin Levy's melodrama about the ruthless builder of a Pacific shipping line is made of sterner stuff. The picturesque is not absent, as indeed it could hardly be from a story which begins in the California of the sixties, when the magic power of sudden wealth had brought luxury and fashion to an isolated aristocracy set down in the midst of an unruly community founded by uncouth adventurers. But the interest of the play centers in the character of the magnate who spared neither himself nor anyone else in his determination to build his maritime empire. The intention is evidently to interpret through him the spirit which animated the whole race of American Napoleons and to present them as the victims of a kind of demoniacal possession. Dramatically, at least, the intention is successfully carried out, for Guy Button, played with great force by Edward Bromberg, becomes a memorable figure—rugged, brutal, possessed by furies, and yet clothed with a certain magnificence.

The action begins in a dance-hall saloon into which Button comes as an adventurer like the rest. It proceeds to show how, through shady manipulations, he won control of the company for which he worked, and how as head of the Gold Eagle Line he crushed competitors and saved himself in one crisis by the theft of some millions in gold from one of his own vessels, which was then sent to the bottom with all on board. Thus in the background is the story of American commerce as conducted in the days of the great buccaneers, but the main business of the play is to study the psychology of one typical figure. Button is a merciless, inhuman tyrant and the victim of his own will to power. Yet he believes, in some sense truly, that he sacrifices himself as willingly as others to the destiny of which he is the instrument. God is on his side, God will justify the methods

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he uses, because he identifies his will with the will of something larger than himself—with whatever power it is which has decreed that America shall grow and prosper, that wealth and power shall spring into being on an almost desert continent. Obviously the play has "social implications," though the author has left them in solution, and it is, I think, the better for the fact that one is presented with the materials for drawing one's own conclusions without being able to say just what the author's are.

Perhaps his sympathies lie with the opinions expressed by an ineffectual artist who has had his unpleasant glimpses of the sweating backs upon which commercial or industrial empires are carried; perhaps, on the other hand, he means to win for Button that degree at least of pardon which understanding is said necessarily to bring with it. I have, moreover, a strong suspicion that Mr. Levy was led to think about Guy Button because he had been thinking about Lenin and Mussolini and Hitler. The three last may have formulated a social philosophy more clearly than Guy Button did, and they may have tried to integrate their aims with the aims of the state instead of disregarding them. But the similarities are at least as great as the differences. Each is dominated by the idea of himself as the instrument by which inevitable social developments are to be brought about and each is convinced that the cost to the individual is not to be counted when a purpose of history is to be brought to fulfilment. Certainly the comparison, whether justifiable or not, is responsible for the particular interest which such a play has. Consciously or unconsciously every intelligent spectator must be thinking—as I believe the author was—about what the theory of manifest destiny always implies.

The Group Theater, in association with D. A. Doran, has given the play an elaborate and skilful production, with some extremely effective settings and a generally excellent company from which Mr. Bromberg again stands out as one of the most powerful actors on our stage. One occasionally feels in all the Group's carefully thought-out productions a certain stiffness, as though the art had not quite learned to conceal itself, but the fault is one that it is hardly worth while to bring up against an organization which has come as near as it has to realizing very high aims, and which in the space of a very few years has made itself one of the two or three most important forces in the New York theater.

In "Page Miss Glory" (Mansfield Theater) Philip Dunning has very successfully turned his hand to the creation of a rough and ready farce about a chambermaid catapulted into fame as the alleged winner of a beauty contest. As in "She Loves Me Not," which the new piece resembles in general spirit, the emphasis is upon the speed and extravagance of the action, which rushes from one surprising situation to another, and the effect of breathless if somewhat mechanical hilarity is very well sustained. Dorothy Hall and that veteran of innumerable hard-boiled parts, Charles Brown, help keep it really funny.

"Anything Goes" (Alvin Theater) is probably the most generally enjoyable musical comedy of the year—thanks in part to Ethel Merman's interpretations of the lyrics and music of Cole Porter. Styles change rapidly where such things are concerned, but both Mr. Porter and Miss Merman have a touch of originality which, for the moment at least, has earned them the right to be considered the latest word in the writing and the singing of jazz. Victor Moore, as an ineffectual gangster known as Public Enemy No. 13, also helps very materially.

Joseph Wood Krutch

The section on Labor and Industry has been unavoidably omitted from the present issue. It will appear next week as usual.

Contributors to This Issue

H. L. Mencken is well known as author and editor. "A Treatise on Right and Wrong" is his most recent book.

Oscar Jaszi, professor of economics at Oberlin College, was Minister of Nationalities in the Karolyi government of Hungary. He recently revisited the Balkan and Danube countries to investigate existing economic and political conditions.

Frank H. Underhill is professor of history at the University of Toronto.

Carl Van Doren, editor of the Literary Guild, has published many books of biography and criticism. His most recent is an anthology, "Modern American Prose."

James Burnham, professor of philosophy at Washington Square College, New York University, is the author of "Philosophical Analysis."

Lionel Abel has contributed poetry and reviews to *Pagany*, the *New World Monthly*, and *The Nation*.

George Seldes is the author of "You Can't Print That!" "The Truth Behind the News," "Iron, Blood, and Profits," and other books.

Margaret Mead, assistant curator of ethnology at the American Museum of Natural History, is the author of "The Changing Culture of an Indian Tribe."

Hugh H. Darby is a member of the Research Department of the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

Babette Deutsch is the author of "Epistle to Prometheus," a book of verse, and of "Mask of Silenus," a novel.

R. P. Blackmur has contributed verse and criticism to various literary periodicals.

T. A. Bisson is the Far Eastern expert on the staff of the Foreign Policy Association.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says

ANYTHING GOES. Alvin Theatre. Reviewed in this issue.

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GOLD EAGLE GUY. Morosco Theatre. Reviewed in this issue.

L'AIGLON. Broadhurst Theater. Eva LeGallienne and Ethel Barrymore in an excellent production of Rostand's museum piece.

LIFE BEGINS AT 8:40. Winter Garden. A lively, talented, amusing show with several sketches above the average. The best of them is "Chin Up," which makes an English gentleman out of Bert Lahr. M.M.

MERRILY WE ROLL ALONG. Music Box. Ingenious, smooth, witty but rather mechanical drama about the youth of various successful men who meant when they were young to do really important things. Reveals the authors, Moss Hart and George Kaufman, in a mood rather more serious than usual.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR. Maxine Elliott Theater. Stunning performance by Florence McGee as the most despicable child ever seen on the stage. Powerful and intelligent despite a bad last act.

THE FARMER TAKES A WIFE. Forty-Sixth St. Theater. Marc Connelly helps make a delightful play about life on the old Erie Canal. It's colorful, picturesque and amusing.

WITHIN THE GATES. National Theater. Sean O'Casey's modern miracle play with Lillian Gish. Received with rapturous applause to which mine was not added.

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Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. Cable Address: Nation, New York.

JUGOSLAVIA'S EXPULSION of three thousand Hungarian citizens has come nearer to plunging Europe into war than any other event of the past fifteen years. Although tension had been rising along the Hungarian-Jugoslav frontier ever since the assassination of King Alexander, the action came virtually without warning, especially to the unfortunate peasants who were roused from their beds in the middle of the night and shipped across the boundary without adequate food or clothing. Few of the group deported were even alleged to have participated in political activities against the Jugoslav dictatorship, and many had declared their intention of assuming Jugoslav citizenship. It cannot be said, however, that Hungary's behavior has been any more commendable. Instead of confining itself to a simple statement expressing regret at the terrorist activities which have occurred on its soil and promising to prevent them in the future, the Budapest government attempted to justify its laxness on the ground that the activities were the result of legitimate irredentist feeling against the provisions of the Trianon treaty. As Professor Jaszi indicates in the final article of his series, which will appear in next week's issue of *The Nation,* rectification of the national frontier has become the all-absorbing passion of the ruling class in Hungary, overshadowing all thought of caution in the face of possible war. Only the military weakness of the country and its lack of influential allies have kept events from taking a far graver turn.

AS WE GO TO PRESS it is reported that both Hungary and Jugoslavia have accepted a compromise resolution proposed by M. Laval. If this means that hostilities have definitely been averted, a large share of credit is due to that much-maligned organization—the League of Nations. The fact that the League Council was in session enabled the representatives of the Powers to bring pressure on both parties in much less time than would have otherwise been possible. Although the provocative statements made before the Council by M. Benes of Czecho-Slovakia and M. Titulescu of Rumania threatened for a time to exacerbate the crisis, these bellicose gestures were rendered harmless by the prompt action of Britain, France, and Italy. The stand taken by Italy was particularly encouraging. Although committed to support Hungary against the Little Entente, it did not allow its deep-seated hatred of Jugoslavia to prevent it from aiding France in working out a compromise formula. But it was Pierre Laval whose role was the most delicate and difficult. Failure to appease Hungary meant defeat of his efforts to obtain the long-sought rapprochement with Italy. Yet a break with Jugoslavia would have struck a blow at the very foundations of France's post-war diplomacy. The resolution adopted ably reconciles the demands of each party. It asks Hungary to investigate the complicity of Hungarian officials in terrorist activities, but does not hold it definitely responsible for the assassination. It also provides for the establishment of a committee to draw up a more adequate plan for combating terrorist activities. This plan is expected to include a definition of terrorism which conforms in general to the Jugoslav demand, and to make provision for an international penal court to judge accused individuals. Basically the Central European problem remains as far from settlement as ever, but for the time being the crisis appears to have been passed.

IN CONTRAST to the alarming reports from Central Europe, the situation in the Saar is notably improved as a result of action taken by the League Council to send British, Italian, Dutch, and Swedish troops to the territory instead of French soldiers, as was originally planned. This step, coming directly after the adoption of a Franco-German agreement covering payment for the mines and treatment of minorities, removes the last of the more serious issues which have arisen in connection with the plebiscite. With relatively peaceful relations existing for the moment between Hitler and the Vatican, there seems little doubt that the inhabitants of the Saar, 70 per cent of whom are Catholic, will vote overwhelmingly for return to Germany. If this is the case, and France keeps its promise to abide by the results of the election, the much-dreaded date of January 13, 1935, may pass more quietly than anyone would have believed possible two months ago.

THE MURDER of Sergei M. Kirov was undoubtedly a shock to the Russian people and their leaders. It was the first political assassination in fourteen years; it ended the career of a useful and loyal official; it suggested at least the possibility of an organized anti-government plot. But these circumstances provide no excuse for the ruthless and bloody reprisal of the Soviet government. Sixty-six out of seventy-one suspects rounded up by the police were tried and convicted in closed courts without counsel or the privilege of appeal and were immediately shot. This summary act will echo in every country in the world. Instead of asserting the strength and stability of the Soviet government it creates doubts which had been almost banished by the growing liberalism of Bolshevik rule. A strong government does not ordinarily meet assassination by mass terror; it proceeds in the open, giving suspects the benefit of legal protection. But the Soviet government is in fact strong and safe from successful counter-revolutionary attack. Why, then, should it behave as if it were in the throes of revolution or civil war? An answer is to be found in the obvious fact that repression breeds repression; that fear and the violence that grows out of it persist long after the original reason for them has disappeared. The development of legal safeguards in Soviet Russia was a frail growth; at the first breath of opposition terror sprang up, full blown. The Soviet government could not have chosen a worse moment to revive the method of terror. The world had come to look to Germany for exhibitions of frightfulness and to Russia for an example of orderly progress toward responsible statesmanship. The recent mass execution makes it plain that the day of true "revolutionary justice" has not arrived.

UNDER THE AUSPICES of the International Student Service, a vigorous and plainspoken group met at Raleigh, North Carolina, on November 30 to consider the problem of the Negro in the United States. The group, consisting of about twenty young persons, both white and colored, came out flatly for "complete political, economic, and social equality of the races." This revolutionary program, however, was recognized as such by the complementary declaration that no such equality was possible under the present organization of society. Various speakers discussed the organization of the masses, both white and black, and the problem of education in the South; they paid particular attention to existing associations for the improvement of the Negro's status. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the National Urban League, and similar organizations were considered and found wanting. Not until they completely changed their character could they hope to make a beginning at solving the Negro problem. Realistically enough, the group felt that the reconstitution of society which they demanded could not be expected in the immediate future. In the meantime they pledged themselves to organize workers' schools, to introduce courses in sociology and economics in Southern, particularly in Negro, colleges, and to organize teachers and students in Southern schools and colleges on an interracial basis. This is a new note among Negro uplifters, as refreshing as it may well be helpful. Not until the American Negro discards permanently the Booker T. Washington attitude of "knowing his place" and keeping his mouth shut will he be in a position to claim some of the rights which his white brother has denied him.

NEW EVIDENCE regarding the identity of the "forgotten man" who was to be the beneficiary of the New Deal is furnished in the statistics presented by the Bureau of Internal Revenue on the income-tax returns for 1933. Viewed from the standpoint of business, the results of the first year of the Roosevelt Administration would appear to be highly satisfactory. Corporation income was up by more than $650,000,000, a gain of 35 per cent over the preceding year. The number of individuals reporting incomes of over $25,000 increased from 25,089 in 1932 to 26,142 in 1933, a rise of 4 per cent, while the total income of this group advanced from $1,350,000,000 to $1,480,000,000, or 10 per cent. Even more striking were the gains made by that small class by which the American people has customarily measured its prosperity, those receiving more than a million dollars a year. The number in this select group increased from twenty to forty-six, and the total income which they reported was $81,558,000, as compared with a paltry $35,240,000 in 1932. All of which would be highly encouraging if it were not for the fact that the total income of those receiving less than $25,000 declined nearly 5 per cent during the year, with the principal losses occurring within the group receiving less than $5,000. No figures are available for the 46,000,000 gainfully employed persons whose earnings were insufficient to cause them to file any income-tax return, but in the absence of a rise in the national income it is evident that they too have been content to enjoy prosperity vicariously.

AFTER TEN MONTHS of travail the Automobile Labor Board has brought forth a company-union plan in disguise. Ostensibly, the election rules promulgated by the board aim to put into effect the underlying ideals of the automobile strike settlement—proportional representation and works' councils. In fact the rules define a procedure by which existing employee-representation schemes may be fastened more closely upon the workers engaged in the industry. Every plant will be divided into districts or departments. Each district is to hold its own series of elections, primary and final. Both at the primary and final elections the workers will vote for individual representatives, who appear on the ballots in strictly individual capacities. The district representatives will constitute the collective-bargaining council, in other words, "freely chosen" employee representatives within the meaning of Section 7-a. In every essential detail the scheme is virtually identical with the company-union plans already in force throughout the industry. It differs only in the provision that workers may indicate on the ballot that they regard their candidates as the spokesmen of particular labor organizations. The plan utterly excludes the workers from indicating whether they desire to be represented by an outside or an inside union. The A. F. of L. unions in Detroit have already announced that they will not participate in the proposed elections.

WHILE THE JENNINGS CASE drags on (the victim has now been out of a job for six months), the publishers' campaign against the guild in the San Francisco Bay region has been continued with renewed energy. Louis Burgess, another Hearst editorial writer of long standing, has been jobless for seven months or more since he was fired, allegedly for guild activity. Recently the regional labor board threw out his plea for reinstatement because of "insufficient evidence." The very next day Estolv Ward, chairman of the Oakland *Tribune's* guild chapter, for ten years a rewrite man, was fired in the name of "retrenchment"; in rapid succession Ronald Scofield, guild-chapter secretary, who had been seven years on the copy desk, and Wallace Vaughan, active guild member, the *Tribune's* librarian for nine years, were also let out. The guild laid plans for striking at the Achilles' heel of newspapers—circulation. These plans included radio broadcasts, a sound truck to advertise the *Tribune's* defiance of the New Deal, and a telephone campaign among subscribers. But the guild found that the air too is apparently within the publishers' jurisdiction. Radio stations refused to sell time to the guild. "We don't dare buck the press," said one station official. The word went round also that an injunction would be slapped on the sound truck the moment it appeared on the streets. The guild has not given up. But obviously what it needs most is a little of that freedom of the press which Mr. Hanson and the A. N. P. A. have been howling about so loudly.

THE UNANIMOUS DECISION of the United States Supreme Court that students in federal land-grant colleges may not claim exemption from military-training courses on the ground of religious scruples gives aid and comfort to the enemy at a particularly unfortunate time, when threats of war and of fascism meet us on all sides. The court's position seems consistent and perhaps inevitable, after its decision in the Schwimmer case. It reaffirms as "a fundamental principle of the Constitution" the doctrine enunciated in that case, that "it is the duty of citizens by force of arms to defend our government against all enemies whenever necessity arises." But the decision implies a direct connection between the obligation of a citizen to bear arms in war time and the necessity for a student to take military training when no obligation to bear arms is involved. The decision cannot fail to be heartening to the proponents of militarism, and correspondingly a blow to pacifists. We may look for a stiffening of military-training requirements and an increase of hostility toward all students who object to them; and it will not be surprising if in some colleges where these courses have ceased to be obligatory they are now restored as prerequisites to graduation. The conscientious objectors can merely avoid, whenever possible, the colleges which insist on bayonet drill as part of the curriculum, and continue a firm attitude of protest. If the pacifist movement in general becomes strong enough, the federal land-grant and all other colleges, in response to an insistent public demand, will drop these courses, whether or not they have Supreme Court sanction for them.

ONE OF JAPAN'S PRETEXTS for the seizure of Manchuria was the existence of a considerable amount of banditry which the local Chinese authorities had been unable to suppress. The fact that the bandits had been armed and equipped by Japanese nationals, who had built up a lucrative trade in contravention of Chinese law by virtue of their extraterritorial status, was naturally ignored in official statements. Needless to say, the "bandit evil" was not stamped out after the Japanese conquest. Such large numbers of Chinese volunteers and irregulars joined with the outlaws that for a time Japan found itself utterly unable to cope with the situation. Today, after three years of constant activity, Lieutenant General Nishio, Chief of Staff of the Kwantung Army, claims to have reduced these forces by half, a claim which is not substantiated by reports from other sources. In the province of Fengtien alone, Japanese statistics show some 1,500 attacks in August, involving more than 50,000 "bandits." No figures are available for the region along the Chinese Eastern Railway, where the situation is admittedly much more serious. The Japanese, of course, insist that they would have wiped out this banditry long ago if the outlaws had not received supplies from China and even from the Soviet Union. Support from Chinese sources has doubtless existed, but recent arrests indicate that a large part of the arms trade is still closely associated with the drug traffic and is carried on, as formerly, by Japanese citizens.

A CASE which is important to those who still think the Constitution guarantees civil liberties to American citizens has been set for January 7 in Hillsboro, Illinois. It is the trial of fourteen men charged with conspiracy to overthrow the government under a State statute enacted during the post-war hysteria. Most of the eleven original defendants were arrested in connection with relief demonstrations, and because of the excessive bail demanded have spent a large part of the summer in the Montgomery County jail. Later three other men were indicted under the same law, including a former University of Illinois student whose offense was to have spoken for the men, who had in effect been convicted without trial. The defendants are willing to go to trial at Hillsboro, their only request being for a judge other than Circuit Judge T. M. Jett of that city, who fixed their bonds. As a result, Judge Jett has called in City Judge Paul McWilliams of nearby Litchfield, who has acted as presiding judge of the Cook County Superior Court on several occasions. By the time a jury is selected, a bill to repeal the statute under which they are to be tried will have been introduced in the Illinois Legislature. Meanwhile these men must be saved from the fate of Angelo Herndon and Tom Mooney.

DR. WILHELM FURTWANGLER has joined the honorable company of German artists of eminence who refuse to accept the Hitlerian definition of culture. When his forthright defense of the composer Paul Hindemith, condemned as a Jew and as generally unworthy of the high moral tone of Nazi art, aroused a storm of protest, Dr. Furtwängler resigned his post as director-in-chief of the Berlin State Opera and deputy president of the Reich Chamber of Music. It is obvious that the only sufferers from this latest Nazi outburst will be Berlin music-lovers who are deprived of the services of a fine musician. Dr. Furtwängler can probably take his pick of orchestras the world over, and American audiences may expect to be the gainers, as they were when Toscanini took part in a similar altercation with Hitler's twin dictator, Mussolini. One may note that the only newspaper to take the side of Hindemith and Furtwängler was the *Frankfurter Zeitung;* and it will obviously be only a question of minutes before Germany's Queen of Hearts will shout "Off with his head!" once more, and one of the last landmarks of a German free press will—if we may mix our metaphors a little—bite the dust. In short, although Herr Furtwängler deserves all honor for his courageous action, it is difficult to take seriously the aberrations of the Nazis in search of undefiled Aryan culture.

Industry Defies the New Deal

LAST week did much to clarify the confusion over the possibility of cooperation between business and the government. The Congress of American Industry adopted its elaborate platform of recovery. We now know where business stands. It wants the old deal or nothing. Every seeming concession to the New Deal is a façade of words behind which is not the faintest apprehension of the truth that we are facing new conditions calling for new methods, or that the economic oligarchy of the old deal must be transformed into a new democracy if we are to be an economically free people. The philosophy of American industry is that unless a tolerable standard of life, or indeed a miserable minimum of relief, can be produced by the old method, neither shall be sanctioned. The manufacturers will accept codes—if they are voluntary. They will bargain with labor "collectively or individually . . . without coercion of any sort. This precludes the remote control of such local relations by predetermined forms imposed by the national labor boards, whose efforts now invite and incite conflicts between management and labor." If this is not lucid enough, the platform officially states it still more crudely: "The powers of government should not be used to control local relationships between employers and employees." The destitution of twenty million Americans does not for these manufacturers constitute a national emergency calling for extraordinary measures such as borrowing. "The appropriations of the federal government relief program," they solemnly affirm, "should be reduced until they come within its normal and reasonable income." Then follows one of the most heartless collective assertions recorded during the depression: "It is folly to continue relief so extravagant that it undermines the morale of those who receive it." This description of the niggardly help hastily thrown by the government to the victims of the depression gives the measure of the humanity and intellect of our organized and embattled industrialists.

Cooperation between industry and the government is to be had at one price only; the government is to "cooperate" by leaving business strictly alone. The clock must be turned back to the Coolidge era. There the minds of these industrialists stood still. They experienced no mental processes during the Hoover era. Having already failed to provide for the people of America, they now offer no program for recovery beyond proposing to remain seated firmly on the throne from which their failure emanated, offering no wisdom gained in the humiliation of these five years, affirming their right to be there with not a single social justification. It is true that Dr. Virgil Jordan, president of the Industrial Conference Board, recognized the duty of industry, if left alone, to plan, to set up its own brain trust and agencies of cooperation. But his colleagues would have none of it. Their platform announces: "No group of men is wise enough to plan and control operations of all our manifold business activities. History demonstrates that such control impairs or destroys individual initiative and freedom."

Not all business men are like this. In the last of our series on What Business Men Think, in this issue, Edward A. Filene recognizes the need for economic planning under government control. Though he insists on profits, he considers them as a means to the end that the masses shall enjoy a standard of life scarcely yet thought possible. But if the profit motive is to be the one stimulus to production, it also can be the paralyzing limitation to it, which is why the nation is in its present plight. And this second consideration, we feel, has been unfortunately ignored. The profit motive, however useful its champions can make it appear, can also engender a national tragedy.

What the President thinks of the prospect of cooperating with the industrialists can only be gauged by the spate of words with which his Number Two, Donald Richberg, is almost daily drenching the country. If Mr. Richberg has the slightest belief that the New Deal is trying to bring democracy into American economic life, and that there is mighty little democracy in it now, he successfully conceals it. To business men, rightly we hope, the New Deal appears a threat to their oligarchy. That is why they resist. Mr. Richberg has been doing his utmost to persuade them that their fears are unjustified. His unprincipled cajolings make one yearn for even that disastrous departed figure, General Johnson. Richberg showed his caliber in the Newspaper Guild case, which we comment on fully elsewhere. Like much in his recent career, this marks him a second-rater who abandons principles for the sake of success. Unless the President has scotched his own program for democratizing if not socializing economic life in America, he had better find a new mouthpiece and go-between. For what happens to collective bargaining, in the factory, the newspaper, the NRA, the National Labor Relations Board, and the Department of Justice, is for the moment the only measure of the President's sincerity. It is one of four chief instruments for democratizing economic power in this country, the other three being the socialization of credit, social taxation, and the provision of social security. Only the socialization of credit is at all forward. The provision of social security will mean little in the democratic sense until it is financed out of social taxation, which has been put off indefinitely.

Important, perhaps final choices are being made in Washington in the days that remain before Congress meets. The President must decide whether or not he will heed the frantic cry of business that continued spending spells socialism. Mr. Ickes and Mr. Hopkins advise him to get the unemployed off relief rolls into jobs at any price. The industrialists are mighty. Only once have they faced a strong government—at the time when they submitted to the codes. But even then they did not surrender, and they have been artful enough to use the NRA for their own ends and to prevent its being used effectively to strengthen labor. The President can again call upon his prestige in an open conflict with them. If he imagines that the country hankers after the old deal, he has only to consult the election. Compromise may be the democratic method, and the President certainly is gifted in using it to achieve results. But democracy cannot compromise on democracy. The industrialists have proclaimed, like Louis XIV, "The economic state is ourselves." The President has the power to disprove it.

Death Business Again

THE case against the armament industry as a fomenter of wars and an opponent of international amity has been strengthened by the mass of information presented to the second session of the Senate Munitions Investigating Committee, which opened December 4. Documents were read to the committee indicating that certain American munition makers became convinced of the likelihood of a European conflict as early as 1908, and increased their sales force accordingly. It was also shown that in later years several of the leading armament firms of Europe—Vickers-Armstrong and the Nobel Company of England, and Schneider of France—worked in close cooperation to gain a stranglehold on the European market, and that they ignored, or even encouraged the violation of, treaty agreements on the rearmament of Germany and its former allies. While there is as yet no evidence that the American firms actively participated in this arrangement, it is clear that they possessed information about German rearmament as long ago as 1924 or 1925 and that they maintained a discreet and profound silence on the subject.

Even more incriminating was the testimony that certain American munition makers had repeatedly, and in some instances successfully, opposed attempts to bring about international regulation and control of the arms traffic. The most glaring example of this occurred in 1925 when the arms manufacturers appear to have conveyed to Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, the information that they considered the international arms protocol being drafted at Geneva too rigorous. At any rate we know that Mr. Hoover, at the request of the Secretary of State, called a conference of the arms makers at Washington at which certain suggestions were drafted, sent to Geneva, and subsequently incorporated in the treaty. Eight years later, in 1933, we find F. J. Monaghan, export manager of the Remington Arms Company, writing to a South American representative that "we have reached some mighty high officials and feel confident [with regard to the proposed arms embargo] that nothing will prevent the execution of any business that we get." The testimony showed that this company sold 20,000,000 rounds of ammunition to Bolivia and 100,000 to Paraguay prior to the imposition of the embargo. In addition to the active opposition of the munition makers, the evidence before the committee, according to Senator Nye, showed that in all efforts to bring about international accord for the prevention of war the State Department was always opposed by the War and Navy departments, and also at times by the Commerce Department.

Most sensational of all the charges was that brought by Senator Clark—that fourteen former officers of the United States army or navy are now employed by the Chinese government as instructors in Chinese aviation schools, and that the methods of instruction are substantially the same as those developed by the United States government. It was further charged that the Chinese had retained American instructors and purchased American equipment at the instigation of the Department of Commerce. These are the planes which it was asserted were bought for use against the Japanese but which have been utilized exclusively in action against the population of the Soviet districts.

While the disclosures made by the Nye committee have already been sufficient to make thinking men and women the country over determined to bring a stop to the business of trading in death, it cannot be said that even yet public opinion is sufficiently aroused to force the issue. Much has been achieved. The arms industry has been placed on the defensive as never before in its history, but it is far from crushed. A strenuous effort will doubtless be made to have the investigations discontinued when the present appropriation runs out, in the hope that public indignation will die down. It is, of course, of the utmost importance that this be prevented. To date the inquiry has been essentially preliminary in character, carried on with a minimum of expense, and the findings have been necessarily superficial. To unearth the full connections of the American companies with the international arms ring may require many more months of effort and considerable additional expense. But this should not deter the Senate from carrying the investigation to its full completion. The cost is insignificant compared with the toll exacted by the munition makers during the past generation. As even partial insurance against another holocaust like the World War it is cheap indeed.

The Press Takes Its Stand

AS we go to press, we have reason to believe that the National Labor Relations Board has decided to reaffirm its decision taking jurisdiction in the case of Dean S. Jennings and ordering his reinstatement by the San Francisco *Call-Bulletin*. In that decision the board declared that "no genuine issue of freedom of the press can be fabricated" out of the executive order giving the board authority under Public Resolution 44 to hold hearings and make findings of fact regarding alleged violations of Section 7-a by newspaper publishers. We could wish that the board's straightforward ruling had settled a simple case, but it is only necessary to review the sequence of events which followed the announcement of the decision to realize the months of litigation, provided the case is even brought to court, that may lie between Dean Jennings and his job.

The Labor Board decision was handed down on Monday. Howard Davis, president of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, with automatic alarm, saw "a threat to free speech" in a decision which restored to a rewrite man a job he had held for five years and would no doubt have continued to hold if he had not joined the Newspaper Guild; and the newspaper publishers went into action. But even Elisha Hanson, counsel for the *Call-Bulletin*, who had conducted the arrogant and hypocritical defiance of the Labor Board in behalf of Mr. Hearst, must have been surprised at the Biblical swiftness with which the virtuous wrath of the publishers produced results. Late on Tuesday no less an agency than the National Recovery Administration, in the person of Blackwell Smith but with the voice of Donald Richberg, requested the Labor Board to reopen the case. The request was made without so much as a gesture at consulting the second party to the dispute, the American Newspaper Guild; it was not concerned with the merits of the case; its real motivation was revealed by Mr. Richberg on Friday when he asked the board to throw out the case, declaring that the board should not assume jurisdiction over the controversy. This in spite of Public Resolution 44, which is a law of the land. In other words, it was a completely partisan and arbitrary request from a presumably impartial agency, the NRA, which is charged with enforcing all provisions of the National Recovery Act, including Section 7-a.

Even if the Labor Board has refused to back down before the combined sophistries of Mr. Richberg and the A. N. P. A., it is only realistic to point out that the next move toward enforcement must originate with the NRA; there is no reason to assume that Mr. Richberg will facilitate the enforcement of a ruling to which he is so violently opposed; and the delays in the Houde case, to take only one example, are not encouraging. It was these considerations which motivated the guild in its withdrawal from a hearing on editorial wages and working hours. "If and when the NRA purges itself," said the guild, "we will return. We charge definitely that the NRA has allowed itself to be terrified by the publishers." The Biblical Elisha caused an iron ax to swim. We should like to know what iron axes the modern Elisha and his cohorts raised up on a Tuesday afternoon to confound Mr. Richberg. That is the larger issue in this case.

It is not surprising that the particular issues have received very little elucidation in a press concerned only with its "freedom." The Labor Board cited much circumstantial evidence to support the charge that Jennings lost his job because of his interest in the guild, of which perhaps the most convincing was the fact that immediately following his resignation all but four of the forty members of the *Call-Bulletin* staff who belonged to the guild dropped out, and the chapter was thereby virtually broken up. The publisher's conduct of the case from the beginning indicates that this was exactly the result desired. The *Call-Bulletin* has obstructed every attempt to obtain a ruling by an impartial body; its contention that only the Newspaper Industrial Board has jurisdiction is a subterfuge. It is a simple fact that the board was not functioning when the present case arose. Moreover, the Newspaper Guild has never accepted it as a suitable agency for passing on collective-bargaining disputes, because of its composition and procedure. It consists of four employee and four employer representatives. In case of a tie, provision is made for the appointment of an impartial chairman. The guild maintains with reason that a tie would be inevitable on any question involving the right to organize. To accept jurisdiction by the N. I. B. would therefore amount to accepting compulsory arbitration, especially since the publishers would certainly contest the right of appeal to the National Labor Relations Board.

It is obvious that what Mr. Hearst and the A. N. P. A. least want is a settlement of the Jennings case on its merits. In injecting the issue of free speech into a simple case of discrimination for union activities, the publishers have demontrated their bad faith in respect to Section 7-a. They are waging a fight not in behalf of a free press but against unionization. "We are going back to the picket line in Newark," said Heywood Broun as the guild withdrew from the wage and hour hearings, "where the air is cleaner." The baby newspaper union is finding out, along with the veterans of organized labor, who are watching its militant fight with much interest, that the strike remains the only effective weapon against such legal necromancers as Elisha Hanson and Donald Richberg.

Proletarian Novels

IN recent months a good deal has been said about the "proletarian novel." Neither its enemies nor its proponents have always been very careful to define what they mean by the term, but those who desire some real light on the subject are referred to an article by Louis Adamic called What the Proletariat Reads, published in the *Saturday Review of Literature* for December 1. Mr. Adamic, whose conclusions are "based on a year's study among hundreds of workers throughout the United States," has something to say on the theoretical as well as the practical aspects of the subject, and he is refreshingly realistic on both.

The first result of his investigation was to show that none of the recent "proletarian novels" was actually such in the sense of being a novel read by the proletariat. Except for the members of a very small class of worker-intellectuals, the American proletarian rarely reads anything besides the newspaper and an occasional copy of *Liberty, Screen Romances,* and the like. Mr. Adamic found that the typical response to a copy of "To Make My Bread," which he considers one of the ten best American novels of the last three years, or Robert Cantwell's "The Land of Plenty" was the remark that the first was "hard going" and that the second "sure is deep and I guess pretty radical at that."

Inasmuch as Mr. Adamic is himself a radical, his theoretical conclusions are equally interesting. He is Marxian enough to maintain that novels "dealing only with the middle or upper classes cannot help being no more than small, ineffective things"—which is a conclusion justifiable only on the assumption that no subject can possibly be important unless it somehow involves the relationship of classes. But for all that, he has scant patience either with the novel which deals exclusively with the proletariat or with that which represents the lower classes as either worse off or more consistently admirable than they really are. In Flint, Michigan, factory girls who had read Catherine Brody's "Nobody Starves" thought the book untrue, and one of them remarked: "We wear much nicer clothes than she says we do!"

Mr. Adamic protects himself against the possible charge of heresy by affirming certain great but remote truths. In the first place, a genuine proletarian art, which is merely a great human art, will come into existence only when the Communist state has passed through its early trials and the proletariat has ceased to exist as a class. In the second place, his insistence that the actual worker should not be too much idealized in fiction does not involve any denial of "the nobility of the proletariat's consistently creative social function as compared to the capitalists," because that consistently noble social creativeness is not incompatible with meanness, greed, and the rest on the part of the individual proletarian. Few of even the bourgeois critics will, however, object to the specifications given by Mr. Adamic for the actual proletarian novel of the present. "When I say 'revolutionary books' I mean primarily well-written, truthful books. . . . Most of the proletarian writing so far has not been overburdened with truth. Much of it, with its lies and exaggerations, has been downright counter-revolutionary in character." In other words, a good proletarian novel is simply a good novel in which some proletarians appear as characters.

Issues and Men

The Pioneering Spirit

MR. ROOSEVELT'S recent appeal at Harrodsburg, Kentucky, en route to the marvelous works of the Tennessee Valley Authority, for a new pioneering spirit in this country will not sit very well with Al Smith and will probably give him a fresh grudge against the "old potato." For in one of his reactionary articles in the *New Outlook* Al Smith specifically stated that pioneering is just what we do not need, that we must not go headlong into pastures fresh, or blaze a trail into untouched forests—a strange doctrine for one who in his second annual message to the Legislature during his first term as Governor made no less than nine socialistic or semi-socialistic recommendations for legislative action.

Undoubtedly the President was right. We do need a greater readiness to leave the old ruts; we need to get over our craven American fear of trying anything new in governmental policy or procedure. We know that our past methods of doing business have brought us to disaster; but we are not so sure that we want to try new ones. The lure of business at the old stand in the old way seems to most of us still irresistible. We are so drugged by all the super-patriotic incantations to the effect that the United States is the greatest, the best, the noblest, and the most altruistic of nations, with a Constitution never, never to be touched, that we cannot yet realize that we must now try pioneering again. Not in the physical sense, of course. We are facing not the conquest of new lands but, if Secretary Wallace is right, and we refuse to lower our tariffs, the abandonment of 50,000,000 acres of lands conquered by pioneers in the old pioneering American spirit. We do need men, heaven knows, ready to strike out into what are now desert social wastes, determined to make them blossom again and to fit them for human habitation. We can truly rejoice that Franklin Roosevelt has brought men and women to Washington who are ready for this very adventure, who are praying for it, pleading for it, planning for it. When will Mr. Roosevelt really give the signal?

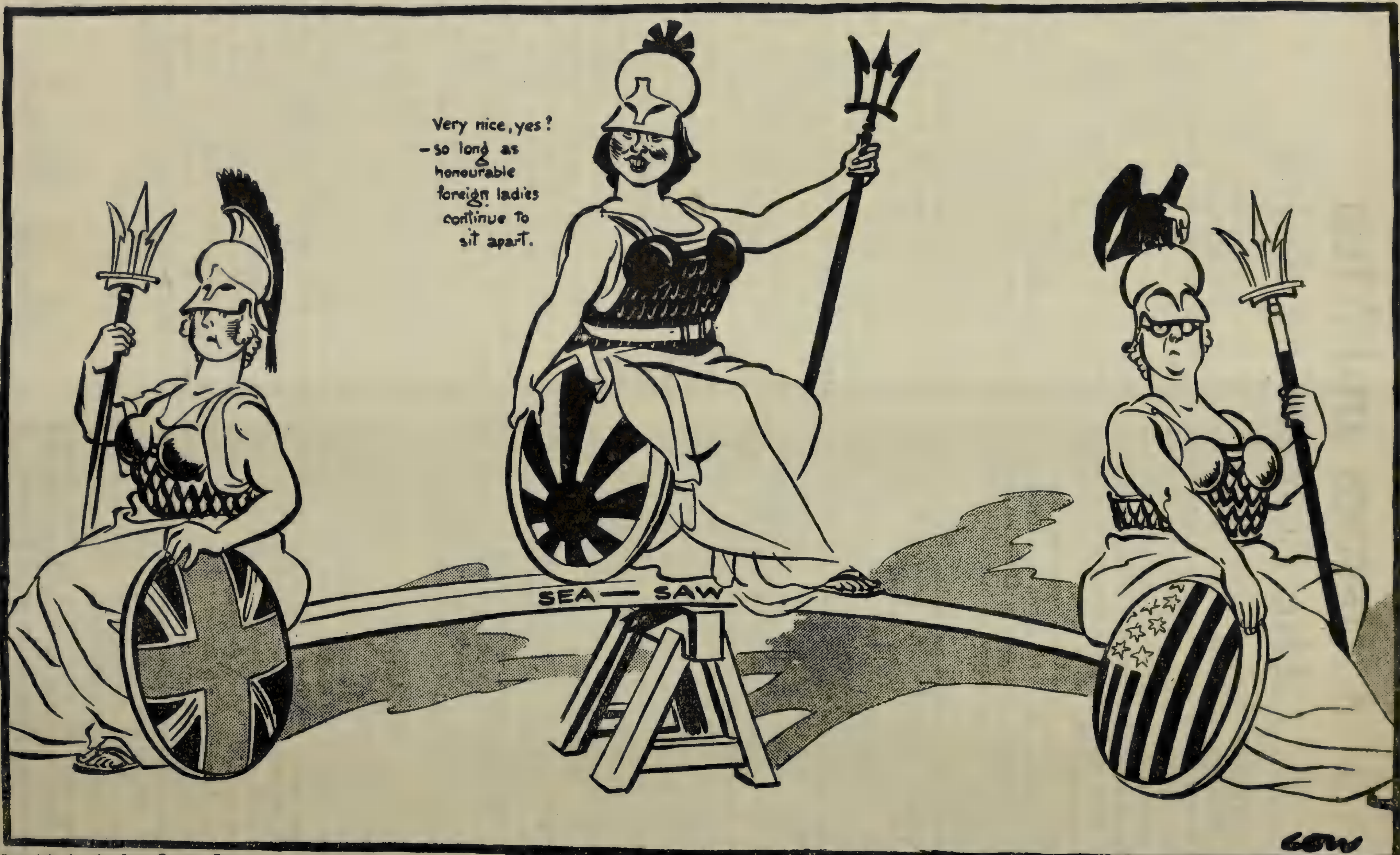
As for his phrase "the old pioneering spirit," I wonder as I think of it if it would not have been well for him to have defined it. For if it covers a multitude of heroisms, it also includes many of the blackest crimes. The American epic called out some of the finest traits in men and women; yet the early settlers sullied their record from the start by their indescribable cruelties and barbarities toward the rightful owners of the land. They cheated them, robbed them, and then drove them into the fastnesses to live or die. They gave them alcohol; they brought them disease; and when out of justified resentment or reckless drink-fired despair the natives turned upon the whites, the natives were always the sole wrongdoers—brutes and savages who tortured captives to death and mutilated them after death. That was part of the pioneering spirit; that was the way the white man proceeded. Helen Hunt Jackson called her classic book about what we did to the Indians "A Century of Dishonor." It should have read "Centuries of Dishonor," for to a degree the dishonor still persists. This is the debit side of the pioneering spirit of America.

All of this has been brought back to me by reading Frederick F. Van de Water's truth-telling life of General George A. Custer, the so-called "hero of the Little Big Horn." If ever a man deserved the death that was his, it was Custer. Listen to what he did in 1867. He marched his regiment in the dead of winter along the Washita until he came upon an Indian encampment, a Cheyenne village entirely unsuspecting that the white man's government was at war with them. An hour after his charge began at daybreak the regiment had killed 103 men and a number of defenseless women and children. Every lodge was burned; the entire pony herd of 875 horses was rounded up and killed in cold blood; 573 buffalo robes and 470 blankets were captured. The survivors were left to the rigors of the snow-covered plains and hills without food, shelter, or raiment; and this was accomplished with the loss of one life in the attack. (It is true a major and nineteen men strayed off and were killed. Custer never sent to find or aid them and they died when their ammunition gave out; he marched away without even trying to look for them, and their bodies were not buried for days.) No specific charges of wrongdoing had been brought against this Indian camp, which was located where it was entitled by treaty to be. There is not even proof that the expedition was authorized by Washington. This horrible massacre with all its indefensible wickedness remains one of the blackest stains on the whole record of our dishonor. Custer's final expedition which cost him his life was solely motivated by a desire for personal glory, the ambition to round up and destroy the Sioux with whom Washington had broken one treaty after another.

How shall we pioneer in the new fields, build the new America? By this spirit of ruthlessness, by a similar disregard for the rights of all who get in the way of the pioneers? It is neither an academic nor a theoretical question. The California election has shown with what bitterness and underhandedness the holders of special privilege will fight to retain their points of vantage. If this is to be matched by the frontier spirit which never admitted the legality of any rights, property or human, if these rights stood in the way, then we are in for bad times indeed. Already those who hold securities in the public utilities affected by the TVA feel that the pioneering spirit of that great enterprise is bearing harshly, unfairly, and unjustly upon them and robbing them of part or all of their savings. This may not be true, but the feeling is there. If it cannot be exorcised, if the public cannot be persuaded that justice is being done, we shall have renewed frontier conflicts of great bitterness—with justice probably trodden underfoot.

Oswald Garrison Villard

A Cartoon by LOW


Very nice, yes?
-so long as honourable foreign ladies continue to sit apart.
SEA — SAW
LOW

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RULE JAPANNIA.

Playgrounds and Factories

By LOUIS FISCHER

Kharkov, November 1

IN Russia people are usually addressed by their given names and patronymics. Lenin was Vladimir Ilich; Stalin is Joseph Missaryonovich. Paul Petrovich means Paul the son of Peter. His sister would be Maria Petrovna, Marie the daughter of Peter.

> Dear Paul Petrovich,
>
> I am a pupil of School Number 36, first grade A, Lena Alexandrovna Kochanova. Yesterday I was playing in the city park. I was playing school with my girl friend. The keeper came up and said that it was not permitted to play school in the park. Dear Paul Petrovich, I beg you to give the children a place in the park where they could play.
>
> L. KOCHANOVA

Lena, to judge from the fact that she is in the first grade, is about eight years old. Paul Petrovich is Comrade Postishev, the Stalin of the Ukraine, the Bolshevik leader of the Soviet Ukrainian Republic, which has a population of some 40,000,000, the richest industrial and agricultural region of the union. A few days after he received Lena's letter, he wrote:

> Dear Lenochka,
>
> I fully share your displeasure. The keeper, of course, should not have prohibited you from playing school in the park. You are permitted to play in the park. That is why the park was laid out. But it seems the doctors say it is not so good to play school. I am not quite sure whether they are right or not. Now, a special playing section will be built in the park, and near it two booths—one where the children can buy ice cream and soda water, the other where their toys will be kept. Besides, we will have a special play square for the smaller tots.
>
> Comrade Saratnikov, the chairman of the Kharkov Soviet, has personally undertaken to see that the sections and booths are built.
>
> I only ask all of you not to run on the grass, not to tear flowers, and to look after one another so that no harm is done to the park. You may run on the paths as much as you like.
>
> Greetings,
>
> P. POSTISHEV

No sooner said than done. I visited the new children's playgrounds. Excellent modern equipment, the ablest teachers, flower beds, and so on. During the summer the average daily attendance is between a thousand and fifteen hundred. And still the children make demands. They have written Paul Petrovich—this time the letter had a host of signatures—and told him that they want a library, a pavilion—"otherwise we must stay in our apartment when the weather is bad"—a leader for their aviation-model section, and for the winter an ice skating rink and a skiing hill.

Postishev devotes considerable attention to parks. One sees in the parks and streets of Kharkov many trees to which little signs have been attached. The sign gives the names of the child who is the monitor of that tree. If any harm is done, the child reports it. But of course the chief advantage of this system is that the monitors themselves, of whom there are thousands, acquire a psychology which does not allow them to hurt growing things.

Many old houses in Kharkov used to be separated from the street by a brick wall seven or eight feet high. Behind the wall was a garden and then the house. Postishev ordered that where a garden contained twenty or more trees the wall was to be torn down. The additional green has changed the aspect of whole thoroughfares. Benches have been placed in the gardens so that pedestrians may rest. Kharkov's example is now being followed by other Soviet cities.

Postishev is the hero of the children of the Ukraine. He is also respected by millions of adults. One sees his picture in store windows, offices, and homes. His young face with the short-clipped hair speaks of his energy. This summer he was scarcely ever to be found in Kiev, the new capital of the Ukraine. He spent most of his time in the country, stimulating the peasants to greater activity, correcting mistakes of local administrators, and giving orders that oiled the machinery of collectives and soviets. Postishev formulates larger policy and deals with details as well.

Lenochka wrote to Postishev because she knew his name and no one else's. But she was guided by a healthy instinct. In the Soviet Union it is the big man who gets things done immediately. If Lenochka had applied to a minor commissar he might have pigeon-holed her plea and forgotten it. The busy Postishev, however, found time for her. In like manner Stalin receives thousands of personal requests, and answers every one of them. When a writer's play has been prohibited, when an artist wants to go abroad and has been refused a passport, when an official has been wronged and cannot get justice from his immediate superiors, he resorts to the *hozyayin,* the "boss" in the Kremlin. By encouraging this sort of correspondence, Stalin, like Postishev and other provincial leaders, keeps in touch with the temper of the country and enhances his own popularity. No one is indifferent to popularity—or immune to vanity.

Since Postishev and other big Bolsheviks get things done, since the mails and telegraphs function badly, since, moreover, people like to believe that their personalities will hasten a favorable decision, innumerable Soviet citizens and subordinate officials appear personally before high officials to plead their causes. It is estimated that when Kharkov was the Ukrainian capital 15,000 men and women from the provinces entered the city on "business" every day. Now they go to Kiev. God only knows how many carry their troubles to Moscow.

A capital is the façade of a country. It tries to create a good impression. The fact that the government chiefs live in it helps it to get the wherewithal from the treasury for its upbuilding. While Kharkov was the capital it experienced an uninterrupted construction boom. I remember the city from the time I first saw it in December, 1922. The famine had just ended. In clinics I found women and children swollen from hunger. Mud and dirt dominated the scene. All houses were in disrepair. A rickety trolley ground its way through a few central streets. At night the town was glum and dark. Subsequently I visited Kharkov almost every year and watched its frown change to a smile, until today it is a bright, bubbling metropolis with almost all streets asphalted, many fine street-car and bus lines, big new parks, one stadium finished and another with 100,000 seats in construction, a race track, several new universities, stores filled with goods, and thousands of new homes.

Kharkov boasts what is architecturally the finest office building in the Soviet Union. It is a block wide in the form of a gentle curve. Some of its sections are fourteen stories high; others eleven and seven. Cement roads run between the sections, and high above the roads are inclosed bridge-corridors which connect the sections. This scheme gives the tremendous structure an almost fairy lightness. From the roof of the building a large part of Kharkov is visible. Here one realizes how much of the city is newly built. Many complete blocks of houses stand out as fresh and modern. And each is like an island surrounded by a band of green. The population of Kharkov rose from 288,000 in 1917 to 720,000 in 1934, and it is now the fourth largest city in the union. Smokestacks indicate that numerous factories operate within the city. But most of the large industrial plants erected by the Bolsheviks during and since the first Five-Year Plan are located far from the center of town. Thus the Kharkov tractor factory is some twelve kilometers from the city. A smooth speedway leads to it. One Soviet leader has called this speedway the "Avenue of Giants," for along its course have been built half a dozen immense enterprises, among them the Kharkov turbine factory, which manufactures machines formerly purchased abroad.

I have followed the progress of the Kharkov tractor plant ever since its birth in 1931. On previous visits I noticed and discussed with the director the excessive number of workers employed. Men seemed to be standing around doing nothing except to get in one another's way. Little of that remains now. As one looks over the tremendous assembly rooms, each person is obviously tending to business and working with fair intensity. The plant employed 11,000 in 1932 when it was manufacturing 50 tractors a day, and employs 11,500 at present when it makes 145 a day.

The Kharkov plant has a little recently constructed town all its own not far from the shops. Here 8,800 of its employees are housed in new apartment houses. But this is only about half the force, for the factory employs 15,500 people. This figure reveals an interesting situation which applies to all Soviet industry. There are 11,500 men actually engaged in production. The entire staff, however, consists of 15,500. Those extra 4,000 are clerks, bookkeepers, teachers, officials in the plant's cooperative stores, waiters in the restaurants, party and trade-union functionaries, librarians, peasants engaged in growing food on the factory's farms, and so on—a large overhead which raises production costs.

The number of teachers is not a negligible item. There must be hundreds of them; for employees of the plant have 11,000 children—15,500 adults, many unmarried, whose average age is probably twenty-five, and 11,000 children. Of these, 1,500 are four years old or younger; 2,000 are between four and seven years of age. Some birth control, one muses, would not be amiss.

In a recent interview in Moscow with Gregory Kaminsky, the Soviet Health Commissar, which I attended, Mrs. Margaret Sanger, the well-known birth-control advocate, asked not a few questions on her favorite subject. I think she learned that the Bolsheviks have a special approach to the problem. They do not, of course, object to birth control on moral or religious grounds. But they submit that the earth is rich and the possibilities of technological progress are infinite. Though the world's population is greater now than two or three centuries ago, living standards are also higher. There is no reason, the Bolsheviks accordingly argue, why in a perfect society all the human beings born into it should not be excellently provided for. Every new individual should be able to produce as much as he can consume. This is their attitude in principle. On the other hand, the Communists are realists, and they know that conditions in the U. S. S. R. are not perfect. Temporarily, therefore, contraceptive information and paraphernalia are made available to all who may desire them. In addition, there is also birth control after conception. But it is much more difficult to get an abortion in the Soviet Union than many foreigners have been led to imagine. In any case, no abortions are brought about after eight weeks of pregnancy. The interesting thing is, however, that Russians marry early and want to have children. And although the two-child family is becoming the type here, too, there certainly are enough young ones.

The Kharkov tractor factory has three nurseries, or crèches, for youngsters up to the age of three. These are housed in two-story stone buildings which one easily recognizes from the street by the long U-shaped extension running from ground to roof. Inside you discover that these extensions provide space for an inclined plane of slight gradient which takes the place of stairs. Thus as soon as a child can walk, it also can find its way upstairs. I saw youngsters of eighteen months or perhaps even less resting at various stages of their adventurous solo climb toward the sleeping porch on the roof. An American pedologist who inspected the Kharkov crèche with me said that one would have to look hard in the United States to find one better equipped. There are few better in the Soviet Union, but not a few like it. Every Soviet factory has a nursery; so has every office of any size, in fact practically every urban institution, and now almost every collective farm. To supply these crèches with equipment and, what is more, with personnel, has become a major Soviet industry.

Several hundred children attend the three Kharkov tractor crèches. In the one I visited—and presumably in the others, too—the children were divided into groups of fifteen or sixteen. Each group had its own rooms which no other children ever enter, its own toys, beds, and nurses. This arrangement was devised to reduce the likelihood of contagion, which is a serious problem in all Soviet nurseries and kindergartens. The children are deposited in the crèche in the morning and taken home by their working mothers after working hours. Since most of the mothers are employed nearby in the tractor plant, those who still nurse their babies come to the crèche three times a day for half-hour periods. Before feeding the baby, the mother must wash, don an apron, and partake of a meal from the nursery kitchen.

I was very much impressed by this institution and said so to the acting director of the plant. "Yes," he said, "but it is not enough. After all, our children are our future and they should have the best of everything. But we are still poor." I wondered how it would be when this poor, backward country became rich.

Taxation in the New Social State

VII. Coordination of American Finance

By CLARENCE HEER

RESPONSIBILITY for the raising and spending of taxes in the United States is divided among no fewer than 180,000 independent and semi-independent political units. Yet however badly we may need to coordinate federal, State, and local finance in certain particular respects, the present predilection for coordination as an abstract principle represents a distinct danger. There is of course no more virtue in coordination per se than there is in decentralization per se. Coordinating devices are merely means for obtaining certain ends. Their value can be judged only in terms of the objectives they are designed to achieve. One recent proposal for obtaining a greater degree of coordination between federal and State finance, for instance, would have the effect of firmly fastening the sales tax on us as a permanent part of our revenue system.

It is beginning to dawn on us that governments, through their taxing and spending programs, exercise, willy-nilly, a profound influence upon the course of private business. We are beginning to see that fiscal policies may be deliberately framed with a view to promoting economic stability. But a tax policy for recovery, or for any other purpose, cannot be made effective in the United States as long as tax-raising and tax-spending functions are distributed among 180,000 political units which are grandly left to shift for themselves. Only the federal government has made any attempt in the last two fiscal years to adapt its fiscal program to the requirements of recovery. During that time it has expended some three billion dollars on emergency public works and unemployment relief. Very properly it has financed these expenditures by means of credit rather than increased taxation.

Unfortunately, the recovery efforts of the federal government have been largely nullified by efforts in an opposite direction on the part of States and localities. During the seven years ending in 1930 the net long-term borrowings of State and local governments, after allowance is made for refunding and retirements, averaged very close to a billion dollars per annum. These borrowings were spent for the most part on permanent capital improvements, became income to someone, and helped swell the stream of current purchasing power. In 1932, according to the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle,* the net long-term borrowings of States and municipalities for purposes other than refunding dropped to about two hundred million dollars. In 1933 net borrowings disappeared altogether, the volume of bonds retired exceeding the volume of new issues. This is, of course, only part of the story of deflation as practiced by State and local governments during the current depression. State and local budgets have been everywhere cruelly slashed. Educational expenditures were reduced by half a billion dollars between 1930 and 1934. School expenditures per child enrolled declined from a national average of $90 in 1930 to $67 in 1934.

Had State and local governments adapted their fiscal policies to the requirements of recovery, they would have refrained as far as possible from levying new taxes or increasing the rates of old ones. To the extent that new taxes were unavoidable, they would have selected such taxes as were likely to trench on savings rather than on necessary consumption. Actually, as we all know, the outstanding fiscal invention of the depression period was the sales tax. It is a fact worth pondering that more money was raised through State sales taxes during the fiscal year just closed than was raised through State income taxes.

The States and their subdivisions carry the responsibility of financing a major share of the normal costs of government. But only the federal government possesses the credit resources and is capable of adequately exploiting the types of taxes needed to execute a fiscal program for recovery. It is clear, then, that there must be a considerable degree of financial cooperation between federal, State, and local governments if a fiscal program for recovery is to succeed.

Economic stability will of course be only one of the objectives toward which the fiscal policy of the new social state will be directed. Since the importance of other objectives is more generally recognized, they may be passed over rather hurriedly. It goes without saying that the new social state will seek to distribute the burden of taxation in an equitable manner. It will endeavor to distribute the services and benefits of government in accordance with social needs. In the case of functions, such as education and health, which are of vital interest to the nation as a whole, it will assure to all of its citizens, in whatever part of the country they may reside, a national minimum of services. It will budget the total tax funds of the country among various functions with due regard to the relative social importance of each function. Finally, it will seek to secure as much economy and efficiency in tax administration as is compatible with its other aims.

It is easy to understand why we cannot hope to come within reaching distance of any of the objectives mentioned under our present scheme of intergovernmental fiscal relations. Under this scheme the functions of government are parceled out among a multitude of more or less independent jurisdictions. The range of taxes which the various jurisdictions are in a position to administer effectively is largely conditioned by their territorial extent. Altogether apart from legal restrictions, the only form of taxation from which local governments are likely to secure much revenue is the general property tax, or more correctly the tax on real estate. The situs of real estate is fixed. In an extremely mobile world most other subjects of taxation are too active and elusive to be caught in the small tax nets which municipalities, counties, and districts are able to spread.

State governments, because of their wider areas, have a broader range of taxes at their disposal, but even they are subject to handicaps which the federal government escapes. Lack of uniformity in the taxing systems of the various States stimulates tax avoidance and evasion. The avenue of escape opened up by the interstate commerce clause makes certain forms of State taxation inequitable. Interstate tax competition makes it difficult for any State to depart too widely from the pattern of taxation set by its neighbors. No single State, for instance, could proceed very far with a program of steeply progressive income and inheritance taxes. There are too many other States in which less democratic ideas on taxation prevail.

Modern economic life is closely integrated. Wealth and income are to an increasing extent the result of processes to which all sections of the country contribute. But the legal bases of taxing jurisdiction are not founded on any ultimate inquiry into economic origins. They depend on such criteria as the location of physical property, the domicile of owners and income recipients, and the presumed situs of business operations. Since these criteria tend to be concentrated in a few urban areas, there are wide variations in the capacity of both localities and States to support public services. Notwithstanding these differences in ability, certain functions which are affected, to a degree at least, with a national interest are now supported almost entirely on a State and local basis. This makes for gross regional inequalities in respect of services which ought to be subject to nation-wide standards. Another serious shortcoming of our present fiscal order is that it militates against a rational budgeting of the total tax funds of the country. The relative amount of support accorded any particular function is now determined to no small extent, not by the relative importance of the function itself, but by the relative efficiency as a tax-raising unit of the level of government to which the function has been assigned.

Little need be said about the administrative wastes and duplications which are inevitable under a regime of fiscal separatism. The dual administration of the same types of taxes by both the federal government and the States is naturally a source of annoyance and expense to the taxpayer. When States attempt to administer types of taxes which they are not capable of administering as effectively as is the federal government, taxable assets are wastefully dissipated. When federal, State, and local governments vie with one another in the competitive exploitation of the same tax sources, the result may be a net loss to the country at large. The current situation in the matter of liquor taxation supplies an excellent case in point.

It is clear that some form of coordination of federal, State, and local finance is needed, but what kind of coordination shall it be? One proposal is that the device of federal credit for State taxes, which has been used for a number of years in the field of inheritance taxation, be extended to other taxes, specifically income taxes on individuals and corporations. The one virtue of the federal crediting device is that it effectually eliminates intergovernmental tax competition. Its extension to the field of income taxation would force all States to levy income taxes at rates high enough to absorb the federal credit. The crediting device, however, would contribute very little toward the attainment of the major objectives set up for the new social state. Its chief beneficiaries would be the wealthy industrial and commercial States. It would not solve the problem of regional inequalities in taxable capacity, nor would it do away with duplicate tax administration.

Other proposals contemplate the exclusive collection of certain taxes by the federal government and a sharing of their proceeds with the States. From the standpoint of efficiency it is certainly desirable to give the federal government a monopoly of all taxes in respect of which it enjoys a marked administrative advantage. The difficulty comes in agreeing upon a formula for distributing the proceeds of such taxes among the States. State-shared federal taxes raise other questions, too, which cannot be pushed aside. As long as the States and localities remain solely responsible for supplying certain vital governmental services, can they afford to jeopardize those services by accepting a fixed percentage share of specified federal taxes in return for a partial surrender of their present taxing powers? Is it wise to divorce the raising of taxes from control over their expenditure? Ought the proceeds of national taxes to be expended for any functions or services which are not invested with some degree of national interest?

If one answers any or all of these questions in the negative, another plan of coordination which retains the advantages of centralized tax administration is still open. According to this plan the federal government would be given exclusive jurisdiction over income, inheritance, liquor, tobacco, and all other taxes which it is in a position to administer more effectively than the States. In return for this addition to its taxing power, and to compensate the States for their loss, the federal government would assume financial responsibility for the maintenance of minimum national standards in respect of such State and local functions as education, health, and welfare, which are of more than purely local concern. Administration of the functions in question would remain with the States and localities, but the federal government would see to it that its standards were enforced. This is, of course, merely an application of the familiar subsidy principle and is no novelty in federal and State finance. It would appear to come closer to achieving the objectives set up for the new social state than any other plan currently suggested.

But genuine fiscal coordination will not be achieved through piecemeal expedients directed at one or more specific abuses which happen to afflict us at the present moment. In a highly dynamic age intergovernmental arrangements such as tax credits, nationally administered State-shared taxes, or federal subsidies will have to be constantly readjusted to meet changing conditions. We cannot expect to navigate the tortuous financial channels of the future by setting our ship on a predetermined course with the tiller firmly lashed. What we need above everything else is intelligent pilots, and at present such pilots are lacking.

This lack may easily be remedied through the creation of a federal-State commission on fiscal coordination. A central coordinating agency of this kind would not in any sense constitute a super-government. Its duties would be purely planning and advisory. It would perform much the same function for the country at large as federal, State, and municipal budget-making bodies now perform for their respective governments. The commission would, first of all, schedule the financial requirements for all essential governmental activities and services, whether federal, State, or local, with regard to their relative importance for the country as a whole. It would then formulate a master plan of federal, State, and local taxation which would raise the needed revenue in an equitable and rational manner. On the basis of its financial plan the commission would submit recommendations for specific legislation to the Congress and to the legislatures of the several States. For the purpose of coordinating the credit operations of the various levels of government, it would, when necessary, act as a go-between in arranging for advances of federal credit to the States and localities.

A coordinating body of the type proposed might be set up on the initiative of the President and Congress. To emphasize its intergovernmental character, however, it might be expedient to establish it through reciprocal federal-State legislation, or even on the basis of an interstate compact to which the federal government became a party by virtue of the terms of the initial consenting act. Whatever the procedure used, the establishment of a central commission on intergovernmental fiscal relations represents a necessary first step toward coordinating federal, State, and local finances.

[*This is the seventh of a series of ten articles on taxation planned and edited by Professor Paul Studenski. The eighth, European Public Finance in the World Crisis, by Gerhard Colm, will appear in an early issue.*]

What Business Men Think

IV. See the New Deal Through!

By EDWARD A. FILENE

ONCE upon a time the United States adopted a Constitution, generally credited, and I believe rightly, with being the greatest document of its kind in world history. It was not, however, perfect; many of the provisions in it were changed from time to time, and many others were construed in the light of later developments in a vastly different way from what was at first intended. The important historical fact, however, is that America adopted the Constitution, achieved more perfect union, measurably established justice, provided for the common defense, and accomplished certain other things which it had become necessary to accomplish. I think the young country did a great job when it adopted that Constitution. I would even go so far as to say that the greatest thing about the Constitution was its adoption; for until we decided to have a federal government, we couldn't possibly have a good federal government. There were issues. There were sharp differences of opinion. There were those who placed all emphasis on government from the top, and those who felt that everything depended upon State and local rights. Both groups, however, had sufficient statesmanship to perceive that the adoption of one basic, nation-wide code was necessary.

America was then an agrarian civilization with a superabundance of land. In the course of time America became an industrial country, with the unique possession of industrial resources sufficient to provide everybody with a standard of living higher than many of the rich could have had in previous civilizations. But everybody did not enjoy any such standard of living. Even in good times wealth was badly distributed. Then the depression arrived, and millions of Americans had nothing whatever, except hand-outs from charity. The masses couldn't buy the products of our machines, and there was now no land upon which they could settle and produce a living for themselves. Even many of those who were settled on the land could not make a living out of it because enough people could not buy what they were raising; and in the century of transformation from an agrarian to an industrial civilization, Americans had forgotten how to make a living in the old agrarian way.

From a humanitarian standpoint, it is obvious that such a situation was intolerable. Also from a social standpoint; for no social stability, assuredly, can be maintained if great masses of the population are deprived of the means of life. There is, however, another standpoint. This was a business civilization and business was in a bad way too. Until our machines had become so marvelously productive, the average business man could think and plan largely in terms of the community in which his business was located; and even in business depressions he could sell to those who had money and extend credit to those who were hardest hit, and could often manage so that both he and the community were able somehow to weather the hard times. With the coming of mass production, however, these community limits all but disappeared. Business after business was now conducted on a nation-wide scale. Our industries had become so productive, in fact, that they could not be kept in operation unless the masses could buy their products; and the masses, obviously, unless they were employed, could not.

From the business standpoint, therefore, it was imperative that something be done to provide the masses with buying power. Some employers had come to see the economic necessity for high wages, and for higher and higher wages as better and better methods resulted in more capacity to produce. But this had not solved the problem. For the average employer was not a social scientist, and could not be expected to be. Many of those, moreover, who could see the advantage of a high wage level could not pay high wages for fear of losing a trick to some competitor who could not see it.

Nevertheless, from all standpoints the situation was intolerable. There had always been more or less trade in the old agrarian days, but when trade was interrupted, life could still go on. Now, when the mechanism of exchange broke down, everything broke down. Our whole nation had evolved into one economic community, but we had never before recognized the necessity for nation-wide planning of all our economic functions. We prided ourselves on our individualism—we who were building up this greatest of all collective enterprises in the history of the world. Our first thought was that any such nation-wide planning of business was unconstitutional, rather forgetting that the Constitution itself was evolved from the necessity of a nation-wide code.

When it was suggested that business must discover a method of providing the masses with sufficient buying power to purchase the products of this new mechanism of production, the very creators of that mechanism were shocked. But if we had studied business a little more closely than we did, we might have observed that business for many decades had been furnishing our masses with all the buying power which they had. But business had not done this planfully. It had paid wages because it couldn't get labor any other way; and with those wages the industrial workers had bought enough at times to keep ever so many businesses going. When more was produced, however, than business could sell, business laid off its employees and stopped furnishing this buying power, with the result that business could now sell even less than before and thousands were reduced to want.

When the so-called New Deal flashed into our nation's thinking, it seemed to be mistaken generally for a new theory of society. Many upheld it as a better social theory than any proposed before, while many viewed it with alarm, calling it a violation of our ancient liberties and a regimentation of life under a political bureaucracy. Still others waited to see what the New Dealers would propose; and the New Dealers proposed a number of measures which these critics did not believe to be economically sound.

It seems to me that the New Deal can never be comprehended from any such approach. The New Deal is not a new solution for old problems. It is a solution for a new problem—a problem arising from the evolution of machine industry and the evolution of American society from an agrarian to an industrial civilization. Nor is the New Deal to be confused with any one of the experimental measures adopted by the Administration in its efforts to get the New Deal going. The New Deal, as I see it, is a movement toward a nation-wide economic constitution, because the time had come when it was no longer possible for industry, agriculture, and trade to function in harmony with our American ideas unless we did evolve an economic constitution. If we want to go on with democracy, and I am sure we do, the New Deal points the way. It is, as I see it, the same way in principle as that by which our infant democracy was protected and nourished—by the nation-wide organization of democracy under an adequate code. I have, therefore, more than business reasons for supporting the New Deal. I have patriotic reasons, humanitarian reasons, even political reasons, for aside from the question of business profits, I loathe absolutism and dictatorship. As a business man, however, I prefer to keep the discussion within the realm of business. To business, the New Deal is imperative. It isn't a question of whether business shall or shall not be operated under a code. Business under any condition must have a code. It is merely a question of whether our big-community business can operate under the old, little-community code, and it has been amply proved that it cannot.

I may seem to speak as if I thought that the needs of business men were paramount; as if the purpose of human life were to keep business prosperous rather than the purpose of business to supply the needs of human life. But that is not the case. I emphasize the business approach to the problem only because I am a business man; nevertheless, if American business does evolve a nation-wide code adequate to the needs of business, there will and can be no opposition from any other element in our society. For whatever the details of such a code may be, its basic principle must be nation-wide planning to enable the masses to purchase the output of modern industry. Idealists may be content with a mere equitable distribution of wealth, but business, if it is to be prosperous, cannot stop at that. It must see that the masses have more and more buying power. There might be an equitable distribution of wealth which would still leave everybody poor, but business can achieve no lasting prosperity now unless the masses enjoy a standard of living which has scarcely yet been thought possible. Only such a standard of living can absorb the products of machine industry, and only such a standard, therefore, can keep the masses employed.

The masses, I know, do not and will not object to that, however much they may have objected to business programs heretofore. In the period when this new industrial machine was in the making, labor and the consuming public were rightfully suspicious of business domination; and business, to win its points, had to smash through these objections with all the strong-arm methods which seemed to suggest themselves. But that period will be over at the moment that American business comprehends the business opportunities inherent in this New Deal. We shall no doubt differ as to methods and measures, but all of us—business men, workers, farmers, professional people—will be consciously working on the same problem, that of getting buying power to the whole people.

Now, as to some of the details of our proposed economic constitution, which so many seem to confuse with the Constitution itself. I am second to none in acknowledging the extraordinary leadership of President Roosevelt, but it has never kept me from questioning a number of those measures. From the very start I could not concur in the suggestion that we must raise prices, and it was hard to understand why almost everybody, including the Administration, seemed to accept price-raising as an immediate objective. I could concede that it might be necessary, as a temporary measure, to raise prices if possible on certain raw materials and farm products. But the great problem, as I saw it, was the problem of enabling the masses to buy more and more, and I argued, and still argue, that people can buy more, other things being equal, if prices are low than they can if they are high.

Mr. Roosevelt himself admitted that he did not know what to do in this new era and promised to find out by fact-finding research and, where necessary, by experiment. The great thing about fact-finding as a method of procedure is that one may start out all wrong and still wind up all right; whereas, if we follow traditional practices instead of facts, we may start all right, but because of changing conditions we may nevertheless wind up all wrong. I could follow Roosevelt, then, with no misgivings. Price-fixing would go out, I was sure, when it became obvious that it could not solve the problem, and if I am not mistaken, it is already going out.

Nor did he try, as many would have liked, to scrap our existing business system and mold one nearer to our utopian ideals. He simply dug up the reasons that our mechanism of trade was not working successfully and proposed action in accordance with these reasons. Some economists, I know, claim that there can be no such nation-wide planning as is now necessary without the destruction of capitalism. But that is unimportant. Capitalism is just a name we give to describe a certain period in economic evolution. If it doesn't fit this new and necessary stage, I think we can find a word to describe the new set-up.

I am for the New Deal, then, because I am a business man. I am for the New Deal because I am an individualist, not a Socialist, and because the Old Deal unnecessarily restricted our individual liberties. I am for the New Deal because I believe in profits, and the New Deal opens up tremendously greater opportunities for legitimate and continuous profits, and opens them up to an incomparably greater number of people.

When the masses were engaged in digging their living directly from the soil, in their little agrarian communities, traders could make huge profits from exploiting them. But only a few, at most, could be exploiters. Business can no longer look to exploitation for its profits because we are all engaged in trading now, and there is no public which business can profitably exploit. The only course which can now be profitable is the doing of things which need to be done and the doing of them by such progressive methods—which in general will be mass production—that the masses can receive the benefits. Since there is no limit to things that need to be done, one may almost say that business opportunities will, under the New Deal, be unlimited.

Business in the old days had a certain fascination, but it lacked some of the elements of good, clean fun. It wasn't fun to hire little children until they were broken by disease or accident, and then bring on a new regiment of children to take their place. Employers, I am sure, didn't like to do that, but business, they were told, was business, and they had to do it because children were less expensive than adults. It wasn't fun to have to engage in misrepresentation. It wasn't fun to browbeat labor, or to corrupt government to secure those special favors which seemed so necessary. The great majority, I know, wanted to be decent, and only acted in ways like this because they did not feel free to act according to more humanitarian principles. In other words, business was regimented, and the meanest chiseler in the trade frequently did the regimenting. When he cut wages, they all cut. When he evolved some particularly sharp practice, others thought it necessary to follow suit.

I am for the New Deal because it liberates business from all that. Because it frees business from the dictatorship of the chiseler, and eliminates only those practices which are not socially helpful. Nation-wide planning, of course, necessitates restrictions, but so does all social order. To achieve service, we must place a taboo on disservice. To achieve wealth, we must place a taboo on waste. We shall not have to apologize for unsocial actions in the future by saying that "business is business," for business won't be that kind of business any longer. Business under the New Deal will be much more fun.

[*This is the last of a series of articles by business men discussing various aspects of the New Deal.*]

In the Driftway

EVERY so often the front page of the metropolitan press is agitated by the story of another youthful genius. The latest one, an unnamed hero of seven whose intelligence quotient reaches the dizzy heights of 230 —making Einstein look like a nincompoop with a mere 200 or so—is now pursuing his way through school in Brooklyn. When the Drifter reads, however, that the lad is kept in association with children of his own age—in spite of the fact that he taught himself to read at two and has demonstrated an astonishing skill at mathematical calculation—he reflects that the life of the child prodigy is changing, and one cannot doubt for the better. The Brooklyn unknown is being treated at every possible point like any other child. If he insists on being a genius, it will be evidently without any help from his elders—and on his own account it is encouraging to note that when he began school he exhibited a tendency to burst into tears if he was worsted in a game with other children.

* * * * *

CONTRAST this modern prodigy with one of the most famous and most pathetic of all child wonders—John Stuart Mill. Mill described his own education and did not seem to deplore it, which is very likely the most deplorable thing about it. He recounted, in his "Autobiography," how he learned Greek at three, how at the same tender age his task for the evenings was arithmetic and for the mornings, in walks before breakfast with his father, he was obliged to relate the substance of the books he had read the day before. When he was as old as four he was reading Hume and Gibbon; by seven he had read the first six Dialogues of Plato, in Greek of course; in his eighth year he commenced Latin, not only learning it himself but teaching it to a younger sister; and by the time he was twelve he had finished a good part of Vergil, much of Livy, Sallust, Ovid, Terence, Lucretius, Cicero, the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," Thucydides, a bit of Sophocles, Euripedes, and Aristophanes, and he had even embraced Aristotle's "Rhetoric," in addition, of course, to innumerable works of history—so that when he was ten or eleven he began writing a "History of the Roman Government"—not to mention elementary geometry and algebra, and had made more or less unsuccessful stabs at calculus and other portions of higher mathematics. It is not recorded that the little boy burst into tears when he was beaten in a game, for the simple reason that he had no time for games. He was permitted no vacations, he learned no sports, he had no boy companions. His father, the mentor and disciplinarian of this stern regimen, would brook no nonsense about relaxation, although for his son's lighter moments he did borrow—not owning them himself—the "Arabian Nights," "Don Quixote," and the "Popular Tales" of Maria Edgeworth.

* * * * *

AS a result of this welter of learning at an early age, Mill grew up to write a number of books which nobody now reads, although one or two of them are worth reading, and to complete an eminently serious, although perhaps not too unhappy, life. He was not, in short, a genius, or even one of the great English writers. Indeed, the Drifter cannot remember any of the great writers who was a child wonder, with the possible exception of Pope. This genius is a mysterious thing, compounded of natural talents, extraordinary curiosity, and great variety of experience. Nowadays educators with a prodigy on their hands are endeavoring to provide a well-rounded training instead of stuffing a young brain with more than it can digest. The Drifter has often suspected, indeed, that we have gone too far in this direction, and that we provide too many games and too little intellectual discipline, not only for our geniuses but for our ordinary children. But for little John Mill one's heart is wrung. There must have been about two million parents who, reading of the high IQ's which have lately provided news for them, looked at their offspring and remarked more or less pugnaciously: "He may not be a genius but he'll probably have a better time if he isn't." To which statistics merely add that he has about as much chance as the child wonder of being a genius after all.

THE DRIFTER

A Letter from Mark Granite

What This Country Needs Is a Good Twenty-five-dollar House

To the Editors of The Nation:

What this country needs is a good twenty-five-dollar house—and a United Liberal Party to see that the country gets it. Five million families need new, modern, well-built, separate homes on good-sized lots of land that can be purchased for twenty-five dollars a month, covering interest, taxes, insurance, upkeep, and payment on principal—the house (of five or six rooms and bath) to cost not more than $2,000, the land not more than $500.

Ten million fathers and mothers need to be turned into home-owners instead of rent-payers, need to have a home of their own to show at the end of fifteen of the productive years of their lives, instead of a bunch of rent receipts and the threat of a homeless old age. Twenty million people need to be taken out of city slums and out of country shacks (and also out of high-rent apartments and houses, built for profit, that they cannot afford to live in—a lot of us are in that fix!) and given a chance to have the security and independence and happiness that only a home of one's own can give.

Who is going to give us this? The Republican Party? The editors of *The Nation* are mistaken: the Republican Party is not dead. It is worse than dead: it is deaf, blind, and useless, a hindrance and not a help to the people who need help most. The Democratic Party? Its housing program is the most perfect illustration of what I said in my last letter on the subject of a new party. We are seeing, right now, how a hybrid liberal-conservative party works in actual practice.

The well-meaning, ineffectual Mr. Ickes makes a few feeble gestures toward building non-profit individual homes. The conservative, profit-worshiping Mr. Moffett sets up a howl. Real-estate and building interests, obstructionist labor leaders, the building-material profiteers, and the real-estate bankers bring pressure to bear on the President not to disturb high prices, high profits, high rents, high interest rates, inflated mortgages, and the rent-slavery of the people, by permitting or encouraging the building of good low-priced, non-profit homes. And Mr. Roosevelt has to yield to that pressure because the party back of him is partially made up of conservatives and special interests. If he alienates them he would lose his political power. The result is the abortive thing the Democrats call a housing program. When the Democratic Party is driven straight up against the question of turning liberal and really helping to bring about a different and better distribution of things, it shies and runs away, for it is at heart a conservative donkey.

Ever since it came into power it has been flirting with housing. It tackled the problem timidly, hesitantly, and wrong end first. Slum clearance sounds nice, but it hasn't arrived anywhere and it won't get us anywhere, either as a means of attacking this depression or as a solution of the housing problem. It is unsound in principle. Beehive living, no matter how good the beehive, is all wrong for the poor and, I suspect, even for the rich—except for those sterile members of society who have no children. Tenement living is likely to turn even the children of the rich into human lap-dogs, and it immeasurably increases the difficulties of the poor in bringing up their children. Every child has a right to his own back yard, to a garden of his own tending, to trees and flowers and green grass, to rabbits and chickens and a dog, *to a home!*

Sentimental? Yes, but society is founded upon sentiment. Impractical? No! It is the hardest kind of common sense to get as many people as possible out of the congestion of the cities, out of the demoralizing dependence and insecurity of the tenement house. Remove one family out of ten, even one family out of twenty, from hired rooms in the city to their own homes on their own land, and you produce an immense improvement in political, economic, and social conditions. I am not proposing five million subsistence homesteads or farm homes for city people; I propose giving to five million families now improperly housed separate, modern, inexpensive, new homes wherever they prefer to work and live. Most of them would be, of course, in suburban communities. Let the city become more and more the workshop and trading-place of the people, less and less the crowding-place of the poor.

I have spoken thus far of the general advantages to the family and the community in the ownership of separate homes. The millions of unemployed in the building trades are a weighty additional argument for carrying on a great housing program. Home building on a grand scale is the only sure-fire way to start the wheels of the permanent-goods industry turning. For every dollar spent on the spot for local labor and materials, another dollar is spent elsewhere for other materials and more labor, and for every dollar spent on the house itself, another dollar is spent in furnishing and equipping it. Thus each new home is like radium, sending out perpetual waves of energy, in this case the very stuff that prosperity is made of.

Not enough has been made of another and tremendously important factor involved in a genuine, thoroughgoing, liberal housing program. This depression is mental and spiritual as well as financial. Not one of the measures adopted by the Democratic Party for relieving our present situation has been so conceived, so presented, or so executed as to appeal to the imagination and enthusiasm of men; not one sets before them a real vision and a tangible hope of a better day.

A road, a bridge, a dam, a pile of concrete in a desert pays no taxes, buys no furniture, solves no imperative human problems, houses no happy children, kindles no hearth fires, does not warm the hearts of men. The building of real homes is the best self-liquidating project, yields abundant dividends in human betterment, is the key to a true prosperity. Instead of spending millions for monkey houses in our zoos, and billions more to keep people in their city cages, I propose that we turn these people into home-builders and home-owners.

Let the United Liberal Party come forward with a program for five million homes, and the people will respond! *Give the people homes!* This is the path to prosperity and the path to power for the new liberal party. And so, fellow-liberals, I propose this plank for our platform—it should be, I think, the spearhead of our attack:

"The United Liberal Party will provide new, modern, separate houses on good-sized lots of land for all who desire them, on a purchase plan of five dollars per room per month, so that any family may acquire a new home, pay for it like rent, and own it outright, free and clear, at the end of fifteen years."

And now what have you to offer?

New York, December 5 Mark Granite

[*Mark Granite's proposal of a "United Liberal Party," printed in* The Nation *of December 5, brought a great number of replies. Excerpts from representative letters are printed in the correspondence columns of this issue and more will follow later.*]

Correspondence

"You Can Count on Me"

To the Editors of The Nation:

I have always been of the opinion, as Mr. Granite seems to indicate he is, too, that our country cannot keep in step with the evolution of progress in other fields until we resolve to rid ourselves of the "stagecoach" type of political thinking as exemplified and personified by the two old-time parties. Yes, you can count me as one of the many liberal and progressive-minded citizens who yearn for the change suggested by Mr. Granite's letter in *The Nation* for December 5.

Washington, December 3 George M. Fox

Any Third Party Is Doomed

To the Editors of The Nation:

I have pretty definite objections to your United Liberal Party. First, the name—at least call it the United Radical Party, for the Woodrow Wilsons, Lloyd Georges, Newton Bakers, John Simons, and Franklin Roosevelts have appropriated the word "liberal" and given it a connotation to which, I gather, you object as much as I do. Second, I believe that any third-party movement is hopelessly doomed. I still have some lingering confidence in the democratic tradition of America, but the two-party system with its ward-heelers, bosses, and graft is just as much part of that system as the ballot itself. I do not think that radicals have paid nearly enough attention to the lessons of Upton Sinclair's campaign in this connection. One of the most politically vulnerable men in the United States with an economic program composed of undiluted moonshine rolled up over 800,000 votes because he captured the Democratic Party's organization in California. If you are planning to work within the existing political framework, I believe that you should set out in like manner to capture the Democratic organization in as many States as possible. Take Mr. Roosevelt at his word as Sinclair did, bore from within, appealing always to the masses and promising them what Sinclair did, along with a program that might give them a chance to obtain security and plenty.

New York, November 29 Quincy Howe

Join the Communist Party

To the Editors of The Nation:

While agreeing with much of what Mark Granite says about the two old political parties, I refuse to join him in urging the formation of "a united liberal party." Long a liberal myself, I am opposed to it at this late day. I had thought the older liberals were aware by now of the bankruptcy of liberalism. A "united liberal party" could be only a union of the forces of delusion, retarding the social progress which they profess to promote.

I am convinced that the "more thoroughgoing distribution" which Mark Granite thinks a liberal party might bring about cannot be accomplished at this stage by liberals. The most liberals could do would be to "redistribute" social power, seemingly achieving it for the middle class but actually leaving it in the hands of the owning class. What is needed is not a redistribution of social power but the abolition of class power. The injustices of class power can only be wiped out and made impossible again by its chief victims, the workers. And the wiping out would be revolutionary, in the Marxian and not the Brain Trust sense of the word.

The revolutionary process is not only too drastic for the liberal, but mainly outside of his realm, that of the middle class. The liberal deplores reaction, but when a crisis appears and the only alternative to reaction is revolution, he finds himself in an untenable and a quite ludicrous position. He modifies, compromises, adulterates, becomes corrupt—unless he turns definitely left, where he should have turned in the first place instead of trying to start a liberal party.

There is a third party, small but growing, which liberals should support. It is the Communist Party. It is not trying to face-lift capitalism. It sees the growth of fascism and the certainty of it here unless it is resisted by the working class, aided by the liberals. This party knows, too, that something more is necessary than a political party, and that this something is struggle—struggle of the workers against their exploiters. The liberal never goes this far—while he remains a liberal. Let him try a little struggle with the worst victims of capitalism, join them in a test of their so-called democratic rights, and he will find out, if his instincts are honest, what may be expected of liberalism.

Norton, Va., December 3 Bruce Crawford

It's Worth Trying

To the Editors of The Nation:

It takes no high degree of prophetic divination to see that the two major political parties are unlikely to rise to the vast needs which today and tomorrow thrust upon America. A party which will unite our present groups of the discontented, and constructively direct their dissatisfaction, is well worth trying to build up.

Brooklyn, November 28 Henry Neumann

Liberalism and Dishwater

To the Editors of The Nation:

I doubt if I have any particular ideas on the question of a new liberal party. My hope and faith in this regard have grown weak during the years, as I am more than fifty years old, have heard of new liberal parties coming during all this half-century, and have never seen one appear yet. And why seek for a new party of the so-called third variety, when we have the Socialist Party? I believe that we shall get a new party for the expression of liberal and radical opinion when the present Socialist Party becomes an all-inclusive Labor Party, composed of hand workers and brain workers after the pattern of the British Labor Party. To expect anything to come out of the liberals is as foolish as to expect a good square meal to come out of dishwater.

New York, November 28 John Haynes Holmes

Have We Learned Our Lesson?

To the Editors of The Nation:

Several thousand years ago liberalism first faced the dilemma of fascism or communism. The lack of a solution resulted in the Dark Ages. At that time liberalism had but one chief proponent—Cicero. We all know what his fate was. He was liquidated by the proletarian dictatorship, and to the delight of the proletariat his head and hands were nailed to the rostrum from which he had so often sought to teach his countrymen, who were not then ready to learn.

Perhaps we are now ready to learn the lessons Cicero had to teach, and which his fate should teach. I, for one, think that liberalism represented by a united liberal party may now be possible.

Mount Vernon, N. Y., December 2 George Frey

A Crackpot Idea

To the Editors of The Nation:

It has been evident for some time that there will be another party, recruited from liberal or left-wing elements of both Democratic and Republican parties, from right-wing Socialists, from Technocrats, Sinclairites, Utopians, Social Creditites, and Farmer Laborites, supplemented by a general assortment of adherents to a variety of crackpot and social theories.

It is my opinion that the party will be the political expression of many of the fascist tendencies already clearly discernible among the various elements from which it will draw its support. They can be brought together and made to function as a political party by an astute leadership that is able and willing to take political advantage of private property's need to defend itself and of the millions still ignorant of the direction in which their salvation lies. The party will be anti-revolutionary; it will be unable to solve the fundamental problem of reconciling the existing political and social state to the machine of the productive system.

This is the great issue of today, not the vague and intangible "distribution of freedom, security, equality, and opportunity" to which you refer in your letter. The new party will be unable to find a solution by the very nature of its composition. Because of its function to defend the existing system of private property it cannot accept the basic reasons of the conflict, namely, the irreconcilable forces inherent in the present order. The Capital Party will have, I repeat, a temporary political success and a large following, but I will not be among them.

New York, November 29 Maxwell Hyde

United Liberal Clubs

To the Editors of The Nation:

I have read with deep interest Mark Granite's letters in *The Nation* for December 5. I have always thought that when the new and much-needed liberal party is formed, it will be through the initiative of some "unknown citizen," as Mark Granite calls himself, rather than through any of our present "leaders" now in the public eye. I think the name "United Liberal Party" is a particularly happy one. That is exactly what many of us, heretofore affiliated with the Republican or the Democratic Party, are waiting for and would like to join.

May I offer one suggestion? It would help to crystallize opinion on this subject and give it tangible form and substance if "United Liberal Clubs" were to be organized everywhere throughout the nation. These would be, in the beginning, local circles for the study, consideration, and discussion not merely of the possibility of this new party but of the whole body of liberal thought of the day. This would naturally lead to the formulation of a "new bill of human rights and a simple, practical liberal program" such as Mr. Granite speaks of. I, for one, will be glad to join a United Liberal Club, Local No. 1.

Brooklyn, December 1 Henry Morrow

The Scottsboro Case

The Nation has received a number of letters in response to its recent editorials on the Scottsboro case, some of them expressing satisfaction with *The Nation's* point of view, others disagreeing more or less violently. Lack of space prevents us from publishing any considerable number of the letters, and it was considered fairer to summarize certain of them than to use only a fraction of what we received. First, Osmond Fraenkel writes concerning the telegram signed Clarence Norris received by Samuel Leibowitz on November 21, which declared that "Mr. Powell . . . I. L. D. attorney" had threatened him with loss of his stay of execution if he permitted Mr. Leibowitz to defend him. Mr. Fraenkel declares that he has a denial from Mr. Powell that any such interview took place and a statement from the prison warden that he was present at the meeting between Powell and Norris and "did not understand Powell to say I. L. D. would withdraw stay of execution." Mr. Fraenkel adds: "While it appears from the warden's telegram that Norris actually sent the message which you quoted, it does not appear under what circumstances he was induced to do so."

Alfred H. Hirsch, secretary of the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners, sends a letter signed by himself, with forty-three additional typewritten signatures, which makes in general the same points made by the I. L. D. last week, and which adds that "as *The Nation* knows that the parents and the boys themselves" wish the I. L. D. to represent them, it is "respectfully" urged either to "support the I. L. D. in its fight for the boys' freedom or at least to cease endangering the lives of the boys by continuing the unjustified attacks upon the I. L. D. and its handling of the case."

Letters of protest on *The Nation's* position also came from James Rose, Justine Wise Tulin, A. Hoppe, Henry Hart, and others.—Editors The Nation.

Are We at War in China?

To the Editors of The Nation:

In the *China Weekly Review* of October 6, 1934, there is an illustrated advertisement of a new type of fighting plane used by the United States army. Elsewhere in the magazine is an illustration of a squadron of these planes flying in military formation somewhere in this country. Underneath the first advertisement is a news item concerning the arrival in China of the first shipment of an order of these planes placed by the Chinese government in this country. Then follows an account of the arrival of a certain pursuit officer of the United States army who has been given leave of absence for the purpose of demonstrating these planes. I understand that the Nye committee investigating the munitions industry discovered that the Department of Commerce had been assisting private corporations to secure aviators for enlistment in China who had previously served in the armed forces of the United States. Such practices seem to me to amount to intervention de facto if not de jure, and of course they are being carried on without any warrant from Congress.

A letter just arrived from China informs me that this practical intervention by the United States in the civil war in China is likely to prove decisive. I have written to Senators Borah and Nye asking them if something cannot be done by those constitutionally responsible in such matters to end this unauthorized interference in the affairs of another people. I hope that you will feel the urge to endeavor to inform and arouse public opinion on this matter.

If the American people are going to supply the "Hessians" in the revolutionary struggle in China, at least it ought to be done by decision of their representatives and not by arbitrary acts of executive officers.

New York, November 30 HARRY F. WARD

The Class-War Prisoners' Christmas Fund

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Each year at this time the General Defense Committee undertakes to provide those who have gone to jail in the cause of labor with a cash Christmas present sufficient to enable them to obtain tobacco and other prison comforts and to buy books or subscribe to magazines. To the families of these men we want to send, in addition to their regular monthly relief checks, something to provide for winter needs.

In this we ask the help of all. We wish also to assure all contributors that no part of their gifts will go for rent, wages, or other overhead, as these services are given to this committee free by the I. W. W.; at the same time this committee does not concern itself with the affiliation or viewpoints of those to whom it sends relief. There are far more prisoners receiving this relief who do not belong to the I. W. W. than who do.

Will those who wish to donate to this fund please send their contributions to 2422 North Halstead Street before December 20. Each contribution will be acknowledged with a copy of our itemized financial statement.

Chicago, December 3 JOSEPH WAGNER, Secretary
General Defense Committee

Clothing for Christmas

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I am again trying to help clothe some of the needy here this winter. Any old clothes you might have will be greatly appreciated if you care to pass them on to me at Box 634. Anything can be used.

Marion, N. C., December 5 GRACE ELLIOTT

Contributors to This Issue

LOUIS FISCHER is the Moscow correspondent of *The Nation.*

CLARENCE HEER, research professor in economics at the University of North Carolina, collaborated in the preparation of "Recent Social Trends."

EDWARD A. FILENE is president of the William Filene's Sons Company of Boston, president of the Twentieth Century Fund, and an outstanding figure among business men who concern themselves with general economic problems.

R. P. BLACKMUR contributes to various literary periodicals.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR, professor of applied Christianity at the Union Theological Seminary, is the author of "Reflections on the End of an Era."

S. JOSEPHINE BAKER, Doctor of Public Health as well as Doctor of Medicine, was formerly Director of the Bureau of Child Hygiene of the New York City Department of Health.

Contemporary Biography

By
Mark Longaker

First comprehensive appraisal of the new Life-writing as an independent art. The book describes and evaluates the work of Lytton Strachey, Gamaliel Bradford, André Maurois, Emil Ludwig, Philip Guedalla, Hilaire Belloc and some American biographers. The difference between modern biography and that of the past, an exposition of the scholarly, journalistic and literary types of writing, new trends and theories, are a few of the subjects covered by this timely contribution to literary criticism.

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Father Coughlin—"Crackpot" or Flaming Comet?

"A voice and a passion carried through the microphone to millions. . . ."

Next week in *THE NATION* appears the first of two striking articles on the Radio Priest by Raymond Gram Swing: his early background, his present power, his real responsibility. How does the Vatican feel toward the League for Social Justice and its founder, the priest of the Church of the Little Flower? Does Father Coughlin plan to lead either a new liberal party or a fascist party? Mr. Swing's articles cannot tell what Father Coughlin does not yet know himself, but they explain the forces which are shaping the answer.

Labor and Industry

The United Front Gains Ground

By LUDWIG LORE

THE founding of the Third International in March, 1919, was not the beginning but the end of a process which split the Socialist labor movement. In a generation of rapid, successful growth, wide circles of the proletarian movement had become imbued with the hope that it would ultimately be possible to secure the power to the working class by peaceful parliamentary methods. Eduard Bernstein's theory of a gradual evolution into the proletarian state was laughed at in the nineties, was seriously discussed and hotly repudiated in the early years of the twentieth century, and by the time the World War broke out had completely permeated the consciousness of the radical labor movement. The powerful influence of the trade unions underscored the conception that a multiplicity of social services would eventually add up to a Socialist sum total.

In the hothouse atmosphere of the World War these conscious and unconscious tendencies experienced a mushroom-like growth. With few exceptions the Socialist parties supported the nations in their war aims, at first shamefacedly but with increasing enthusiasm as the war hysteria engulfed the populations. The conflict between these reformist majorities and the revolutionary minorities which party discipline had more or less effectively concealed came slowly to the surface. The victory of the Russian Bolsheviki in November, 1917, gave the uncompromising Marxists a rallying-point. It was inevitable that the elements which came together here should regard the Social Democracy as their greatest enemy, as that force which had diverted the world's working class from the path which might have led to victory. The Social Democracy will have to be destroyed, said Lenin at the first Congress of the Third International, before the workers of the world will come into their own. It was this sentiment which gave the Communist program and tactics the direction they have since taken.

The immediate result was a bitter controversy between the old and new parties. Alarmed at the hatreds it engendered, the Sozialistische Arbeitsgemeinschaft, an organization with its seat in Vienna representing independent left-Socialist groups in various countries, proposed an international unity convention in 1921. A joint conference was held in April, 1922, but the attempt at unity was abortive. Mutual resentments and distrust were too great to be thus easily overcome. The Second and a Half International, as this new movement was scornfully called by Social Democrats and Communists, had been encouraged to take this step by a united-front resolution adopted at the third congress of the Communist International in June, 1921. "Under a united front of labor," this resolution read, "we understand a union of all workers who are determined to fight against capitalism." Optimistically the would-be arbitrators ignored the attitude of Moscow.

The Fourth Congress of the Comintern, held in December, 1922, reiterated its demand for a united front. But again the resolution, while calling for unity, stressed the importance of organizational independence with "complete freedom of propaganda against the bourgeoisie and the counter-revolutionary Social Democracy."

With the coming of fascism in Europe the labor movement entered upon a new phase of its existence. In Germany labor leaders were attacked, imprisoned, and slain, labor headquarters and meeting places were demolished, and property was destroyed. Slowly the masses awakened to the fact that their own disunion was the enemy's greatest strength. In June, 1932, the German Social Democracy, which had up to that time haughtily declined to discuss cooperation with the Communists on any basis whatsoever, approached the Communist Party with a united-front proposal. But the latter refused to consider "unity with social fascist leaders." Socialist suggestions for an armistice between the two parties were likewise rejected. "The Socialist Party of Germany is still the most important social support of the bourgeoisie," we read in a circular letter sent out by the Central Executive of the Communist Party of Germany in July, 1932.

In February, 1933, the Socialist Labor (Second) International made its much-discussed offer to the Communist International for the creation of a united front against fascism. Moscow refused to entertain the proposal, and referred the question to its national affiliates to be decided by each unit on the basis of national needs and conditions. In a statement to its parties issued in March of last year, the Comintern ordered that the executives of the Social Democratic organizations in their respective countries be approached for united action against fascism along specific lines. Though considerably less than the Second International had hoped to accomplish, it was a step in the right direction. It was the first intimation by the Third International of its willingness to depart from the position it had stubbornly held so long—that unity must come from below, through the members, not from above through the organizational apparatus of the Social Democracy.

Before the unwieldy machinery of national united-front action could be set in motion, the German labor movement was crushed without a show of resistance by the weight of the National Socialist offensive. Scarcely a year later Austria's brave Social Democracy succumbed behind the barricades. Fascism is sweeping the Balkans, is lifting its head in democratic France, has appeared and for the moment subsided before a demonstration of united Labor strength in Great Britain, is hoisting its flag over the shambles of Asturias and Catalonia in Spain. Over the torn and bleeding bodies of these victims of a relentless fascist offensive, partisan hatred is being forgotten. There is a majesty in the sacrifices that have been and are still being made that strips factional issues of importance. There is now an emotional as well as an intellectual realization of the need for unity, the only hopeful sign in the unrelieved blackness of the European scene.

On July 27, 1934, the Communist and Socialist parties of France paved the way with a united-front pact. "The Socialist Party and the Communist Party," the document reads in part, "sign a pact of united action by which they pledge to organize in common and to participate with all their resources (organizations, press, militants, elected delegates, and so forth) in a campaign throughout the country having for its aim to mobilize the working-class population (a) against fascist organization for its disarmament and dissolution; (b) for the defense of democratic liberties, proportional representation, and a new Parliament; (c) against all war preparations; (d) against government by decree; (e) against fascist terror in Germany and Austria; (f) for the freedom of Ernst Thälmann and Karl Seitz and all other anti-fascist prisoners."

A commission consisting of seven members from each side arranged the common plan and character of joint demonstrations. Unimportant differences of opinion were easily overcome; the united demonstrations were harmonious throughout and well attended. Both sides are satisfied with the results of their courageous step. The sentiment it created has spread to the trade-union movement more rapidly than its most fervent defenders dared hope. A merger of the two national federations, the Confédération Générale du Travail (Amsterdam) and the Confédération Générale du Travail Unitaire (Moscow), is already complete.

Austria, the Saar district, and Spain likewise report a united front of the two parties. On the other hand, the Social Democrats of Sweden, Denmark, Czecho-Slovakia, and Great Britain—those parties, notably, which have or hope to have a stake in their governments—have declined to entertain united-front proposals. The past with its Communist "maneuvers" is still too fresh to be taken lightly. Then, too, and this is probably the weightier consideration, these parties are unwilling to sacrifice the possibilities of coalition to tread new and untried paths.

October saw a new development in the international movement for united action. This time it was the Communist International which came to the Second International with the offer to extend the anti-fascist action of the French parties to all sections of the two Internationals. The Second International was reluctant to take this decisive step but left its affiliates free to decide for unity wherever circumstances were propitious.

In America, far as yet from the tragic problems which are troubling fascist Europe, the united-front movement is finding expression in an interesting intra-organizational development within the Socialist Party. The Norman Thomas-Dan Hoan wing, with a majority in the National Executive Committee, has come out for cooperation with the Communist Party against the opposition of the Old Guard, led by the group which controls the New York State organization—Waldman, Oneal, Solomon, Lee, Vladeck, and Abe Cahan. Mr. Thomas, acutely conscious of the influence of the Old Guard, particularly of the ***Jewish Forward*** group, in and outside New York, is making every effort to avoid the threatened split. At the recent session of the National Executive at Boston, this group accepted a compromise and voted for a united front "in principle," leaving it to the State and local organizations to take whatever action they deem advisable. Decision of the problem on a national scale was referred to the national convention to be held in 1936.

There is little wisdom in Norman Thomas's strategy. His compromise will satisfy neither side and will merely serve to increase bitterness and confusion within the party organization to its own lasting detriment and factional disintegration. The Old Guard never surrenders. At a meeting held in New York it served notice of its intention to organize against any Communist influx into the Socialist Party.

On the same day on which the leaders of the Socialist Party decided to take no stand on the most pressing problem before the labor movement, two smaller groups, the American Workers' Party and the Communist League of America (Trotzkyists), met in convention and decided to intrust their mutual fate to a new joint organization, the Workers' Party of the United States. The A. W. P. was an outgrowth of the Conference for Progressive Labor Action, an organization created by former Communists, left-wing Socialists, and radical trade unionists, which has made considerable headway during the last few years in the organization of unemployed leagues which have several hundred thousand members, chiefly in the Middle Western and Southern States; it has taken an active part in the textile and mine strikes of the last few years and achieved effective contacts for organization work in the basic industries. A. J. Muste, former director of Brookwood Labor College, was the chairman. The Communist League consisted in the main of former members of the party who followed Trotzky into organizational exile. This group, like the A. W. P., has played an active and constructive part in the trade-union struggles of recent years. James P. Cannon, for many years on the Central Committee of the Communist Party, is probably the most widely known of its members. The new party, which enters the American scene with approximately 2,000 members in good standing, hopes to unite a Marxian position with an "American approach" by pursuing a sane course of action adapted to political and economic conditions in the United States. A. J. Muste is the chairman of the new organization.

This is a small beginning but a beginning in the right direction. It takes cognizance of the important fact that united action alone will not solve the problems of the revolutionary labor movement. At best it bridges organizational antagonisms, reduces expensive duplication of effort, and avoids friction before the outside world. But it can never become greater than the sum of its parts. To become an important factor in the life of the working class, united fronts—unthinkable as this may seem at the present moment—must grow into united organizations, big enough in spirit to overcome personal resentments and to work out a common plan combining healthy growth with revolutionary action.

Characteristically, Moscow will be the first to break with the theoretical and organizational inhibitions of the past. A special conference of the Red Trade Union International held in the Soviet capital late in September showed this quite plainly in its discussions of the united-front question, which formed the chief topic on the agenda. A motion by A. Losowsky, chairman of the R. T. U. I., was adopted, pledging Communist parties and Communist trade-union organizations in all parts of the world to work wherever possible for organizational unity on the basis of free trade unions. Wherever this is possible, the motion stipulates, red trade unions and trade-union federations must be dissolved forthwith, and Communists must devote their energies to active and exemplary work as members and officials within the free trade-union organizations.

It is true that except in the Soviet Union the red trade unions are small and insignificant minority groups. But the self-abnegation that lies in Moscow's withdrawal from organizational control deserves commendation. Moscow would not dream, of course, of abandoning its much more important political sections to merge them with those of the Socialist Labor International. To attempt to merge elements so contradictory in outlook before they have been drawn by a common immediate purpose into a semblance of intellectual and spiritual alignment would invite disaster. There are indications, however, that this process is under way. The new Social Democratic movement in Austria, the Socialist majority movement in Spain, the radicalization of the Socialist Party in France, the theoretical and tactical reorientation of the Revolutionary Policy Committee of the American Socialist Party, and, last but not least, the saner and more realistic outlook of the Communist International are close enough in their interpretation of the import of recent events to make eventual cooperation possible.

Labor Notes

The N. A. M. Proposes

As part of the newly contrived scheme by which industry intends to "cooperate" with the government in hastening recovery, the National Association of Manufacturers once more proposes that Congress should enact legislation akin to the British Labor Disputes Act. This is not the first time such a suggestion has been made by the N. A. M.; and it will not be the last time. There is every reason to expect that the N. A. M. will try to establish restraints on the right to strike if, as, and when any legislation intended to fortify Section 7-a and make it permanent is brought before Congress. All the problems of industrial relationship could be solved, according to the N. A. M., by a simple formula: outlawing sympathetic strikes, inhibiting walkouts for union recognition, restricting the political activities of organized labor, and so forth. You get rid of labor unrest, in other words, by suppressing its manifestations. The N. A. M. has nothing to say about the possibility of employers' helping to maintain the industrial peace not only by relaxing their stubborn refusal to grant union recognition, but also by complying with the law of Section 7-a as laid down by the several labor boards. On the contrary, the N. A. M. has not retreated from the position it took some months ago, when it advised employers to ignore the majority-rule principle of the Houde decision, and to resist, to the last legal ditch, every attempt to put that principle into effect. Proposals to restrict the right to strike come with ill grace from an organization which has strained every nerve to perpetuate among employers a state of mind which makes strikes inevitable. Such considerations of equity are hardly likely, however, to deter the N. A. M.; which is one reason, among others, for watching with the greatest of care the progress of labor legislation at the next session of Congress.

How to Win a Strike

After five weeks of unbroken solidarity in their strike in the Passaic valley, 25,000 silk and rayon dye workers have won a two-year contract providing for a wage rate of 66 cents an hour for men and 48 cents for women, a maximum thirty-six-hour week, and a preferential union shop. To be sure, the union was demanding a thirty-hour week, a basic rate of $1, and the closed shop; but the organization has a remarkable record of attainment for so new a union. The Federation of Silk and Rayon Dyers and Finishers, a section of the United Textile Workers, was organized in 1933; it raised wages through its first strike from 15 and 25 cents an hour to 40 and 57½ cents, and reduced working hours to forty a week. The present settlement, though it represents no great increase in wages, does mean employment for more workers and gives the union greatly increased power in the shops. Machinery for settling disputes is also set up. The strike offers additional proof that action by the workers themselves through a strong union is the most important factor in improving conditions. The strike had other interesting aspects. The rules of the union prevented the committee elected to negotiate with the employers from putting forward anything other than the original demands, and none of the leaders was sufficiently well established to use his prestige to back any compromise. It was a rank-and-file settlement. It is interesting to note also that all union officials were cut off the pay roll during the strike. Incidentally, the wages of business agents in the federation are fixed at those received by workers in the shop for a full week ($23 under the old agreement). The dyers also broke with the A. F. of L. tradition in their reaction to the attempt to brand the strike as red. At least one official, Vice-President Vigoritto, when reproached for being red, retorted, "Better red than yellow." One other fact deserves to be mentioned, namely, the inclusion in the union of "maintenance men"—electricians, carpenters, and so on. They were admitted in the name of industrial unionism, and their solidarity with the dyers was an important factor in the success of the strike.

Employers' Tactics

Acting under the authority of the Railway Labor Act, the Railway Mediation Board has just concluded an investigation of charges that shop workers employed by the Atlantic Coast Line were coerced into voting for the company union at a system election held by the board last September. The case goes straight to the heart of the act, which rests on the premise that collective bargaining can succeed only where employee representatives are freely and fairly chosen. The testimony brought out at the hearings, as reported in a recent issue of *Labor,* reveals a shocking story. The A. F. of L. Railway Employees' Department has sought to establish that workers were threatened with discharge and loss of seniority if they did not vote for the company union; that the management encouraged the belief it would close all repair shops in which the workers chose the trade unions; that foremen actively campaigned for the company union and sat in the rooms where the ballots were cast; that it was intimated to employees that the management had ways and means of knowing how each ballot was marked; that the company let drop strong hints that wage rates might be cut if the company union were upset; that a company operative stood at the door of each polling place and threatened employees with immediate dismissal if they voted for the A. F. of L. Should the mediation board come to the conclusion that the charges of coercion are well-founded, summary discipline may be expected in short order. Needless to say, the board will be empowered to throw out the election result. Beyond this, violators of the Railway Labor Act upon conviction in the federal courts make themselves liable to fines and jail sentences. It will be interesting to observe the sequel if the board decides that the Coast Line was guilty of coercion. Will the direct and weighty sanctions of the Railway Labor Act prove more effective than the roundabout and insubstantial sanctions of Section 7-a?

Books, Music, Drama, Films

Sauve-qui-peut

Tarabas. A Guest on Earth. By Joseph Roth. The Viking Press. $2.50.

"TARABAS" reflects, I think, a prevalent mode of the European imagination, a plague rather than a mode, visited upon it by the war and the disintegration of society. It is thus not alone. It follows and accentuates its author's earlier "Job." It is in line with such novels as Kallinikov's "Women and Monks" and Robert Neumann's "Flood," and is twin brother to Céline's "Journey to the End of the Night." It represents with these, particularly, the corruption of the novel as the chief form of rational art, and, generally, the resumption of barbarism as the standard of life as well as the motive of politics. As Ortega y Gasset pointed out in "The Modern Theme," it is the natural consequence of the inability to preserve the dichotomy or balance of the spiritual and the rational. To the weakened or personalized imagination which must depend upon itself, it provides the nearest escape; which is why, in the books named and all their analogues, the process seems fascinating and profound even when it is most revolting.

The theme, if not the right one, is attractive. Roth has made of his book a warm and exciting fable of the purgation of a violent soul. The sins of arrogance, lust, and murder, committed by the prescription of a gipsy fortune-teller, which is to say, committed by fatality and in innocence, are atoned for, also by prescription, in the wilful humiliation of beggary and disease. Colonel Tarabas, soldier, the victim of these prescriptions, is a murderer and a saint, and therefore a guest on earth. The moral of the fable is, I suppose, that barbarous one which lingers in the human blood: only the excessive, the extravagant, the violent soul can reach salvation, and the particular holiness of salvation will be an excessive violence in reverse. Or at least the spectacle of such salvation is presented as the great exemplar. The young man who will not weep, said Santayana, the old man who will not laugh, are barbarians. Tarabas never wept in his youth, and his premature old age was a beggary of tears.

Besides its warmth and excitement, which make it readable and speciously persuasive, the fable of Tarabas has an essential quality of simple-mindedness. The agency of incident and the source of meaning are in superstition, and, a very different thing, the fable has a kind of center in the supernatural. These are the easiest resources of the deracinated imagination, the imagination which for one reason or another cannot be content with the life before it. For example, Tarabas is governed by what the fortune-teller said and by such things as the sight of a red-headed Jew; and the crisis of his life is brought out by an accidental miracle: the debauchery of his soldiers lays bare an image of the Virgin. Thus the superstitious elements in his life are brought to fruition in terms of the supernatural, and indeed superstition is seen as the overt sign of the workings of God.

Now it is possible—and we have the great recent example of Thomas Mann's "Joseph and His Brothers"—to represent a life so actuated and so understood by its protagonists in a rational manner. Then we have a novel, something which judges life by the mere fidelity and understanding, the honesty, so to speak, of the mirror the artist uses. The great novels are all of this order, and make no surrender to the barbarousness, the irrationality, the formlessness of their subjects; they make use of the full resources of the novelist's mind. Works like "Tarabas" make immediately every possible surrender; there is no point of view separate from the subject—the saving irony—but a rash uniting with it. The credibility of the book depends on the credulous omniscience of the characters within it, and, as in a fairy tale, there is no labor of representation. Everything is taken on trust and instinct because there is no other way of taking it; which is what was meant by calling the particular example simple-minded. The result is not a novel in the sense above, but a barbarous fable acting in its place. In the novel the normal is made to seem unusual by the strength and completeness of the imagination; but in works of this order the unusual, the extravagant, and the violent are taken, at their face or superstitious value, as the only source and measure of the normal. The effect is exciting and warm with the large emotions of terror and passion and woe, and the effect seems ultimate because it is immediate. But for readers whose imagination retains any mark of the rational mold, it can only seem the true literature of escape, a retreat into darkness.

R. P. Blackmur

Some Theatrical History

Letters from Green Room Ghosts. By John Mason Brown. Viking Press. $2.

The American Theater as Seen by Its Critics, 1752-1934. Edited by John Mason Brown and Montrose J. Moses. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.75.

ONE of the characteristics which distinguish John Mason Brown from the other practicing dramatic critics of New York is the depth and intensity of his interest in the theater as theater. Most of us found ourselves following our rather odd profession partly, at least, as the result of accident, and most of us confine ourselves largely to one or another aspect of our subject. I am told, however, that Mr. Brown resolved in youth to be a reviewer of plays, and the fact helps to explain the breadth of his knowledge and enthusiasm. He is interested in the theater as such, in everything which concerns it, and in its past as well as its present. For these reasons his comments on the plays of the moment are frequently made from an original point of view; for these reasons also he has much to say beyond the limits of the ordinary review, and the two books under consideration are the result of his interest in theatrical history.

The first is a series of five very suavely written letters, each supposed to be addressed by some great actor or playwright of the past to some one of our contemporaries whose aims or ambitions the great shade might be expected to understand and sympathize with. Thus Peg Woffington writes to Ina Claire, Inigo Jones to Robert Edmond Jones, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan to Noel Coward. The form is difficult but Mr. Brown manages it with great skill, and succeeds not only in revivifying the past by showing how, *mutatis mutandis,* it lives again in the present, but also in instituting some very shrewd comparisons which are not at first sight obvious. The following passage, for example, throws an interesting light upon the work of both Marlowe, by whom it is supposed to be written, and Eugene O'Neill, by whom it is supposed to be received:

> Your small, mean men and women, in their kitchens and their waterfront dives, their farmhouses and their flats, stand linked to the universe. Like minor rivers which empty their waters directly into the ocean, they may not visibly affect the fathomless sea into which they flow, but none the less they feel the pressure of its tides. These earthlings of your creation have wills of their own which are in scale no more heroic than their possessors are, but consciously or unconsciously your people serve as reflectors

> for a larger will, and by so doing they shine with a light which would not otherwise be theirs.

The second of the two books is interesting from several angles. No other anthology of American dramatic criticism exists, and this criticism is valuable not only in itself but also for the light it throws upon the history of the drama in America. Nothing makes that history more vivid than direct contact with opinions formed at the moment when famous plays or actors were first attracting attention, and to read many of the reviews here published is to come upon pleasant surprises. Everybody knows about "furious Winter's rages" apropos Ibsen. Less well known but at least as worthy of attention is the series of short but extremely penetrating pieces about George M. Cohan, written on various occasions by Arthur Ruhl. And who could guess that a minor panjandrum like Richard Grant White, after a visit to a burlesque in 1869, delivered himself of the following opinion quite worthy any contemporary bad boy:

> It was as if Venus, in her quality of the goddess of laughter, had come upon the stage. And if there was a likeness to Venus in the costume, as well as in the manner, I must confess that I saw in it no chance of harm to myself or to any of my fellow-spectators, old or young, male or female. Indeed, it seems rather to be desired that the points of a fine woman should be somewhat better known, and more thought of among us than they have been. They seem to me quite as important, and I think they are quite as interesting, as those of a fine horse.

Slightly less than half of the volume is devoted to still living critics whose work is illustrated in characteristic samples. To judge them from these is doubtless to judge them from their best, but that is how they should be judged. And they come off, I think, very well indeed. Any writer who is compelled to write regularly will commit his occasional follies, but despite all that has been said of them the New York dramatic critics present a rather surprising amount of good sense, sincerity, penetration, and wit. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Militant Pacifism

The Power of Non-Violence. By Richard B. Gregg. J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.50.

MR. GREGG has written the most authoritative book on non-violence yet published in this country. His years of residence in India and close friendship with Gandhi have given him a thorough knowledge of the Mahatma's religio-political technique. But his book is more than an exposition of Gandhi's theory and practice. It is a careful and scholarly analysis of the method of non-violence in terms of social psychology, in which every argument is studded with examples prompted by the author's intimate acquaintance with the literature on the subject and with the history of the movement in India. Mr. Gregg is no advocate of non-resistance. He advocates a militant type of non-violent resistance. "Courageous violence," he declares, ". . . is better than cowardly acquiescence. Cowardice is morally more harmful than violence"—a judgment which implies, in the absence of any further discussion of the matter, that policies of non-resistance are invariably prompted by cowardice. This hardly does justice to certain types of pacifist idealism which may have been too individualistic to be politically either realistic or effective but which were informed by a high type of courage.

Mr. Gregg takes social conflict for granted. Non-violence is, for him, simply the most effective method of conducting warfare. It destroys the morale of the enemy, disturbs both his prestige and his self-respect, and offers a stronger guaranty than violence of the ultimate victory of the righteous cause. "Non-violent resistance," he writes, "is not wholly unlike the principles of military demoralization." Approaching the problem from this angle he naturally has a great deal to say about the morale of contending forces in conflict. Military commanders are quoted to prove that morale is the most important factor in warfare. Non-violence, he contends, breaks the morale of the enemy by mitigating the force of hatred, destroying the self-respect of the foe, and injuring his moral prestige: "Deeper than rulership by political governments, banks, and classes is the control coming from ideas and sentiments. . . . Even where government is maintained by the physical power of police and soldiers, the control is largely psychological, through the fear created by such force." Here Mr. Gregg weakens his own argument by placing the fear of force in the category of a psychological factor and failing to mention the more genuinely psychic factor of reverence, without which no political authority can long maintain itself. Power bereft of reverence destroys its authority by the very desperation with which it seeks to increase fear as a substitute for reverence. In spite of such occasional confusions Mr. Gregg's arguments on this point are full of wisdom and sanity. They ought to be studied by radicals who have never considered to what degree their policies give reactionaries the opportunity of posing plausibly as the apostles of the eternal verities.

It would not be fair to Mr. Gregg to suggest that he is interested in non-violence only as a method of winning conflict. He is more interested in "solving conflict" than in winning for a particular side, though when he speaks about the efficiency of non-violence it is not always clear whether it is victory or an ultimate reconciliation which non-violence is alleged to achieve so efficaciously. The conscious emphasis is upon the latter point. "Non-violent resistance differs in one psychological respect from war," he writes. "The object is not to make the opponent believe that he is crushed, beaten, and humiliated, but to persuade him to realize that he can attain security or whatever else his ultimate desire may be by easier and surer means than he saw formerly." The difficulty with this important emphasis upon reconciliation is that it presupposes that men fight only for some ultimate human desire which can be reconciled with the ultimate desire of their foe upon a higher level. This presupposition hardly explains the behavior of British imperialists in India of the type of Winston Churchill or Lord Lloyd. Some of the oligarchs of our dying capitalism would probably continue fighting for power even after they had begun to suspect that every essential human value could be conserved in a new form of society.

Mr. Gregg's book, despite its great merit, leaves some important problems in confusion. Since his defense of non-violence is consistently pragmatic, it prompts the question whether it is possible to condemn violence so absolutely within the framework of a pragmatic position. The authority of governments may rest upon psychic as well as physical factors; but since the importance of physical factors is not denied, can it be proved that physical force always yields to psychic force? Mr. Gregg may have proved that it is important to reduce violence to a minimum. But he has not thereby proved that force may not be necessary in a final crisis. The unqualified character of his loyalty to the principle of non-violence is all the more confusing when he insists on emphasizing the psychic factors involved in the use of physical force and suggests that non-violence is merely a further extension of these factors. "We have learned that even in war the mental and moral factors greatly predominate over the physical. This predominance is greatly increased in non-violent resistance." If it is as relative as that why insist that violence is totally inadmissible? And why suggest by implication that propaganda, which manipulates only psychic factors, is intrinsically more moral than physical force?

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

The Facts About Birth Control

Birth Control: Its Use and Misuse. By Dorothy Dunbar Bromley. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

GIVEN our present social problems, accurate knowledge of safe contraceptive methods is essential as a health measure of far-reaching importance. Archaic legislation in the majority of our States and the unwillingness of organized medicine to meet the issue, combined with the ignorance on this subject of the average physician as well as of the laity, have left the field of instruction open to the quack and the charlatan, with results that at the least are unfortunate and at the worst may be disastrous. When drugstores, mail-order houses, and filling stations are freely disseminating misinformation together with contraceptive drugs and devices, it would seem evident that conditions in this respect had reached a new low level in the history of legitimate medical practice. No one with the slightest knowledge of any phase of this subject has any doubt that so-called birth control, irrespective of whether it is legal or illegal, is widespread, and that prohibition in this respect is as futile as it has been in the matter of alcohol.

To meet the need of decent and fair enlightenment on the subject of controlled child-bearing, Mrs. Bromley's book comes as a wise and refreshing contribution. It has taken courage to write so frank a discussion of a problem which is still taboo in certain groups; it has taken wisdom of an unusual quality to recognize and to meet the arguments against the dissemination of such information without the taint of propaganda; and it has taken intelligence of a rare quality to produce a book on a medical as well as a social problem that may be read with interest by doctors, social workers, churchmen, and educators as well as by that group which comprises the remainder of adult humanity and which is so loosely called the "laity."

Mrs. Bromley's book is the most comprehensive survey of this subject that I have read. It is, in fact, so comprehensive and so detailed that any complete review would involve almost as much discussion and space as the book itself. The chapter on the Doctors and Birth Control is a challenge which the medical profession must meet whether it wishes to or not. The discussion of Advertised Methods might well concern our legislatures and lead to a more open-minded lifting of the restrictions that are now hampering the education and practice of physicians. And if any further argument is needed regarding the actual danger to life of our present shortsighted policy, it is contained in the chapter on abortion. During the past summer I had an opportunity of visiting the abortion clinics in Soviet Russia. One need have no sympathy with the political aspects of that communistic experiment to be convinced that, in this field at least, the Soviets have met and solved a problem of far-reaching magnitude. Abortions in our country are common and everyday affairs, but because of legal restrictions properly qualified physicians will not perform them. Consequently a host of unqualified midwives and often equally unqualified doctors carry on a surreptitious practice of producing abortions under conditions that are often so filthy and dangerous to life that our toll of deaths is a criminal outrage in a society that calls itself civilized. The right and practice of self-determination in child-bearing cannot be controlled by any form of legislation; our experience has shown that beyond the shadow of a doubt. If abortions are to be performed—and they *are* being performed, with an appallingly high mortality rate—then we should at least allow this practice under conditions that afford the maximum of protection and safety. But the true prevention of abortion lies in properly regulated dissemination of information regarding safe contraceptive practice. Mrs. Bromley's book answers the questions that are being asked in increasing ratio as to why birth control is a pressing social problem. It gives the essential facts of birth-control methods. It deserves a wide circulation as a valuable contribution to the welfare of humanity.

S. JOSEPHINE BAKER

Music

A Most Useful Composition

WITH "A Song for Occupations," which was given its first New York performance at Carnegie Hall recently by the Westminster Chorus, Roy Harris provides some of the firmest music being written for us today. This vigorous work, for mixed voices unaccompanied, was the most satisfying amalgamation of tonal and ideological symbolism one could think of. Anything by Harris can compel our respect, but in this new choral number there is a deeper and more sustained stimulation, possibly because the vocal point of reference, which seems so strongly to underlie Harris's instrumental works, is here given total emphasis. Those who call Harris aesthetically "of the right" probably have in mind the non-instrumental tests by which he often seems to have guided and restricted his invention of new sounds. Any who have heard his "Chorale, for String Orchestra," adapted from the slow movement of his "Sextet for Strings" and appealingly played by Werner Janssen and the Philharmonic, must grant that Harris's acquaintanceship with pre-instrumental lore and with that period in the history of European music when instrumental timbres were but beginning to proclaim their genius, makes naturally for a fresh emphasis upon the imagery of vocalization. In this respect, the new choral number is the logical fruition of his interests.

In these columns a few weeks back we discussed a new work by Hindemith, three orchestral numbers from his opera, "Matthias der Maler." The contrast between the molds of this work and of "A Song for Occupations" is revealing. Hindemith, it is true, has the honor of being suspected by the guardians of Hitlerite orthodoxy. He has professional enemies who can now attack him in the name of the "national cause." But whatever his literal offense, we believe that he has met the deeper requirements of Nazism. The Hindemith work is a contrapuntal projection of that profound but ominous trinity—hymn, lullaby, and military march. But Harris has found a more wholesome cultural solution for the issues of the day by musically accentuating the tonalities and rhythms of Whitman's ecstatically conversational prose, the record of men busied with their tasks. Beneath it, doubtless, lie the same patterns of glorification, solace, and challenge that inform Hindemith's work, but an important secondary or derivative realm has been given prominence, the realm of humane speech. The result is a more socialistic emphasis: Whitman's generous catalogue of efforts and tools, wholly stressing the constructive, non-competitive, *communicative* aspect of work—backed by the musical magnification of the fluencies inherent in the poet's syllables.

The earlier "Chorale, for String Orchestra" possessed a reminiscent flavor, like that of Hindemith's hymn-lullaby-march combination. It provoked a sweet melancholy which, though a permanent aspect of our nature, cannot serve adequately the central business of idealizing our present concerns. The "Song for Occupations" is more relevant to our needs, yet is free of the pugnacity that mars the Hitlerite formula of "recovery." The superstructure which Hindemith attempted to acquire by the use of counterpoint, Harris attains primarily by reference to the rhythms of speech—though broad contrapuntal swells are also a major aspect of Harris's appeal. Hindemith's emphasis is commendable in that it does not surrender intellection as an ingredient of production. But Harris's emphasis has the greater virtue that it can at once provide us with a ***return to origins*** and avoid the charge of reaction. This seems important; for in renouncing some of our recent excesses we must "go back"—yet we must do so without sinking into archaistic reverie. In reaffirming linguistic qualities, Harris seems to have found the satisfactory humane compromise.

The response of the audience was gratifying. There was none of that deadly amuse-me-or-off-with-your-head attitude of the usual concert-going public, who receive their entertainers with the weary passiveness of some fabulously jaded Oriental potentate while the performing virtuoso in desperation rips at the keyboard like a tornado or turns somersaults on a slack wire fifty feet above the stage. There are doubtless many important steps to be taken before we have completely thrown off this state of musicological corruption wherein people consider music with the casual curiosity of an uninformed idler killing an extra hour among the fossils in a museum of natural history. Our whole philosophy and methodology of living must be remade before this ominous element has been eliminated and something of that cultural hunger which seems to animate the audiences of contemporary Russia can again prevail. But Harris's new work goes far toward restoring the participant function of audiences as distinct from a merely receptive one. And it probably does so precisely because of its anchorage to Whitman. Above this, the balloon of musical exaltation could soar; but it was held in leash by definite utilitarian problems. It was not the music of other worlds, but of this world imaginatively bettered.

If the composer does not here give us merely the alembication of hymn and lullaby, neither does he ask that we obediently surrender our ears to the clanks and clangors of the factory. Instead, he gives us people, whose talk of ways and means is transmogrified into a musical frame of communication. Mixing our terms, we might call Harris's protracted singing catalogue the musical equivalent of pragmatism, the philosophy of a people who would discover poetry in jobs. Incidentally, Harris's technical debts to the Ninth Symphony were much to his credit. For what he took from Beethoven were some of the most dramatic patterns in the choral movement. And perhaps in this symphony the significant issue of today was symbolically faced over a century ago, when the master of instrumental construction depicts, in the "Hymn to Joy" of his finale, the triumphant emergence of vocal organization above the environment of machine-made sound. This thought suggests that *a cappella* singing is not the ultimate step. The instrumental texture should continue to play its important role in our musical symbolization of non-musical factors; but as in this symphony the instrumentation must be purely preparatory and subservient to vocal affirmation. Meanwhile, in Harris's vigorous setting of Whitman's words we have ample evidence of a rich vein which should encourage other composers to join him, and himself to continue, in this emphasis.

We should also append our tribute to the Westminster Chorus, which interpreted the Harris work so ably. The appeal of the evening was by no means confined to the "Song for Occupations." In the singers' repertoire, among other things, were Negro spirituals, a cowboy song, a Pawnee victory song, some conventional concert numbers, a discreetly impressionistic piece, 'The Shower," presented to the Chorus by the Composers' Union in Moscow (it pleasantly tells of "rain falling on children and little birds"), and a work by Orlandus Lassus, "The Echo," abounding in pensiveness, with a humorous naturalistic freshness which we usually associate with a much later date. An ingenious item, ingeniously rendered. John Finley Williamson, the conductor, had made of his singers a most versatile instrument, capable of many moods and manners; and the evening in its entirety was one of the season's major events.

KENNETH BURKE

Drama

Vine Leaves in His Hair

THE most exciting event of a busy week in the theater was not any of the new plays revealed but the production of "Hedda Gabler" by the Civic Repertory Company now operating at the Broadhurst. Miss Le Gallienne's performance of her part has always been admirable, but the production as a whole is vastly more finished than the one formerly seen on Fourteenth Street, and it comes as a fresh reminder that at least one of Ibsen's plays is almost as exciting as it ever was. Even in "Ghosts" the burden of a now granted thesis seems to grow heavier and heavier; even in the best of the later "symbolic" plays much of the iridescent mist which used to surround them looks more and more like mere fog; but Hedda remains a character as enduringly real and as perversely fascinating as ever. Among all the inventions of her creator she is, perhaps, the most complexly human, the least explicable as merely the projection of an idea. And for that reason there is about her something of the "infinite variety" of an even greater character whom age cannot wither nor custom stale.

Hedda is a neurotic. Even the blindest of Ibsen's contemporary critics saw that and denounced it. But what they did not understand, or rather what they understood just sufficiently to revolt against it in horror, was the fact that her creator saw deep enough into her soul to understand her perversity and to make her, not a monster, but a woman. Ibsen was no decadent show-off prating of "splendid sins" and magnificent cruelties. Hedda's mean acts, conceived and executed in the rage of impotence which can feel power only by destroying, remain plainly mean. But Ibsen saw in her perversities something which only a few men of his time—Dostoevski, for example—would have been capable of seeing: namely, that her reactions are not merely evil or merely the evidences of a malady to be disposed of when it has been called disease. She is rebelling perversely and unsuccessfully against something which should be rebelled against. The things which exasperate her—the complacent spiritual poverty of her group and the dull "goodness" of her vegetating husband—are exasperating things. She is therefore not merely a villain, an evil woman. She has made an unsuccessful adjustment to a situation which any vital person would have found intolerable; and the play built about her was "immoral" in the shocked eyes of such respectables as William Winter because it laid the blame no more upon Hedda, whom dulness had perverted, than upon the others, whom it had merely stultified. Those famous "vine leaves" which she hoped to see in Lovborg's hair are only a symbol of the neurotic's perverted version of that "joy" whose absence from the lives of his fellow-citizens Ibsen was so continually lamenting.

In her program Miss Le Gallienne prints excerpts from the recently discovered notebooks of the author which throw a flood of light on some much-debated points in connection with his own conception of the character.

> The play [he writes] must be built around "the Inevitable," the hankering after and aiming at something that stands against all conventions, established customs, in one's consciousness—also Hedda's. . . . There lies deep poetry at the bottom of Hedda's nature. . . . She wants to lead a man's life. But then come hesitations—the inherited deep-rooted beliefs. . . . One marries Tesman but one occupies one's imagination with Lovborg. One leans back in one's chair, closes one's eyes, and pictures his adventures. . . . She cannot do it herself—cannot take part in the other one's goal—so she shoots herself.

Interpretations of Hedda are as various, almost, as interpretations of Hamlet, and for much the same reason. Like Hamlet she is wonderfully convincing as a person even when one is least sure what rational account to give of her motives. But in the light of her creator's own working notes there can hardly be doubt any longer concerning the main outlines of his intention. She is a heroine *manquée* and not only *a* heroine but *the* Ibsen heroine. She longs for all the things which Ibsen desired and thought most admirable. She wants to be "free," to seek the joy and the meaning of life without regard for convention or safety. To her, as to the author of so many plays about very limited people, the meaning of life is to be found in ecstasy. But though she perceives the fact, she is incapable of rising to the heights which she despises others for not being even aware of. She is a coward and she is sterile. But, so Ibsen seems to say, it is something to be capable of even a sickness like hers.

Paul Leyssac plays Tesman with a true appreciation of the humor in the part, and indeed the whole of the present production reveals a fine sense of those elements of cruel comedy involved. As for Miss Le Gallienne's "Hedda," it is, I think, one of her best roles and remarkable for its delicacy as well as its strength. Too often the character is played luridly, as though Hedda were a vampire in the Kipling tradition. Miss Le Gallienne remembers that Ibsen himself described her as "distinctly a lady, by her position and by her character." She is, in other words, as dangerous as she is for the very reason that her disease is not evident on the surface.

In "Post Road" (Masque Theater) Wilbur Daniel Steele and Norma Mitchell have undertaken to provide a mystery melodrama with a difference. Instead of the usual tough background they have chosen a respectable "tourists accommodated" establishment as the setting for the nefarious activities of a gang, and they delude us for a while with the pretense that they are writing a "folksy" comedy before startling us into the realization that some very dirty work is afoot. Personally, I found the variation quite agreeable, and I recommend the piece to those who still like gun-play, in spite of the fact that they are a bit weary of the conventional machinery.

The deep voice of Libby Holman resounds periodically in the elaborate comic opera "Revenge with Music" (New Amsterdam Theater). The plot, taken from "The Three-Cornered Hat," is treated pretty much in the established comic-opera tradition, but the production is extremely elaborate, very colorful, and diversified with some excellent dancing in a manner more or less Spanish. I should call it decidedly one of the better things of its kind.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

A New Garbo?

LIKE Chaplin, with whom alone she may be compared in the range and length of her popularity, Miss Garbo presents difficulties to those people who like to find an explanation for every subjective influence which acts upon them. It has always been discouraging, for example, to discover in Miss Garbo a contemporary recreation of the Aphrodite symbol. Beauty enough is there, to be sure, but not the kind of beauty which consists in a perfect idealization of the unique physical features of either of the two established sexes. It was in the nature of the image that Miss Garbo constituted for her generation that its appeal should hold good for all the different sexes. To be truly universal, she had to be as sexless in her essential appeal as Chaplin or as Mickey Mouse. But the great beauty of Miss Garbo is a fact, or a pretty generally accepted fact, and only by concentrating on it can one hope to

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JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says

ANYTHING GOES. Alvin Theater. Smart and tuneful review with Ethel Merman and Victor Moore. Consistently entertaining.

CIVIC REPERTORY CO. Broadhurst Theater. L'Aiglon; Hedda Gabler, reviewed in this issue, and The Cradle Song.

DARK VICTORY. Little Theater. Romantic melodrama about a spoiled and beautiful girl who discovers that she has only a year to live. An excellent role for Tallulah Bankhead.

DODSWORTH. Shubert Theater. Sidney Howard's beautiful dramatization of Sinclair Lewis's novel. If you did not see it last season you should this.

D'OYLY CARTE OPERA COMPANY. Gilbert and Sullivan Operas. Martin Beck Theater. English company in the best performances of the familiar operas that you are likely ever to see. Last week.

GOLD EAGLE GUY. Morosco Theater. Robust and picturesque drama of a Western empire builder. Beautifully done by the Group Theater Company, and one of the important plays of the year.

LIFE BEGINS AT 8:40. Winter Garden. A lively, talented, amusing show with several sketches above the average. The best of them is "Chin Up," which makes an English gentleman out of Bert Lahr. M.M.

MERRILY WE ROLL ALONG. Music Box. Ingenious, smooth, witty but rather mechanical drama about the youth of various successful men who meant when they were young to do really important things. Reveals the authors, Moss Hart and George Kaufman, in a mood rather more serious than usual.

PAGE MISS GLORY. Mansfield Theater. Reckless and usually funny farce about a prize beauty who is even dumber than usual.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE. Henry Miller Theater. Rough and ready entertainment with more laughs of the sort which originate below the neck than very many comedies can boast.

REVENGE WITH MUSIC. New Amsterdam. Reviewed in this issue. Closed for two weeks owing to a temporary painful injury to Mr. Winninger. Re-opening Monday evening, Dec. 24.

SAILORS OF CATTARO. Civic Repertory Theater. Opened Dec. 10. To be reviewed later.

SMALL MIRACLE. 48th St. Theater. Theft, murder, and adultery in a theater lobby. For those who like thick slices of what the writers of snappy melodrama call Life.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR. Maxine Elliott Theater. Stunning performance by Florence McGee as the most despicable child ever seen on the stage. Powerful and intelligent despite a bad last act.

THE DISTAFF SIDE. Booth Theater. Much charm but very little excitement provided by John van Druten's mild play about a mild English family. Dame Sybil Thorndike is the mild mother.

THE FARMER TAKES A WIFE. Forty-Sixth St. Theater. Marc Connelly helps make a delightful play about life on the old Erie Canal. It's colorful, picturesque and amusing.

TOBACCO ROAD. Forrest Theater. Sub-human but fascinating behavior of the Georgia crackers.

VALLEY FORGE. Guild Theater. Opened Dec. 10. To be reviewed later.

WITHIN THE GATES. National Theater. Sean O'Casey's modern miracle play with Lillian Gish. Received with rapturous applause to which mine was not added.

arrive at any solution. If it is not with sex that beauty seeks an alliance, with what then, in Miss Garbo's case, does beauty reinforce its appeal? Nearly all the heroines portrayed by Miss Garbo have been well enough provided for to indulge in expensive adulteries in Riviera hotels or in remote tropic climes, and one might conclude that a glitter of a harder and more metallic quality supplies the reinforcement. But this is truer for almost any other screen actress than it is for Miss Garbo, who has revealed on several occasions how affecting she can be in even the humblest roles. The background of wealth is not constant, but there is another kind of background or atmosphere or mood which Miss Garbo evokes whether she is wearing the green hat of Iris March or the wilted plumage of Anna Christie. It is the background of sorrow, the atmosphere of disenchantment, the mood of frustration. And it may be in the impingement of frustration on beauty, in the breathing of the unhappy contemporary psyche into the classic form, that the alliance which we have been looking for will some day be found. It may be that Miss Garbo has really owed her renown to having given back to her generation a beautifully touched-up version of its own image.

Is it possibly because that generation has already begun to date that the advertisements of "The Painted Veil" promise us so loudly a *new* Garbo? Based on a story by Somerset Maugham which does not successfully conceal its triteness of situation beneath its several folds of exotic color, this picture is actually little suited to effecting a rebirth of any kind. Through most of its development it is hardly distinguishable from several other pictures in which Miss Garbo's considerable acting ability has been wasted: the wife of a young English doctor (Herbert Marshall) in a plague-ridden district in China is led by boredom into having an affair with a caddish member of the colony (George Brent). Only in the dénouement is there something like a variation. Instead of running her motor into a tree or leaping into the nearest Chinese pool, Miss Garbo takes up hospital work and is last seen in an exquisite nun's cowl by Adrian. But this transformation occupies only a few feet of celluloid at the end. Throughout the rest it is very much the old Garbo that we are permitted to see, and more happily at home amid these unfortunate occurrences than in any other picture in which she has appeared in some years.

"The Battle" is also a study of adultery with an Oriental background. It is a much better picture than its melodramatic conception, derived from Claude Farerre's novel, might lead one to expect: the patriotism of a Japanese naval officer who sacrifices not only his own but also his wife's honor for the sake of his country. Some of the naval battle scenes are excellent; and the ritual of hari-kari, which forms the climax, is put on the screen with vividness and with what may even be fidelity. The implications of the story are unfortunately ambiguous, however, and it is not clear whether the Japanese patriot is to be the more pitied or admired for his devotion to his country. "L'Agonie des Aigles" (Fifth Avenue Playhouse) is founded on the historical putsch of a group of Napoleonic officers who sought to place "L'Aiglon" on the throne of France. The film is as noisy a succession of harangues as a meeting of the Chamber of Deputies; and it is all too evident that it is a piece of French nationalist propaganda, with distinct fascist overtones.

WILLIAM TROY

Next Week

Burning Saints in Mexico

by Carleton Beals

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WE GREET WITH ENTHUSIASM the announcement that the Department of State has been working out a set of statutes designed to maintain American neutrality in case of war between other nations by modifying our present theory of neutral rights. This move comes at a moment when the United States is not involved in any immediately threatening conflict and the danger of war hangs over large areas of Europe and Asia. It is a strategic time to appeal to American caution and our traditional dislike of being dragged into other peoples' troubles. Certainly there is every argument on grounds of humanity and good sense to waive or suspend any commercial rights whatever, on land or on the high seas, in order to prevent war. Peace is better than trade—or even national pride. If a sane man starts down the street to go to market and finds himself cut off by a gang war or a riot, he does not push his way through and depend on the law to save him from embroilment or bodily attack. He goes around the block or ducks back home until the row is over. The people of the United States will, we are certain, support the State Department in any proposed changes in existing laws, however drastic, which will help to keep the country out of the next war. They have enough troubles without emulating that well-known hero Sam O'Day, who, it will be recalled, died defending his right of way.

WHILE THE PROGRAM for unemployment insurance drafted by the President's Advisory Council is a marked advance on the cumbersome Wagner-Lewis bill, it can scarcely be considered an adequate solution of the problem of insecurity in industrial employment. The feature of the new plan which provides that the federal government is to pay a subsidy to the States whose insurance laws conform to certain minimum standards is an improvement over the older scheme. It is also encouraging that the funds are to be raised exclusively by a tax on employers. On the other hand, the council's suggestions as to minimum standards are extremely unsatisfactory. Payments to unemployed workers are to begin after a two- to four-week interval, are to be 50 per cent of their regular pay, with a minimum of $15 a week, and are to run for twenty-five weeks. What is to happen to the worker after the twenty-five-week period is not stated. Possibly he is to be taken care of by a permanent public-works plan which has not yet been formulated. But is there any assurance that such will be the case? In its present form at least, it is evident that the new plan does not meet the problem of unemployment as we have known it during the past five years. There remains, moreover, the question of what shall be done for the twelve million persons who are now without work. The proposed scheme obviously cannot aid them until they have been given jobs. In fact, no plan which attempts merely to spread the "normal" risks of industry, such as seasonal and mild cyclic fluctuations, is sufficient today. What is needed is an all-embracing national program which will give adequate support to all persons unable to earn a living, whether because of sickness, accident, old age, or unemployment.

TO CALL the long-range program of the National Resources Board a "national plan" is only to add to the current confusion on economic policies. But if we cast aside this much-labored term, it is evident that the board has made an extremely valuable inventory of national assets and has added some useful recommendations regarding their exploitation. Much of the report is so general in its treatment as to have relatively little bearing on immediate problems, but at several points its recommendations give valuable insight into the probable course of New Deal policies. It is proposed, for example, that the government purchase submarginal lands at the rate of about 5,000,000 acres a year for fifteen years in order to obtain "more effective use of areas than is possible under private ownership." The land thus purchased is to be added to the national and State forests and to the nation's park systems. This is planning of a type that presents no great difficulties under capitalism. But the contradiction which is always met in the effort to instil order into the essential chaos of the capitalist system is illustrated by another of the board's suggestions. It indorses the subsistence-homestead movement as a permanent national policy, but at the same time urges that no steps be taken to facilitate the movement of any considerable number of unemployed persons from urban areas into commercial agriculture. While this represents a somewhat ingenious attempt to expand agricultural production without depressing prices, it implies a wholly artifical distinction, impossible to maintain. Somewhat the same criticism might be made of the proposal to initiate a permanent public-works administration, but here the issue is sharply drawn between the interests of a few individuals and those of society as a whole. Planning will not be easy, but there is no other way out.

THE NATIONAL CRIME CONFERENCE, which met in Washington early in December, offered on its adjournment a nine-point program in the interest of more and better law enforcement. Although the resolutions considered various aspects of the high incidence of crime in the United States, they all came to more or less the same conclusion: that our knowledge of the causes of crime and our treatment of criminals are inadequate and it would be a good idea to improve them. Thus legislative committees were urged to consider the problem of criminal justice, parole boards were besought to study the question of parole, and a subsequent conference was projected further to discuss the various issues involved. About the only positive and specific reform proposed was improvement in the sanitary conditions of local jails. In other words, during an entirely well-intentioned and serious-minded conference, at which dozens of persons were delivered of thousands of words in speeches which went on steadily from morning till night, it became clear that nobody knows much about the causes of crime and everybody has a different idea of what to do about it. As with sin, however, we are all against it, and it is a happy subject for popular disapproval at a time when there are a lot of difficult questions about which many persons cannot make up their minds.

HERE AND THERE in the conference the ancient attitude of "stamping out" and "bearing down on" the criminal was heard. J. Edgar Hoover, of the Department of Justice, urged the "extermination" of those "filthy" beings who prey on society; Peter J. Siccardi, president of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, was inclined to believe that third offenders should be incarcerated for life; and Miss Dorothy Frooks, unsuccessful candidate for Congress from New York, proposed the elimination of convict baseball teams on the ground that convicts "should be denied the right of society while serving sentence." Directly in line with this point of view, which every modern penologist distrusts, the New York Police Commissioner, Lewis J. Valentine, has issued his unlawful and stupid order directing his men to "muss up" persons arrested on suspicion of having committed a crime. "Draw quickly," says Mr. Valentine, "shoot accurately, make it disagreeable for these men, make them leave the city, make them afraid of arrest. . . . I will protect you and the District Attorney will protect you. . . . We don't want police brutality, but there is only one way to stop these criminals." As the first exhibit in the campaign to muss up without being brutal, the police brought Leo Byrne, alleged to have been caught red-handed in robbing a till, before Magistrate Greenspan with a black eye, a swollen cheek, a bloodied nose, and other probable lacerations. It would seem hardly necessary to point out that Commissioner Valentine's order, coming with a promise of protection for police lawlessness from a supposedly responsible official, is a much graver offense than the petty larceny and assault of which Byrne is accused. The Commissioner has risen from the ranks and he had the reputation of being a tough cop himself. Only when we eliminate the tough-cop mentality from our treatment of criminals shall we even begin to reach a civilized attitude on one of the most pressing problems of modern society.

THE ITALIAN-ABYSSINIAN dispute is likely to be a more basic test of the efficacy of the League's peace machinery than the Hungarian-Jugoslav affair which has just been settled. In place of a controversy between two minor nations, we have a dispute between a great Power and a country whose existence is scarcely known to the average newspaper reader. The issue itself is relatively unimportant, but it is typical of the sort of dispute that is constantly arising. A skirmish occurred between border patrols of the two nations, growing out of uncertainty regarding the title of a few score square miles of desert. Each side accuses the other of aggression in precipitating the conflict. While Italy has not refused definitely to submit to arbitration, Mussolini's letter to the League gave clear indication of his intention of forcing a direct settlement, a process in which Italy, of course, has every advantage. This is a challenge which the League can ill afford to ignore if it desires to retain any of the prestige which it has gained in recent weeks.

FRAGMENTARY REPORTS from Hongkong indicate that the main body of the Chinese Red Army has broken through the blockade imposed by the joint forces of Nanking and Canton and has penetrated the province of Kweichow, where a Communist army under Ho Lung has been operating for some months. Should these reports be confirmed, it would mean that the Soviet troops had covered more than half the distance on their dramatic trek to Szechuan. As a result of the Communists' success, the amicable understanding which had just been concluded between Chiang Kai-shek and the Canton militarists appears to be seriously threatened, each faction seeking to pin responsibility for the Reds' escape on the other. Some light may be thrown on the paucity of Chinese news here by a recent letter to a correspondent from the New York *Times* which explains that paper's inadequate coverage by the circumstance that its China correspondent had been "on vacation for the past three months." The vacation of this particular correspondent is apparently at an end, however, for a recent dispatch under his name ascribed the abduction and murder of two American missionaries to "Communist-bandits," though the nearest known body of the Red Army is from 150 to 200 miles distant and there is no authentic record of a foreigner ever having been killed by Communist troops.

DESPITE REPORTED DISSATISFACTION among farmers with the AAA program for restricting cotton acreage, nine cotton producers out of ten seem to have voted for continuance of the Bankhead Act, which limits the cotton crop. Only two States, Oklahoma and California, have failed to give the necessary two-thirds' majority for the plan. Since the farmers have tended to plant their best lands and

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to let the less fertile fields lie idle, we shall doubtless see again a larger yield per acre than before the limitation went into effect, with a corresponding penalty for the better farmers in the form of a tax on their surplus. It is said that a considerable percentage of the affirmative vote was contributed by the owners of small farms, themselves exempted from limitation, who voted for restriction for their more prosperous neighbors. Whatever the causes of the sweeping reaffirmation of the restriction program, the results in terms of our foreign trade will be the same as before. The United States formerly produced about 70 per cent of the world's cotton; last year it produced only 41 per cent. And there is no reason to suppose that the foreign countries which because of our crop restriction learn to enlarge their production will willingly yield us the market again when we have got back to "normal." The whole program offers one of the more striking inconsistencies in an unplanned economy; although there are millions of persons without an extra shirt to call their own, we cut the extra shirts off at the source instead of trying to improve our system of distribution so that everybody can have more.

THE CAREFULLY NURTURED MYTH of prosperity that once hung about the name of Ford and the American automobile industry officially died in the first sessions of the hearings held in Detroit under the direction of Leon Henderson, head of the research and planning division of the NRA, in an Administration attempt to find a way of leveling out peaks and valleys of automobile production and employment. The witnesses were workers and not publicity agents, which perhaps accounts for the realistic tone of the hearings. One Ford employee testified that the peak for Ford wages was reached in 1929. The daily average was from $6 to $10 a day but the annual wage, even in that year of prosperity to end prosperity, was only $1,470. At present the daily wage is $5 but the yearly income is $650. This same witness touched also upon technological matters. When Model T gave way to Model A, 15 per cent of Mr. Ford's employees lost their jobs. An employee of the Buick Motor Company told of workers leaving their jobs in the factory because they could feed their families more adequately on relief. (Mr. Hopkins's order wiping out the minimum wage on relief projects will do much to put a stop to this.) And F. J. Dillon, A. F. of L. organizer, introduced a bitter and disrespectful note by pointing out that although the Chrysler Corporation made profits of $10,000,000 in the first nine months of 1934, annual wages of from $400 to $600 are common among its employees. The A. F. of L. program proposed a basic thirty-hour week and a basic minimum annual wage of $1,500. The Society of Designing Engineers and the Mechanics' Educational Society of America were less humble in their demands, suggesting an annual wage of $2,000 for production workers and $3,600 for designers. Meanwhile, the forthright statement of Francis Biddle that the National Labor Relations Board stands ready to enter the automobile controversy in view of labor's distrust and contempt for the Wolman board, offers the chance of a real battle whose outcome is not fixed in advance. If it takes place, it will at least serve to show up the famous automobile settlement of Mr. Roosevelt—a slick streamline model designed to cut down employee resistance—which the Wolman board has so far failed to sell to the workers.

THE RECENT CONFERENCE on civil liberties held under the auspices of the American Civil Liberties Union was the first attempt on the part of the twenty-two participating groups to get together with government representatives to draft a program of legislation which would be promptly and effectively presented to the House and the Senate as soon as they should begin their sessions. Various aspects of the issues of freedom of opinion and organization, and of resistance to those who repress civil rights, were discussed. The question of radio, press, and post-office censorship, the burning issue of labor organization and collective bargaining, the immigration laws, particularly with respect to the deportation of aliens, federal policies toward unemployed demonstrations, and the rights of relief workers to organize were all on the agenda. Senator Costigan of Colorado made an effective plea for a federal anti-lynching bill, which may have a good chance of passage after the unspeakably brutal torture and murder of the Negro Claude Neal in Florida last October; and a resolution was adopted urging the right of share-croppers in the South to organize in protest against their living and working conditions. In general it was found that the government representatives were willing and even eager to cooperate with the members of the conference in pressing forward legislation, and it was not unusual to note Administration agents in favor of modification of the law to the end that civil rights might be more effectively guaranteed and upheld.

IN MARKED CONTRAST to the civil-liberties conference, in which an honest attempt was made to gain the cooperation of the federal government in upholding the American bill of rights, is a blast from the United States Chamber of Commerce in the form of a pamphlet entitled "Combating Subversive Activities in the United States." This document recounts the alleged attempts of various groups—most particularly the Communist Party—to overthrow the American government by violence, and offers a number of measures intended to suppress these dangerous plots. The proposals include a sedition law which would make membership in the Communist Party a crime, a law denying use of the mails to "subversive" matter, including Communist newspapers and periodicals, the regulation of the admission of aliens by "a treaty obligation on the part of the country of his origin to take him back at any time if ordered deported from the United States," the strengthening of our naturalization laws to exclude Communists or members of other "subversive" organizations, and federal legislation patterned after the new British sedition bill, which would prohibit "attempts to incite disaffection or insubordination among the armed forces of the United States." In other words, the Chamber of Commerce is proposing a red-hunt of gigantic proportions, which would presumably result in the incarceration or deportation of every radical in the United States, to the number, according to this worthy organization, of more than half a million, an estimate which the Communist Party must find flattering. The proponents of free opinion and free organization in this country, therefore, will find themselves confronted, when they ask Congress for appropriation and necessary legislation, by the proponents of suppression and reaction. They should be warned in advance and should fortify themselves for a struggle to preserve democracy against the forces of fascism.

Nationalize the Arms Industry!

THE most charitable thing that can be said of President Roosevelt's action in summoning a special committee to prepare legislation for "equalizing the burdens of war" is that it was untimely and extremely ill-advised. Although on the surface it appears as a move to regulate and control the armament industry, no step could have been better calculated to defeat that end. The Senate Munitions Investigating Committee, under the able chairmanship of Gerald P. Nye, is just finishing the second three weeks' session of its remarkable inquiry. Its task is by no means completed although the initial appropriation of $50,000 is almost exhausted. On the basis of the startling disclosures which have been made in these preliminary sessions, the committee feels justified in asking the Senate for an appropriation large enough to make possible a still more thorough investigation of the arms industry and its financial associates. The committee also takes the position that no solution should be sought until the facts are fully in hand, and that then the legislation should be drafted by the one group which has an intimate knowledge of the problems.

A review of some of the evidence brought out by the committee this past week is sufficient to indicate the undiminished importance of its work. Scores of corporations, including several of the largest in the country, were shown to have made fantastic profits from the World War, both before and after the entry of the United States into the conflict. In some cases these were as high as 800 per cent. Such instances were, of course, exceptional, but many of the larger companies reported profits of 40 to 50 per cent. Similarly, 181 individuals were listed who received incomes in excess of a million dollars during at least one of the war years. Many of these persons were closely connected with the various munitions industries, including six different members of the du Pont family. The committee also introduced evidence indicating that the American chemical industry worked in close harmony with similar concerns in Great Britain and Germany in developing the munitions business. It showed that the sale of war materials to Japan had been approved by the United States War and Navy departments on the ground that such transactions would aid the American espionage service. And it revealed that the American armament manufacturers had frequently resorted to bribery and graft in order to dispose of their products in foreign countries.

If public opinion has been even partially awakened to the menace of the arms traffic, the credit belongs almost exclusively to Senator Nye and his committee. They have tackled an extremely difficult job and done extraordinarily well with it, despite the meagerness of their appropriation. Never has such an opportunity existed to deal a crushing blow to the war system and those who thrive upon it. It would be ironical if the sum total of action taken as a result of the committee's indefatigable work should be the adoption of the proposals made by Bernard Baruch before the War College in 1922, or the very similar recommendations which he laid before President Hoover's War Policies Commission in 1931. Only last June Mr. Baruch reiterated his belief in the desirability of recapturing "all profits in bulk made by industries engaged in war supplies, above a small and reasonable return on the moneys invested." He also made it clear that he was not making this suggestion because he was opposed to large profits, but because of fear that civilian morale might be undermined if profiteers were unchecked and that a recurrence of war inflation might lead to a collapse of the capitalist economy. In other words, Mr. Baruch is primarily concerned with strengthening the national defense and averting, if he can, the downfall of capitalism.

Since *The Nation* is not interested in either of these objectives, it finds itself quite out of sympathy with Mr. Baruch's modest program for "taking the profits out of war." The assumption that all man power and all capital should be drafted by the state in time of war is dangerous because it implies that war is at least sometimes justified and that individuals have no rights above those of the government. The fact that Mr. du Pont and other leaders of the munitions industry have declared themselves in favor of this plan does not increase its attractiveness in our eyes. As Senator Nye has so well said, it is as if Dillinger and Capone should recommend plans for combating crime.

The alternative is the total abolition of private manufacture of munitions of war and the strict control of all subsidiary industries. Several governments, including France, Poland, Denmark, and Spain, advocated such a course during the early stages of the Disarmament Conference, but it was opposed by the United States. Two objections have been made to this plan—one trivial and the other serious. Armament manufacturers declare that the destruction of private industry would cripple the national defense. This contention is based, however, on the assumption that the "defense" of the United States would again necessitate our sending an army of three or four million men overseas. Actual defense of American soil would require a small mobile army of no more than a few hundred thousand men, which could easily be supplied with arms by government arsenals.

The second objection is more disturbing. Many of the small nations have opposed the elimination of the private production of munitions on the ground that it would weaken them against the great Powers. Doubtless this is true, and some countries now without arms might manufacture their own munitions. But this danger is infinitely smaller than that inherent in the private manufacture of arms, even under drastic supervision. At the hearings before the Nye committee it has been shown that the armament firms have repeatedly been able to defy all efforts to restrict their activities. Regulation and control are bound to be farcical as long as the industry remains in the hands of international buccaneers spurred on by the lure of high profits. Nationalization of the arms industry alone will not remove the basic causes of international friction and war, but it is the only way to correct the flagrant abuses which have been revealed by the Nye committee's investigation. That it will be difficult to achieve, despite Lammot du Pont's assertion that his company's profits on military explosives are only 2 per cent of its total profits, goes without saying. For that reason the inquiry must not be allowed to lag.

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Devil's Advocate

DONALD RICHBERG'S appointment as general counsel of the NRA was hailed at the time as a long step toward the reconstruction of our economic order. Was he not the friend of organized labor, the legal brains of the Railway Brotherhoods? Lifted to responsibility and vested with power, Mr. Richberg almost immediately broke with his past. Since then he has exerted endless ingenuity in contriving one argument after another to disprove the right of trade unions to profit by their guaranty of collective bargaining. In less than two years he has emerged as the spokesman of our most reactionary employers: the lords of iron and steel, the automobile manufacturers, the newspaper publishers.

Although it may not be generally recalled, Mr. Richberg's record of sabotage goes back to the very beginnings of the National Industrial Recovery Act. When Section 7-a came up for debate in the Senate, the Finance Committee recommended tacking on an ingenious proviso that the statute must not be construed so as to compel any change in "existing satisfactory relationships" between employers and their employees. Fortunately, after vigorous debate, the proviso was defeated; but not before its sponsors had proclaimed that it had the approval of Mr. Richberg, who regarded it as a constructive contribution to the theory of collective bargaining—this joker which would have sanctioned company unionism and prevented trade unions from claiming recognition as a legal right.

No sooner was the NRA set up than Mr. Richberg began actively to collaborate with that firm champion of the labor movement, General Johnson. Their theme was twofold: it was not part of the government's duty to promote the organization of workers in trade unions; it was not part of the government's duty to insist that the labor provisions of particular codes should be determined by collective bargaining. Section 7-a, they maintained again and again, created abstract rights of freedom which the NRA would compel employers to respect. But let no one suppose that the NRA would lend a helping hand to the trade unions in their struggle for recognition and status.

Soon afterward the National Labor Board began its career. Honestly if ineffectively the board sought to safeguard employees in the free choice of representatives, to protect union workers against interference, coercion, and restraint, and to apply the idea that collective bargaining aimed at the execution of collective agreements. Relying on a simple theory of Section 7-a, the board called for elections, affirmed the doctrine of majority rule, and came out for the recognition of representative trade unions. Messrs. Richberg and Johnson were quick to rush to the defense of the National Association of Manufacturers, the United States Chamber of Commerce, the Iron and Steel Institute, the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, and the other active resisters. They poured forth a steady stream of "interpretations," each timed so as to obfuscate, if not to contradict, some general principle which the Wagner board had just announced. Trade-union lawyer though he had been, Mr. Richberg lost no opportunity to provide anti-union employers with legal equipment by which they might duck and dodge, evade and sidestep the obligations of the statute.

He has performed the same function, single-handed, since the creation of the National Labor Relations Board and the noisy retirement of General Johnson. First came the Houde decision, in which the board, then under the chairmanship of Lloyd Garrison, reaffirmed in one judicial sweep the elaborate structure of principles so painfully erected by its predecessor. Promptly Mr. Richberg issued another interpretation, confusing and equivocal and intended, as before, to protect big business against the force of Section 7-a. But Mr. Richberg's most spectacular contribution to the task of impeding unionism was his action in the San Francisco *Call-Bulletin* case. Here for the first time in the history of the New Deal a government official appeared before the board, now headed by Francis Biddle, in the role of public advocate for an employers' association bent upon the destruction of an infant trade union.

Mr. Richberg must long since have lost much of his original value to American big business. He can no longer pose as a labor sympathizer of high and open mind who takes the long view and the constructive view. But he has not ceased to be a menace to the continued existence of an independent labor movement in the United States. At its forthcoming session Congress will address itself to the task of redrafting Section 7-a in the form of permanent legislation. If Mr. Richberg has an important share in the proceedings, the labor movement will inevitably find itself enmeshed in legal restraints and disabilities from which it might take many years of bitter struggle to cut loose.

The Spanish Conquest of Spain

UNDER-COVER reports from Spain give us a belated picture of the terrorist methods by which José Maria Gil Robles and Premier Lerroux crushed the workers' revolution in October. We have had to wait for such private accounts because most of the newspaper stories printed during those weeks of warfare were either shamefully lacking in substance or gave a grossly distorted view. Indeed, at the height of the war in Asturias certain pro-government correspondents began to concoct atrocity stories, tales of crime attributed to the revolutionary miners. Presumably they hoped to forestall or anticipate true accounts of the government's military campaign. But the authorities were shrewd enough to squash this atrocity talk: better not bring up the subject; somebody might investigate, and investigation would reveal the government's own guilt.

One newspaperman tried it. He had a great deal of information, documented beyond question. He was shot down in cold blood by an officer of the Spanish Foreign Legion. Other newspapermen in Asturias knew the facts as well as he, but they dared not put them into print. For it is a story of invasion that belongs in the Dark Ages. The legionnaires, mostly Moroccans, simply conquered Asturias, which means that they sacked and burned the villages and tortured the inhabitants, choosing to hold every man, woman, and child responsible for the resistance put up by the miners.

And now the Spanish government is about to bestow on the army and the police honors, medals, and cash benefits out of the millions donated by the grateful banks, industries, and other large businesses of Spain—among them the International Telephone and Telegraph Company and American banks. These concerns are grateful because more than 10,000 political prisoners are now in Spanish jails—so many that ships and schools and convents have had to be made into improvised prisons; because among these prisoners may be found the cream of artistic, literary, and professional Spain; because trade-union leaders are being shot or committed to "perpetual chains"; because the Socialist, Communist, and other left-wing groups and parties are now underground, bitterly persecuted; because the government is preparing to dissolve the great Socialist Union General de Trabajadores; because newspapers are censored, and civil liberties have been completely blotted out by prolonged martial law; and finally, because Catalonia has lost the democratic gains it had made as an "autonomous province" and is being ruled like a conquered colony.

In Barcelona most of the members of the board of patrons of the university are in jail, along with the members of the Catalan government, representatives in the Catalan parliament, councilors of the municipal corporation, Catalan representatives in the Spanish parliament, writers, teachers, artists. There are 800 of them imprisoned in the steamship Uruguay, fifty-five in second-class cabins and the rest in the holds. Ex-Premier Manuel Azaña, "the Man of the Republic," was put by himself in a warship, consigned to the mercies of the high-ranking officers who have been out to "get" him ever since he made certain reforms to eliminate graft and politics from the Spanish army.

Among the men on the Uruguay are Professor Pompeu Fabra, the grand old man of the Catalan cultural renaissance, a linguist and a literary leader, and president of the P. E. N. in Catalonia; Dr. Pere Bosc i Gimpera, internationally known archaeologist and rector of the university; Dr. Josep Kirau, jurist, editor of *Revista Juridica* and contributor to international law journals; Dr. A. Trias, one of the foremost surgeons of Barcelona; and Dr. J. M. Batista i Roca, formerly assistant professor in the faculty of philosophy. In other words, the Inquisition has ceased to be a menacing ghost and is now fully reincorporated. No protest is heard, in Spain or elsewhere, from any but republican, intellectual, and left-wing political sources. The entire clergy is enthusiastically behind the present government, along with the military chiefs, the big landowners, and big capital as a whole. A concordat is now being negotiated with the Vatican, but it may be doubted that the restoration of civil liberties with justice and mercy for all Spanish citizens is listed among the conditions required by the Pope. Gil Robles represents in politics the Jesuit group that edits the paper *El Debate*—today talking in a spirit of righteous rejoicing—and controls the landlords' party, Acción Popular. He is, in fact, virtual dictator of Spain—and the man who insists on death penalties when President Alcalá Zamora hesitates.

Outside of Spain certain outraged voices have already been raised. A British commission sent to investigate conditions was got rid of by a "patriotic riot" nicely stage-managed. Here, Ernest Hemingway and John Dos Passos have called attention to the fact that Luis Quintanilla, probably Spain's foremost artist, is behind bars in Madrid. Sooner or later Gil Robles will have to reckon with a wave of protest spreading throughout the world.

They Lisped in Numbers

BURTON RASCOE and Groff Conklin did an interesting job when they resurrected from the pages of *Smart Set* a volume of early pieces by writers who have since attained a wider fame. Now E. B. White of the *New Yorker* has gone them one better with an equally impressive list of well-known men and women whose even earlier work appeared—believe it or not—in the pages of *St. Nicholas*. Improbable as it may seem, the creator of our most "sophisticated" magazine was, in his more innocent days, himself a member of that St. Nicholas League whose young members competed with words and pictures for a graduated series of medals, and so, it seems, were a good many others now out in the great world. Perhaps Mr. White woke up in the middle of some night gripped by the fear that he was only a leaguer at heart and the pet of Albert Bigelow Paine, its erstwhile mentor; but others bear the burden of an equally innocent past. In 1904, for instance, Robert Edmund Jones got a medal for a drawing of My Playmate and wrote a nice letter of acknowledgment (very cautious with its "shalls" and its quotation marks) in which he declares, "I shall always keep it, and shall always look back with pleasure to the time 'when my first picture was printed.'" One Ringold W. Lardner just managed to squeeze into the Honor Roll for April, 1900, with a puzzle, but a certain lady who may be recognized under the name of E. Vincent Millay was a frequent contributor, and among some two score others appear such future personages as Conrad William Faulkner, Kay Boyle, Elinor Hoyt (Wylie), Deems Taylor, Stella Benson, Peggy Bacon, Edmund Wilson, and Lee Simonson.

William Rose Benét, Elinor Wylie, and John Macy passed, by what does not seem an especially easy transition, from the St. Nicholas League to the *Smart Set*. Even more remarkable is the fact that the *New Yorker* of today seems to be written largely by persons who can have been prepared only rather indirectly for their present duties by the innocent amusements suggested by *St. Nicholas*. Mr. White, for instance, had the cold comfort of learning that his drawing The Love of a Mother Rabbit would have been printed "if space permitted." On the other hand, Sigmund Spaeth landed a poem about spring; Lois Long was a leading juvenile photographer; John C. Mosher also did wonders with a camera; and Robert Benchley was elevated to the Honor Roll in 1903 for a drawing entitled The Dollie's Lesson. There was, however, no gossip column in *St. Nicholas*, and so Mr. Woollcott was of course absent.

The moral seems to be, first, that the "little magazines" are not the only nurseries of talent, and, second, that genius is not too much influenced by the kind of education it gets. *St. Nicholas* was safe and sane and thoroughly nice. It did not teach its young aspirants to "think"—at least not about anything more dangerous than Spring, Where I Spend My Vacation, and Kindness to Animals. But what does Mr. Paine, from his distant abode, think of his young charges now? Surely that twig which was to become William Faulkner was not very successfully inclined in any safe and sane direction. We are not, unfortunately, told what his contributions were about, but it is easy to guess that there was not a murder, a rape, or even a soupçon of amentia in the lot.

Issues and Men

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The Russian "Purging"

THE worst phase of the killing in Russia of sixty-six persons on December 5 and nine more on December 12, on the charge of being connected with the assassination of M. Kirov, is that it lowers the Soviet leaders to the level of Adolf Hitler. What indictment could be more severe than that? If we are to excuse the Bolsheviks for this massacre we must excuse Hitler for his "purge" of June 30. Both deeds were execrable and indefensible. Both prove the fear of the men responsible and the instability of their governments. The Soviets have been a going concern for seventeen years; they have boasted that their's was the most stable government in Europe. Yet here they are killing with the same ferocity that distinguishes the Hitler government, which has yet to reach its second birthday. They have asked the world to accept their experiment as the greatest humanitarian undertaking of all time—bent upon bestowing the immeasurable boon of economic and social liberty upon the great masses of Russia. After seventeen years of this altruistic experiment they are so far from having convinced all their people of the wisdom and unselfishness of their actions that they, who have boasted of their abolition of the death penalty in cases of murder, find themselves compelled to resort once more to the drum-head court martial followed by immediate execution. As if the terror ever got you anywhere!

Nothing that has happened in recent years has damaged more the Russian plan for the redemption of society. One is reminded of Stalin's reply to Lady Astor when she asked him in 1931 how long his government was going to go on killing people. His answer was, "As long as it is necessary." Necessary? What right has a single man, Russian or German or Italian or anyone else, to judge of the necessity of "judicial" murder? For years now we have been told that all this display of brute force in Russia was a mere passing phase. At first it was a part of the "unavoidable" destruction of the aristocrats and reactionaries, the ending of the "white" menace. Next it was said to be necessary because disloyal elements within the Bolshevik party had somehow got a foothold in that otherwise spotless organization, precisely as Hitler explained that the bulk of his Storm Troops were pure and undefiled when he defended his murder of the "perverts" and "traitors" who a week before had been his loyal intimates, exemplars for all the German youths to follow. Next the Russians explained that they had to kill kulaks in order to "encourage the others"; and now the reason is that, after seventeen years, disloyalty and counter-revolution are raising their heads again.

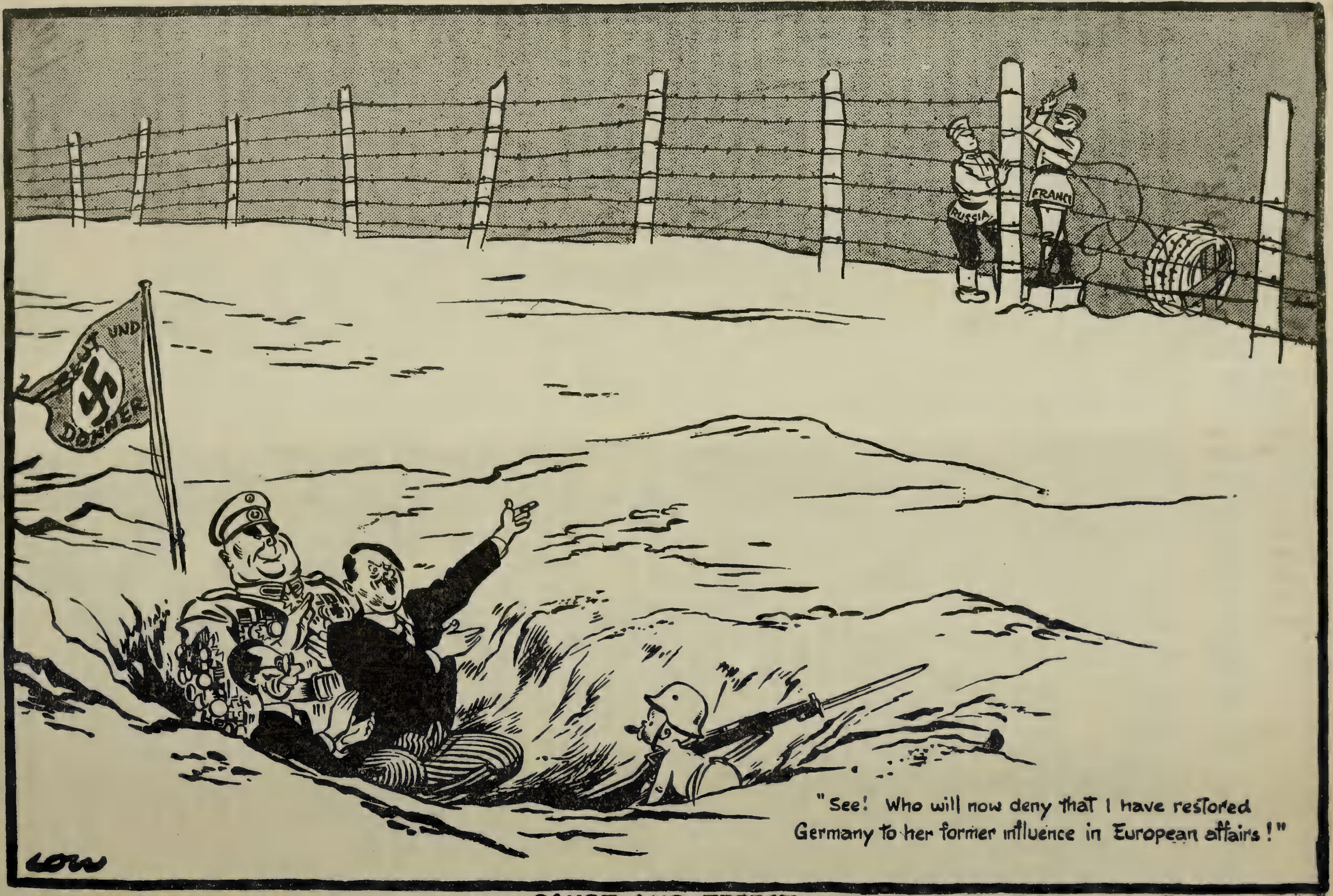
A "passing phase"? I can see no reason why it should not be a passing phase for years to come. Once you have a government which relies upon vindictive, wholesale murder to maintain itself, not only against armed enemies but against dissentients in its own ranks, the blood-letting is apt to go on indefinitely. Murder breeds murder, whether its authors are gangsters or the rulers of a state. Think how wholesale have been the punishments in Russia. In August, 1933, 12,000 prisoners at work on a single canal were pardoned, while 59,000 others received commutations of sentence—71,000 prisoners were thus at work on this one job, to say nothing of jail after jail full of other offenders and the hundreds of thousands, not to say millions, banished to Siberia. That is not an exaggeration. When I debated the merits of democracy and communism the other day with Michael Gold, he told the audience that one million kulaks had been sent to Siberia, and with characteristic Communist logic he declared that all these exilings and all the slaughtering done in Russia were "flea-bite violence." Flea-bite violence! No living being can fully visualize or adequately describe the suffering of those pitiful kulak exiles, torn from their homes, often from their families, and sent without adequate clothing or equipment or food to fend for themselves in the wastes and snows of Siberia, to live in misery or to perish as the case may be.

Mr. Gold declared also that the sixty-six killings could be matched by the murder of at least sixty unoffending strikers in the United States since the first of the year. When did two wrongs ever make a right, or one excuse the other? And what comparison is there between the sporadic killing of strikers here by lawless officials, or police, or private detectives, or deputy sheriffs, and the deliberate executions of men and women by the Russian government? None whatever, of course. But to your Communist the one set of murders is transcendently wicked, the deliberate effort of the capitalists to terrorize and enslave the worker, and the other is the wise and just self-defense of a noble and idealistic government. To me both are indefensible, both a stain upon the honor of the respective countries.

I am old-fashioned, of course. I still believe in moral laws, in certain moral imponderables and inevitabilities. I still believe that a tyrannical government which seeks to hold itself in power by wholesale brutalities, exilings, concentration camps, and midnight killings is simply digging its own grave, precisely as did the tyrants of Greece and Rome, of the Middle Ages. For many reasons I want to see the Russian experiment go on. The Communist ideal has been in the world since the days of Jesus, and long before. I have felt that it ought to be tried somewhere on this globe, since no other system of government is satisfying those who live under it, so that we could learn whether it is a practicable and just way of life, and how much it has to give to the rest of the world. Now those latest killings have made me doubt that it will last long enough thoroughly and fairly to try out the Communist theory. For I am never to be won for the doctrine that the end justifies the means, or that that government can purify the world which is but a blood-cemented edifice erected upon the sufferings or the dead bodies of vast multitudes.

Oswald Garrison Villard

A Cartoon by Low


UND
DONNER
RUSSIA
FRANCE
LOW

"See! Who will now deny that I have restored Germany to her former influence in European affairs!"

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Father Coughlin

I. The Wonder of Self-Discovery

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

THE story of Father Coughlin is as essentially modern as that of Henry Ford. He is a man who developed something for the first time and is a national personage in consequence. He did not invent the radio; neither did Ford invent the gasoline engine. He developed the possibilities of the radio as a source of power for himself, or as he would put it, for his ideas. But if not an inventor, he was a discoverer. He discovered himself, a new person shaped and vastly reinforced by the radio.

The story, then, is of the development of the radio as an instrument of personal propaganda, and still more of the wonder of Father Coughlin's self-discovery. He did not dream of it during his humble boyhood. It did not occur to him even when, as an unknown priest, he first persuaded a Detroit radio station to broadcast his Sunday sermons, and later his afternoon addresses for children. It dawned on him with a faint light when, after an address in which he commented fiercely on the social aspects of the depression which had just begun, he received his first mailbag of echoing letters. He had been broadcasting long enough to count as a veteran, a pioneer who was building up his parish without looking far beyond its confines. He had a local reputation and had made an enterprising record for a young priest. Then that first rainstorm of letters fell upon his consciousness and woke him up to what he could be. He tested out the miraculous power; it was real and it was growing. And from then until last summer Father Coughlin was discovering and still discovering his own personality as it was being revealed to him by the radio and by the power it brought him from its vast audience. The story naturally divides into two phases, of which the first, that of self-discovery, ended last summer. By then the new Father Coughlin had been created. And he founded the National League for Social Justice and prepared for the second phase, in which the radio is to be only a means to an end. The end is a life of action.

This modern story is no less modern for having its origin in the precincts of the oldest Christian church. In 1925 Rome canonized a young French nun who had died in 1897 at the age of twenty-four, and called her St. Theresa of the Little Flower and the Child Jesus. Shortly before her death a change had come over her reticent, shrinking nature. She uttered strange prophecies: God would permit her to remain on earth till the end of time; she would "let fall from heaven a shower of roses." Not long after her death evidences poured in of her power. Miraculous cures, conversions, donations were ascribed to her intercession. Her "shower of roses" had begun. She was made a saint, the latest person to be so elevated. Bishop Michael Gallagher of Detroit had been in Rome in 1925 for the canonization, and the year after his return he found his young priest amenable to the proposal that the church he was to build in the almost empty parish of Royal Oak, twenty miles from the heart of Detroit, should be dedicated to the world's most modern saint.

Father Coughlin (call it Coglin) had begun coming to Detroit from Canada in 1921 to preach a weekly sermon in St. Agnes's Church, and in 1923 was assigned to the diocese. He preached with the full brogue of the educated Irishman, for he was of pure Irish stock. His father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were Irish-American workingmen. His great-grandfather helped dig the Erie Canal. His father, born in Indiana, was stoker on the Great Lakes, drifted to Hamilton, Ontario, became sexton of the cathedral, met a devout seamstress, also of Irish stock, and married her. There in Hamilton Father Coughlin was born forty-three years ago. To pursue the question of nationality for a moment, as a native of Canada he is entitled to British nationality. Whether he ever voted there, I do not know. The son of an American father, he is entitled to American nationality, which he could establish without challenge if proof were produced that his birth had been registered by his father at an American consulate in Canada. Probably his father never heard of such a precaution at the time. At any rate, as Canadian born he can never aspire to the Presidency unless constitutions to him, as to Hitler, are nothing.

He was educated in St. Mary's parochial school of Hamilton, then in St. Michael's College (under the Basilian Fathers), and took a doctorate in philosophy at the age of twenty at the University of Toronto. He had made a brilliant start. He was able to go for a three months' trip to Europe after finishing at Toronto, and came back troubled in mind as to his career. His inclinations were in three directions—the church, politics, and sociology. He had not begun his self-discovery, and did not know that he was to choose all three in choosing the church. At the dock, on his return from Europe, he met his favorite college teacher, who took him away for a long talk. It ended in his being persuaded to enter the church; and he plunged into arduous preparatory work under the Basilian order in Toronto. He was ordained four years later and spent his first year as a priest teaching English in Assumption College, Sandwich, Ontario. Then began the trips to Detroit, and the transfer to that diocese followed. For three years he was in Kalamazoo and for a short period in North Branch before Bishop Gallagher chose him for the trying task of building up the parish of Royal Oak.

Then came the day of destiny, when he appeared in the office of the manager of radio station WJR of the Detroit *Free Press,* asking for a wider audience for his Sunday sermons. His motive was modest. He hoped to build up his parish—nothing more. The station manager liked Father Coughlin, and saw that it would be good policy to have a Catholic hour in a city that is 52 per cent Catholic. Little did either of them foresee that not many years later the same priest would be personally attacking E. D. Stair, publisher of the *Free Press,* in his capacity as chairman of the company which held the stock of the First National Bank, and the *Free Press* would be lambasting him as "an ecclesiastical

Huey Long," "a religious Walter Winchell," and a Wall Street speculator.

His sermons, and later his afternoon addresses to children, were broadcast for four years without bringing Father Coughlin fame. Gradually he changed the nature of his children's talks, peppering his religion with a seasoning of politics and economics. It was not until 1930, when those echoing letters aroused in him the first glimpse of his own potentialities, that he organized the Radio League of the Little Flower and boldly branched out. He engaged time on stations in Chicago and Cincinnati at $1,650 a week. He found the permanent form of his "discourse," a rhetorical tirade on political, social, and economic themes, knit together by the social philosophy of the liberal encyclicals of Pius XI and Leo XIII. Letters now came in regularly in hundreds and thousands, many with contributions for the league or the new shrine. He learned that the way to stimulate replies was to offer to supply a copy of the discourse to anyone who wrote in for it. The tempo of growth speeded up. The response in letters and money justified further expansion, and Father Coughlin rented time on a sixteen-station hook-up of the Columbia system.

He became a national figure almost at once. Currency was his most popular theme, and his preaching on the "honest dollar" obviously expressed the masses in the Middle West. He assailed the bankers, he assailed the civilization of mass production. He predicted a new war unless Christianity were introduced into the economic life of the nation. He was dinning his doctrine into a tremendous audience. A discourse on the subject "Hoover Prosperity Means a New War" brought him his largest single response, 1,200,000 letters. Another, in which he nominated Morgan, Mellon, Mills, and Meyer as the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, brought 600,000 letters. No priest since time began had regularly addressed an audience of such dimensions.

After many discourses on banking, money, and capitalist greed, he devoted a series to communism ("Russia and the Red Serpent"), in which he charged that Russia already was fomenting revolution in America. This brought him to Washington, where he was star witness at an investigation by a committee of the House of Representatives. A succeeding series attacked prohibition. It was still more popular. And his mounting mail became now a steady flood, averaging for a long period about 80,000 letters a week. He received more than any other man in America.

The radio was a miraculous source of revenue. If the money did not flow with large enough volume, Father Coughlin had only to suggest that he might have to discontinue his "work" for want of funds. The next mails brought again the donations, big and little. To Father Coughlin these gifts must have seemed indeed like roses showered from heaven. And since much of the money went to build the first church to the modern Saint of the Little Flower, it all must have been to him a miracle. The shrine was already being built, a fine edifice, with a magnificent Crucifixion Tower at some distance from it. The design was modern and in good taste. In the tower was Father Coughlin's workshop, with a study on the top floor where he could prepare his discourses and work out the final stages of self-discovery. Beneath him were more than a hundred clerks and stenographers, handling his enormous mail.

The attacks on the bankers grew more violent, and the Columbia Broadcasting System began hearing complaints that a priest with so provocative a message should be given access to the air. Columbia thought it had its finger on the public pulse, and threatened to shut down on Father Coughlin unless he submitted to censorship for the remainder of his contract. The next Sunday Father Coughlin raised the issue of free speech over the radio. He asked his listeners to say whether he should be allowed to continue uncensored. They overwhelmed Columbia with their protests; it was a lesson on the ease of making mistakes in reading the public pulse. Father Coughlin was allowed to talk out his contract. And then Columbia rid itself of embarrassment by inventing its own Church of the Air, and easing out the priest of Detroit, as though it was not in fact suppressing him.

Without Columbia, Father Coughlin could turn to NBC, but here he was met with a refusal. It looked as though the end of the miracle days had come. But once more the manager of the *Free Press* station came to his help. He worked out the details by which Father Coughlin could hire his own stations and pay for the connecting telephone lines himself. Thus he created his own network. It embraced at first eleven stations and grew to twenty-six from Maine to Colorado, costing him $14,000 a week. It was an incredible sum for the once humble priest. It was all the greater since he must also raise the funds for the $750,000 church to the donor of heavenly roses. But he was not afraid, and his faith was justified. The church was built; the radio bills, hundreds of thousands of dollars a year, could be paid.

The storm over Father Coughlin reached its climax when the banks closed in Detroit in 1933. The First National, with deposits of over half a billion, was the largest institution closed in America. Here was banking "iniquity" on Father Coughlin's own doorstep, and he led the attack with new virulence. Moreover, he was in close connection with the powers at Washington. He knew the bank was to close days before anyone else in Detroit knew it. Detroit business interests were bitter and ascribed vindictive motives to Washington. Father Coughlin for the first time became spokesman for the New Deal, defended its actions, and predicted the prosecution and conviction of the bankers involved.

The role of the priest as a "force in Washington" continued until last summer. He came to the White House. He conferred with Raymond Moley and other key men. He was sought after as an oracle of public opinion. He defended the New Deal, supported the President. Not only were his discourses heard by a vast audience; they were widely reported in the press. His following probably included Catholics and Protestants in equal numbers. He now had grown to the Grand Scale. He employed his own brain trust, a staff of experts to comb the world for material for the discourses, as well as a clerical staff that dealt with the mail. Two or three young priests could be employed to take care of his parish work and preach the Sunday sermons. His parishioners saw little of him. He was confined to the top room of Crucifixion Tower and was heard by his flock only through loud speakers. He did not even deliver his discourses from his pulpit, but spoke only from the tower.

If Father Coughlin had gone no farther, had been content to remain the sociological orator—vocal passion brought into millions of homes—he would have revealed a singularly balanced spirit. But he could not stop. He would form a national lobby—that is what it was at first called. He would bring a pressure on Washington that the capital had never before felt, his pressure, Father Coughlin's pressure. So he at last stepped out of his almost mythical impersonality of being only name, voice, and passion, to lead an organization. After the election he announced his National League for Social Justice, and with it a platform of sixteen planks. Twelve of these, say his detractors, are "lifted" from the Farmer-Labor platform. Stemming from Father Coughlin's contact with his own national parish, they are a revealing picture of what his public wants—that is, as far as they go, and if taken on their face value. As they will have sounded to his listeners they proclaim the following principles:

Liberty of conscience and of education.
A living annual wage.
Nationalization of banking and currency and of natural resources.
Private ownership of all other property.
Control of private property for the public good.
Government banking.
Congressional control of coinage.
Steady currency value.
Cost of production plus a fair value for agriculture.
Labor unions under government protection.
Recall of non-productive bonds.
Abolition of tax-free bonds.
Social taxation.
Simplification of government.
In war the conscription of wealth.
Human rights to be preferred to property rights.

This, then, is the program molded by that strange transfusion of passions, Father Coughlin's and those of his responding radio audience. In them, and in the new organization, he has now discovered himself fully.

Behind the program is a strong force of rhetoric, with a mass appeal not used or even understood by any other outsider in American politics striving for a leading part in affairs. The priest knows how to combine religion with resentment in a strange but potent broth. "In politics," he says, "I am neither Republican, Democrat, nor Socialist. I glory in the fact that I am a simple Catholic priest endeavoring to inject Christianity into the fabric of an economic system woven upon the loom of greed by the cunning fingers of those who manipulate the shuttles of human lives for their own selfish purposes." This is the crudely poetic language which has come through the millions of loud speakers and brought millions of responses. But in the sixteen planks there is no word of democratic government, and the right of free speech is not mentioned. The omission is not what his listeners asked, and they probably did not notice it. But it is a significant feature in the Coughlin program.

[*Mr. Swing's second article on Father Coughlin will appear next week. His regular Washington letter will be resumed when Congress convenes in January.*]

Burning Saints in Mexico

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By CARLETON BEALS

Mexico City, December 15

IN the far southern state of Chiapas officially instigated mobs have been dragging the saints out of the churches to burn them in the public plazas; the Pope has been burned in effigy. If the great conquistador Bishop Zumárraga were to come to life, he would find his own methods in vogue. Just thus, four centuries ago, did the Spaniards destroy the idols of the Aztec faith.

The modern Mexican Catholic—as did his Aztec forebears—goes to the saints for specific Santa Claus benefits: this holy image cures hernia, this one smallpox, that one tumors. In a country largely without any rural doctors save an occasional traveling quack, the authorities in burning the saints or closing the churches have condemned the populace to disease and death, not to mention eternal damnation.

Mexico, still a land of miracles, does not live by rational scientific thought, perhaps because scientific and mechanical instruments are so lacking. I have traveled on horseback for three weeks in southern Mexico without once seeing that simple tool, the wheel. Probably more than a thousand villages do not have such a primitive device as the iron nail. It is difficult to teach people that a trained doctor is more efficacious than a saint when doctors are not available. Witch doctors still thrive among the ignorant in Mexico City itself. In the Guerrero Mixteca every three or four years smallpox wipes out from 10 to 40 per cent of all children under five; but the people, until recently without schools and tutored for centuries only by the priests, have to be vaccinated by force, because they believe the government is trying to spread the disease.

In Mazatlán, Oaxaca, one Indian official told me with bated breath that he had seen Jesus Christ fly by in the clouds. All the villagers for miles around had fallen on their faces; they had burned candles in the churches day and night, had performed glad processions. The mail plane to Oaxaca had got off its track! The local priest, I discovered, knew the explanation of the phenomenon; but why should he discourage the burning of many candles or destroy the simple faith of the people? When I told the town official that this particular Jesus Christ was none other than the pilot Tom Jones of the Pickwick line, who had a habit of getting drunk in Mexico City, my life was scarcely safe.

On entering a Mixtec village beyond Tlaxiaco, I found the people wild-eyed over the visitations of the terrible Llorona, "the Crying One," said to be the ghost of Cortés's Indian bed-companion, Malinche, as she is called these later days, famous for stealing children. That night the villagers sealed their doors, pushed their children into the darkest corners, and cowered in their huts while hair-raising wails echoed down the stony lanes. The following day a colonel rode in from the Costa Chica. The inhabitants crowded around him to tell of the terrible calamity. "Llorona, my foot!" he ejaculated disgustedly. That night he posted his men, with knees rattling, at every crossroads to bring in the ghost, dead or alive. The ghost was brought in—alive. The sacristan thus captured confessed he had been sent out by the priest so people would crowd the church. The rough and ready colonel seized the priest, tied him to the back of his mule, and drove him out of town with threats of hanging him to the nearest tree if he ever showed up again.

In San Pablo Etla the priest led a mob of villagers to tear up the athletic fields, rabbit runs, and gardens of the school. When I passed through, the church was padlocked. In one large village in the low, hot country at the foot of the Sierra Madre in Guerrero, I found classes suspended in the dirt-floor school because the roof leaked. The villagers had no money to repair the school, and secretly didn't want it repaired, because they were building a handsome new tile-roofed curate's house with polished floors. The priest already lived in the best house in the village in the company of three pretty young Indian "nieces." In most villages the priest warns the people that they and their children will go to hell if the youngsters are sent to the government school.

The first charge of the government against the church has been that in the past and at present it has fomented mass ignorance and superstition, and has consistently fought public education. On the other hand, the government, if it has scattered a few thousand rural schools around and has granted a few thousand villages tiny inadequate tracts of land, has permitted the leaders and generals of the revolution to acquire fabulous wealth and flaunt their ill-gotten gains in the large cities, while millions of Mexicans live in misery, disease, and ignorance, without the simplest mechanical contrivances to teach them scientific rather than magical control over nature.

The second charge of the government has been that the church has fought social reform, has played politics, has fomented armed revolt. Governor Salcedo of Zacatecas told me how he had been harassed by groups of armed rebels led by priests. All testimony indicates that priests participated in the ferocious Guadalajara train attack in which passengers—men, women, and children—were burned alive in the cars and three people went insane. In August the Bishop of Huejutla, Manrique y Zárate, from exile issued a pastoral calling the faithful to armed revolt. The Archbishop of Guadalajara actively recruited volunteers for the revolt of General Escrada against the Obregón government. The Archbishop of Morelia, Ruiz y Flores, papal delegate, recently issued a statement that no Catholic may be a Socialist or belong to the National Revolutionary Party. A priest of Acajete, Puebla, was recently arrested for fomenting a brutal lynching of a mother and daughter for advocating free thought. A religious fanatic assassinated President-elect Alvaro Obregón.

On the other hand, the government has shown no particular regard for legal forms. The Calles government executed Father Pro, suspected of an attempted assassination of Obregón, without proof and without trial. We can discount the inflamed Belgian-atrocity stories of prison torture of Catholics, but during recent conflicts with the church Catholics have been given *Ley Fuga*—that is, have been shot in the back—have been arrested and sent to prison without trial, have had their property confiscated without due process of law. A former Governor of Jalisco boasted to me of the number of Catholics he had had shot into graves in the cemetery in the dead of night. In a horseback trip through Jalisco during the religious revolts a few years ago, I discovered that the disorders were occasioned as much by the brutalities and looting of the army as by bona fide religious sentiments. The assassins of Obregón, José Toral and Madre Conchita, though there is little doubt of their guilt, were convicted as a result of the incursion of fifty congressional deputies, waving pistols, shouting insults at the prisoners and the attorneys for the defense, and threatening the jurors with death.

The government has often utilized hypocritical slogans and taken advantage of the church conflict to carry on base political intrigues. High officials, fighting the church, have protected bootleg masses which their families attended; their children have been baptized, christened, and married with great éclat in the church. The children of one high official of the outgoing administration are in a secret illegal Catholic primary school. Graft has made its appearance in the fining of Catholics, in efforts to save property, in the celebration of bootleg masses, in the permitting of illegally registered priests to officiate. Nor has the government lived up to the pact with the church which was imposed by Ambassador Morrow, particularly with respect to political freedom and the right to utilize legal means to change laws considered unjust by the Catholics.

The fight between the temporal power and the church began in colonial days. Gradually during the nineteenth century the church was stripped of all special privileges. It regained some ground under Porfirio Díaz. It lost still more with the 1917 Querétaro constitution. The enforcement of the religious provisions of that constitution did not begin till 1925 during the administration of President Calles. Trouble was immediately precipitated. The high-water marks of the first phase of the struggle were the arrest of the Archbishop, the great nation-wide "strike" of the clergy from August, 1926, to the Morrow pact in 1928, the long religious war in the west, the execution of Padre Pro and two others without trial, the assassination of Obregón in 1928 and the subsequent trial of Toral and Mother Conchita, and the expulsion of Papal Nuncio Monseñor Caruana.

After the Morrow truce the federal government desisted from overt aggressions; the "Hail Christ the King" rebels laid down their arms. But the states began passing laws, sanctioned by the constitution, limiting the number of priests for each cult to one for each ten or fifteen thousand inhabitants. In Vera Cruz and Tabasco grave disorders accompanied the carrying out of the new laws.

The next important episode was the great celebration in 1932, planned for the four-hundredth anniversary of the Virgin of Guadalupe, the most venerated and miraculous image in the country. Church preparations for the enormous proposed manifestation alarmed the government. Charges were brought in Congress that even high officials and their wives were giving money and moral support. Calles himself was put under fire. Behind this new attack was a base intrigue of certain elements fishing for political advancement within the regime itself. But in the federal district the number of priests was restricted to twenty-six, and the holy names of all streets and suburbs were renamed after heroes of the revolution. A few were missed, for instance, the "Alley of the Holy Spirit" in the very center of town. More states passed numerical restriction laws.

The next battle-front was in the schools. Narciso Bassols, Minister of Education and Calles's private lawyer, discovered that many government teachers were secretly violating the law by giving religious instruction. Various parent-teachers' associations and teachers were scheming for a gradual de facto return of religious instruction. Pronouncements were issued. High prelates announced that the church would never relinquish the fight to implant Catholic instruction in the public schools. Bassols put secret investigators to work. Their reports showed intrigues between the teachers and Catholic elements. Wholesale dismissals were threatened. The situation became so hot that Bassols was moved over to the Department of the Interior and shortly after resigned. This was hailed as a definite victory for the Catholic elements. In reality it was merely a hiatus while the government prepared for definite control of its own schools.

The instrument for that control and the very pivot of the present bitter struggle is the new socialist education law, written into the statutes on October 20 in accordance with the provisions of the Calles six-year plan for "ultimate socialization" of the country. The propaganda basis for this move was well laid. The various states passed new laws reducing the number of priests to one for each fifty or hundred thousand inhabitants. General Lázaro Cárdenas, then a candidate for the Presidency, now President, declared that the hollow words of liberty of conscience, liberty of education, and economic liberty no longer seduced the Mexican people, for those phrases merely represented, respectively, clerical, reactionary, and capitalist dictatorship. Calles, in his famous Guadalajara speech, declared: "We must now enter and take possession of the consciences of the children . . . because they belong and should belong to the revolution." This was the speech from which Ambassador Daniels quoted an innocuous sentence to the wrath of American Catholics.

In October, when the proposed socialist education law came up for discussion in Congress, it was passed in the face of increasingly militant Catholic and student agitation. The Catholic National Parents' Union insisted that the law was a final step toward "national socialism," and urged that parents prepare for a permanent strike of students on the ground that the National Revolutionary Party (P. N. R.) was trying to deliver "a death blow" to moral education, the consciences of the children, the family, and private property. The ignorant were crammed with stories, firmly believed, that Calles was having all school children branded P. N. R. and circumcised, and that the government was forcing them, in its new sexual education, to witness the reproductive acts of the lower animals.

Riots have occurred. Everywhere except in Morelia the university students, despite the exemption of the universities from the application of the law, have held meetings and parades, battled with the police, been arrested and deported from their states, and been wounded and killed. At least four universities have been closed entirely. Three persons were killed and many wounded in a two-day battle when the police closed the illegal Santa Teresa Catholic school in Puebla. The student-professor council of the National Autonomous University of Mexico (financially supported by the government), under the leadership of the pro-clerical rector and reactionary professors, tried to embarrass the government by suspending classes. President Rodríguez cracked the whip, classes reopened, and the rector resigned, to be replaced by another pro-clerical. On October 12 Catholic women armed with quicklime paraded through Mexico City and were joined by students. The police finally broke up the demonstration with tear gas and fire hoses.

Behind all this the government saw the hand of the church. On October 19 the Chamber of Deputies demanded the expulsion of all Catholic bishops and archbishops from Mexico. Rodríguez ordered an investigation of their activities; warrants of arrest were made out for various high prelates in exile should they ever come back to Mexico. In Tabasco the church has long had no existence owing to a law requiring priests to marry. Now all religious edifices have been closed, and priests have been asked to leave the state confines in Colima, Chiapas, Sonora, Chihuahua, and Guerrero. The government staged a mammoth demonstration to support "socialist education." Trainloads of peasants were hauled into the city; all government employees were required to march; hundreds were discharged for refusing to do so. On November 18 all school children were required to parade, their year's grades being held up until after the demonstration had taken place.

Neither side has shown much sincerity or intelligence. The great bugaboo attacked by the Catholic elements is "socialism." Except for the use of the word, the law has nothing to do with socialism. None of the deputies or senators, except Altamirano of Vera Cruz, revealed the slightest knowledge of what "socialism" means in either a theoretical or a practical sense. Nor have any of the school programs propounded anything to do with socialism. They offer what in the United States we should call "civics."

Mexico is not a socialist country but a developing capitalist country. It has an enlightened labor code and has promoted rural credits, but its agrarian collectivism has been aborted by the 1925 law of family patrimony. Its oil and mineral nationalization laws were not socialistic but merely provided for capitalist exploitation by concession rather than by the owner of the surface land. Ever since 1926 Mexico has been moving away from socialism, except for eloquent speeches by millionaire politicians. But the law is slightly anti-clerical. State education is to be "divorced from all religious doctrines, and shall combat fanaticism and prejudice in such a way that school activities will create in Mexican youth a rational concept of the world and social life."

The church, clinging to purely reactionary shibboleths and discredited politicians, still fighting all measures of social betterment, has destroyed its own moral prestige; it has been beaten; if it fights it is likely to lose what little it has left. The new administration harbors most of the sincere and unsullied anti-clericals in the country. President Cárdenas himself followed a radical anti-church policy when Governor of Michoacán; Portes Gil, now Minister of Foreign Relations, as Governor of Tamaulipas, as President, and more recently as Attorney General, has a long anti-clerical record; Narciso Bassols, head of the Treasury, was leader of the anti-clerical fight in the Department of Education; Rodolfo Calles, Minister of Communications, closed all the churches in Sonora; General Múgica, Minister of National Economy, conducted anti-clerical campaigns in Michoacán and Tabasco; Garrido Canabal, Minister of Agriculture, descended on the capital for the inauguration with several thousand of his "Red Shirts" who had put the church out of business in Tabasco—it is said he was brought to the capital to organize his brigade on a national scale to support the P. N. R., carry out the agrarian program, and fight the church. The church has less to hope for from the new administration than from any previous one. The Cárdenas government is moving left.

War Germs in the Danube Basin
IV. Can We Avert War?

By OSCAR JASZI

THE spontaneous outburst of bitterness which swept Jugoslavia after the assassination of King Alexander and culminated in the heartless expulsion of 3,000 Hungarian peasants was merely a symptom of the existing tension in the Balkans. To find its roots one must probe into past centuries of exploitation and tyranny; but its present manifestations are chiefly the reflection of the injustices perpetrated by the peace treaties drawn up at the close of the World War. Three of the states—those of the Little Entente—owe their very existence in their present form to these treaties and are deeply interested in the maintenance of the status quo; two of them—the "paupers," Austria and Hungary—feel their present situation as unbearable. All of them are centers of continuous diplomatic intrigue, and are eagerly receptive to any aid from the larger Powers.

Hitler supports National Socialism in Austria by money, propaganda, and explosives, and tries to estrange Rumania and Jugoslavia from France. Italy favors Magyar revisionism and arms Croat desperadoes against Jugoslavia in a camp near the Slovene frontier. France is an ardent advocate of the states opposing the revisionist claims of Hungary, and M. Barthou was enthusiastically greeted in the capitals of the Little Entente. Russia, which formerly tried to undermine Rumanian rule in Bessarabia, has recently accepted both the French suggestion of an Eastern Locarno and the thesis of no revision.

All these intrigues continue in ever-renewed forms. Thus far France and the Little Entente have been the victors. Not only has their position been greatly strengthened by the shift in Soviet policy, but they have also gained from the collapse of Mussolini's policy in Albania and the reduced tension between Jugoslavia and Bulgaria. For though Bulgaria has not yet signed the Balkan Pact (guaranteeing the status quo in the whole peninsula), it cannot be doubted that the new military dictatorship in that country leans toward a rapprochement with Jugoslavia. This new policy is supported by broad circles of public opinion in both countries and constitutes the one hopeful sign in the present chaos. Similarly the efforts of Mussolini to get Rumania out of the Little Entente have been unsuccessful. These setbacks for Italian foreign policy are scarcely compensated for by the Italian-Austrian-Hungarian treaty, since the mutual economic advantages of this agreement are relatively insignificant. The Hungarians were shrewd enough to keep the way open for a closer approach to Germany or even to the West. When, therefore, the German and the Italian dictator met, their conversations had very meager results. And even the theatrical effects of the meeting were wiped out by the later Austrian developments, which put Mussolini, against his will, at the head of the anti-German front.

This series of events may easily lead to the French-Italian understanding so heartily desired by the Little Entente, most of whose leading men are convinced that Mussolini is a man of peace because ultimately he must part with Hitler. Certainly a final break between Hitler and Mussolini, the two incarnations of the war ideology, would make an immediate war impossible, since an isolated Germany could be easily forced to its knees and the smaller dissatisfied countries could not fight alone. Under these circumstances some of the Little Entente statesmen have hope that the peace will last for at least a generation. This would spell victory for the status quo, for the present state system. The victor states believe that in that time they could achieve their final unification and overcome their economic and social difficulties, and that the greater fecundity of the Rumanian and Slav masses as compared with that of the Germans and Magyars would prove the decisive factor in solving their racial problems.

To attempt any analysis of the situation, one must understand the Hungarian attitude. With the exception of Italian and German imperialism, Hungarian revisionism is the most active force for a new war in Europe. Responsible Hungarian statesmen have frequently asserted that they will never cooperate in an economic rebuilding of the Danube Basin as long as "justice" is not done to Hungary through a revision of its frontiers. It is true that Hungary has suffered acutely from the provisions of the Treaty of Trianon. More than two-thirds of its territory was taken away, and a Hungarian population variously estimated at between 2,500,000 and 3,300,000 passed under foreign rule. Hundreds of thousands of intellectuals, preferring to emigrate rather than to become a subject people, poured into Budapest and the surrounding region. The treaty was universally resented, especially since the people had always had an overdeveloped national consciousness which regarded the Hungarian nation as the first in the world. But the hundreds of thousands who lost their means of livelihood felt the situation most bitterly, and the expropriated Magyar aristocracy regarded it is nothing short of robbery, asserting contemptuously that the country had become "Balkanized." Under the sway of these ideas Magyar sentiment crystallized in the slogan "Nem, nem, soha!" (No, no, never), which meant the categorical repudiation of the new frontiers and insistence on the territorial integrity of Hungary—the old unity of the Crown of Saint Stephen.

This doctrine is instilled into the mind of the people by every newspaper, every public performance, every textbook, and even by every public prayer. It is asserted that the Treaty of Trianon is the sole cause of the present misery of the country. Nobody talks seriously of the evils of the system of latifundia, the feudal administration, the enormous amount of graft, or state capitalism. The only real criminal is the Trianon treaty; the only remedy, the restoration of the old frontiers. First justice, then bread!

The doctrine in this simple form was of course unfit for international consumption. To make it more palatable restitution became revisionism. The frontiers must be redrawn. To what extent? On what principle? It has never been officially stated, but some foreign friends of Magyar revisionism, above all Lord Rothermere, have made it clear to their followers that a wholesale restoration of the old frontiers is impossible since it could only be accomplished through world war. The only possibility is a rectification of the frontiers, that is, the reattachment to Hungary of those frontier territories whose population is solidly Magyar, of some greater towns and agricultural districts which for economic or strategic reasons were taken away in open violation of the principle of nationality which was supposed to be the ground for the dismemberment of the country. This is the only claim which could be accepted by the more enlightened public opinion of the world. It is an interpretation, however, which arouses no real sympathy in Hungary, where the myth of the inviolable integrity of the thousand-year-old state is unaltered, though the rectification argument is tolerated by official circles as a basis of foreign discussion.

As a matter of fact, no unbiased observer will deny the justice of the rectification claim, and the case for it could become very strong if it were expressed in an official and unequivocal way. Unfortunately, rectification could not solve the real problem of Hungary, for these reasons: (1) The return of a few thousand square kilometers and some hundreds of thousands of Magyars living on the frontiers in compact masses would not alleviate materially the present economic situation of Hungary; it might even make the economic crisis more acute, since Hungary is a wheat-exporting country. (2) It would not satisfy the present feudal mentality of the country; Count Bethlen, the staunch Hungarian revisionist (under whose regime, however, the revisionist propaganda was very much mitigated because his and his colleagues' optant claims were more important to them than were the frontiers), wrote recently: "Hungary will perish in its present frontiers unless it can assure to itself the rule over the territory bounded by the Carpathians and forming the basin of the Danube and Tisza"; therefore "the Slav pincers must be broken off." (3) No experiment along this line can be made because the Little Entente is adamant in rejecting all claims for revision. All its responsible statesmen have declared repeatedly that revision would mean immediate war.

This attitude is perhaps the most lamentable change for the worse which I found in the succession states on revisiting them after several years. When after the collapse of the Hapsburg monarchy I had the honor of discussing the problems of Hungary with President Masaryk and Dr. Benes, both expressed the opinion that the new frontiers were not sacrosanct, that certain injuries inflicted by the peace treaty might be repaired if a democratic government were to rule in Hungary. A few years later this statement was repeated by the President to a well-known Budapest journalist and aroused quite a sensation in Hungary, though it was coldly disregarded by the government. This year I met an entirely changed situation; not only had the official position of the leaders altered but also their private views. One of the most influential statesmen of the Little Entente said to me: "After many years of the irredentist propaganda of Budapest and its hidden preparations for war, there is not a single group in our parliament which would take seriously any proposals for revision of the frontiers. Our people know that no reasonable rectification of the boundaries would appease Magyar feudalism, which would regard a concession only as a sign of weakness, a partial payment, a further incentive to new propaganda. Perhaps a new generation, in a new economic and moral atmosphere, may find a platform for rectification. For us there is none. We are determined to repudiate with armed force any attempt at revision."

Official Hungary, for the benefit of Geneva, now speaks ostentatiously of a peaceful revision. But how could such a thing be done? The League would be as impotent on the Danube as it was in Manchuria. The clause of unanimity would deadlock the issue. And how could even the loudest defenders of the Magyar cause seriously support the claim? For revision in Hungary would inevitably call for other waves of revision. How could Mussolini, the cruel oppressor of the Jugoslav and German minorities in his own country, support a revisionist claim in another country? How could the grudging friends of the Little Entente, the Poles, make an imposing case for Hungary when they crush in the most brutal way their own Ukrainian minority?

In reality revision of the frontiers is not the fundamental issue, since it cannot satisfy the three basic needs of the Danubian Basin, which are the dissemination of education, the alleviation of the agrarian crisis, and the efficient defense of national minorities. The confused racial mixture in the Danube Basin and the Balkans would make it impossible for any frontier arrangement to solve the problem of minorities. Yet the present protection of national minorities by the League is mere hypocrisy. Even if the present minorities treaties were taken seriously, they would not suffice. What the national minorities need is not tolerance and a certain minimum of rights, but a system of cultural autonomy from elementary school to university. Such an educational system for the minority should receive financial support from the state proportional to that which it gives to the cultural institutions of the "ruling" nationality. And this nationality must cease to "rule"; the members of the various nationality groups must have a proportional share in the administration and judiciary of the state. This means that "nationality" and "citizenship" should be separated and the new states become nationally federated like Switzerland or Esthonia.

It is manifest that these things cannot be accomplished under the present Danubian system. Instead of autarchy, the peoples need growing areas of free trade; instead of armed national sovereignties, they need a federal union; instead of tariffs protecting the wealthy farmers, they need a new technique of agriculture based on an efficient credit and cooperative system. It is only necessary to enumerate these requirements in order to understand the immense obstacles in the way of their realization. For how can a freer trade be established against the powerful agrarian interests in Austria and Czecho-Slovakia, against the powerful banking interests associated with protected industry in Hungary, Rumania, and Jugoslavia? How can a Danube federation be formed when aggressive militarism is ruling the souls of men? And how can a really radical agrarian reform be introduced without sufficient capital and culture, under a regime favoring high rents and low wages? Against these obstacles even the best endeavors fail, and Dr. Benes and Dr. Maniu have been unable to promote their idea of a Danubian confederation.

For these reasons, unprejudiced by any national bias and with equal sympathy for all nations in the Danubian drama, I say that either the Danubian nations will in a very short time carry out fundamental reforms or the new war will come. And after the war will come the revolution, which will solve the agricultural problem not with cooperatives but with *kolhoz*, the nationality problem not with free local autonomies but with soviets of nationalities, and the constitutional problem not with a free system of federalism but with a dictatorship of the proletariat. Not Europe but Asia will then rule in this part of the world, and the Hungarian and Rumanian islands may disappear in the Slav ocean.

[*This is the last article of Dr. Jaszi's series.*]

In the Driftway

A FEW weeks ago, when three little girls were found dead under a blanket on a Pennsylvania mountainside, the New York *Herald Tribune* carried a news story of the event which gave an impressive picture of modern life. In an attempt to identify the dead, the police were checking dozens of stories that were being told to them every day. And it seemed to them that almost all of the United States must be on the move. An astonishing number of families with three daughters were reported migrating, by bus or car, from California to Florida; an equally astonishing number of mothers wrote in that they had, indeed, three daughters making a trip with their father, who might very well have killed them—these mothers being about equaled by the number of fathers who were just as confident that their three daughters, away from home with their mother, could have been similarly done away with. This seems to be a new search for some frontier paradise. The trek was formerly westward to the unknown lands beyond the Alleghenies, beyond the Mississippi, beyond the Rocky Mountains. These lands are no longer strange, and the Fountain of Youth and Joy which Ponce de Leon once looked for in Florida does not seem to spring in them. Those who sought Utopia somewhere in the direction of the Pacific Ocean have turned back, perhaps to see if they might have missed it on the way.

* * * * *

BUT of course modern life is not solely made up of this sort of restless and futile wandering. As an obvious contrast the Drifter offers the little Ontario community which the quintuplet sisters have made famous. New York has been lately honored by a visit from their physician, the very picture of the honest, composed, straightforward country doctor who is not above a little joke now and then, and who has no wish, once he has calmly looked over the metropolis, but to return to the life of hard and financially unremunerative labor which has engaged him for twenty-five years. Dr. Dafoe was modestly inclined to give most of the credit for the quintuplets' survival to the sturdy stock from which they sprang. In giving birth to five babies at once, he explained, Mrs. Dionne was merely keeping up the community average, since she had been married ten years and had only six children. "Families run ten or twelve there," the doctor said, "and we have one of twenty-two, all living. They have a very low infant mortality rate, too." To the doctor the fact that the entire community is living on a dole from the Canadian government—which pays him a salary, too, since his patients are unable to afford a fee—seems a little irrelevant. And certainly from their pictures the eleven Dionne children look rather handsome and not in the least undernourished or wretched.

* * * * *

THE Drifter does not wish to draw hasty conclusions from these two examples of living today. He will merely point out that the inhabitants of Callander, Ontario, probably do not possess a radio among them; they are strangers to electricity, the telephone, the vacuum cleaner, the mechanical orange-juice extractor, and the combined pocketknife and folding nail scissors. It has not yet occurred to them to start off in search of Utopia. The perplexing complications of modern life, being quite unknown, do not disturb them. Unfortunately the Drifter cannot recommend to his perplexed readers that they move to Ontario and live the simple life. It would not suit them; and they would be almost certain to be the parents of only one baby at a time, which would therefore have to be cared for in the family nursery instead of in a special hospital with two nurses, a housekeeper, and an orderly. The only solution of this problem is never to leave home, for once you, or your grandparents, start out after Utopia you are condemned to perpetual wandering. You are, in fact, a

DRIFTER

Correspondence

[*We print below a new collection of letters discussing Mark Granite's proposal for a United Liberal Party published in* The Nation *for December* 5.]

In Hearty Accord

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I have just read Mark Granite's letter in *The Nation* of December 5. I am heartily in accord with the ideas set forth. I consider his statement that "Franklin D. Roosevelt is to be found in first one camp and then the other or on the fence between them and, sometimes, with his marvelous mental and political agility, in all three positions at once," the best thing I've read about Mr. Roosevelt since the advent of the New Deal.

It seems to me that a United Liberal Party is needed in the United States, although the "kept" avenues of information make the organization of such a party a herculean task. However, the American Circle, as a national committee of correspondence, does offer some kind of way out. In enabling private citizens all over the country to take counsel together it provides something which is greatly needed. I would say that what is needed before a Liberal Party is the means of getting information to the public. As a newspaperman I know that the press is hopeless in this respect. The radio offers possibilities, but the press refuses to criticize the radio monopoly. I am for the American Circle as a new instrument of public opinion.

Chicago, December 4 J. A. SMITH

A Liberal Program

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Mark Granite's letter in the December 5 issue of *The Nation* is timely. If the moment was ever at hand for a new party, it is here now. While the Old Guard is headless and in confusion is the time to organize and build a sound, forward-looking Liberal Party. This party will attract liberal elements in all old and new national and State parties; Minnesota, Wisconsin, California, Washington, Oregon, Montana, Louisiana, and other States are all forming, or have formed, new State parties which are looking for national leadership. Will it come or must the movement collapse like its predecessors? What have we to look forward to? Nothing if we sit idly by while reaction crystallizes on one hand and radicalism on the other. Will it be the old story of the liberals crushed, as in Russia, Germany, and Italy? Let us hope not. If we are intelligent, let's go now to a new Liberal Party, and let it come out for the following:

1. Unemployment insurance, old-age pensions, and health protection.
2. High income and inheritance taxes.
3. Complete federal supremacy in all social and economic legislation.
4. Self-sustenance for the unemployed.
5. Real freedom of the press.
6. Redistribution of income through control of profits and high wages.
7. Adequate protection of the consumer through the Bureau of Standards.
8. Federal aid to education.
9. Tariff reduction to control prices so that the consumer is not robbed of all that he earns.
10. Referendum on wars primarily for aggression outside the bounds of our country.
11. Government ownership of munitions.
12. Heavy tax on war profits.

Spooner, Wis., December 3 KENNETH KELLETT

Let Karl Marx Speak!

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Mark Granite's letter suggesting the formation of a United Liberal Party intrigues me chiefly because of the smug, self-satisfied air he assumes in dismissing from it beforehand "the old populist, inflationist, quack-remedy element." The aloof way in which he conceives of his "real Liberal Party" to be somehow intellectually superior to them amuses me. The lifeblood of every new political party or reform movement in America has been composed of such people; nor does his pet project differ fundamentally from those in which they appeared.

From the beginning, our economy took the form of rugged individualism, a feeling that we were all in the game together and let the best man win. We never had feudal barons or the class of exploited serfs that went with them. We began as a nation of small proprietors, and because the expansion of the country was concomitant with the development of capitalism and its recurrent crises, most of them have now been duly manufactured into either employer or employee. The "populist, inflationist, quack-remedy" movements, including the projected United Liberals, register the death cries of the small proprietors.

Free Soilers, Know Nothings, Single Taxers, Bellamyites, Populists, Bryanists, Mugwumps, Bull Moosers, La Follette Progressives, followers of Epic, Townsend pensioners, the Radio Priest, and all the adherents of forgotten movements which Mark Granite so haughtily stigmatizes as quacks are indicative of something fundamental in American life. These movements are the expression of the American worker's unconscious and mistaken identification of his interests with those of the rapidly disappearing middle class—a class which does not realize what is happening to it, and which desires only to have capitalism reformed and perpetuated so that it may continue its exploitations.

Mark Granite's United Liberals would inevitably attract the very elements—deluded workers and intellectuals—which sought expression in the movements to which he refers so contemptuously. Liberalism grew up in an economy of scarcity, and Mark Granite is only reechoing the old liberal yearnings—the cry of the dying American middle class. Mark wants better distribution, not in the economist's sense, but "a better distribution of freedom, security, equality, and opportunity." The phrase might have been lifted bodily from the "Challenge to Liberty." Such yearnings are even more vague and utterly meaningless now than when they were mouthed by the "old populist, inflationist, quack-remedy elements." The United Liberals would indeed have to be "financial witch doctors" to bring back the days when there really was some semblance of equality of opportunity.

History has proved that middle-class revolt under these conditions tends to become fascist. I can see the United Liberals, the "old populist, inflationist, quack-remedy element" having duly climbed aboard, whooping it up for God, country, and Mark Granite. We shall then have been delivered even more firmly than before into the hands of Mr. Gerard's fifty-odd men. In the era of abundance it is nothing short of criminal to hold out to millions of workers the deluded hope that their salvation lies in the formation of another mildly liberal party. Let Karl Marx speak. "They ought not to forget that they are fighting with effects, but not with the causes of these effects; that they are retarding the downward movement, but not changing its direction; that they are applying palliatives, not curing the malady."

Canton, Ohio, December 5 CLARENCE K. MARZ

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Cal.

Liberalism—Not Socialism

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I hope those active in the germination of the new Liberal Party will draw a clear distinction between socialism and liberalism. The basic idea of liberalism is liberty. This means socialization of whatever can only be managed as a monopoly, and the destruction of monopoly into genuinely competing units wherever this is feasible. One enemy—private monopoly, unsocialized monopoly—but two allies—socialization and real competition. So to allow anyone to reduce us to the first ally alone is to accept an enormous and gratuitous handicap in the fight against private monopoly. Besides, even governmental monopoly is still dangerous if not balanced by areas of competitive freedom. Thus liberalism has one absolute end: destroy monopolistic privilege; and two relative ends: socialize basic services but also preserve the more successful examples of competitive struggle so that government cannot become an oppressive octopus, and so that efficiency and adjustment will not be entirely dependent upon conscious planning (for the necessary aspects of which we are short enough of knowledge and leadership) but will be partly effected also by the free market mechanism.

Chicago, December 5 CHARLES HARTSHORNE

Keep Flexible!

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I'll join Mark Granite's new Liberal Party with certain provisos, chiefly that it isn't and can't be gobbled up by any self-seeking group, and that it can have some prospect of immunity against congealing around fixed ideas. To have any vitality and usefulness a new Liberal Party must be constantly flexible. I declined joining John Dewey's league, not because I was out of sympathy with its general purposes, but because it started out with a set "platform." There is no object whatever in starting a new party if its structure is based on a cast-iron frame, or if it can be captured by any self-perpetuating group. It is immaterial how good and holy we now may think the frame to be. The best thought, and that is what I assume any new Liberal Party will try to consolidate, must necessarily recognize that each idea is but a step in a never-ending march. Conclusiveness, cocksureness, is mental death. The only thing we can hope to be right in is that the direction is toward the goal.

The problem is weighty but perhaps not altogether insoluble. Go slow. Start, it may be, by forming localized groups for the consolidation of ideas and the spread of those ideas to others. Work out some form of representative concentration. Let some final representative body formulate plans for approval; but do everything to keep ideas fully circulating. I should say, never compose a platform that has about it any intimation of finality; and move heaven and earth, if that be required, to keep all local organizations fully alive to the fundamental importance of keeping free from domination in any form.

Los Angeles, December 7 James T. Barkelew

We Need an Anchor

To the Editors of The Nation:

As a reader of *The Nation* I am intensely interested in the development of a new political party. Such a party has been needed for some time and the conditions for its growth are evident and certain. It could be so created as to draw together all the differing opinions of those whose voices have had no expression whatever in the creation of public opinion in a national sense. Such a new party would prove to be a powerful force toward needed reform. Many of our American citizens are at present awaiting an anchor. Let us have the United Liberal Party.

Detroit, December 5 W. H. Gordon

Organize Our Discontent

To the Editors of The Nation:

Mark Granite's American Circle is but one more indication of a growing conviction that there is something wrong with the American social structure and that it can be remedied this side of the Kremlin. This belief has found expression in the Utopians, in Father Coughlin's People's Lobby, and in any number of smaller groups organized during the past few years. All of them have the same aims, the only dividing line being the minor details and methods of action.

Of similar mind is a body of people who are both unorganized and innumerable, and who have the same desire to do something. However, the only indication of their attitude is either an adolescent cynicism or a passive hoping or praying that everything will turn out all right. They take no active stand for any one of the following reasons: (1) they are oppressed by the fact that their individual efforts have no perceptible effect; (2) they are too much engaged in making a living and in their spare time trying to grab a few moments of pleasure from life; (3) any effort toward social improvement would imperil their livelihood; (4) they have a psychological timidity about asserting their beliefs.

Could not this group act together on specific measures, outside organizational platforms? There are any number of weapons open to them—the vote, boycott, persuading friends, and so on. I may be incredibly naive to suppose such a group could be organized. But in the impending chaos those who profess a hope for the betterment of conditions and decline to take advantage of every possible aid are not only playing false to the future; they evince a high degree of unintelligence.

New York, December 8 Louis Johnson

"Over Goes the Apple-Cart"

To the Editors of The Nation:

Time is short. The forces of fascism are now praying for the failure of the New Deal in order that they may ride in on the wave of reaction they hope will sweep the country. In spite of an aroused public feeling we must assuredly swing to the right and a money-dictated fascist government unless the forces to the left consolidate and that quickly.

Why wait, Mark Granite? Call together those men whom you feel are strong enough in their own right, who are respected by the working people of the nation, and who can lead and organize. Draw out of them a simple, direct, practical program. Make it clear enough for the common man to understand, phrased in a way to catch his devotion, real enough so that he may know how it will affect him as a worker. Then carry the news of it into the smallest hamlet in the land. Organize committees of correspondence, arouse the people to the same pitch that Sam Adams aroused them to just before the War of Independence, and preach continually through these committees the simple story of the new party platform.

And then what will you have? Nothing but the same dissension and argument one sees now in the minor parties of this country. I believe there is no solution. Events will crowd in one on the other, first a swing to the right, then to the left. One party out and preparing to get in; another in and compromising so as not to be thrown out; the worker always the goat. Then at last when he is convinced that he has had enough, over goes the apple-cart and we have a revolution.

Kendal Green, Mass., December 7 **Fred Wale**

Yellow Journalism in Syracuse

To the Editors of The Nation:

"Drive All Radical Professors and Students from University," shouted the headlines of the Syracuse *Journal,* Hearst newspaper, on Thursday, November 22. Launching a typical Hearst red-scare campaign to boost circulation in a dull time, the *Journal* sent two bright young reporters to Syracuse University to interview Professor John N. Washburne, head of the Department of Educational Psychology. They posed as prospective students at the university—alert young men interested in the tenets of communism and anxious to visit Soviet Russia. A garbled account of their interview with Dr. Washburne which came out in the *Journal* said he admitted being a Communist.

The next day the *Journal* printed an interview with another university professor, Herman C. Beyle, of the School of Citizenship. Dr. Beyle demanded an interview with Harvey Burrill, editor of the *Journal.* When Burrill asked which shade of red he was, the professor retorted with the question, "What hue of yellow is your journalism?" But somehow or other this last remark failed to find its way into the *Journal* report of the interview. Dr. Beyle asked for a stenographer to take down his conversation verbatim, but he was nevertheless falsely quoted. Whereas he told Mr. Burrill, "I teach no isms," the *Journal* of November 23 printed his statement as "I teach isms."

Dr. Burges Johnson, the well-known head of the Bureau of Public Relations at the university, pointed out that the public would refuse to take such accusations seriously. The *Daily Orange,* campus paper, added its word of ridicule and scorn to those of Dr. Johnson. (The *Journal* had offered to pay this paper if it would publish an article favorable to the *Journal.*)

The attack of the *Journal* continued on Saturday, November 24: "Keen interest aroused throughout Central New York by frank discussion in the *Journal* of communistic tendencies among some Syracuse University students and faculty members brought wide approval today from leaders of various Syracuse patriotic societies." The usual blasts followed from the trumpets of the American Legion and its auxiliary, which so frequently sound at the behest of the Hearst press and the War Department. Six other professors were added to the list of those to be examined, among whom were Dr. Floyd Allport, leading social psychologist of America, and Dr. Burges Johnson.

On the day after the *Journal* put the matter up to the trustees, news boys bombarded certain residential districts in a circulation drive, which was obviously the immediate motive of the red-hunt. (It is encouraging to report that some people canceled their subscriptions and that the *Journal* lost some advertising.) Such stunts are primarily money-making propositions for Hearst newspapers, but they also constitute a serious menace to freedom of speech.

Syracuse, December 5 ALBERT V. FOWLER

Man's Inhumanity to Man

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

When I was in Prague in August I talked at length with Frau Erich Mühsam, wife of the Nazi-murdered, Socialist-pacifist writer, who had just crossed the border, a refugee from the land of her birth. Your readers are aware, of course, of the announcement from Berlin early in July to the effect that Erich Mühsam had "committed suicide" at the Oranienberg concentration camp. Needless to say, this was a lie! Erich Mühsam had told his wife never to believe that he would take his life.

He suffered unbelievable torture in the camp. On one occasion when Frau Mühsam visited him, his ears were swollen twice the normal size and he had lost his hearing. He had been "boxed" by the SA guards. Another time he was painted up grotesquely—red face and black Kaiser moustache—and sat against a wall. "There, we have made him pretty for you," the guards told his wife. She fainted. Later, she found both his thumbs broken as punishment for asking permission to write to her.

After June 30 the SA guards at the camp were replaced by the black-shirt secret police. Frau Mühsam took advantage of this shift and sought to lift the ban against her visits to her husband. She was granted a ten-minute interview on Sunday, July 8. The following Wednesday she was informed by the police that her husband had "committed suicide."

Here is the story which has come out of the camp from comrades close to Mühsam:

> Mühsam was called to the Commander's headquarters on July 9. "Well," said the Commander, "how long do you intend to live, Erich Mühsam?" "I hope a long time," Mühsam answered. To which the Commander replied: "If you do not make an end of it within two days we will help you do so." Mühsam went back to his quarters and distributed his belongings among his comrades. In the evening at seven o'clock he was again summoned by the Commander. He never returned and the following day his comrades found his body in the washroom—hanging by the neck.

The local medical authorities refused to issue a certificate of suicide!

I have just heard that Frau Mühsam is now in Paris, penniless. She has been living with friends here and there, first in Prague and now in Paris. Paris is overcrowded with refugees with no means of support and with no possibility of finding work; relief agencies are closing their doors to refugee applicants or advising them to return to Germany! May I call your readers' attention to Frau Mühsam's situation with a plea for funds to help her readjust herself and carry on? Money sent to me at 100 Fifth Avenue or to the editor of *The Nation* will be forwarded to her.

New York, December 6 LUCILLE B. MILNER

An Apology

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I am informed that three Negro preachers returned fifty-dollar checks received from the Merriam headquarters. I owe these persons an apology. Of course many others, not regular preachers, did not receive such payments.

Pasadena, December 17 UPTON SINCLAIR

[In Upton Sinclair's article in *The Nation* of November 28 he stated that "on the Sunday before Election Day every Negro preacher in Los Angeles received $50 to preach a sermon against me . . ."]

Correction

[In our issue of November 21 we stated editorially that "corporate interest and dividend payments are estimated by the *Journal of Commerce* at $6,340,000,000 for 1934." The *Journal* points out that it has not yet made such a computation for the twelve months of 1934. The estimate of $6,340,000,000 was made by Middleton Black, an associate of Colston E. Warne, on the basis of reports of the *Journal of Commerce* for the first ten months of 1934. The estimate, in other words, was reliable, but it was not made by the *Journal of Commerce.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Contributors to This Issue

CARLETON BEALS has lived and traveled in Mexico for a great part of the past fifteen years and has written numerous books about the country and its people.

OSCAR JASZI, formerly Minister of Nationalities in the Karolyi government of Hungary, now professor of economics at Oberlin College, recently made a journey of investigation through the Balkan and Danube countries.

HARRY L. GROSS, a Portland lawyer, devotes much of his time to the defense of arrested workers.

HERBERT SOLOW was managing editor of the daily strike bulletin issued during the Minneapolis drivers' strike last summer.

LEWIS COREY is the author of "The Decline of American Capitalism."

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GEORGE FORT MILTON is the editor of the Chattanooga *News* and the author of "The Eve of Conflict: Stephen A. Douglas and the Needless War."

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Labor and Industry

Vigilante Justice in Oregon

By HARRY L. GROSS

Portland, Oregon, November 28

I HAVE just returned from the court of Circuit Judge Jacob Kanzler, Multnomah County, where a sentence of seven years in the penitentiary was pronounced upon Dirk DeJonge, war veteran and Communist, who was convicted under the Oregon criminal-syndicalism law. DeJonge's actual offense was membership in the Communist Party. His legal dereliction consisted in "conducting . . . an assemblage of persons, to wit, the Communist Party . . . which . . . then and there taught and advocated the doctrines of criminal syndicalism and sabotage."

The arrest occurred at 68 S. W. Alder Street at a public meeting called by the Communist Party on July 27, during the longshoremen's strike, to protest against the brutal shooting by police of four unarmed striking pickets and against the unlawful raids by police and vigilantes. DeJonge was one of a number of speakers at this meeting, all of whom were arrested and charged with criminal syndicalism. These arrests, according to the State's own witnesses, were planned in the offices of the Citizens' Emergency League, a local vigilante group organized by the Chamber of Commerce during the strike. (This body, incidentally, requests of its applicants for membership information concerning their military training, experience with gas bombs, and the type and quantity of firearms they may possess.)

The State's chief witnesses were three vigilante members of the league who had heard no advocacy of force and violence at the meeting, but had listened instead to a vigorous denunciation of those methods as used by the police. They all testified that the meeting was public, open to everyone including themselves, attended by more than two hundred men, women, and children, and not a Communist Party meeting. The State also offered as its star witness a police officer, Bacon by name, who had at one time been a police undercover man in the Communist Party and who had previously been convicted in the municipal court of bootlegging and operating a still. Bacon is also a member of the C. E. L. and had arranged with officers of that body to see that raids and arrests took place at this meeting.

The State used Stanley (Larry) Doyle as a special prosecutor appointed to conduct these cases at the request of the Commanders' Council, a group of commanders of the local posts of the Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, and Spanish War Veterans, who are self-appointed in the council and are unaccountable to their respective memberships. Doyle was at one time national commander of the "40 and 8." It is understood that he is a former aviation officer. Doyle's demeanor in this case was characteristically that of the pseudo-patriotic legionnaire. He blustered and stormed at defense witnesses, questioned them concerning their war records, and otherwise conducted himself in a typical flag-waving manner. His utterances before the jury were highly prejudicial, but the judge, despite repeated requests, refused to admonish him. (The judge, I might add, is a former captain who served overseas; at present he is in the reserves and an active worker in the Legion and the V. F. W.) Time after time, during arguments upon objections and in the presence of the jury, Doyle referred to the defendant as a "rat," a dangerous radical, and a liar, without challenge by the judge.

The defense witnesses were workers, unemployed men, three Communists who testified about phases of Communist teaching, and a former major in the United States army. The latter, L. A. Milner, is a descendant of pioneers and a member of a well-to-do family. His presentation by the defense was a bombshell to the State. The Major has been an active worker in the League against War and Fascism. His overseas record, medals for distinguished service, war disablement, and thirty-two years' military experience made a deep impression upon those in the courtroom. Doyle, completely baffled by Milner's appearance and testimony, sought to insinuate that the Major's friendliness for the defendant was due to disgruntlement over the Economy Act and to irregularities in his accounts with the National Guard. Doyle was clearly "fishing," since no impeachment was offered to the Major's contemptuous denials.

At 11 p.m. on the evening following Milner's appearance on the witness stand a woman called at his residence and gave him a note requesting him to follow her to a designated address. Milner complied and was greeted there by Doyle, who without explaining the mysterious call proceeded to display friendliness and fellowship for a "buddy." After extended preliminaries Doyle began to reproach Milner for lowering his "social level" by testifying for and associating with those "rats," and offered to use his influence to find employment for him and to assist him in obtaining his officer's retirement pay.

Milner was called to the stand by the defense the following day and testified to the previous evening's encounter. Doyle betrayed his complete discomfiture by coloring to a deep purple, and offered strenuous objection to the admission of this testimony. After lengthy argument it was admitted, whereupon Doyle confessed the entire episode, corroborated the references to employment, "rats," and the rest, but denied that his motives were in any wise improper. Throughout the trial Doyle behaved like a bully, frequently threatening the defense attorneys with beatings and other violence.

The case was defended by the International Labor Defense, with Clifford O'Brien, Dan Hartley, Irvin Goodman, and myself as attorneys of record. I seemed most specifically to have incurred Doyle's dislike, for I was at least three times threatened by Doyle with a beating and was finally advised that he "quite impersonally" would arrange a term in the penitentiary for me. O'Brien and Hartley, who had not previously represented the I. L. D., were warned by Doyle to "keep their noses clean," and that it was to their best interest to refrain from representing the I. L. D. In short, Doyle exhibited every characteristic of a well-devel-

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oped fascist—bullying, cowardice, uncouthness, lack of self-control.

I am advised that the jury on the first ballot stood six to six. From the second ballot to the conclusion of their deliberations the vote was eight to four in favor of conviction. After twenty-four hours and after again hearing the judge's instructions two of the jurors agreed to compromise in return for a unanimous agreement to recommend leniency. (In Oregon in criminal matters, except capital cases, only ten jurors need agree upon a verdict.) So DeJonge was found guilty by a vote of ten to two, with a recommendation for leniency. When the jury returned its verdict Judge Kanzler assured the members that, while not bound by the recommendation, he would follow it. Today he spared DeJonge the maximum penalty of ten years by sentencing him for seven—an interesting judicial interpretation of a jury's recommendation for lenient treatment.

Some years ago in the Boloff case, also arising under the criminal-syndicalism law, a jury likewise recommended leniency. The judge, now Congressman from this district, imposed the ten-year maximum, and Boloff died a year later of tuberculosis contracted in prison. All of Boloff's co-defendants were subsequently acquitted by juries. There are six more criminal-syndicalism cases to try at this time; it is to be hoped that the Boloff precedent is continued.

The terrorism which accompanied the longshoremen's strike in Portland was overshadowed by the events in San Francisco. Yet here, because no serious national notice has been attracted, all dissidents—Communists, I. W. W.'s, and even Socialists—have been denied the use of the streets and the elementary rights of expression, while the entire unemployed movement has been brutally terrorized.

Class War in Minnesota

By HERBERT SOLOW

THE strikes of General Drivers' Local 574 of Minneapolis have sharply stimulated Minnesota labor. Now that winter is here, 574's coal drivers are active again although no strike is indicated; the employers, recalling last February's lesson, are signing up pell-mell. Minneapolis, St. Paul, and Duluth unions show membership gains, and the young Independent Union of All Workers reports new locals within and beyond the State.

More impressive testimony is offered by the recent walkout in Fargo, North Dakota, and Moorehead, Minnesota. In these "little twin cities" one teamsters' local embraces all the driving crafts. The milk drivers, who have worked unlimited hours seven days a week for an average wage of $13, decided to fight after seeing the results of the Minneapolis strikes. At their request, Local 574 sent one of its leaders, Miles Dunne, to serve as business agent and organizer. Dunne tightened the union, signed on recruits up to 600, and then presented demands. When the employers rejected them, the drivers walked out. Dunne was denounced as a foreigner, agitator, and Trotzkyist; he and others were jailed without bail for "inciting to riot."

A committee of leading "impartial citizens" proposed a truce during which arbitration might proceed. The strikers refused to discuss anything while union men remained in jail. Asked by the "impartial" committee to release Dunne and others, the prosecution replied that the State could be partner to no such arrangement. When the strikers threatened to spread the walkout to all driving crafts, the State suddenly discovered a way to release the prisoners. Arbitration by the Regional Labor Board resulted, a few hours before expiration of the ten-day truce, in a consent order which raised wages to $18 a week—a gain of 38½ per cent—for a six-day week of forty-eight hours. The bosses undertook to rehire without discrimination and to recognize seniority rights.

At a recent St. Paul conference about twenty-five A. F. of L. local leaders from all parts of Minnesota launched "a cooperative effort to bring about a realization of the following aims: "amalgamation and merger aimed at industrial unionism within the A. F. of L.; promotion of class solidarity and reciprocal aid in struggles; coordination in fighting anti-labor "law and order leagues," vigilantes and the like; promotion of working-class education with propagation of "the scientific truth that the aims and interests of the wage-worker are opposed to the aims and interests of the employer"; organization of the unemployed for the protection of unionism and the unemployed. It is a decade or more since such a balanced progressive program was drafted by representative A. F. of L. elements. Another indication of Minnesota trends is the stabilizing of the Central Council of Workers, the leading body representing the unemployed, which won organized labor's respect when it enrolled 7,000 unemployed for picket duty in the July strike.

Last week's meeting at St. Paul of delegates from eight States seeking to start a national Farmer-Labor movement is in itself evidence of deep popular revolt. Not a few workers, however, are disillusioned with the Farmer-Labor movement, especially in view of Governor Olson's strike record. The repudiation of the St. Paul eight-State conference by Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party chieftains—a reflection of the Roosevelt-Olson log-rolling agreement—has further angered left-wing Farmer-Laborites. Hitherto the left-wingers have had no channel of constructive expression; the Communist Party is so isolated that it had not one member at the progressive unionists' conference, and the Socialist Party State organization has just folded up. It is therefore significant that immediately after the fusion of the "Trotzkyites" and the American Workers' Party into the revolutionary Workers' Party of the United States the new organization drew in several dozen leading A. F. of L. militants with long records in the Farmer-Labor movement.

Facing such developments, the Citizens' Alliance, agency of the chain banks of the Northwest, has passed beyond wordy denunciations of "Trotzkyism," and has ordered the police to buy 150 new "riot" guns. It has also turned to that time-honored device for terrorizing labor, the frame-up. Several weeks ago Herman Hussman, a Farmer-Laborite and the business agent of the Machinists' Brotherhood, applied for citizenship. A paid agent of the Citizens' Alliance tried to prove that Hussman was once a radical and argued that he should be denied citizenship; a deportation plot loomed. When labor protested, that frame-up collapsed. On its heels came the arrest for murder of Emanuel Holstein, a Chippewa Indian truck driver and a leading spirit in Local 574. Holstein is charged with killing a wealthy manufacturer who died during the May drivers' strike after participating in an attack of special deputies on peaceful pickets. Several days ago Philip Scott, an alleged mental defective, was thrown into jail drunk and has now been indicted. Detective Joe Burns, who had earlier sworn out the Holstein warrant, got from Scott a "confession" which exonerates Holstein but involves unnamed union leaders. However, the Holstein charge stands. Neither charge is backed by serious evidence.

On Local 574's proposal, almost every Minneapolis A. F. of L. local, plus the railroad brotherhoods, joined in a defense committee which has already won one victory: the milk drivers having put up their headquarters as security, Holstein became the first man in Minnesota history to get bail under a murder charge. The Minneapolis *Labor Review,* an official A. F. of L. organ, characterizes the frame-up as a plot against the working class, proclaims that "labor is in an ugly mood," and calls for militant united resistance. It looks as though Police Chief "Bloody Mike" Johannes, despite a powerful will to please the Citizens' Alliance, had blundered with his contradictory warrants. Should the Alliance press the frame-up, it will have hard going. Holstein—or the union leaders—would put the employers in the dock, and the case might assume Sacco-Vanzetti or Mooney proportions. As long as Minnesota labor maintains its present mood, however, the outcome will not be martyrdom.

Labor Notes

"Reinstated"

WEIRTON, Houde, the Jennings case—these are celebrated examples of what happens to workers who depend on Section 7-a to protect them in their jobs. Lest anyone should harbor the soothing idea that the general run of employers are more kindly disposed toward collective bargaining than steel barons and publishers, we print below an assortment of items culled from the Federated Press in the course of a few weeks.

THE FIRST TWO REINSTATEMENTS DON'T COUNT

Ralph Knox, fired by the Trenton (Tennessee) Mills in August, 1933, for labor activity, has again been ordered reinstated. If the company does not comply, the case will be referred to the compliance division of the NRA.

Herbert Shephard, officer of the American Federation of Hosiery Workers, previously discharged twice by the Alden Mills and ordered reinstated in each case by the Regional Labor Board, has again been fired.

The findings of fact on the strike of the Metal Polishers' Local No. 7 against the Winters and Crampton Manufacturing Company, Grandville, Michigan, have been made final by the National Labor Relations Board. About 200 workers struck on May 25. The company failed to comply with recommendations of the Detroit Regional Labor Board, announced August 22, that it reinstate striking workers.

Pearl Lawhorn was fired on February 12 by the Wabash Fiber Box Company of Terre Haute, Indiana, for union activities. This was fully established at a hearing before the Indianapolis Regional Board, and it ruled on April 12 that he should be reinstated. In November he was still out of the job and now the national board also has ordered him reinstated.

Raymond Arnold was discharged by the General Printing Corporation, Fort Wayne, Indiana, a day after a conference with company officials in which he represented the workers in a wage and hour agreement. The company refused to appear at any labor-board hearings on the case. Arnold lost his job in July and was still kept out of it at the end of November, despite labor-board decisions ordering his reinstatement, to which the N. L. R. B. has now added its order.

YOU CAN'T EAT BLUE EAGLES

Virgil Reneau lost his job thirteen months ago for union activity. Within the past year he has taken his case to all the agencies under the NRA. Now the case is "settled": the firm that fired him has lost the Blue Eagle, and Reneau is still without a job.

The workers of the Eagle Rubber Company, Ashland, Ohio, lost their jobs in November, 1933, when they went on strike because the company refused to bargain with them collectively. Thirteen months later, in December, 1934, the firm was deprived of the Blue Eagle for refusing to reinstate them.

The Carl Pick Manufacturing Company, West Bend, Wisconsin, fired eleven workers for union activity early last summer and refused to rehire other workers who went on strike in protest against their dismissal. This company has just lost the right to use the Blue Eagle.

THE SAD TALE OF A COMPANY UNION

G. E. Beers, local chairman of the Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen, company union of the Southeast Portland Lumber Company, asked for a wage increase for H. W. Martin, another member of the "Four L's," as the company union was called. Martin was fired. "After vainly seeking relief through the Four L's for what he believed to be an unjustified dismissal," says the N. L. R. B. decision, "Martin made a formal complaint to the local compliance officer." The only apparent result was that Beers too was fired the next day. Both Beers and Martin have been ordered reinstated. The Four L's union has given up its charter.

Criminal Proceedings

A FEDERAL grand jury has brought in an indictment of seventy-two counts against the Gulf Refining Company on charges of violating the labor provisions of the Recovery Act. This is the first time that the Department of Justice has initiated criminal proceedings against a recalcitrant employer. It is unfortunate, however, that the Gulf Refining suit shies away from the underlying issues: namely, that the employer, by refusing to recognize or deal with a representative trade union, drove his workers into a strike; that the employer, by recruiting a new staff of strike-breakers, smashed the walkout; that since the walkout was smashed, the former strikers have been locked out. The charges against the Gulf Refining Company, although substantial, are none the less technical. It is maintained by the government that for two weeks, while the plant was catching up with accumulated orders, the employer required the strike-breakers to work longer hours than the code permits. But if the company was in fact guilty of this breach of the code, that guilt was only incidental to a much deeper wrong. Can the government ever be brought to realize that the labor provisions of the codes would virtually enforce themselves if employers could be brought face to face with the *fait accompli* of trade-union organization among their workers?

Books, Drama, Films

Veblen and Marx

Essays in Our Changing Order. By Thorstein Veblen. Edited by Leon Ardzrooni. The Viking Press. $3.

VEBLEN was the greatest American thinker in the social sciences. Yet all he could become, in our institutions of higher learning, was an unimportant assistant professor of economics. For Veblen was a rebel, beside whom other academic "rebels" were as cooing doves. He battered down the imposing edifice of apologetics which passed for economic theory among the *Akademiker* and made devastating attacks on most of the important aspects of capitalism—or, in Veblen's terminology, the system of business enterprise—including a brilliant criticism of the higher learning. The alert guardians of that institution answered him with neglect, persecution, and ostracism.

This new book is a collection of thirty-three of Veblen's articles, written from his earliest years to 1925. Their wide range is characteristic of his varied interests and learning, while some of them are the beginnings of subsequent larger works. The war essays are the least significant. Veblen's intelligence broke down in an acceptance of "the war to make the world safe for democracy." But he indulged in none of the obscene hysterics of the academic war-mongers and he recovered quickly after the peace. The experience broadened his perspectives; it turned him from mere social criticism to consideration of social reorganization. Veblen's post-war writings, unlike the pre-war, are oriented toward revolutionary change, a shift which appears clearly, in this book, in his truly sympathetic and penetrating articles on Russian Bolshevism.

To call Veblen, as some have done, the American Marx is wide of the mark. Not only was Marx the bigger man, the more original and creative thinker, but the two were sharply antagonistic in their philosophy and social approach, in spite of many suggestive resemblances. (The antagonism is fundamental; to soften and merge the differences between them results, as in the study by Abram L. Harris, in distorting their individual quality and contribution.) Veblen rejected Marxism; his criticism of it reveals him at his worst. He explained its postulates, incompletely, and simply asserted: "Nothing much need be said as to their tenability." In some cases he was later forced to retract his criticism, indirectly. In the 1900's he denounced the Marxist theory of increasing misery; yet in the 1920's he wrote that modern economic development "will result in a progressively widening margin of deficiency in the aggregate material output and a progressive shrinkage of the available means of life . . . converging to an eventual limit of tolerance in the way of a reduced subsistence minimum."

Veblen stigmatized Marxism as "romantic" and an expression of "natural rights." But his one proof of the latter criticism was wrong, for Marx never urged the "natural right" of labor to its "full product." And Marxism was necessarily romantic to Veblen, who transferred to the field of history and society the naturalistic determinism of Darwinism, "a scheme of blindly cumulative causation," in his own words, "essentially mechanical." (Darwinism, which others erected into a system of social apologetics, was turned by Veblen into the means for the most fundamental and destructive social criticism by any American scholar.) Unlike Marx, Veblen neglected the factors of consciousness and purposive struggle, in spite of his emphasis on the psychological approach to the study of culture. In the light of the mechanics of the naturalistic determinism of Darwinism he criticized the dynamics of the social determinism of dialectic materialism because they "make the movement of social progress move on the spiritual plane of human desire and passion, not on the (literally) material plane of mechanical and physiological stress." Veblen stressed the technological and the occupational, a fruitful approach but limited in scope and results; both are included in the larger Marxist conception, which stresses, however, the class-economic. Veblen's mechanical materialism makes social change "a drift of habituation" to new conditions; but this, in spite of its element of truth, cannot explain how man, habituated to the old order, may revolt and create the new, which involves the reciprocal action of the material and the conscious, of practice and theory. The American rebel's Olympian detachment and irony were not mere personal qualities; they arose out of his application to society of naturalistic determinism, for acceptance of "blindly cumulative causation" imposes detachment upon the thinker and irony upon the sensitive human being. Veblen's philosophy is incapable of rallying a purposive movement to remake the world.

Veblen triumphantly argued that the revisionist socialists were "amending" Marxism "to bring it into consonance with the current scientific point of view." But what he meant by scientific were the postulates of the mechanical materialism of Darwinism (transcended by Marx), which were not necessarily applicable to society and which, moreover, science itself now rejects. The revisionists, and most of their "orthodox" opponents, substituted for dialectic materialism a mechanical "scientific" conception of social progress, resembling naturalistic determinism and neglecting the reciprocal action of the material and the conscious. This development expressed and justified, particularly in Germany, a process of reformist "habituation" to capitalism which was considered a "growing into" socialism. Abandonment of the dynamics of Marxism, of the *purposive* revolutionary struggle, led to catastrophe. Veblen himself points out in one of the articles in this book that the reformist socialists, who depended upon the "obsolescence" of capitalist ownership "by force of natural law [good mechanical materialism, that!] have now come to an exasperated realization that Bolshevism is putting that orthodox preconception out of joint."

The superstructural aspects of society absorbed most of Veblen's thinking, and necessarily, for his philosophy prevented consistent analysis of the underlying dynamic forces of social development. He foresaw "the natural decay of business enterprise," but it does not proceed in accord with his fundamental postulates—as it does in the case of Marx. Technology is only one factor, and it is conditioned by its more decisive social relations. Veblen is brilliant in his exploration of the conflict between the pecuniary and the technical, business and industry; but the conflict has always characterized capitalist enterprise—why was it formerly accompanied by the upswing of capitalism and now by decline? The penetrating study of absentee ownership does not implement its significance as a new stage of capitalism and an objective transition to socialism. Magnificent as is "The Theory of the Leisure Class," it considers only the cultural aspects of the ruling class, not its determining character and function in social development. The concept of vested interests has real value for superstructural analysis, but Veblen does not sharply distinguish between major and minor interests and their relative importance, nor does he recognize the concept's limitations in terms of the more general and decisive class interests and class struggle.

Mere superstructural analysis, however great its value, cannot adequately serve the ends of a program of action. Veblen himself, when he began to consider problems of social reorganization, had to explore ideas and movements outside the range of his own philosophy—the I. W. W., Bolshevism. Hence his "progressive" claimants vulgarize Veblen. It was the institutional economists whom he had primarily in mind when, in 1925, he wrote of the developing "science of business traffic, imbued with a spirit of devotion to things as they are shaping themselves under the paramount exigencies of absentee ownership considered as a working system." Veblen speculated, wrongly, on the possibility of technicians becoming a dominant revolutionary force, but the Technocrats forget that he also said the technicians "must be backed by the aggressive support of the trained working force engaged in transportation and the great primary industries." He saw the elements of social change, not in the public or the consumers, but in "the classes employed in the industrial occupations" as against those in the "pecuniary occupations." Veblen sympathized with Bolshevism, which he characterized as "a menace to the vested interests, and to nothing and no one else," foresaw a revolutionary movement of "the underlying population under something like the Red Flag," and insisted that it is necessary to "disallow" and "cancel"—that is, expropriate—all the rights of absentee ownership.

Veblen transcended many of the limitations of his philosophy, which, moreover, has elements of real value in the superstructural analysis of institutions. American Marxists should pierce through the mechanical materialism, the circumlocutions, and the shortcomings of Veblen to the core of his substantial contribution—to criticize, discard, and absorb. This is particularly important as Marxism, by and large, has neglected superstructural analysis, which, in addition to its necessity for the understanding of reciprocal social action, is of the utmost significance in the construction of a socialist society—particularly its cultural aspects. Lenin considered the bureaucracy a major problem of socialist construction. Veblen throws a flood of light upon several phases of the problem: the tendency of socialist bureaucracy and its allies to acquire vested interests and some of the general cultural characteristics—e. g., invidious distinctions and conspicuous consumption—of a "leisure" class. And Veblen's analysis of the instinct of workmanship has much to contribute to the theory and creation of a labor culture.

LEWIS COREY

Germany and the Saar

The Saar Struggle. By Michael T. Florinsky. The Macmillan Company. $2.

SINCE the appearance of this book, the agreements concluded by France and Germany at Rome and the decision of the League of Nations to dispatch an international force to police the Saar have removed the widespread apprehension that the plebiscite which is to determine the fate of this region on January 13 might produce a serious Franco-German conflict. Nevertheless, interest in the plebiscite as a test of the strength of German National Socialism remains; so Dr. Florinsky's excellent study has lost none of its timeliness.

To understand Germany's almost passionate demand for the reacquisition of the Saar one must go back, as Dr. Florinsky does, to the Treaty of Versailles and the territory's subsequent and not altogether happy experiences with international government. The Saar was separated from the Reich in direct violation of the Fourteen Points. While France was unable to make good its claims for annexation, it did obtain ownership of the coal mines in reparation for those destroyed by German armies in northern France, and had the territory placed under the control of the League of Nations subject to a plebiscite at the end of fifteen years. Under the League regime the Saar has been spared the suffering of post-war Germany and enjoyed a relatively large degree of prosperity, yet its population has not, until recently at least, appreciated the "blessings" of international government. All the political parties from the Communists to the Nationalists, as Dr. Florinsky points out, were united in opposition to what they contemptuously called "nigger" or "colonial" government. Relations between the people and the Governing Commission were marked by almost ceaseless conflicts. Nor was this entirely the fault of the commission, for that body—with the possible exception of the period before 1926 when a nationalist Frenchman, M. Rault, was its chairman—strove for the most part sincerely to conciliate the inhabitants. League rule was simply felt to be foreign domination and an insult to the German character of the inhabitants.

Dr. Florinsky shows how in the last two years this unanimous opposition to League government has yielded to an embittered struggle between adherents and opponents of the Third Reich. Socialists and Communists, dismayed by the ruthless suppression of the labor movement in Nazi Germany, are now openly campaigning for the retention of the status quo. They are supported by a group of Catholics who cannot square their religious convictions with the principles of National Socialism. Aligned against them are all the former bourgeois parties who have been "coordinated" in a German Front which, despite its supposedly non-partisan character, is dominated by Nazi elements. To this internecine strife the Franco-German issue has become almost entirely subordinated. In fact, no organized group within the territory is working for union with France. The small vote which might have been cast for France a few years ago is now generally expected to favor the status quo. What will be the outcome? Dr. Florinsky ventures no definite prophecy, but he intimates, on the basis of an entire summer spent in the Saar, that the scales favor the advocates of reunion with Germany.

Perhaps the only part of the book with which one might quarrel is that relating to the so-called "terror" exercised by the German Front. Dr. Florinsky dismisses as "trivial and harmless" the documents seized by authorities at the offices of that organization and used by the Governing Commission to prove that various forms of illegal pressure have been used to intimidate opponents of Hitlerism. The reviewer, after a careful examination of the documentary evidence, cannot agree with this judgment. The close supervision maintained over almost every Saar inhabitant by the German front, which watches the papers he reads, the meetings he attends, and the flags he flies, amounts to a form of pressure which, when added to threats of what may happen "after 1935," becomes well-nigh irresistible to timid people. Dr. Florinsky admits, in fact, that "the indirect or latent pressure is immense."

JOHN C. DE WILDE

Romance of Paris

My Next Bride. By Kay Boyle. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

ON page 165 of Kay Boyle's new novel you will find the name of Dillinger. This is just about as astonishing as it would be to encounter a reference to Senator Borah in the New Testament. Up to that very page of her account of the gay, sad artists, the rich New York playboys, the exiled Russian noblewomen who live so spicily together in Paris, I had thought Miss Boyle understood that she was writing a "period" novel. I was too kind. Incredible as it may seem, Miss Boyle here recounts the goofy doings of Harry Crosby and Caresse, Raymond Duncan and the young Kay Boyle, all tactfully disguised under other names, exactly as if their world still existed today. When I use the word "goofy"—and I can find none more suitable—I am speaking of the reader's probable attitude, not the author's. Miss Boyle ponders upon the antics of the sandaled Duncan, the egomaniac Crosby, the womanly Caresse, with a heavy, yearning seriousness that suggests that these were people of some importance. I have never known any of these persons in the flesh, but I am certain that the puppets to whom Miss Boyle gives their attributes are exactly as alive and exactly as important as the characters in a tabloid tale of scandal in high society. To push the comparison further, one frequently does the tabloid artist the honor of suspecting that he writes with his tongue in his cheek. No one will accuse Miss Boyle of such a piece of hypocrisy. There are, to be sure, a few clumsy intimations that there is something faintly comic about Duncan-Sorel's dancing classes, but these are Miss Boyle's only ventures into what might be called satire. In general, the miseries, fornications, and abortions of her characters are invested with such glamor, such elegant artistic romance, that an unusually gullible reader might be moved by her story to go to Paris and suffer likewise.

Miss Boyle's much-touted modern prose cannot save her anachronistic novel from the category of peep-hole, wish-fulfilment literature into which it inevitably falls. Her exaggerated attention to detail, the pretentious intensity of her writing, may antagonize readers who would naturally be attracted by the subject matter of her book. Yet to all who wish that Michael Arlen would publish another, to adolescents and curious spinsters, I recommend "My Next Bride." They ought not to be discouraged by the apparent novelty of her style, for they will find her point of view fundamentally sound.

MARY MCCARTHY

The Life of Lee

R. E. Lee. By Douglas Southall Freeman. Charles Scribner's Sons. Two Volumes. $7.50.

THE Civil War, the greatest single episode in our American history, continues to be a magnet for the historian seeking in the past the key to the present. Perhaps it was not an accident that the two great figures of that war were a Northern politician who read the human heart as have few other American Presidents and a soldier, symbol of the finest elements of the South, who proclaimed duty the noblest word in the English language. Both men invite an attempt to penetrate the exterior record, because both had such structural complexity of character that in them almost any historian can find reflections of his own particular point of view.

Dr. Freeman's two volumes on Lee, constituting the first half of his monumental work on the South's greatest warrior, start with his birth at Stratford and end with "Stonewall" Jackson's dying words after Chancellorsville. The last two volumes, due to appear in February, will carry us from Gettysburg to Appomattox and the resulting desolation that was called peace. While Dr. Freeman is a newspaper editor, he has since 1915 struggled with the problems and shared in the decisions of the great Virginian. The printed page reveals this labor of love. The result is definitive. Of course there can be other interpretations of Lee's spirit, a different accent on some facet of his strategy, but the facts themselves have been unearthed and shrewdly appraised. The picture of Lee is built up from the foundations. Little incidents are inserted with nice proportion so that one sees the Lee of the Civil War as the logical and inevitable successor to the Lee who was staff captain for Winfield Scott from Vera Cruz to Chapultepec. One notes how often in Lee's early life responsibilities fell upon him, how uncomplainingly he assumed them, and how strong his shoulders grew under the strain. One gets rare glimpses of his great love for his family, for he was a man of strong emotions firmly controlled.

Lee's abilities, like Lincoln's, were almost undisclosed when Sumter was fired on. Lincoln's growth came about through the obligation put upon him of shaping national policies to save the Union. Lee's growth, necessarily, was in the narrower field of army organization and battle strategy. His first campaign in western Virginia was almost a total failure, but he learned much from this experience, and his succeeding tour of duty in South Carolina gave him valuable training in using interior railroad lines for troop concentration and in the technique of the spade. His brief service as military adviser to Jefferson Davis gave him many unhappy hours. The Confederate President, immensely jealous of any encroachment on his own constitutional prerogatives, was determined to be himself the sole coordinator of Confederate effort. His failure in this vital task, largely because of temperamental deficiencies, was a great factor in the eventual but by no means inevitable defeat of the attempt at secession.

In June, 1862, when Lee became the commander of the armies defending Richmond, his campaign against McClellan served as a postgraduate course in the soldier's self-education. His strategy was superb, but his tactics of application had grave imperfections. Not only were the Confederate maps all wrong, but Lee asked relatively untrained commands and staffs to execute complicated maneuvers, which did not succeed. Otherwise, Dr. Freeman thinks, the Confederates might have destroyed McClellan's army while it sought to change its base. Here also Lee learned another important lesson; thereafter his tactics were as simple and as suitable as was his strategy. At Chancellorsville, probably Lee's greatest battle, his audacity was at its greatest, as it had need to be because there the odds against him were so overwhelming; it had its reward in a Federal rout which, but for the wounding of "Stonewall" Jackson and A. P. Hill, might have been a second Cannae.

Dr. Freeman's life of Lee has so many merits that it will stand as one of the great American biographies. The lucid style, seldom dull, occasionally has sparkling life. But even so, vigorous compression might have saved much space without loss of vital detail or illuminating portraiture. The more the marble wastes, the more the statue grows. It would seem, too, that the author has dealt too kindly with President Davis and that General Joseph E. Johnston was really an abler strategist and soldier than Dr. Freeman makes him out to be. One might feel likewise that there has been some over-use of the device of telling the story almost exclusively from Lee's own standpoint. The reader is given, at any precise stage of a battle or campaign, only the information which Lee himself had at the moment. This focuses Lee's problem for the reader, yields a sense of present tense participation, and reveals Lee's full picture. The battles, however, are only half-outlined. The circumstances which led Pope into his blunders at Second Bull Run, McClellan's failure at Antietam to commit Fitzjohn Porter's corps to a victory-giving thrust, the apparent paralysis of will which afflicted "Fighting Joe" Hooker at Chancellorsville—these should go into the picture of Lee's campaigns, for they are an essential part of the truth. These criticisms, however, are minor. Lee's life demands an enormous canvas and Dr. Freeman has filled it well.

GEORGE FORT MILTON

Ten Young Poets

Ten Introductions. Edited by Genevieve Taggard and Dudley Fitts. Arrow Editions. $2.

IN sponsoring the work of ten poets between the ages of seventeen and thirty-two, none of whom has yet published a book, Miss Taggard and Mr. Fitts disclaim any intention of establishing a new school or of recruiting for an old. Their purpose is declared to be simply that of indicating "possible fresh sources of poetry."

The principle which guided the editors in making their choice appears to have been that of technical competence. All the poems are free from anything which, by contemporary poetic etiquette, could be considered scandalous. They avoid two of the commonest pitfalls of beginners, hackneyed language and grandiose rhythms. Most of the writers agree also in a flair for remote metaphor, such as has been fostered by the current vogue of the metaphysical.

Robert Fitzgerald's poems are the most ingenious of the lot and also the most difficult. His striking, out-of-the-way images are pressed into the service of a particularly numbing type of introspection:

> If any man has despaired, and held his tongue
> Over short-circuited life and death, his honor
> Prevails in itself, inviolable there.
> Hurricane warnings offer a kind of humor.
>
> We who are lapped in the small yellow flames
> Of our past days, the sinews of that man,
> Acknowledge comets dispatched in the galaxy,
> A chorus trained more simply than our own . . .

Echoes of T. S. Eliot are very insistent in his work, and there are suggestions of the earlier Hart Crane. Theodore Spencer displays a pleasing fantasy and powers of psychological observation. His Trilogy: Part I, a modern version of the "Inferno," treats a serious subject with some profundity. Perhaps the most engaging of the group is James Neugass, who writes straightforwardly and with wit, in cadences that are sometimes prosaic. Lincoln Kirstein's brisk conversational rhythms, which recall Auden and Day Lewis, are expended on a Grand Guignol subject. The contributions of the other six—Edward Richardson Frost, Brooks Jenkins, Mary Prescott Rice, Don Stanford, Geoffrey Stone, and Elsa Voorhees—are hardly more than promising undergraduate exercises.

The volume as a whole shows that, for better and for worse, Mr. Eliot's influence still dominates a considerable section of our young poets. There is some danger that in employing the subtleties of his method to exploit trivial moods and petty ironies they will establish a new decorum characterized by preciosity and sterility. The editors, nevertheless, have performed a valuable service in encouraging these writers. Any one of them who acquires convictions and enlarges his scope of interests may develop into a poet of importance; although, as matters stand, they inspire less confidence than others who are cruder but have more to say. PHILIP BLAIR RICE

Isaac Newton as Human Being

Isaac Newton. By Louis Trenchard More. Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.50.

BACK in 1855 Sir David Brewster wrote his "Memoirs of Sir Isaac Newton," which from that year till this has been the standard biography of the great scientist. Brewster wrote when patriotic fervor was as heated as it is at present; the days of hero-worship had not yet drawn to a close; and Brewster himself was swayed by an excessively uncritical admiration of Newton. Newton appears in his pages not only as the mathematical and experimental genius without a peer; his character and conduct are unblemished in every respect; he is presented as the sainted ideal of human excellence, little short of divinity. Dean More has debunked Newton with considerable success. He has been able to uncover little material that was not available to Brewster, but he has made use of those sources which Brewster suppressed in the interest of Newton's good reputation, and he has evaluated all the records with the sober, critical judgment which honest history demands.

The discoverer of universal gravitation emerges from this more critical analysis with his mathematical brilliance unscathed and his insight into the essence of sound scientific method as clear and original as ever. He appears to have been able to solve almost any soluble problem practically at sight, and in a day when even experimental scientists conceived the purpose of science to be to lay bare the hidden essence of the forces of nature, Newton saw, with a lucidity hitherto unexemplified, that their mathematical properties revealed in motion were all that could objectively be reached and all that the inquiring mind really demanded.

But as a human being, and especially in his relationships with other scientists and philosophers, this real genius, as a result of Dean More's investigations, cuts a much sorrier figure. With younger scientific friends whom he could treat as subordinates or assistants he displayed a lofty, pontifical courtesy not unmixed with a certain generous and kindly encouragement. But with his equals he was inordinately sensitive, jealous, demanding, and proud; at best he was careless of their rights and property; by his closest friends he had to be handled with kid gloves. And when, even though unjustly, his anger was once aroused against a fellow-scientist, he resorted to ruthless and merciless cruelty. Against the great astronomer Flamsteed, who had given him the most generous and ungrudging assistance, and against Leibnitz, who in the early years of their relationship, at least, had requited jealous secretiveness about the calculus with friendly frankness, he displayed a calculating unscrupulousness that is probably without parallel in the history of modern science.

Even in matters more closely limited in their bearing to his own scientific achievements Newton showed some qualities that would not be entirely approved by our present code of scientific ethics. He seems to have regarded his discoveries entirely as his own personal property, and would very likely not have published any of the important ones had it not been for the insistent goading of his friends and the fear that otherwise his intellectual magnitude would not be properly respected. Moreover, as soon as he was subjected to any criticism, his interest in science almost evaporated; he came to regard it as a burdensome taskmaster, to be avoided except when pride in his powers was touched; he turned to history and theology for his intellectual satisfactions; and he began to pull strings very early toward securing a political sinecure which would enable him to enjoy a generous income without hard work and live as a gentleman should amid fashionable society.

The debunking apparently should have gone a little farther still, for even Dean More is sometimes inclined to soften his readers' natural judgment on Newton without supporting evidence. Newton, it appears, was on one occasion at least an unlucky speculator in stocks. Shortly before the famous South Sea bubble was pricked, in 1720, he transferred into common stock in the company a considerable sum which had been invested in government annuities issued as security for loans by the company. In this venture he lost at least a third of his total estate, which at the time of his death amounted to about £32,000. The reader looks in vain for the evidence on which Newton's present biographer attributes to him more attractive motives than those which influence the ordinary speculator. The same uncertainty troubles him when following Dean More's treatment of the traditional gossip about Newton. Some of this gossip he accepts, other parts he rejects as mere mythology; where the ground for decision lies is not always clear.

To emphasize these matters, however, would be ungracious. The author has spent seven long years on this biography; he has investigated all of the relevant material he could locate; his evaluation is temperate and judicious; he makes Newton live before us as an understandable, if not too appealing, human being. The world of scholarship is deeply indebted to him.

E. A. BURTT

Shorter Notices

The First Year of the Revolution. By Allen French. Houghton Mifflin Company. $6.

This is a sequel to the same author's study of Lexington and Concord; it continues the history of the Revolution down to the evacuation of Boston by the British a year later. The book is based on a comprehensive study of all the available materials, including the collections of documents at the Clements Library of the University of Michigan, which have not previously been used by historians, and is considerably more elaborate and detailed than any previous work covering the same ground. The general tone is filio-pietistic, and Mr. French's references to more recent events will annoy his liberal readers; but the book is well written—its characterizations of the various British and American leaders are particularly good—and both sides are treated fairly. Mr. French arrives at no very novel conclusions, but his book is an invaluable mine of material.

Strong Man Rules. By George N. Shuster. D. Appleton-Century Company. $2.

It is difficult to keep step with happenings in Nazi Germany, as many an author in the last two years has found to his sorrow. George N. Shuster, the well-known editor of the Catholic periodical *Commonweal,* is no exception. "Strong Man Rules" was written in the early spring but did not see the light of publication until after June 30 had relegated the SA trooper, the "strong man" of Mr. Shuster's lively description of German conditions, very unceremoniously to the rear. The purging of the Brown Shirts brought about a not unimportant readjustment of the elements of power in the Reich. The Nazi militia was emasculated; the Reichswehr stepped into its place; and the heavy industries wielded the scepter which a week before had theoretically if not actually rested in the hands of those who ruled the National Socialist Party. It speaks well for "Strong Man Rules" that these important, almost fundamental, changes detract so little from its value. The author's criticism of the policies pursued by the various political parties of the pre-Hitler era which made Hitlerism possible, perhaps inevitable, is an excellent arraignment of Germany's political leaders. His analysis of National Socialist racial policies and his picture of the economic background of neo-German anti-Semitism and Nazi imperialism carry conviction because they show these policies as the logical outcome of well-nigh intolerable conditions. It is to be regretted, however, that Mr. Shuster permitted his antagonism to Soviet Russia and the Communist movement to distort what would otherwise have been an objective and vivid presentation of the German problem.

The Sex Life of the Unmarried Adult. By Ira S. Wile, M.D. The Vanguard Press. $2.50.

Here is official recognition that the unmarried adult has a sex life. The book is a symposium, and as may be expected, there is a great variation in the value of the different contributions. Robert L. Dickinson gives an excellent discussion of the medical aspects of the problem. Also of great value is Margaret Mead's anthropological contribution. Robert M. Lovett has written a delightful essay on the Sex Life of the Unmarried Adult in English Literature. Some of the other chapters, unfortunately, are extremely wordy and labored. Altogether the book is more important as a symbol of awakened interest and freedom of expression than for any new data it presents.

[In *The Nation* of December 12 the price of "The Coming American Revolution," by George Soule, was listed as $1.50. The correct price is $2.50.]

Drama

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Cal.

Red—and White and Blue

TWO revolutions came in for dramatic discussion last week when the Theater Union had something to say about the mutinous sailors of Cattaro at the very time that the Guild was unfolding Maxwell Anderson's story of the dark days at Valley Forge. Both plays, I should say, were essentially romantic, but they were certainly in two different traditions—Mr. Anderson going in for patriotism of the good old-fashioned kind while the acting company of the Union waved the red flag against a grim modernistic setting without caring to remember that flag-waving is flag-waving no matter what grand old rag is unfolded to the breeze. Nor could I, for one, keep myself from reflecting how like as two peas any two patriotisms turn out to be in the injunctions to which they lead as well as in the quality of the emotions they arouse. Patriots begin by longing for happiness and peace; they want to go home to their farms, their families, or their girls. But somehow or other that always turns out to be the last thing they are expected to do, and sooner or later the Great Leader—Washington or "Commandant" Rasch—lets the cat out of the bag: a cause is something you die for. Sweet and proper it is to die for one's country—or, if you prefer, for one's class.

Let me hasten to add that these doubtless unworthy reflections are in no way intended to reflect on "Sailors of Cattaro" as a play, which, indeed, I found an absorbing work and quite the best thing that its sponsors have offered in the way of revolutionary drama. Less continuously violent and less generally rambunctious than "Stevedore," it is, nevertheless, work on a higher level, and the story which it tells of an abortive mutiny on board an Austrian man-of-war is rich with many values, human as well as revolutionary. That its author Friedrich Wolf, now a German refugee in Russia, chose to use it to point a Communist moral may or may not be a further fact in its favor, but at the very least it is nothing to which I as a critic can object, and my business is to say that he has done an admirable job. If our friends of the Union are right, if the drama of the future is the drama of social protest, then may all the protesters write with the persuasive force of Herr Wolf, and may their plays be acted and produced with the skill and sincerity granted this one on Fourteenth Street.

Nor, may I add, do I see any reason why the proponents of such drama need ever in the future be satisfied with bad work which happens to point their way. Let them, if they like, insist that every play shall have, as "Sailors of Cattaro" certainly does, its moments of moralizing as well as its moments when the good old methods are used to achieve the good old effects. If their audiences demand and need their opportunities to hiss a villain or cheer a hero, then let the audiences have them. Shakespeare did and so did Belasco. But if they want, besides, to draw into their theater the yet unconverted, then let them demand also that these unconverted be given something which even the heathen can recognize as truth. I am not, I hope, on the side of the oppressors, but I might be a great deal less sympathetic than I am with protest and rebellion without ceasing to find a good deal to praise in "Sailors of Cattaro." These rebels are men who suffer and struggle and die. Their effort to link their sufferings with the sufferings of others and to find in the red flag a symbol of their cause is a human effort. And Herr Wolf, whatever his own convictions may be and however completely he has identified his mind with theirs, has managed somehow to avoid that dreadful two-dimensional flatness which makes so many plays with a purpose palpable card-board to anyone not seated on the author's own line of vision. Perhaps the reason is merely that he has seen more, or even that he *is* more, than most of our dramatic journalists of the left. In any event he has written a good play and got a good production.

As I have already suggested, Mr. Anderson's "Valley Forge" (Guild Theater) is romantic historical drama of the full-dress variety. It is lighted by some genuine humor, and it is written throughout in a flowing, accomplished, almost too consistently literary language. Nevertheless, it remains, despite the intelligent thesis which it carries and despite the accompaniment of a certain serious purpose, primarily "theater" of an easy, fluid, entertaining sort so old as to seem almost new. Mr. Anderson, indeed, might almost have learned the general outlines of his technique from any romantic drama of our fathers' time, for he uses the same touches of comic relief, the same passages of purple sentiment placed at strategic points, the same sure-fire appeal of ragged loyalty, and the same soul-satisfying little wrangle between pompous dignity and the impulsive backwoodsman which have delighted the ears of every generation since Dunlap founded the American drama. There is even a lady disguised in the red pants of the British, and there is no reason that there should not be, but there is also no reason for failing to state that "Valley Forge" is a drama as romantic in an old-fashioned way as "Sailors of Cattaro" is romantic in a newer one.

Since the American Revolution lies in the past, not the future, Mr. Anderson is not permitted to claim too much for it. When the remnants of Washington's army pledge their lives to the failing cause, one knows from experience just what was lost and what was won, but when the cowed sailors of Cattaro secretly hide in their bosoms the red flag which has just been hauled down from the mast, their act is as significant as one is capable of believing the future to be. And when Mr. Anderson came to write the curtain line for General Washington he had in mind, I suspect, both the cynics who doubt everything and the fervents of communism who believe in nothing except their own fresh faith. Do revolutions gain nothing when they do not gain everything, or are we perhaps too familiar with what the embattled farmers really did win to remember that we have it at all? "Liberty" as it was understood in 1776 is not much regarded today. And so, as the curtain descends, Washington turns from his ragged army to say: "This liberty will look easy by and by when nobody dies to get it."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

Prayers for a President

IT is not unusual for the films to reflect recent historical events, but it is something of a novelty when they anticipate them. Whether it was another example of the manner in which life copies art or a mere coincidence, "The President Vanishes" (Paramount) launched its attack on the war profiteers almost a week before President Roosevelt announced his intention to give those gentlemen a good talking to one of these days. This is one of those pictures, like "Gabriel over the White House," which endeavors to stir the American public to an interest in matters social and economic by threatening some great national crisis in the near future. Europe is at war and forces are at work to draw the United States into the conflict by the same means that were used to draw us into the last war, and for the same purposes. All these forces are gathered together at a dinner party given by a prominent Washington lobbyist, whose charming wife provides us with a brief dossier of each of them in turn—the banker, the oil magnate, the newspaper-syndicate owner, the ex-judge, and the munitions maker—and points out their common resemblance to an unmentioned species of bird. For its hard-boiled irony and concentration of the relevant truth this scene is much the best in the film; and it need not be remarked what an astonishing advance it marks in Hollywood's willingness to admit what everyone knows. These vultures, as they are finally described, roost in a Washington hotel room while the Congress is preparing to plunge the country into a new war. They are assisted by an organization known as the Gray Shirts, ruled over by a half-crazed fanatic named Lincoln Lee but secretly financed by the oil magnate. Meanwhile the President, a kindly man who plays rummy and drinks a glass of stout before retiring, is off participating in the peace-loving ritual of graduation at West Point. When he returns to Washington he discovers that he has only a few true friends left in the world—his wife, a secretary, a Secret Service agent, and the boy who delivers the groceries at the White House. The next thing we learn is that the President has disappeared. He has apparently been kidnapped. A great deal of Secret Service melodrama, questioning of suspects, the imprisonment of Lincoln Lee, prayers for the missing Chief Executive at St. Patrick's serve to fill the gap before his recovery—in the basement of a nearby garage. Then it turns out that the whole thing has really been a hoax: the President, with the help of his friends, has arranged the kidnapping in order to hold up the declaration of war and give the country time to return to its senses.

It has seemed best to give such a long summary because any criticism of the picture that might be offered is included in the evident lack of reconciliation between its various plot elements. Lincoln Lee and his Gray Shirts are represented as criminal fanatics for no other reason than their excessive patriotism. But why is not the President subject to the same charge? Or, to put the question in a more disconcerting form, when is fascism criminal and when is it American? The President, speaking over the radio at the close of the film, makes a solemn promise of peace to the chastened nation. It is sincere, eloquent, convincing. But so also were the reasons for war advanced by the nasty gentlemen in the hotel bedroom—unemployment, frozen capital, closed markets. How can the President—in the picture, of course—keep his promise to the people and not ignore the formidable logic of the vultures? At the end it is the vultures who vanish, but one has the feeling that, like the President, they will return—and to the same old roost. The answer to this problem might provide the subject of another and possibly more interesting film; but it would require an approach quite different from the one Hollywood usually adopts in its occasional rompings in the politico-economic realm.

"The Captain Hates the Sea" is saved from being just another variation of the Grand Hotel pattern by the mood of disgust which pervades it from beginning to end. Walter Connolly, the foremost purveyor of this mood on the American stage, is the disgusted captain of a cruise ship bearing the most disgusting assortment of characters assembled in a single film this season. For some reason most of the roles are played with extraordinary verisimilitude: John Gilbert is wholly authentic as the unregenerate alcoholic and Helen Vinson is convincing as a lady thief disguised as a librarian. The private detective is as despicable a type as the crook whom he is engaged in tracking down. The dialogue is bright in the new Dashiell Hammett manner, and Lewis Milestone's direction glosses over the weaker stretches in the plot development. The film is smart, savagely funny, and altogether exact in its impression of the fatuity of first-cabin existence. It is not, in a word, likely to be recommended on the next bulletin of the League of Decency.

WILLIAM TROY